DECEMBER
1937

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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(COVER)

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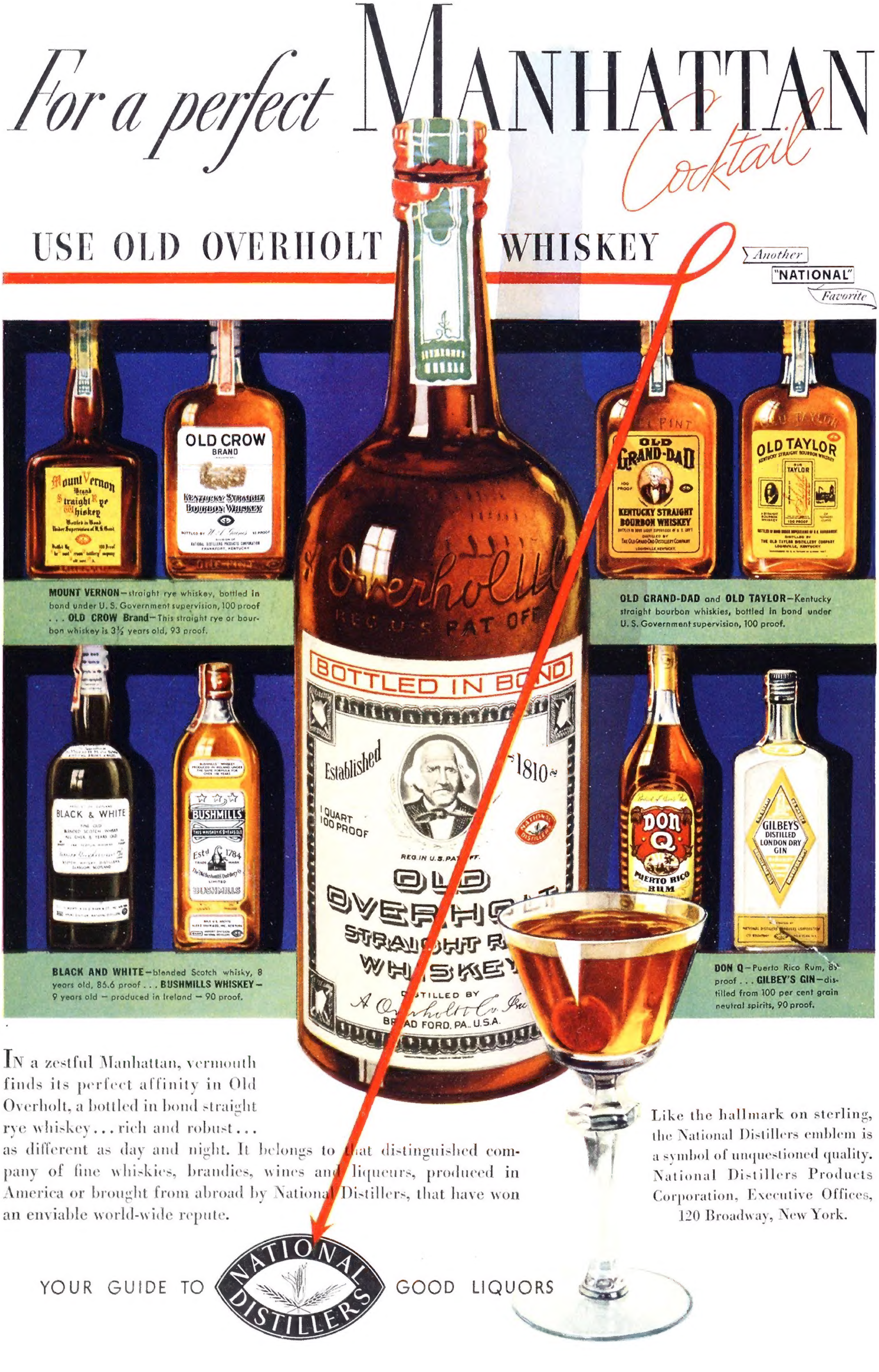
For a perfect MANHATTAN *Cocktail*

USE OLD OVERHOLT WHISKEY

Another "NATIONAL" *Favorite*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DON Q PUERTO RICO RUM
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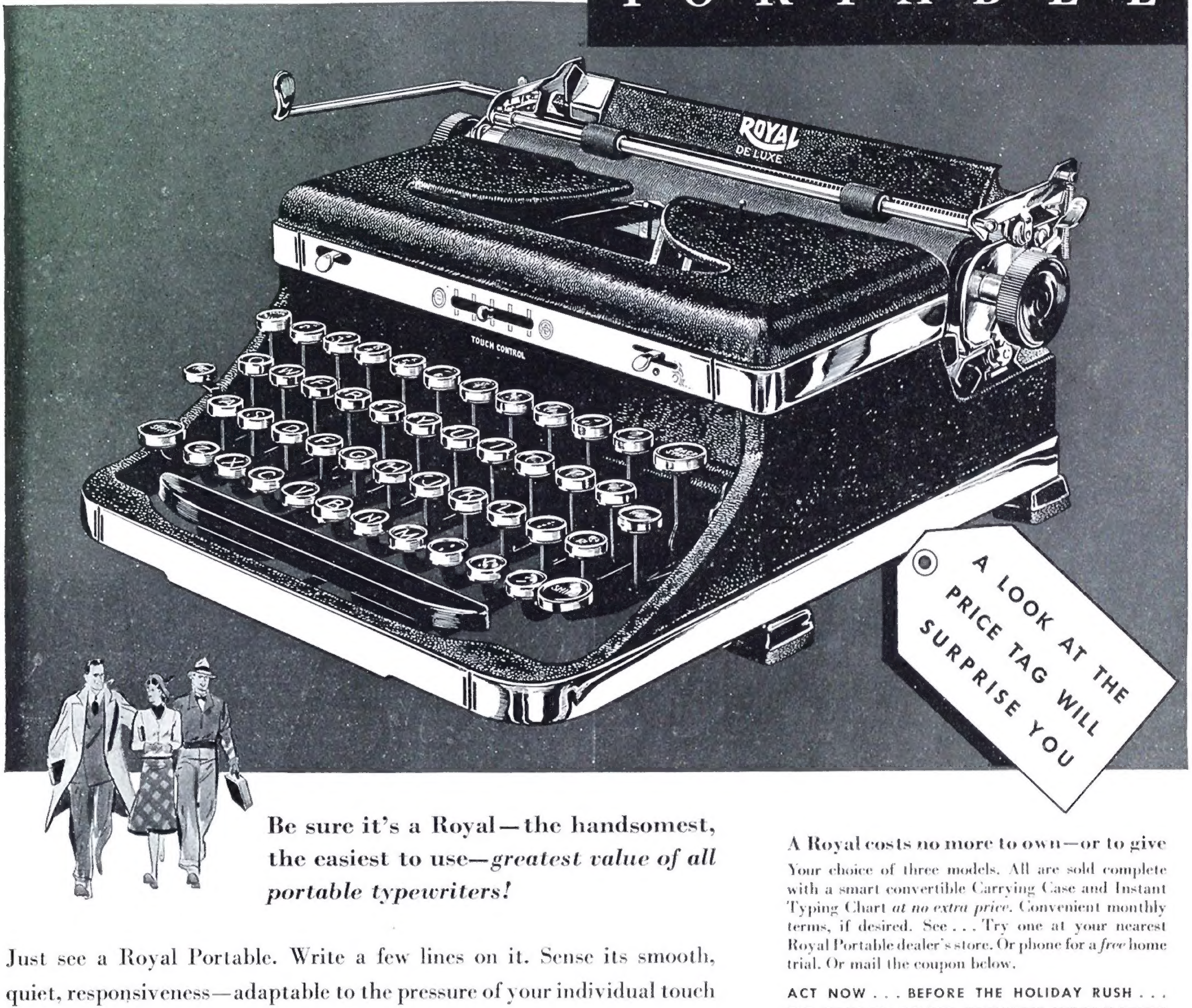
Make this a *Success-full Christmas* with a ROYAL PORTABLE

STUDENTS! The right words to the right person should ensure you a Royal Portable for Christmas. The logic is in your favor. You *do* need a Royal—you would do better in every course if you had one. A Royal is an education in itself, an education that costs but a fraction of the average student's yearly expenses. A Royal would help you now—and later on in business or professional life, whatever career you decide upon.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A LOOK AT THE PRICE TAG WILL SURPRISE YOU

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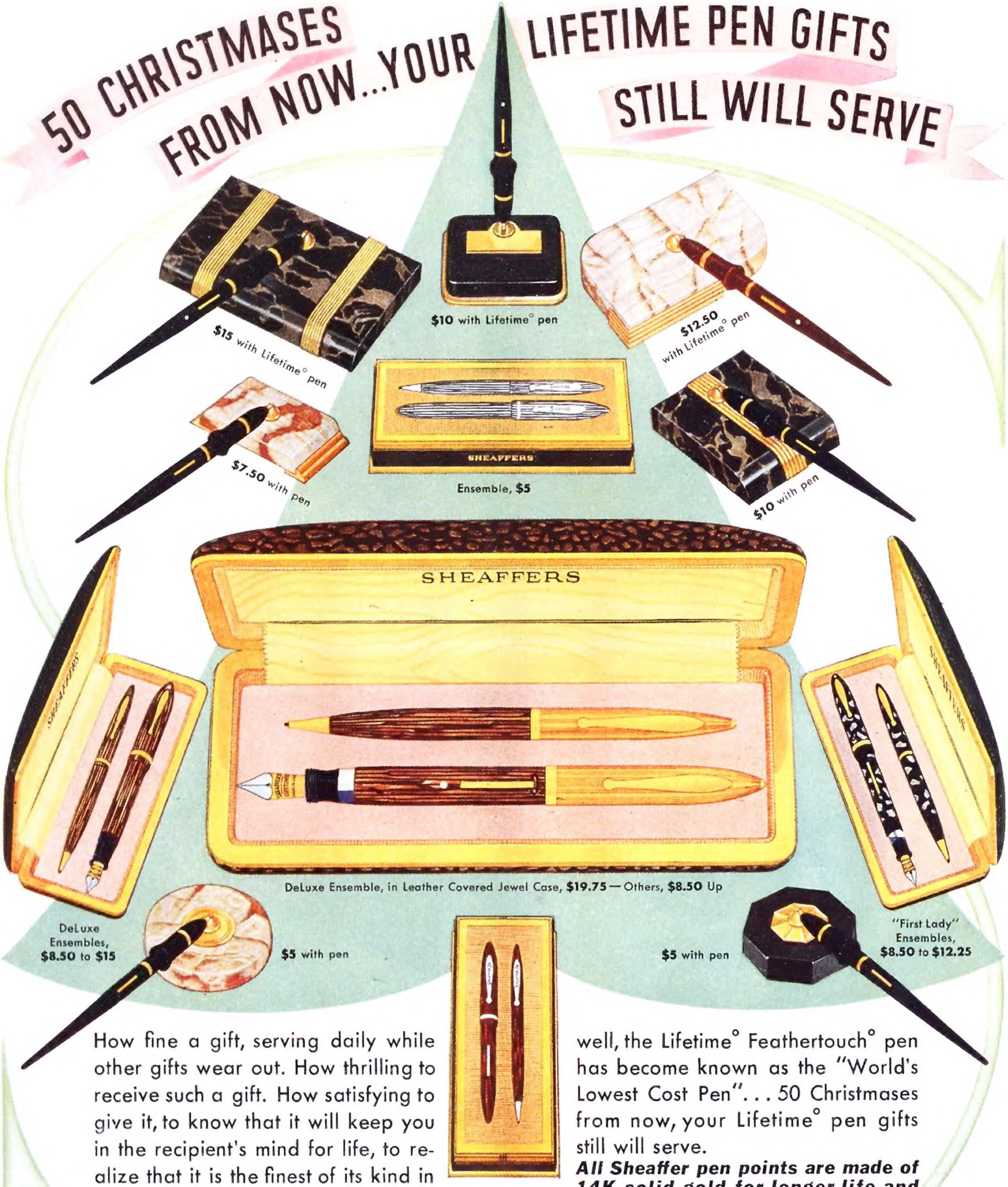
I already own a.............................Typewriter, Serial No..................., Tell me how much you will allow on it as CASH payment on a Royal.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SHEAFFERS
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All Sheaffer pen points are made of 14K solid gold for longer life and better writing qualities. Some companies are substituting cheap gold-plated brass and steel to increase profits. Have your dealer guarantee the pen you buy has a 14K solid gold point. If you buy a Sheaffer this guarantee is not necessary.

°Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa • Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Edited
by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
DAVID A. SMART
WM. H. WEINTRAUB

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Art Directors: ERIC LUNDGREN, TONY PALAZZO

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Sober Salute to a Festive Season

This will be read around Thanksgiving time. It's a holiday issue, attuned to the gaiety of the period between Thanksgiving Day and the New Year. To keynote it properly this should be a gay little essay in the key of whoops. That mood shouldn't be hard to invoke, either, because we have every reason to feel high about this issue of the magazine which is, by a measurable margin, the biggest ever published. Instead we choose to be glum, not indeed about this issue itself, but about the season which it celebrates. We wish our misery were as simple to cure as it is to explain: we can't think of Christmas without thinking of Germany and we can't think of Germany today without becoming more than faintly ill.

Unless in your time you have greatly loved Germany and things German you cannot adequately hate the bestial ravishers who have committed the gang-rape of queenly Germania. But if you have ever known that innate amiability, that *gemütlichkeit* which, though hard to translate in a word, may well be termed a year-round extension of the Christmas spirit, you know that something very precious has been lost to the world through the present forcible brutalization of the German soul.

Nuremberg, most German of cities, city of marvelous toys and miraculous Christmas cookies, was once redolent of *gemütlichkeit*, and Munich, by the green Isar, was once almost synonymous with the term. Studying music in Munich before the war a romantic American girl said, "Honestly, you feel like a boor here if you don't say hello and goodbye to the very trees." But Munich is only the shadow of a Brown House now, where the quality of *gemütlichkeit* must be strained indeed. And it's hard to think of Kris Kringle and the *Tannenbaum* now when you come into Nuremberg by air, and see the Zeppelin Field covered with acres of pursuit planes, rudder to propeller and wing to wing, looking like a plague of grasshoppers. Nuremberg, mellowed in memory of childhood reading-and-hearing of *The Nuremberg Store*, what is Nuremberg now? Home of the infamous Nuremberg Jew Laws, and seat of *Der Stürmer*, the vilest journalistic venture tolerated in the modern world.

The last haven of *gemütlichkeit* is poor trembling Vienna. Even in nearby Bavaria, where you once greeted friends and even strangers with *Grüss Gott!* you must say *Heil Hitler* now, or wish you had. And you'd better think twice before you say anything more than that. Don't say you're hungry, for instance, even if all you mean is that you've gone an hour past your usual lunch time, for a military judge may interpret your artless remark as a criticism of the government's "butter-into-cannon" campaign for food conservation, and you may have six months in a concentration camp to think it over. Be careful about indulging in such apparently innocent pastimes as going to church, because the mere act of attendance at some churches may make you a conspirator in the eyes of the law. Don't let your wife succumb, Eve-like, to the temptation of buying a particularly pleasing coat or hat unless the proprietor of the shop can show pure Aryan ancestry back to 1800. Otherwise you may be in contempt of court for failing to divorce her immediately, if it can be proved or even inferred that you knew what she was up to. And be very careful never to cancel, or even let lapse, your subscription to certain periodicals or newspapers, such as the Berlin *Angriff*. Keep your subscription paid up if your kids have to go both barefoot and hungry, or police-spies will soon report that "Jews and Marxists" have been seen entering and leaving your house at suspicious hours, even if you've had no visitors for months. And don't let your kids speak pleasantly, or even answer, another kid unless you know for a fact that as far back as 1800 the other kid's family—ah, but that's the most sickening part of the whole mess, the part the kids must play.

Think of the old-time German Christmas, with the bright shiny Nuremberg toys, the Dresden music boxes, the Mittenwald toy fiddles, the Christmas tree from the Black Forest or the Hartz Mountains, the table a-groan with festive food and drink, never forgetting the many kinds of cookies for the kids, the *pfeffernüssen*, the *lebkuchen*, and the kids all standing up singing, yellow-headed, black-aproned, pig-tailed *mädchen* and *bübchen* alike, piping Christmas songs in their high eager voices, like *Nichlaus kommt in unser Haus.* Nobody can appreciate the holiday season like the kids, and nobody made as much of holiday celebrations as the Germans. Hanging up the stockings was a Germanic custom, and Santa Claus himself, despite our polyglot name for him, is essentially a Teutonic creature. The German kids had an edge over all the rest in the enjoyment of Christmas. Their little heads were filled with legends and their eyes starry with wonder at this season of the year. All that is gone, or if it isn't it should be, since what can Christmas be over there but a mockery now, since the Nazis have remembered that Jesus was a Jew? And what room can be left in those little heads, for thoughts of peace on earth to men of good will, that are now poisoned with propaganda from the very cradle, their nursery rhymes re-written into paeans of race-prejudice, their very arithmetic problems no longer free from the germs of hatred? The old problems, traditionally concerned with how many apples Hans has left if he gives Peter three-fifths, now inculcate "the new spirit," as witness this actual example: "Forty airplanes each throw 620 incendiary bombs, each weighing 1.5 kilograms, upon a town; how many conflagrations will there be if three-fifths of the bombs are without effect?"

So, in Germany, this year of grace, it's Merry Christmas, Heil Hitler, and, to bring Tiny Tim up to date, "God *help* us every one."

ESQUIRE
December, 1937
T. M.
Reg.

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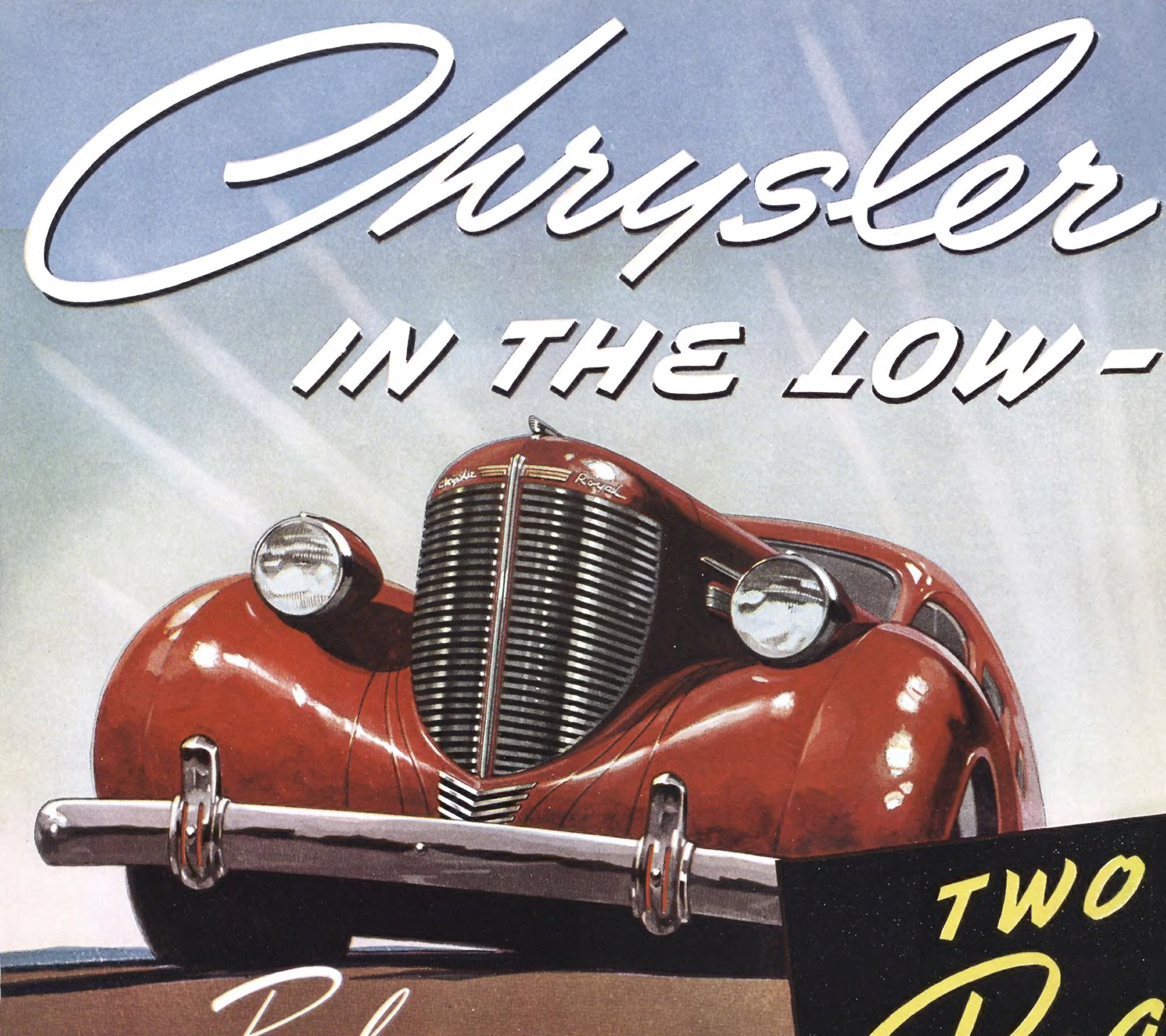

Chrysler
IN THE LOW-
Chrysler Royal
CHRYSLER Royal · MORE FOR THE MONEY IN THE LOW · PRICED FIELD!
TWO
Bea

BIGGER . . . *and a beauty!* That's the new Chrysler Royal for 1938. It has three inches more wheelbase than the 1937 Royal which invaded the low-priced field with such spectacular success last year.

Look at that proud, commanding radiator in the picture above! Note the jewel-like modeling of the radiator grille . . . the graceful union of hood and fenders . . . the smart new position of the streamlined head-lamps!

When you look inside, beauty greets you again! The instrument panel sets the keynote . . . rich, smart, luxurious . . . blending in color harmony with the striking new steering wheel and its ring-type horn control . . . complementing the superb upholstery in new short-nap mohair or broadcloth.

More power! A new Gold Seal engine, with that same thriftiness that so delighted owners last year. And this new wonder of Chrysler engineering delivers 95 horsepower . . . silky smooth with Floating Power!

Glorious roominess! 119 inches of wheelbase. 96¼ inches from windshield to rear window! A 49 inch rear seat! The most spacious luggage capacity you ever saw!

High-priced riding comfort . . . Chrysler's matchless combination of long wheelbase . . . scientific weight distribution . . . slow-recoil Amola Steel springs . . . Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers . . . independently sprung front wheels . . . and side-sway eliminator.

Safety leadership with Safety *All-Steel* Bodies . . . Chrysler hydraulic brakes . . . 14 years time tested! Such fine-car engineering features as valve seat inserts . . . finger-touch steering . . . silent-synchronized gear-shifting . . . with Automatic Overdrive as optional equipment.

Craftsmanship such as only Chrysler provides. Chrysler's top-ranking standards . . . dozens of extra precision operations to assure reliability and long life.

Truly, for 1938, Chrysler again tops 'em all in the low-priced field!

SMART NEW BEAUTY!

Dynamic new front end design . . . vertical radiator profile . . . graceful, sweeping fenders.

LONGER WHEELBASES!

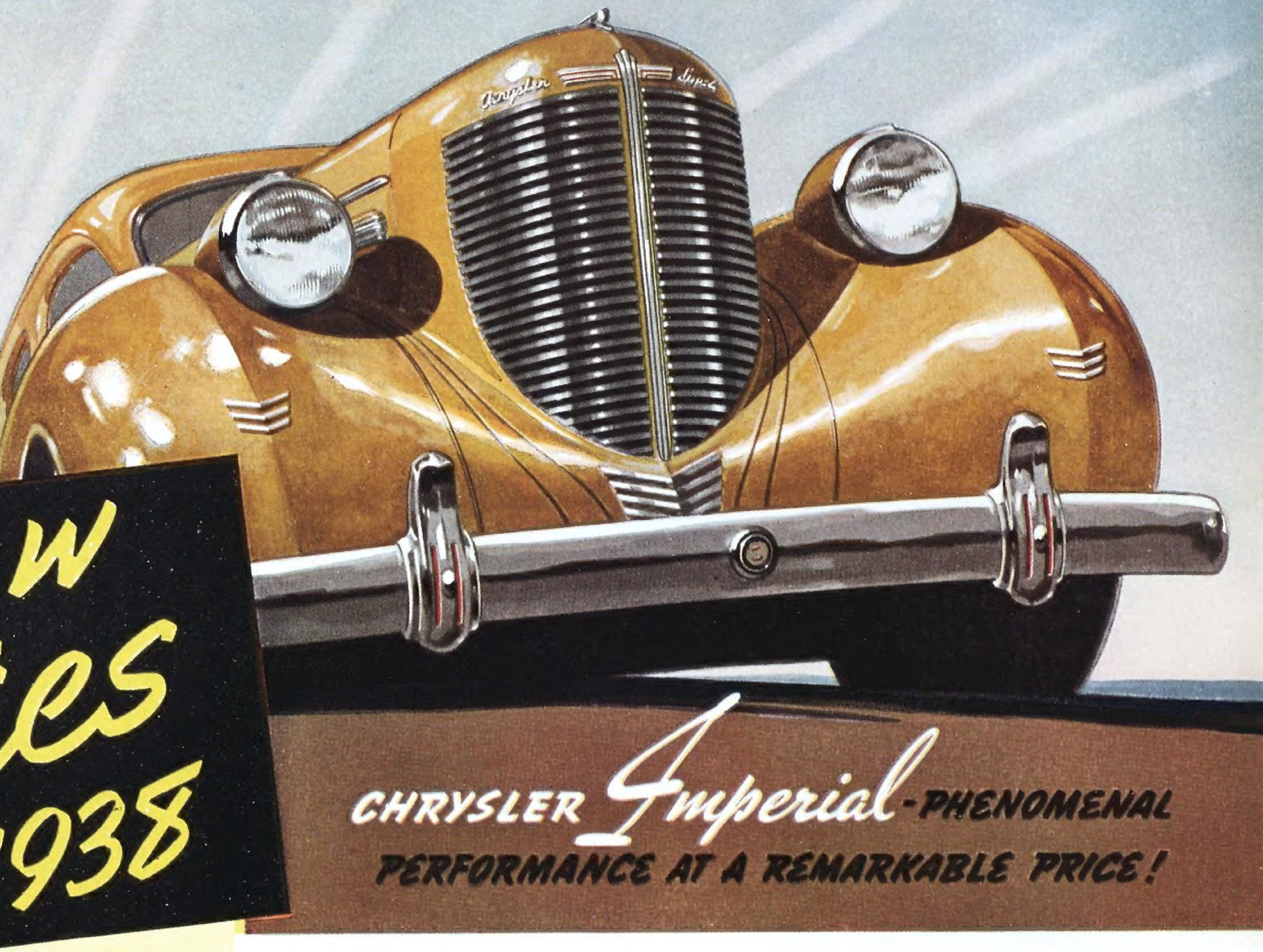
Royal . . . 3 inches longer—now 119 inches.
Imperial . . . 4 inches longer—now 125 inches.

NEW LARGER ENGINES!

Chrysler Royal increased to 95 horsepower, Chrysler Imperial now has 110 horsepower.

Better ENGINEERED!

Sweeps On PRICED FIELD!


CHRYSLER Imperial - PHENOMENAL PERFORMANCE AT A REMARKABLE PRICE!

NEW uties FOR 1938

RICH NEW INTERIORS!
Beautiful new instrument panels . . . new steering wheel . . . mohair or broadcloth upholstery.

OUTSTANDING ECONOMY!
New larger, high efficiency Gold Seal engines . . . new masterpieces of Chrysler engineering.

NEW BALANCED RIDE!
Independently sprung front wheels . . . Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers . . . balanced weight.

. . . Better MADE!

THE BEAUTIFUL, high-powered Imperial for 1938! More fine car for the money than America has ever seen!

Long famous as Chrysler's top-ranking car, the magnificent Imperial is now in the medium-priced field!

Under that long, impressive hood, a new, bigger engine . . . the most thrilling in Chrysler history! The electrifying response of 110 horsepower . . . cradled by Floating Power . . . made trigger-quick by advanced dual carburetion.

The proud, commanding beauty that comes from added length and size! Wheelbase increased to 125 inches . . . for low-swung smartness and grace . . . for the roominess of true fine-car riding luxury!

Deep, wide, chair-high seats! Beautiful appointments! Matchless riding ease . . . the buoyant, gliding smoothness of longer wheelbase . . . balanced weight distribution . . . independently sprung front wheels . . . and Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers!

The safety and reliability of Chrysler's great engineering features . . . all at their finest expression. Safety *All-Steel* Bodies . . . hydraulic brakes . . . steering and gear-shifting perfection that makes this big, powerful car as effortless as the breeze. Automatic Overdrive is optional equipment.

You'll want to drive this split-second performer . . . you'll thrill to its ability, marvel at its price!

See Chrysler's two great new beauties at the automobile shows. Prove to yourself that again in 1938 Chrysler sweeps on to new leadership in beauty, performance, comfort and value!

★ ★ ★

Easy to buy on convenient terms with the official Commercial Credit Company plan.

☆ **NEW 1938 ROYAL . . .** 95 horsepower, 119-inch wheelbase. Ten body types.

☆ **NEW 1938 IMPERIAL . . .** 110 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase. Six body types.

☆ **NEW 1938 CUSTOM IMPERIAL . . .** 130 horsepower, 144-inch wheelbase. Three body types.

Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10:00 P. M., E.S.T.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

THE FORM LETTER

Probably nobody to whom it makes any particular difference will read this anyway, so it's all right. If you expect to print this, though, you'd better grab a blue pencil quick, because this is going to be long and windy. We write to support a protest, that of a person named Green, who says a word or two in your October issue about the letters you have been printing in your *S. & F.* pages. No wonder, you devote so many pages to it that there are not enough intelligent people willing to waste their time to fill them up. I personally think that you like to brag about how many pages your mag has, but you don't want to pay legitimate authors for any more of them than you have to.

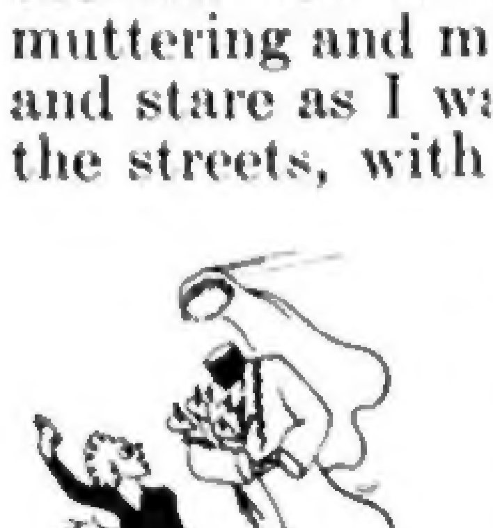
So much for theory, now the solution. (I have to get used to directing the policy of your mag, as I tell my friends that in no time at all I am going to be editor thereof and give them all a job.) Hereafter, cease printing those dull, aimless letters of inferiority complex victims who want to see their name and letter in print; those of crackpots who are mad about something but can't describe what; those that don't like some critic or writer and say so in almost the same words as somebody did last month; those that do like somebody and pull the same stunt; those who prate about silly mathematical complications that only a genius or a madman could figure out and that don't do you any good when you do figure 'em out; those that don't like niggers; those that do like 'em because they don't like someone who doesn't like 'em; those who toss in a couple dozen cuss words to fill up space because they can't think of anything to say; those who don't like what I like and vice-versa; those who think they're going to be editor of ESQUIRE and write letters like this for the same reasons that the other screwballs do and deny it like I will.

As to other printed matter, anything goes, as far as I am concerned that is clever, witty, instructive, interesting, etc. Most of the time, sad to say, I agree with your choice of articles, cartoons, and ads, which shows there is something wrong with you.

You're welcome,
A simple, peace loving soul
St. Louis Park, Minn.

THE CREDO OF A BACHELOR GIRL

All this hub dub and consternation about the virginity (or lack of it) of the fair sex is making me go about muttering and mumbling. People turn and stare as I wander aimlessly down the streets, with a wild gleam in my eye, and a foolish leer on my lips. Were they Psychoanalysts, they might be able to understand it's that latest blob written by dear old fashioned T. W. Clellend in September's *Sound and Fury*, faugh;—I'm not going to bore you by telling you how long I have been reading ESQUIRE, but I have in my possession just stacks and stacks of them.



All due respects paid that gentleman's thirty-eight years, to say nothing of his literary tastes, I'll even concede *Facts Of Life* to be a bit odoriferous. But aside from that why all the lamenting and tearing of hair, over the crumbling shrine of womenhood. One would think T. W. Clellend had just discovered there 'ain't no' Santa Clause, tough old sock, but I guess you'll have to take it on the well known chin, 'cause after eighteen or nineteen, there just naturally 'ain't no' virgins. And a damn good thing me thinks. Why should the masculine gender cop all the sexual gravy before marriage. While the poor female species suppress the old B. U. (Biological urge to you). Why should she go about thanking God for her books? It just 'cain't' be done I tells you.

To hell with virginity, and thank God intelligent men no longer expect the women they marry to learn about life from them.

If today I were a man, and I felt I just had to do it legal and all that love, honor, and obey stuff (God forbid), but just play like I did, I should pick me the most sophisticated apple in yon orchard. Said apple's sexual experience and expression, would be the chief selling point. The only catch is, when a woman succeeds in throwing off the last of these social bugaboos, it usually takes a very expensive slice of cheese to coax little mousie into the matrimonial rat trap.

If on the other hand the sophisticated lady is duly captured and decides to experiment in rice and old shoes, she will be the best wife and mother imaginable. For this little one having tasted all the forbidden fruits, will be rich in human psychology, and mellowed as old wine. This wise little person will not be inclined to ask questions such as, "Where were you?" and, "Why George, I phoned your club a half hour ago, and they told me you did not attend meeting tonight." No a thousand times, this wise little soul will know quite well you were out with that blonde cashier, and with a shrug of her pretty shoulders turn over and fall asleep, ha blessings upon blessings.

No sir, I still maintain when women become thoroughly educated sexually, life will be well worth living, and divorce lawyers will not develop fallen chests from their ill gotten profits.

Los Angeles, Calif. BACHELOR GIRL

P. S.—May I suggest an emetic for T. W. Clellend. Tell him to take a course in practically everything.

Thank you

HOME THOUGHTS OF ESQ.

There's something else your magazine does for people besides all the things lauded and condemned in your *S. & F.* Dept.—it makes the wanderer homesick. Not your articles, nor your stories, nor the gorgeous Petty redheads—but simply and solely this grand old *S. & F.* Department of yours.

Look at my address. Buenos Aires! Is that far enough away to give me authority for my remarks? Americans in foreign lands, it seems, lose their American individuality—you, at home, don't even know you possess it. But you try getting stuck among a lot of small-town Americans who try to turn cosmopolitan because they've got plenty of money and Aunt Tillie on Main Street can't call 'em down in good old back-home slang for putting on airs . . . people who *were* genuine enough when they were home among their own kind . . . but who turn sham as soon as they get to a country where they can lord it over the natives—hell, give me my *S. & F.* Dept. with its cross-section of Yankees, Southerners, Westerners—fools and wise men—kids and grandpappies—with all their swearing and stupidity, ranting and raving about sex and slavery—about God and nonentities and themselves and ESQUIRE—but happy, honest and frank—Americans. This is no paean of blandishment for them. They're no angels—I know, I'm one of those rare birds—an original born and bred New Yorker (who had to leave the Big City to make good, you know) but Godamighty, you should see the rest of the world! Stay home says I and let the farther pasture remain greener.

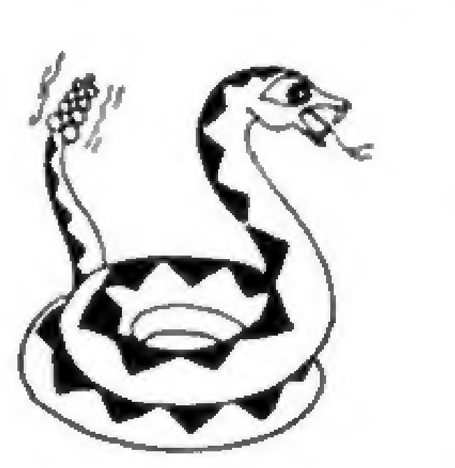
God, I miss you all.

Buenos Aires NEW YORKER

COUNSEL FOR DEFENSE

I am bored to read the criticism of O. Arrington's *Rattlesnakes in the Bag* by R. M. Williams in the September *S. & F.* dept. I am inclined to say the latter is the "Rattle in the Windbag."

First of all, having handled a few rattlers myself, I agree with Mr. Arrington in that a five-footer is often almost too much to handle until one gets a good grip—a grip in which the snake has no chance to snap around or to get hold of some solid object with some part of his length with which to get leverage.



Secondly, Mr. Williams declares that a six-foot snake-stick is cumbersome and therefore dangerous. That may be his opinion—every man to his own taste. I myself prefer a three-foot stick, as do many others, but I know of others who do use six-footers. Dr. Ditmars uses a fish cord noose which he ties onto a long switch, usually about six feet in length, which he cuts from a tree or bush at the scene of action. This saves him the trouble of lugging a stick with him at all times. (For verification—if you want it—see pp. 93 and 96 of *Thrills of a Naturalist's Quest* by that fine herpetologist.)

And lastly, I suggest that Mr. Williams peruse L. M. Klauber's works, instead of suggesting that Mr. Arrington do so. If Mr. Williams means *Crotalus stephensi* to be Mr. Arrington's Black-Tailed Rattler he is wrong. Because: 1. *Crotalus stephensi* is the Panamint Rattler (Mr. Williams called it Crotalus Panamint; there is no rattler by that name) which is found solely in southern Nevada and eastern California. 2. The Black-Tailed Rattler, *Crotalus molossus, is* found in southern Arizona and New Mexico, as Mr. Arrington stated (although according to latest data it also extends into southwestern Texas and south into Mexico). How Mr. Williams came to get the nerve to tell Mr. Arrington that the first species mentioned above is the Black-Tailed Rattler when it isn't even found near the latter's range is beyond me. Unless, of course, Mr. Williams doesn't know what he is talking about. Which I think might be possible.

Very truly yours,
Rochester, N. Y. C. M. KNOLL

P. S.—Would suggest that Mr. Williams take his own advice by looking up the above data in Klauber: *A Key to the Rattlesnakes, with Summary of Characteristics*, Trans. San Diego Soc. Nat. Hist., Vol. VIII, No. 20, Dec. 7, 1936. He might find out a few things about rattlers—if he can understand it.

PERPETUAL PROBLEM

The other day during a bridge game we were given a problem and eight days to solve it in. It turned out to be the one submitted to *S. & F.*, ESQUIRE August 1937, by one Herbert Acton, Jr. It took us two hours to arrive at the answer of 15,620. A greater part of the two hours were spent in finding a suitable method of attack and in devising a formula by which an answer for the problem in question and for extensions of it could be rapidly computed. The following problem is such an extension which is in the same order as H. A.'s and was suggested by it. If his required eight days to solve by a method of trial and error, then this should require eight years.

PROBLEM

Ten men have worked hard all season picking cocoanuts (assuming, of course, that they do have seasons). At the end of that time they begrudgingly agree to an even division among them which is to be effected after a vacation of ten days. Begrudgingly, I say, because each of the ten men believes he has worked twice as hard as the next man so is deserving of twice his allotted share. During the first night one of the men decides that he will not wait out the ten days to get what he honestly believes will be only one-half of what he really deserves. Accordingly that night he counted out exactly two-tenths or one-fifth of the entire amount that had been picked and had them hauled away for himself. As an afterthought he returned to take away just one more for good measure. On the following night a second man, unaware of the first, counted out exactly a fifth of what was left and trucked them away. He, too, took one extra just to make sure he would not come out on the short end of the deal. On the following night a third man arose and unaware of the first and second, did the same; on the following night, a fourth, and so on down through the tenth. Each man took exactly one-fifth of what he came upon plus one. There were no fractions involved. How many cocoanuts were picked? Of course there are an infinite number of answers but only the lowest of these can be considered correct.

Yours very truly,
Los Angeles, Calif. CLEMENT OYAMA

P. S.—By the way, the answer to the same problem with 20 men instead of ten each taking one-fifth plus one is, take a breath, 1,192,092,895,507,795. If you don't believe it, try it out. This one should take 8,000,000,000 generations to solve by trial and error. CLEM

THE BUCKLER CLUB

The May, July, and September issues of ESQUIRE were uniformly excellent, as usual, but they were graced by something which lifted them far above their brethren of other months. Yet the finest pieces of writing in these issues were not, in my humble and unoracular opinion, in the paid-for material. Rather they were in the *Sound & Fury.*

I refer to the epistolary masterpieces appearing above the rather imposing patronymic—Ernest Redmond Buckler, Bridgetown, Nova Scotia. I've never heard of Mr. Buckler, professionally. I take it, therefore, that he is what some editors inaptly, in cases like these, call an amateur. He may still be in that "white hope" fringe but he conducts himself and his pen like a genius. His prose is liquid and warm, his phrasing is as nimble and deft as I've ever seen, he has puissance, profundity, and that intangible something that makes one yearn for more. (You may have trouble, as I did, in reconciling "liquid and warm" with "puissance." I solved it by thinking of Niagara Falls.)

Instead, Mr. Gingrich, of using this man of letters, numerous letters, as the bread in the ESQUIRE sandwich why don't you put him inside. *He is meat!* Such action, I think, would result in a more tasty and optically edible ESQUIRE.

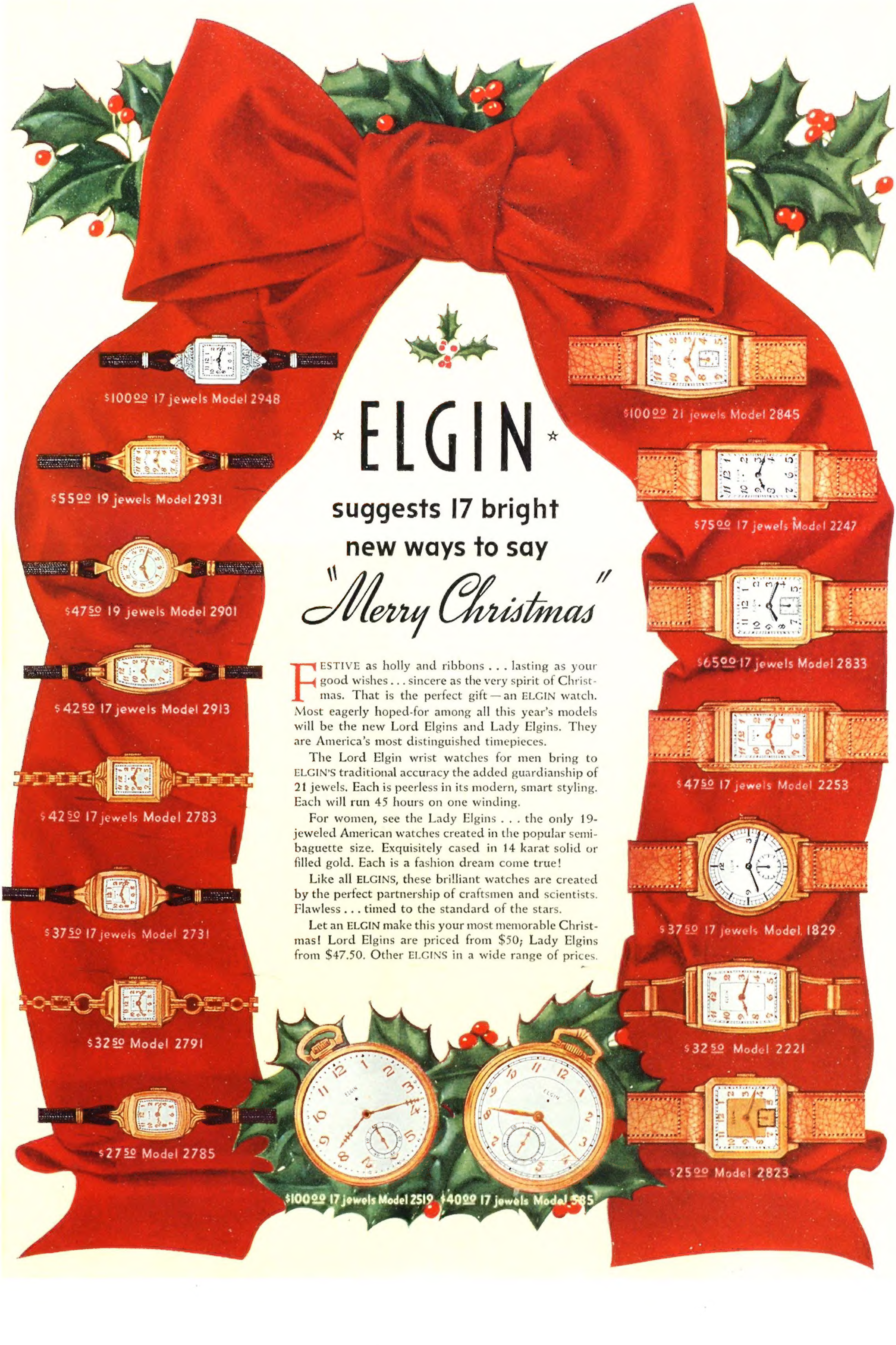
Your probable reaction to a letter of this genus would be to say—"Hah! A friend of Buckler's. Buckler's got him to write me—maybe even wrote it himself"—thereby making me a contributor to your wastebasket. Banish the thought! I can fully establish my identity. No, my motive is purely altruistic. Young writers (take him to be young—he has that shimmering verve) should be fed the pap of praise more often. What else have they to sustain them? Certainly not bank notes.

To get away from the new, are there any more unpublished D. H. Lawrence manuscripts lying around? I've just just come across the June 1934 ESQUIRE containing his *Strike Pay.* Not the best of his work, but good. If he has any more unpublished work it is criminal to leave it in that state.

Best wishes for the success of KEN.

THEODORE BENTLEY
Hermosa Beach, Calif.

Continued on page 12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$37.50 17 jewels Model 1829
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suggests 17 bright new ways to say "*Merry Christmas*"

FESTIVE as holly and ribbons . . . lasting as your good wishes . . . sincere as the very spirit of Christmas. That is the perfect gift — an ELGIN watch. Most eagerly hoped-for among all this year's models will be the new Lord Elgins and Lady Elgins. They are America's most distinguished timepieces.

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Grace Line presents fortnightly cruises and rail-water trips between New York and California or Mexico City—the only cruises visiting en route Colombia, Panama, El Salvador, Guatemala and Mexico, with an additional stop at Havana eastbound. These splendid Grace "Santa" ships offer all outside rooms with private, fresh water baths; outdoor, tiled swimming pools; light, airy dining rooms high up on promenade decks; gymnasiums; Dorothy Gray Beauty Salons and pre-release talking motion pictures. One of these luxurious Grace "Santas" sails every two weeks from New York and from San Francisco and Los Angeles.

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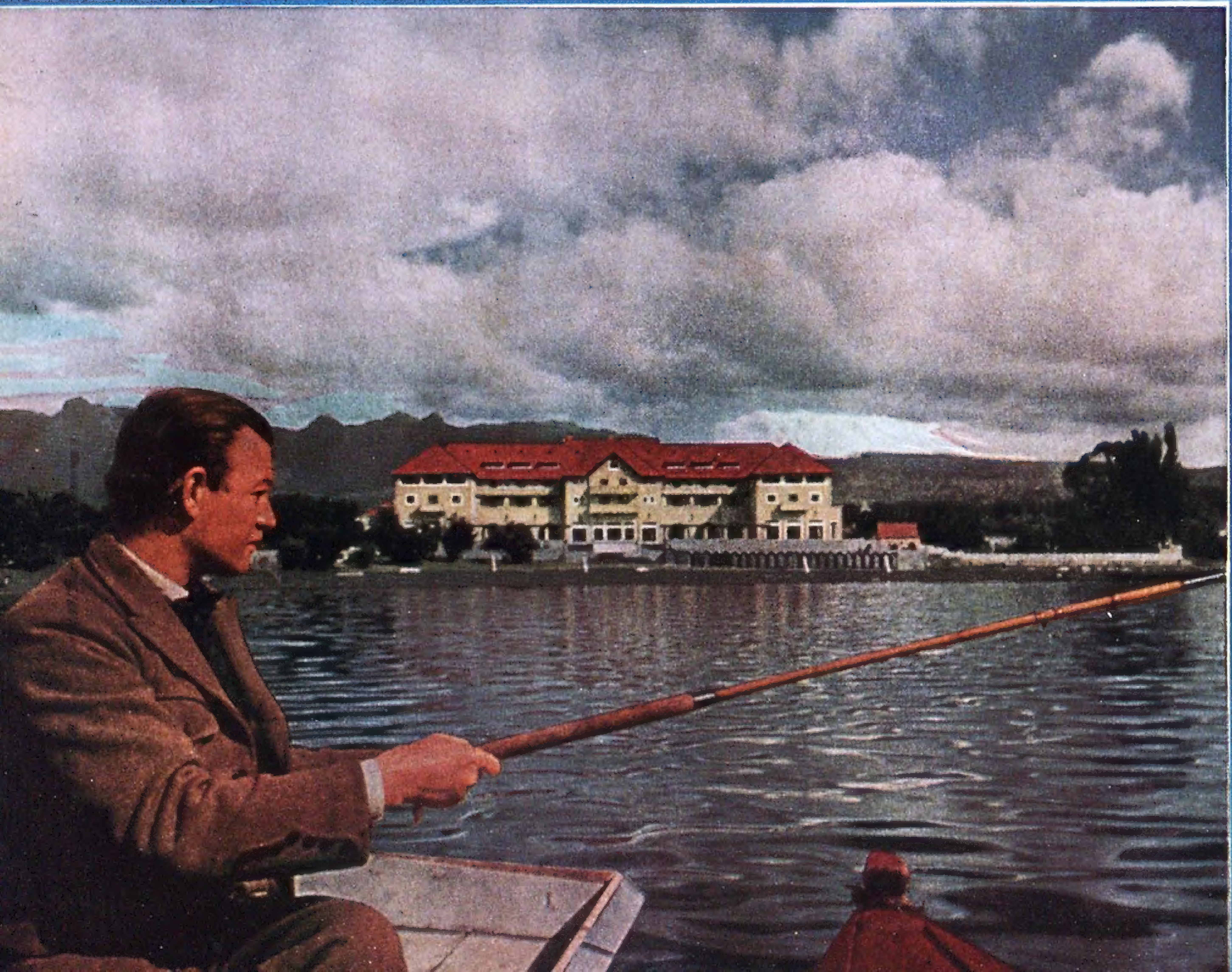
Modern Grace Line "Santa" ships sail to South America from New York every week—from California every other week. Cruises include 31 day trips to Lima, Peru; 38 day tours far into the Andes to Cuzco and the interior of Peru; and 38 day cruises to Valparaiso and Santiago, Chile. Stop over privileges permit visits to the lovely Chilean Lake Region and Buenos Aires. En route Panama Canal, Havana and 12 to 17 other Caribbean and South American cities, depending on cruise selected. Connections at all ports with Pan American-Grace Airways (flying time Santiago to New York three days, from other points proportionately less).

For illustrated literature, itineraries, fares and all-expense cruises, consult your travel agent or Grace Line, New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Washington, D. C., Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle.

The hotel at Pucon, Chile, faces Lake Villarica, one of the most popular fishing spots in the Chilean Lake District. This natural color photograph was made by Ivan Dmitri while on a Grace Line cruise last November, springtime below the Equator.



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Grace Line cruises between New York and California visit en route six Spanish American countries including Mexico, where Luis Marquez photographed this charming Huautleca girl.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

CHECK, DOUBLE CHECK

Reading *Notes on a Hurricane* in October Esquire brought to my mind an interesting incident here in California that demonstrates that hurricanes are not the only catastrophic source of inspiration.

You remember the earthquake which occurred in Long Beach, California, on March 10th about four years ago. A doctor friend of mine told me it is a fact that, during the month of December following the earthquake, more babies were born in Long Beach than in any other month in the history of the city. Which seems to bear out Mr. Bruce Henry's interesting theory.

Yours truly,
Margaret Thornburgh
Venice, Calif.

POME IN PARTING

You, magazine, have sometimes been
A thing of beauty—more oft sin.
From white sheets caricatures leered
As through your pages I have peered.
Some of your stories I have read
And then went sleeplessly to bed;
The rest of them I have endured
Until I've now become inured.
Your Petty drawings did at first
Arouse in me a manly thirst,
Your innuendos also whetted
That appetite by him abetted.
And yet your morbid overtones
Did over-chill my lonesome bones
Until I soon did come to dread
Your stories of the weak and dead.
But now that parting time is here,
Your absence makes you seem more dear;
Should I keep my tattered collars
So I could send you that five dollars?

Sin-cerely yours,
Detroit, Mich. P. A. E.

THE RUNYON READER

The other day I am reading a copy of your magazine in this establishment where I am now staying. I read all the stories and a great many of the beefs and bokays in the *Sound and Fury* department and am also greatly enthused, to say the least, by the many poses of the blond judys on several of the pages.

One of these babes is indeed attractive and I am studying her picture, thinking that I meet her someplace in my past. I think to myself that if I could case this judy from another angle I would be sure whether I ever spot her before but her exposure in your magazine is from the north while her face is turned to the south and I know from experience that most all blond judys look very much the same from this angle, especially now that I am in this establishment quite a number of months during which time I do not see any dolls to speak of from any angle or of any complexion.

But the more I look at this blond judy the more I think about a certain character by the name of Blooey-Blooey Jones who once upon a time is a customer in this place where I am now staying.

This Blooey-Blooey has considerable experience with many, many females, mostly blonds, and it is because of his latest encounter with one of these dolls that I make his acquaintance.

This judy which I tell about is a very buxom lass who I know of in many places as Butterfly Belle although I do not know how she comes by her name unless it is because she always flits around and about from one gentleman to the other like a bee after sugar.

It is a matter of record that at the time she meets this Jones he is very well heeled with sugar and he later tells me that the Butterfly is very intent on relieving him of a great deal of the sugar when he attempts to escape from her wiles and evil designs.

I am not there at the time but I hear that Blooey-Blooey's methods of escape from the blond are considered very crude indeed even by the bulls who arrive some hours later at the scene. It seems there is a great deal of the Butterfly's red corpuscles spattered around and about the premises and several finger prints are located which are a dead rank against Blooey-Blooey.

In the crowded court room this Jones says to the judge like this:

"I point the rod at her fair locks," he says, "and go blooey, blooey."

And that is how Blooey-Blooey comes by his name although it is by no means the end of the story.

In fact it is after he comes to this establishment that the interesting part of the tale begins and as I look at the picture of the blond babe in your magazine and consider some of the stories on the other pages I think to myself that this story about Blooey-Blooey and the Butterfly Belle and later happenings would be very fitting material for your periodical.

I could relate the events in a very entertaining method and in a few words if proper incentive is offered to me and I am prepared to write all the vivid details on short notice.

You can reach me by serive or wires at the below address as I am certain it will remain permanent for some time to come.

Sincerely Yours,
Arizona State Prison No. 10680
Florence, Arizona

A CONSTITUTIONAL

Greetings from one gay bachelor to another. I have a recipe of some historical interest (if no other) which I am sure you will like, so am sending it herewith—maybe you'd like it for your Xmas party.

Thomas Jefferson's Apple Toddy

Roast well 3 dozen pippin apples, cover with 2 gallons of boiling water and let stand till cold, then press through a sieve to remove skins and seeds. Add:

8 lbs. of sugar
2 qts. apple brandy
2 qts. of sherry
2 qts. of rum
1 qt. Madeira
1 pt. of arrack
1 pt. of peach brandy
1 pt. of curaçao liqueur
1 grated nutmeg

Mix well and serve in punch glasses.

And, Eskie, watch those apples and be sure you don't burn them.

As ever,
Washington, D. C. Jerome Elliott

POWELL FOR PRESIDENT

This is the "Sound" and I hope the "Fury" develops.

I can forgive Nathan Levin, practically all of his major sins, in his cinema reviews—because he nominates so heartily that Dick Powell of the films be cast into oblivion. Mr. Dick Powell in "oblivion" would be practically perfect, as far as pictures go.

Can't we also dispense with a "big mouth," sometimes known as Joe E. Brown. And last can't we men do a little squeezing to eliminate the beauteous Robert Taylor. Just don't take your glamour girl (or otherwise) to see his films, and he will soon be done for.

Though I curse your smugness Mr. Levin, I do love your choices three of horrible "boors" i.e. 1. Dick Powell, 2. Dick Powell, 3. Dick Powell.

Yours for more thorough reviewing, Mr. Levin.

Very truly yours,
An Adult Fan.
Chicago, Ill. Calder B. Vaughan

FITS FOR EVERYBODY

It seems that you've been getting (or at least publishing) more than your share of fury lately. So will you accept a pat on the head from me?

I go to collitch, and skip two lunches monthly (despite what the newsdealer says one of his customers mutters) to buy your brainchild. Some day when I get rich, I'll subscribe to it. Because I like your magazine.

I used to buy them just for the cartoons, although I didn't "get" some of 'em, and then I started to read an issue. And expect to keep right on for a spell. Some of the sporting articles I skip, but always in every issue there are some priceless things. *The Black Phanny* from the October issue, for instance—which, to be honest, I began with my tongue in my cheek, having noticed the author's picture and decided that such a purty boy couldn't do much. And your Ira Wolfert really is a discovery. I anticipate his wife's poems. And of course your articles are excellent.

I'm getting myself a reputation in this dorm because I tack my favorite cartoons from your issues upon the door. (Not paste 'em. The house mother'd have a fit.) (Maybe she will anyway. I fear me she's the type.)

I 'spect you really don't give a damn if females read your publication, but it must be annoying to have 'em skim through it and then condemn to the skies. Me, I'm just a co-ed, but I swear by Esquire. And it's not the tomboy in me, either. Sincerely,
Los Angeles, Calif. Peg

P. S.—You'd better treasure this. I never wrote to a magazine before and never expect to again. *This* probably comes of not having enough assignments to keep me busy—

P.S., Jr.—Should you be immodest enough to print this, for-heavens'-sake, don't use the name. My pappy'd have two fits——

OPEN LETTER TO FEMALE FANS

Having read various outbursts in *Sound and Fury* it is evident that you haven't recognized Esquire for what it really is: A grand club, with which Hubby and the Boy Friend can be knocked out in the first round.

Yes, Darlings, I know it's a man's magazine and it won't let us in—so was the barber shop and saloon, remember when *Sweet Adeline* was the only female who could enter either place? Now then, your next pet howl seems to be Esky's trashy stories; did you really read them? *Darlings*, that's precious! Why, no one, except a few women who don't know any better, ever reads the stories. The editor being at large, instead of occupying a nice padded cell, is proof that *he* doesn't read them. Uh, huh, I thought you'd catch on that the stories are merely a smoke screen to cover the real reason for Esquire's existence, and that, my pets, is flattering man's vanity. . . . While you're recovering we'll take up the howl about the pictures of red-haired, leggy, practically clothesless gals who look like we *don't*. Darlings, my advice to you is: drop a little acid in Hubby's eyes right away, because if pictures of gals on the pages of a magazine, even Esquire, can corrupt his morals the poor dear's a goner if he ever sees a real one on a bed or beach. Are you feeling better?

To prove my statement that Esquire's reason for existence is to flatter Man's vanity read the advertisements; study them. Pay particular attention to the pictures of the deadpan-faced gentlemen posing in underwear, notice the alluring knobby knees. Now, take a look at the aloof, sophisticated answers to prayers who are modeling lounging robes and suits—are you convinced that Vanity's name is *not* woman, and that no man is going to waste his time reading stories and looking at pictures of females when he can look at pictures which he imagines resemble himself? And while you're about it, notice that the brutes have adopted our pet gadget, the talon slide fastener, for their own use and please note the Tummy flattening garment—is that a good club to use when the bill for your new corset comes in? And here's another one: To minimize ace trumping stupidity just smile at him and murmur, "Sorry, you should read Esquire and learn about no-squirm underwear."

Stop your subscriptions to Esquire if you want to, Darlings, but I'm keeping mine, in self defense.

Y'rs for Esquire
(the bigger it comes the better)
(Mrs.) Dixie Nell Sails
Kansas City, Kansas

ESQ GOES TO SCHOOL

After reading Martin Panzer's article "A Little Suggestion," I had to let you know I was not hypnotized. He must think we readers are pretty low on mentality to pay fifty cents for tripe like that. That was absolutely the worst, and stupidest thing I have ever wasted time reading. I suppose that I'm a scatter brain, and a senseless dolt because I was not receptive to it. I wonder if any one was? I'd like to meet the person with the high powers of concentration, who did, if any.

If you must write about gory corpses, why not a detective mystery now and then, with something to it? Some of your articles are terribly grewsome. Do you think that articles of that type appeal to your men readers, or does it show their stamina, and manliness to read such messy stuff?

While I'm at it I might as well get another hair off my chest. I'd like to know what kind of a man would wear such elastic underwear (notice my polite name for it) as you advertise? Do men or mice read your mag?

On the whole, I really think your magazine is swell. Especially the articles on sports, and the cartoons.

If any future off-springs of mine, ever ask me why and how, I can readily recommend Esquire to satisfy their curiosity about the facts of life.

Very truly yours,
Mamaroneck, N. Y. Elaine Williams

P. S.—This is a high school student's opinion of your mag. I believe it voices the opinions of most of my friends.

ODE IN MIXED FIGURES

I have in times suffered attacks of nausea, but never so acutely as after reading that morbid bit of "space filler" as your October issue carried under the title of *Off the Highway* by Ira Wolfert, who evidently suffers just as bad a warp in his brain as the character he depicted.

Not being content with narrating sentence after sentence of blasphemy and sacrilege, a bit of child murder was inserted by way of adding to the accumulated heap of rubbish.

I suppose that even an editor is subject to becoming lax in his vigil of selecting literature for a publication, but such laxity as the imprinting of an okay on an article so entirely saturated with the drippings from decomposed morals seems to denote a state of somnolency in one's finer senses. Any writer who so flagrantly uses the name of his Creator as did I. W. in the above mentioned bit of morbidity, is a menace to society. Yours,
Wardell, Mo. Sonnie W. Walker

Continued on page 329

A HIGHBALL AT NIGHTFALL

AH, to relax at nightfall over a whiskey-and-soda!

A drink with sparkle and zest and tang—a drink to be sipped slowly . . . so that the enjoyment of it may be prolonged!

But be mighty careful, in making *your* highball, to use a whiskey worthy of this congenial drink—a whiskey that *holds* its flavor, as you sip it, to the very end.

In short—make your highball with Four Roses! For Four Roses gives *life* to a whiskey-and-soda—Four Roses *holds* its delicate aroma and forthright flavor!

Naturally—for while Four Roses is *all whiskey*—it's not just *one* fine straight whiskey, but a glorious combination of *several* selected American straight whiskies. Several whiskies, so merged, so blended together, that they unite their noblest qualities in *one* illustrious whiskey—a whiskey greater than any one of them alone could ever be!

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof

We believe Four Roses is America's finest whiskey, regardless of age or price

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore, also make Paul Jones, Old Oscar Pepper brand, Mattingly & Moore all blends of straight whiskies, 90 proof.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

GAMES FOR GROWN-UPS. Globe-trotters will go for this . . . gives 'em a chance to exploit their travels . . . Lowell Thomas' WORLD CRUISE. You get $1500 in paper money, and the idea is to see who gets around an elaborate travel board first by rolling dice. Get rewards at many stops by answering correctly Mr. Thomas' travel questions, or take penalties if you fail. Or maybe you have friends who fancy themselves sleuths . . . give them the S.S. VAN DINE DETECTIVE GAME. The board of the game represents the grounds of an estate and the house where a theft of bonds has taken place. Object of game is to arrest and convict the criminal. Two to six detectives can compete. First hurdle is to throw dice that move your detective to the clue spot. Takes nine clues to convict. For football fans on your list, get ELMER LAYDEN'S FOOTBALL GAME. Puts you right down on the field . . . all the excitement and none of the bruises. As quarterback of your favorite team you call the plays. Based on "big time" football statistics, every play called has exactly the same chance to gain or lose as on an actual gridiron. Gives grandstand quarterbacks a chance to test their football strategy. An "adventure" game is FOTO-WORLD, the news-reel camera game. Any number can play. The game board is a map of the world. As news-reel cameramen, players race to cover the globe on assignments drawn from a special deck of cards. The player who completes five assignments first, wins the game. Another exciting adventure game, NUGGETS, a gold rush to the far North. Four prospectors start on a race to the Klondike encountering hardships, hazards, etc. Pot of gold awaits the winner. Played with real prospector pawns, gold and colored stake nuggets, dice. To bring out the gambler in them, give a fast moving little number called "FEED'N THE KITTY", played with dice, poker chips, colored rings and a felt mat with numbers. Idea is to cover a sequence or 3 of a kind with your rings, thus winning all the chips anteed into the kitty. Two to four can play.

TOYS FOR TOTS. Far be it from us to neglect the small fry . . . your own or the offspring of friends and relatives. Little and big boys will go for the boxing game—two little 4-inch wooden boxers mounted on the ends of 8-inch sticks. Action comes by pulling the string attached to the spring right arm of each boxer, object being to decapitate boxer by socking on the nose. New dart game—a 36-inch wooden Mammy, and on her arm a hen roosting in a big basket. Idea is to hurl the dart into center of red disc on basket. When you make a bull's eye, hen lays an egg (don't get nervous, it's only a ping pong ball egg). Kids have been making mosaics for years, but there's one in which the designs are illuminated from below by an electric light. Cards are punched with holes into which color-transparent glass balls are placed, when the design is completed, the lights do their stuff. Then there's a gaily painted hand-organ, plush monkey and all. Even if Junior grinds the crank all day, the music is subdued enough not to shatter the nerves. Latest hobby horses go up and down with a real posting movement . . . good workout for the little darlings. Good educational toy is the dickory dock clock. Its wide, decorated base is 12 inches long, and the substantial wooden hands may be moved in either direction on the large dial with its very distinct numerals. There is a bell with wooden hammer at the top so the child can ring out the time by hand. Fun when its 12 o'clock.

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The Highest Development in PORTABLE AUTOMATIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS

The new 1938—10 tube A. C.-D. C. Model for world wide use achieves results you would never believe possible. So faithful is its reproduction that it veritably transports you to the actual performance of your favorite program. Changes large or small records. Available in a variety of leathers, $165.00.

Other models from $139.50

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MARCONI BROS., Inc.
679 MADISON AVE., (near 61st St.) NEW YORK

He served SMOKED TURKEY!

The first taste of this temptingly different turkey-treat reduces your guests to a dither of rapture—brings new laurels to your hostly crown! Grand for holiday entertaining . . . makes taste-tantalizing entrees, hors d'oeuvres, canapes and sandwiches. The perfect gift for that key customer, or from one gourmet to another. Ready to serve, these tender, piquant Pinesbridge Smoked Turkeys weigh 7 to 15 lbs., smoked, cost $1.20 a pound, express prepaid, and are guaranteed to delight you—or your money back. Send check today, or write for descriptive booklet.

PINESBRIDGE FARM
Box M-12, Ossining, N. Y.

ONLY BENJAMIN HAS THE GENUINE BB COMPRESSED AIR PISTOL $7.50

For Target & Small Game Economical - Accurate - Practical - Adjustable Force - Amazing Maximum Velocity - Safe. Single Shot with Bolt Action - Hammer Fire - Hair Trigger - Safety - Cal. [illegible] Holster $2.00. Also [illegible] Single Shot BB Air Rifle [illegible] BB Repeater Air Rifle [illegible] At Dealer or Direct - No license required - SAFE. The Only Genuine Compressed Air Pistols & Rifles for shooting BB On The Market. Full Details - Targets - Free - Write for introductory Offer. Benjamin Air Rifle Co., 899 Marion St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

MIAMI BEACH HOMES
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COMPLETE LISTINGS
J. GESCHEIDT, Inc., *Realtors*
1301 Washington Ave. Miami Beach, Fla.
Since 1925
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WHY EVERY BRIDEGROOM needs NORMA

WHAT to give the ushers? Something new, novel and noteworthy! Something you'll be proud to give and they'll be proud to get. Give them Norma, the amazing patented pencil that writes in 4 colors—black, red, blue, green—at a snap of the finger. Ideal Christmas Gift, too! $3.50 to $12.00 at leading stores, or write Norma Pencil Corp., Dept. E., [illegible] West 32nd Street, New York City.

HUARACHES

For Christmas • NEW LIGHTWEIGHT SANDAL *for* INDOOR USE

Attratively Wrapped, Boxed and Postpaid $2.75

The Mexican Huarache is now a house slipper with open toes and flat heels. Woven of the same honest steerhide as the heavier outdoor type and rugged enough for all their light weight (8 ozs.), these comfortable peasant sandals relax tired feet and make smart gifts.

Immediate delivery in all sizes for men and women

To order send shoe sizes and if possible an outline of the foot.

The OLD MEXICO SHOP
SANTA FÉ — NEW MEXICO

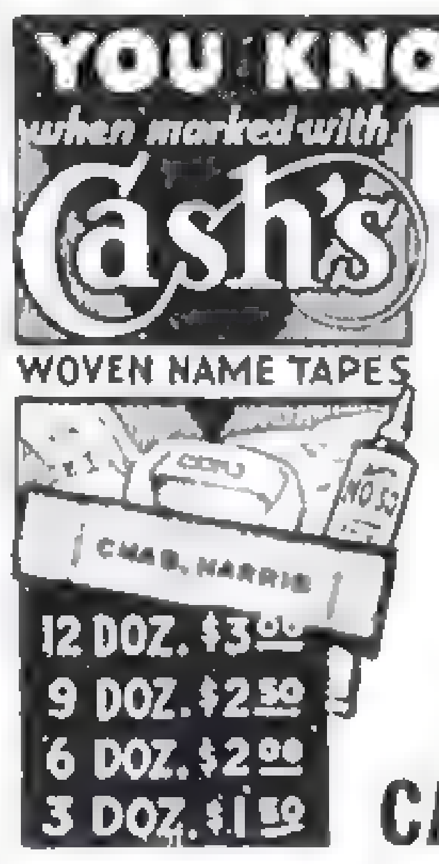
A Gift in the Right Direction

Every driver needs this handsome, dependable Hull Auto Compass to be sure of directions and travel anywhere by the shortest routes without confusion or backtracking. Saves precious time and money. Quickly attached. Guaranteed for any car. In a beautiful gift package, only $2.95 at your dealer. Write for circular.

Hull Mfg. Co. Box 246-G7 Warren, O.

HULL STREAMLINE AUTO COMPASS

Terrific Speed High Altitudes - *Protect* your Comfort... *Take* -
MOTHERSILL'S AIR SICK REMEDY
USED IN 64 COUNTRIES



YOU KNOW IT'S YOURS *when marked with* Cash's WOVEN NAME TAPES

12 DOZ. $3.00
9 DOZ. $2.50
6 DOZ. $2.00
3 DOZ. $1.50

XMAS GIFT SPECIAL

We will give an extra dozen Cash's Names FREE with every order received before December 15th. A gift of CASH'S NAMES is sure to be appreciated. Useful, distinctive, personal. Order them for yourself, too, and mark all the gifts you get. Order from your department store or us.

Trial Offer: Send 15c for one dozen of your own first name and sample of NO SO Cement for attaching without sewing.

CASH'S 257 Chestnut Street So. Norwalk, Conn.

Personalized Gifts
Unique • Distinctive • Useful
INDIVIDUAL NAME PENCIL SETS
Any Name Engraved in 18K Gold on Pencils, Pen, Case and Ruler

Genuine leather case with reindeer handsomely embossed on flap complete with 3 pencils, pen and ruler. 50c

LARGER SET WITH COIN POCKET, 75c
HIGH GRADE TALON ZIPPER SET, $1

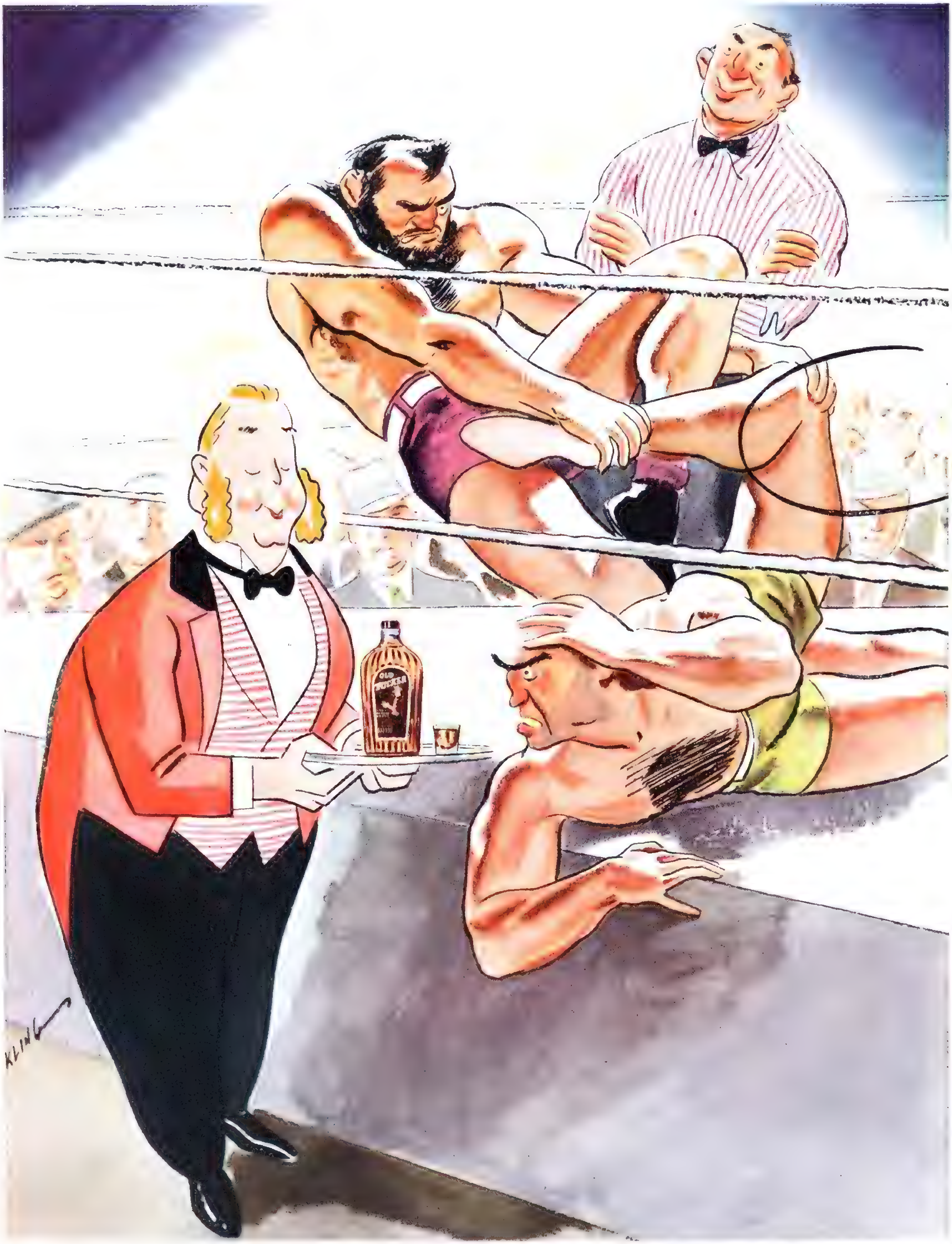
MONOGRAMMED BRIDGE CARDS
Exceptionally Fine Quality
CONTRASTING COLOR BACKS
GILDED EDGES
Attractively Boxed
2 DECKS $1.00 POST PAID
12 Decks with Monogram 5.50

Illustrated Catalogue of Unusual Gifts FREE
All orders shipped postpaid same day received
Send CHECK - MONEY ORDER or STAMPS
AMERICAN ENGRAVING & PRINTING CO.
1480 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

STUDEBAKER GOES TO A PARTY

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

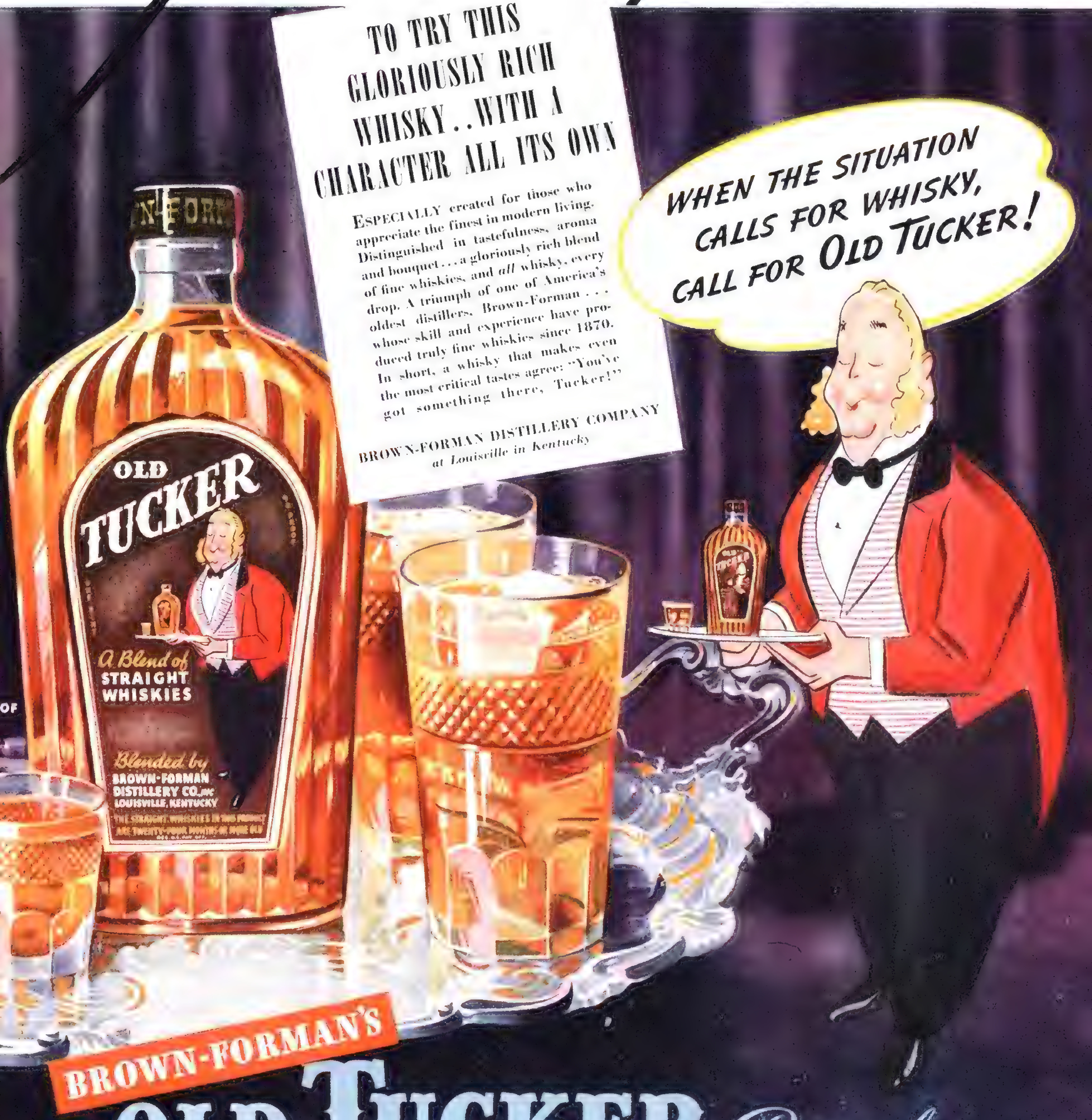
Unstudied realism is one of the many reasons for the swift success of America's premier outdoor color photographer, gifted Paul Hesse. The above shot, with the nation's top flight models as the cast, took as many hours to pose as a motion picture scene. The result, of course, is a superb true-to-life representation of the glamorously beautiful new 1938 Studebaker President now on view at Studebaker showrooms everywhere. The President, finest car ever built by Studebaker, offers a new plus in luxury at a new minus in price, introduces many thrilling innovations in addition to clean-cut, expressive lines that have the unembellished, vigorous, functional simplicity of modern skyscraper architecture. Purchasable on C. I. T. budget plan. Studebaker, South Bend.


OLD TUCKER
KLING

Entire Advertisement Copyright 1937, Brown-Forman Distillery Company, Louisville, Ky.

"I think you've got something there, Tucker!"

OLD TUCKER
Invites you



WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR WHISKY, CALL FOR OLD TUCKER!
OLD TUCKER
A Blend of STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Blended by BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO., INC. LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
OF

TO TRY THIS GLORIOUSLY RICH WHISKY..WITH A CHARACTER ALL ITS OWN

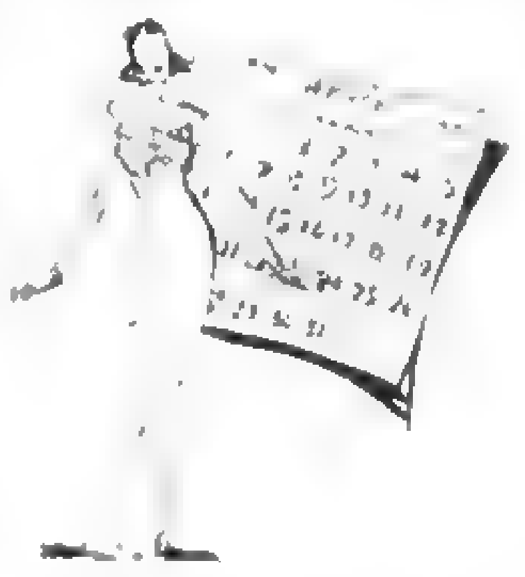
ESPECIALLY created for those who appreciate the finest in modern living. Distinguished in tastefulness, aroma and bouquet...a gloriously rich blend of fine whiskies, and *all* whisky, every drop. A triumph of one of America's oldest distillers, Brown-Forman... whose skill and experience have produced truly fine whiskies since 1870. In short, a whisky that makes even the most critical tastes agree: "You've got something there, Tucker!"

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY
at Louisville in Kentucky

BROWN-FORMAN'S
OLD TUCKER *Brand*
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

MAN GIVES WOMAN . . . *a nightie for every night.* If you're toying with the idea of giving her lingerie, here's the underworld lowdown. Suppose you decide upon a nightgown . . . if you're smart don't buy *one*, but *seven*, one for every night in the week. Not a dull moment in a household whose lady is thus equipped . . . every night might be the same, but every nightie different. She might start out on Monday, say, with a hand embroidered crepe; by midweek, work up to a clinging white satin with lace inset in provocative areas; Thursday (maid's night out) it might be a white one with a green chiffon sash and monogram. A gala weekend spent in nebulous chiffon, with a peak easy bib of lace. Every nightie is packed in a separate drawer in a handsome gift box. This little 7-day spree will cost you about $75 and worth it.



NEGLIGEES, NOLENS VOLENS. Every man likes to see the light of his life trailing around in some gorgeous concoction dubbed a tea gown or something. This year there's a run on figure-emphasizing velvets and slinky satins loaded with flurries of feathers, ostrich and marabou in true Westian manner . . . guaranteed to bring out the Diamond Lil in any woman. Imagine a ¾ length coat of baby blue marabou over a pleated chiffon slip . . . or a bluish lavender velvet gown with an entire top of solid ostrich feathers . . . or a heady wine chiffon gown with considerable exposure fore and aft, and worn with it a coat of wine marabou. But getting down to the morning after, if mama still paddles around in the cold, wintry dawn in her old flannel rope tied dressing gown, it's up to you to produce one of the *new* flannels, warm, yet alluring . . . and fitted to the figure something elegant in princess lines. A siren black flannel with a diagonal band of gold mesh that sparkles like sequins; or a chartreuse green with wide panels of black front and rear, and a chartreuse zipper.

HAIRBRUSH FOR HEALTHY HIRSUTE. When you see a guy with a good thick mane, chances are he uses one of those sanitary brushes with 100% boar bristles that penetrate his hair and give it plenty of exercise. The brushes are made with open metal backs and can be popped under a tap of boiling water for instant sterilization. Why not give the brush, hand brush and manicure brush (all in the same sanitary construction) to Uncle Dodd for Christmas? Being of practical turn of mind, he'd probably prefer it to a doodad.

HANDOUT A HANDBAG. A uniquely lovely bag of imported brocade is shaped like an accordion, and obligingly stretches out to make room for extra mad money. This wonder has an 18 K gold finish cigarette case which forms the top of the bag. A black suede cocktail bag has a flat top which turns out to be a gold finished cigarette case inset with a tiny watch. Consider, too, dazzling bags with tops encrusted with jewels, or set with miniatures or cameos.

Ranger

Inspired BY THE ONE-ARM DRIVER

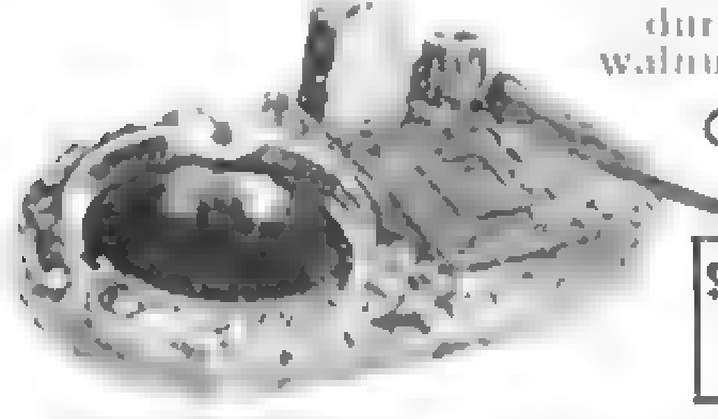
FeatherWate CIGARETTE CASE

HOLDS *a full package in original wrapper*

Keeps cigarettes clean, whole and fresh. One-hand control ...ideal for driving, golfing... any sport. Made of aeroplane metal for lightness and durability . . . color plated finish. Etched medallions of various sports.

$1.50

AMERICAN AUTOMATIC DEVICES CO.
Throop, Harrison and Congress Sts., CHICAGO



RICH BEAUTY OF CARVED WOOD

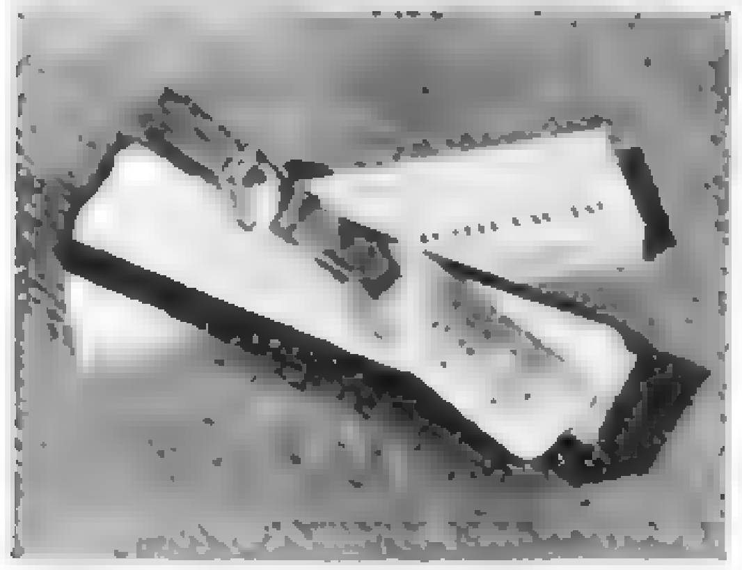
reproduced at amazing low price in this convenient combination: ashtray, match stand, pipe rack and cigarette humidor durable pressed wood, walnut finished.

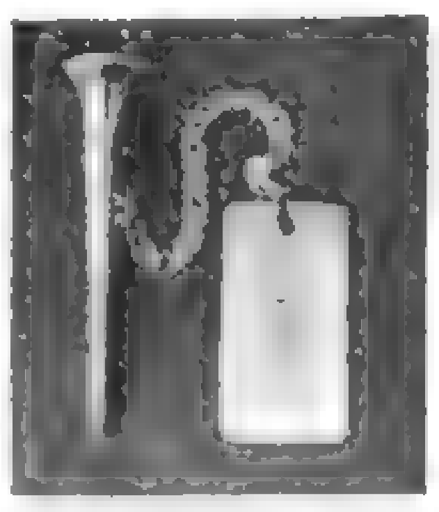
Order TODAY for Xmas!

$1.29 C. O. D., or $1.35 postpaid

J. WINN PRODUCTS CO., 4329 N. Francisco Ave., CHICAGO
"Not INC."

EXCLUSIVE SCOOP by
RABSONS RECORD SHOP • 100 W. 56th St. N.Y.
Columbia's Sensational Album
MAURICE EVANS
World's leading Shakespearian actor
In glowing highlights from Shakespeare's King Richard II.
EACH ALBUM PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED BY MR. EVANS
While they last, $10.00 per set of five 12 inch records [illegible] album. (Price includes packing and safe delivery [illegible]





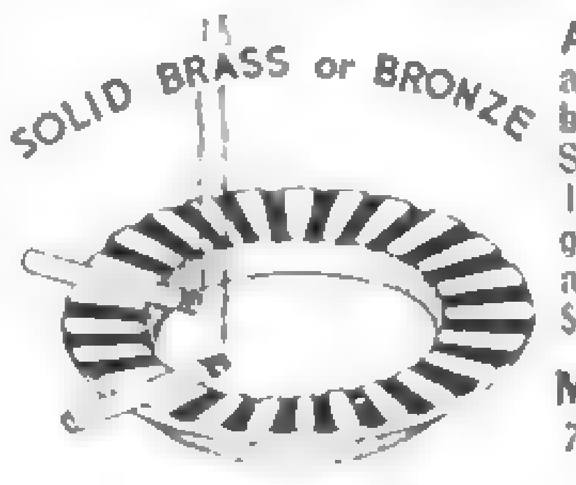
Distinctive Gifts

THE LOVELL BAG TAG—Swanky metal nameplate with durable leather strap—really locks on your travelling cases, golf bags, etc. Miniature padlock with key. Lasts a lifetime. Name and address engraved at extra cost. Nickel silver, $1.50. Silver plated, $2.50. Gold plated, $3.50.

THE GOLF-T-FLEX—A handsome, lifetime tee for golfers. Adjustable in height; can't be driven away. Silver finished durable metal. Strong chain and nameplate aid in wearing on belt. Endorsed by leading golf pros. Price $1.50

At leading Dept. Stores and Gift Shops or Postpaid in Attractive Gift Box

DISTINCTIVE CREATIONS, INC.
10 West 47th Street New York City
ENCLOSED find $____ for which please rush
____*BAG TAGS:* ____*Nickel,* ____*Silver,* ____*Gold*
____*GOLF-T-FLEXES: Silver finish*
ENGRAVING EXTRA AT 5c PER LETTER
ENGRAVING________
NAME________
STREET________
CITY________STATE____



An ASH TRAY for MEN

SOLID BRASS or BRONZE

Away with small and dainty ash trays that fall and break and make a mess. Solid, heavy brass or bronze, large and deep, with many grooves—that men can use and women learn to like. $3.50 express collect.

MID-STATES ASSOCIATES
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● *Send for* FREE GIFT CATALOG ●
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FOR MUSIC LOVERS: Album Record Sets from $3.00. Portable Combination Radio-Phonographs from $59.50.

FOR CAMERA FANS: Candid, Still and Movie Cameras and Photo Gadgets. And other unique gifts for everyone on your list.

Mail Orders Intelligently Filled

RABSONS The Store that Makes Leisure More Enjoyable
100 WEST 56TH ST., NEW YORK

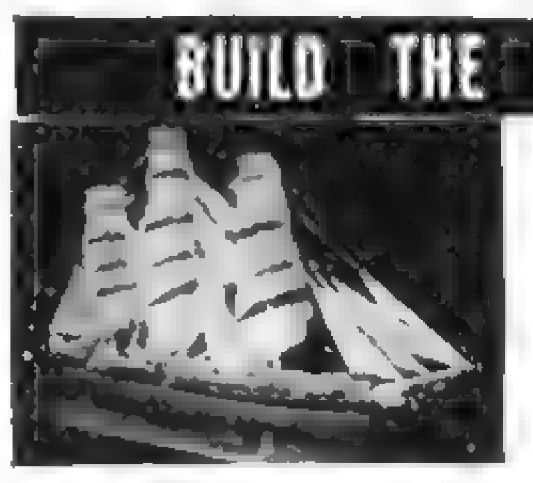
THE *Doodlebug* BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT OF ALL

A Health Builder that's LOADS of FUN

ADJUSTABLE TO CHILD'S GROWTH

Hand operated. Develops shoulders, arms, back. Safe—low seat prevents tipping. Steers with feet. Easy running. Speedy. Ball-bearing drive wheel; clean, noiseless V-belt drive. 1-in. rubber tires. Strong metal frame—will last for years. $8.95 and up. *See at Stores. Catalog free.*

BECKLEY-RALSTON CO.
30 W. CERMAK RD. (Est. 1896) CHICAGO, ILL.



BUILD THE CUTTY SARK

• Two foot model of the famous Clipper. Easy to build, with complete kit, instructions, full-size plans. $2.50 complete plus 15c postage.
Send for catalog . . 10c

IDEAL AEROPLANE and SUPPLY COMPANY, INC.
27 WEST 18TH STREET NEW YORK

ARE YOU HAIR MINDED?

Encourage a healthier growth of hair by stimulating your scalp with an application that is:
• Antiseptic • Counter-Irritant
• Cleansing • Medicinal

Apply EN-AR-CO (Japanese Oil) Tonight
Made in U. S. A.
Different from Ordinary Hair Tonics
IT'S A SCALP MEDICINE!
At all Druggists, 60c Economy Size, $1

FREE! *Write for Valuable Booklet*
"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE HAIR"
Edited by a Registered Physician

National Remedy Co. Dept. R 56 W. 45th St., N.Y.

It's a Gift
TILLIE TABLE HAS IT

Brings joy and amazing new comfort with refreshing relaxation—for a life time. Adjustable, modern, beautiful—many uses. Free, illustrated booklet 'Joy in Bed'. Let Tillie solve your Xmas Gift problems.

FRANKLIN TABLE COMPANY
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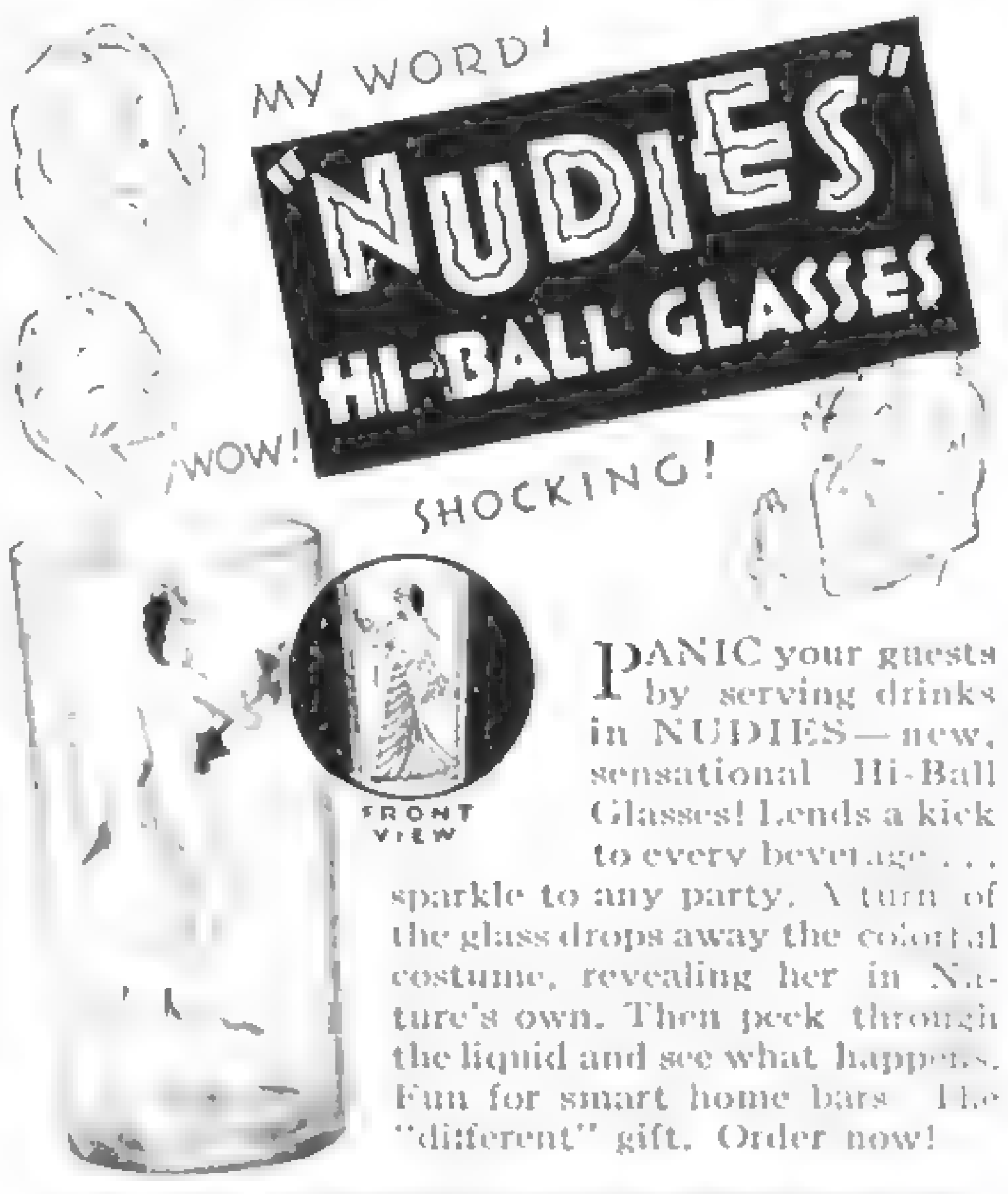
GIVE THE PERFECT *ADULT* HOBBY!

Violin-making . . . a year 'round thrill for hand and eye and ear! "Handy" with tools or not, you can now make a fine violin . . . with real tone . . . thanks to L. F. Geiger's sensational new book, Violin-making Made Clear and Concise. Simple, step by step instructions . . . with pictures . . . assure your success. Send for Free booklet An Age-old Craft Becomes a Hobby. It tells all regarding seasoned old tone-woods, tools, supplies and complete kits. What a gift! Drop a card today!

VOIT & GEIGER, INC.
Fine Violins
14 E. Jackson Blvd. Dept. E2 Chicago, Ill.



MY WORD! "NUDIES" HI-BALL GLASSES
WOW! SHOCKING!
FRONT VIEW

PANIC your guests by serving drinks in NUDIES—new, sensational Hi-Ball Glasses! Lends a kick to every beverage . . . sparkle to any party. A turn of the glass drops away the colorful costume, revealing her in Nature's own. Then peek through the liquid and see what happens. Fun for smart home bars. The "different" gift. Order now!

ALAN'S *Novelties For 20 Years*
1428 N. Orleans St., Chicago, Ill.

For the enclosed $____ please send at once, postpaid in gift boxes: Returnable within 10 days if not pleased
____ Sets of 4 Assorted Nudies at $2.00
____ Sets of 6 Assorted Nudies at $3.00
____ Sets of 12 Assorted Nudies at $5.00
Name____ Town____
Address State____

IT HAS A RICH BOUQUET

An aroma that wells up from its velvety blackness with all the exciting intensity of a Puerto Rican night. It is Café Rico's heritage of cool dew, tropic sun, mountain soil, and the trade winds of the Caribbean Sea.

ITS FLAVOR IS EXOTIC

At first sip, taste sensations, new to you in coffee, linger against your palate like those of vintage wines or brandy decades old. Café Rico is truly a *liqueur* coffee. A subtle blend of bold and delicate flavors.

IT ISN'T AT ALL LIKE OTHER COFFEES

Consider Café Rico only in the light of an after-dinner coffee..to be served always black . . always in the formal demi-tasse. A coffee for occasions, never an occasional coffee.

Café Rico
The after dinner Coffee of Royalty

Café Rico

The after dinner Coffee of Royalty

Café Rico is grown, roasted, and packed in Puerto Rico by Cafeteros De Puerto Rico. The Paton Corporation, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City, sole United States distributor.

Gifts that are smart and practical as well as distinctively masculine...a really handsome gold wrist watch $70; a superb star sapphire ring $600; a magnifier for 'phone numbers (he can dangle it from his key chain) $17; if he rides, give him a sapphire *and gold crop pin $65;* or he might prefer a black opal scarf pin $75; a pair of matched black pearl evening studs $750; or a pair of green onyx sleeve links $23.

Intriguing gifts she'll like at first sight and appreciate for years to come...a charming diamond and gold clip $140; a smart new sapphire and diamond ring $375; a flower of pink gold petals with sapphire and diamond center $450; a gold charm bracelet for her lighter moments $15.50; an unusual new ruby and gold watch, which is worn on the *side* of the wrist $385.

Marcus jewelry combines suave modern craftsmanship with mellow ageless metal and precious gems...to achieve that dramatic individuality which is so definitely this season's vogue. Whether you seek a casual memento, or a piece to delight a collector, you will find a wide selection of gifts at Marcus. Prices from $5. *Also the kind of Christmas cards you may be searching for.*

You are cordially invited to view the famous Marcus-Jonker diamond.

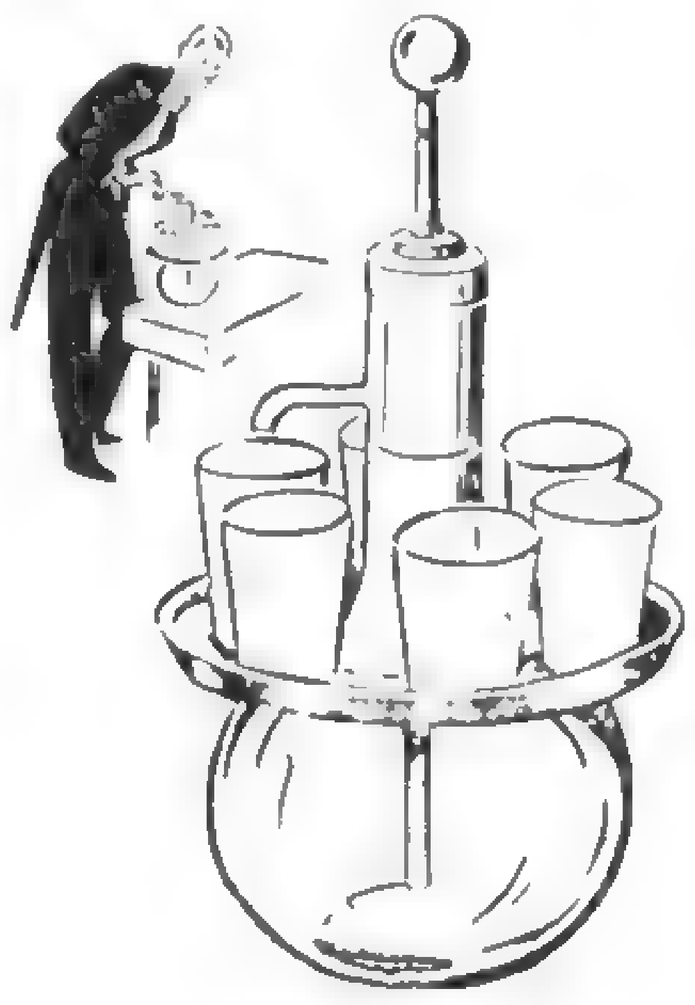
MARCUS & COMPANY

JEWELERS AND STATIONERS • Fifth Avenue at Fifty-Third Street, New York

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

JIGGER IN A JIFFY

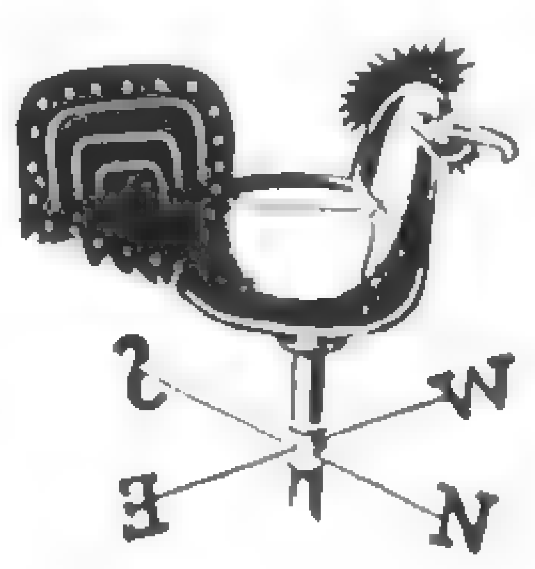
If you are throwing a party and going in for mass consumption, the revolving bar is a quick way to operate. Just whirl the tray around to bring the glass under the spigot, pump once, and your drink is correctly measured and ready for the fixings. The round glass bottle underneath the merry-go-round contraption, holds a quart—to fill, just unscrew the chromium pump. Dandy present, particularly for a five spot.



WALLPAPER FOR CHRISTMAS

An up and coming wallpaper concern has thought up a unique idea for a Christmas gift. They have made up a little bundle of miniature sample rolls of their best papers, tied the lot with red ribbon and attached a gift certificate thereto . . . which may be filled in for any amount from $25 up. Cost of papering an ordinary sized room 12x15 is about $25 minimum, they say. They have a surrealist paper, definitely Dali in influence. At a distance the design appears to be an ordinary bouquet of flowers, but closer inspection reveals that it is composed of such unrelated objects as teacups, thimbles, ice cream cones, violins and that omnipresent surrealist symbol . . . an alarm clock. Another paper called "Constellation" is popular for ceilings in bathrooms or dressing rooms. Silver studded with zodiac signs. For the entrance hall in a country home there's "Country Life" . . . a series of 18th century equestrian scenes. Several important offices in town have chosen "Manhattan Skyline"... a mural which starts at the battery and carries on up to Central Park—just as successful in smallish rooms in private homes—gives a feeling of spaciousness. They've imported an English paper, called, simply and bluntly, "Tree and Cow." And that's exactly what it is . . . a group of cows grazing determinedly surrounded by "the three trees . . . there, there and there."

And apparently the Englishman who designed a paper showing Abraham Lincoln sitting in Robert Fulton's steamboat was a little muddled in American chronology, but the paper has a pleasant sort of illogical charm.

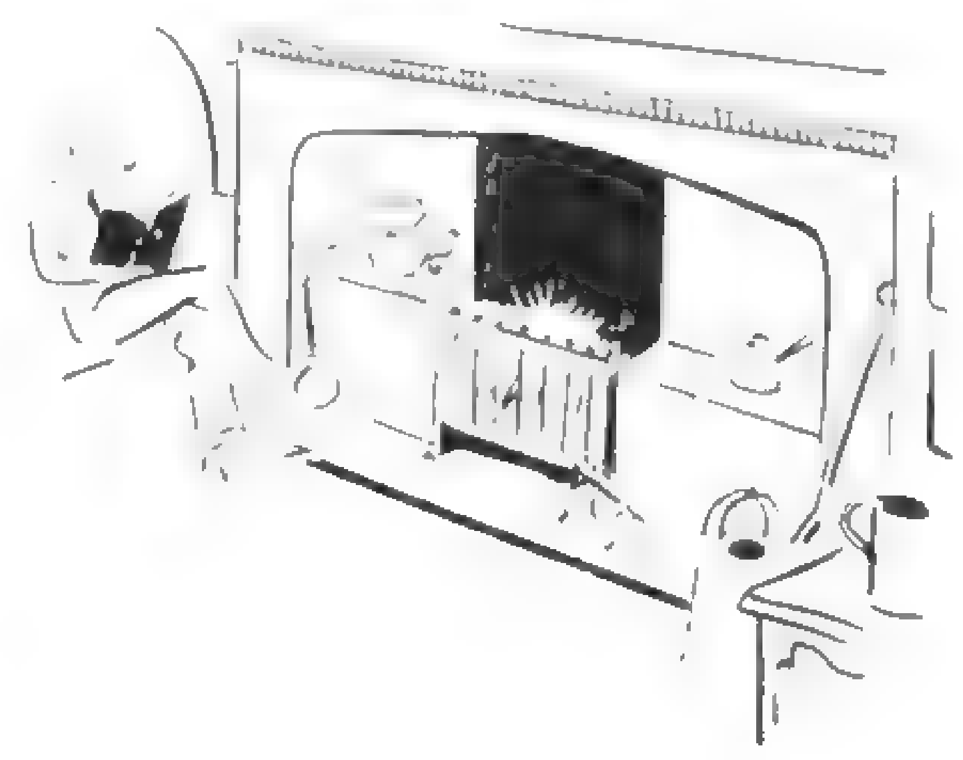


WEATHERVANES OF HISTORY

If you know a man who is historically inclined, present him with a weathervane of true historical significance. This particular vane is a copy of one found on Washington Irving's home, the original being in the New York Historical Society. It has a wooden core with a copper overlay, and comes complete with 5 foot pole, copper flashing and four compass points.

LETTER SERVICE FOR CHILDREN

Kids love to get mail. Good stunt is to make your Christmas present a weekly subscription to a children's letter bureau. The bureau has a pet character "Mickey the World's Exploring Parrot," who writes a long 4-page letter every week to the child. The letters are very original, and amusingly illustrated with drawings, photographs and a comic strip. You read about Mickey's strange experiences in strange lands, serial stories, poems, educational facts, contests, etc. And in addition to the letter, the child gets special cards on birthdays, holidays and gala occasions. A subscription to this wholesome and entertaining affair costs $5.



HOB GRATES

Previous to the Elizabethan Period, many of the fireplaces were very large, particularly in the lofty banquet halls where huge long fires were needed to accommodate the sides of beef and haunches of venison which they roasted whole. When coal came into use, these huge fireplaces were adopted to the newer conditions by the addition of stone hobs on each side of the fireplace, between which a hand-forged iron grate was placed—from this developed the hob grate, now "fashionable" in some country estates. There's a shop in town which makes a specialty in copying all manner of historical grates. The grate we've shown is about 30x23x12 and comes to around $65. A gift for the favored few.

Here you are... THE SAME FINE BEER THEY SERVE AT THE CLUB

In bottles, in cans or on draught
IT'S BEER AT ITS BEST

TUNE IN . . . every Thursday to the Schaefer Revue featuring Leo Reisman and Company. **WEAF . . . 7:30 P.M.**

Schaefer

OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL

Schaefer
LIGHT BEER
Schaefer
LIGHT BEER

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Christmas Gifts
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DALE
589 Fifth Avenue (at 48th St.)
719 Fifth Avenue (at 56th St.)
367 Madison Ave. (at 46th St.)
MODERN LUGGAGE • New York, N. Y. •

Depot for Oshkosh trunks, luggage and service.
Shipments prepaid anywhere in U. S. A.
Illustrated gift booklet on request.

☐ A	English Dressing Case—imported russet Cowhide, completely equipped	$10.00
☐ B	English Utility Case—imported russet Cowhide—oil silk lined	5.00
☐ C	Lady's Combination—Folding Umbrella and Handbag—all colors	10.00
☐ D	18", Efficiency Case—sun-tan Cowhide, equipped with Sesamee Keyless Combination Lock	17.50
☐ E	Lady's fitted duplex Make-up Case of rawhide. Fittings in all colors	29.50
☐ F	Man's fitted, drop-front 21" Suitcase; sun-tan Cowhide; Sesamee Keyless Combination Lock	37.50
☐ G	16" Bookcase; sun-tan Cowhide; hand-sewn; Sesamee Keyless Combination Lock	17.50
☐ H	First-Aid Travel Kit—completely fitted; genuine Morocco; all colors	5.00

No additional charge for initials

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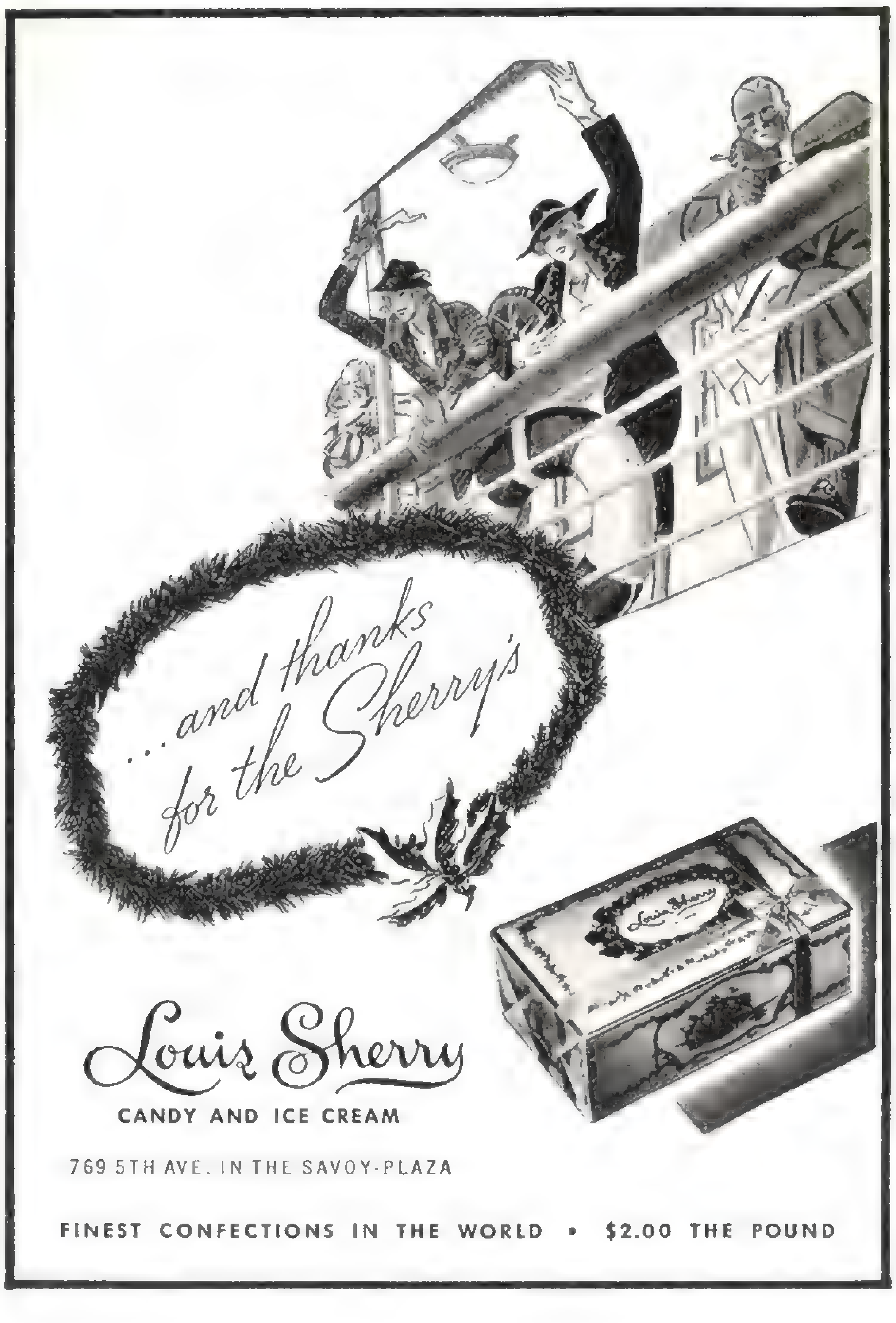
ESTABLISHED 1839

The most exclusive watches in the world, sold only by leading jewelers for nearly a century
GENEVA PARIS NEW YORK


. . . and thanks for the Sherry's

Louis Sherry
CANDY AND ICE CREAM
769 5TH AVE. IN THE SAVOY-PLAZA
FINEST CONFECTIONS IN THE WORLD • $2.00 THE POUND

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE V

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ THIS WINE IS IDENTICAL WITH THAT SOLD IN ENGLAND ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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CORDON ROUGE
G.H. MUMM & Co

Dessin de E. Virtel

Extra Dry
G.H. Mumm & Co
REIMS

Champagnes of the highest quality

G. H. Mumm & Co

SOCIÉTÉ VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE_SUCCESSEUR

REIMS

G. H. MUMM CHAMPAGNE (SOCIÉTÉ VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE, SUCCESSORS) AND ASSOCIATES, INCORPORATED. LA MAISON FRANCAISE . . . . 610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

1929 VINTAGE . . . NOW AVAILABLE

CORDON ROUGE

Bisquit is BRANDY at its BEST!

84 PROOF

The warm sunshine of France lives in each mellow, golden drop of Bisquit Cognac Brandy, for generations preferred throughout the world for its particularly delightful flavor and ever uniform quality.

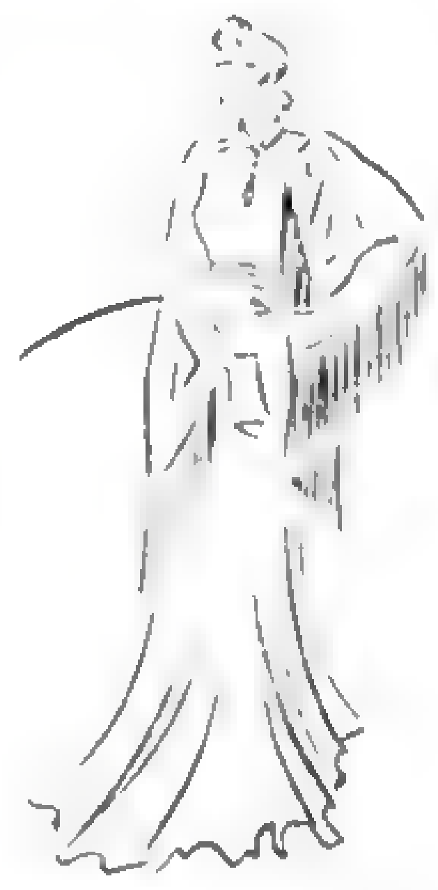
ALL 80 PROOF

The grand gesture in Christmas gifts ... the Bisquit TRI-COLOR ... an assortment of Bisquit Brandies of exceptional excellence from the Grande Fine Champagne area, heart of the Cognac district ... liquid treasures that are truly glorious mementos of a vanished century.

Bisquit COGNAC BRANDY

Sole Importers for the United States of America: G. H. MUMM CHAMPAGNE (Societe Vinicole de Champagne, Succrs.) and Associates, Inc., 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

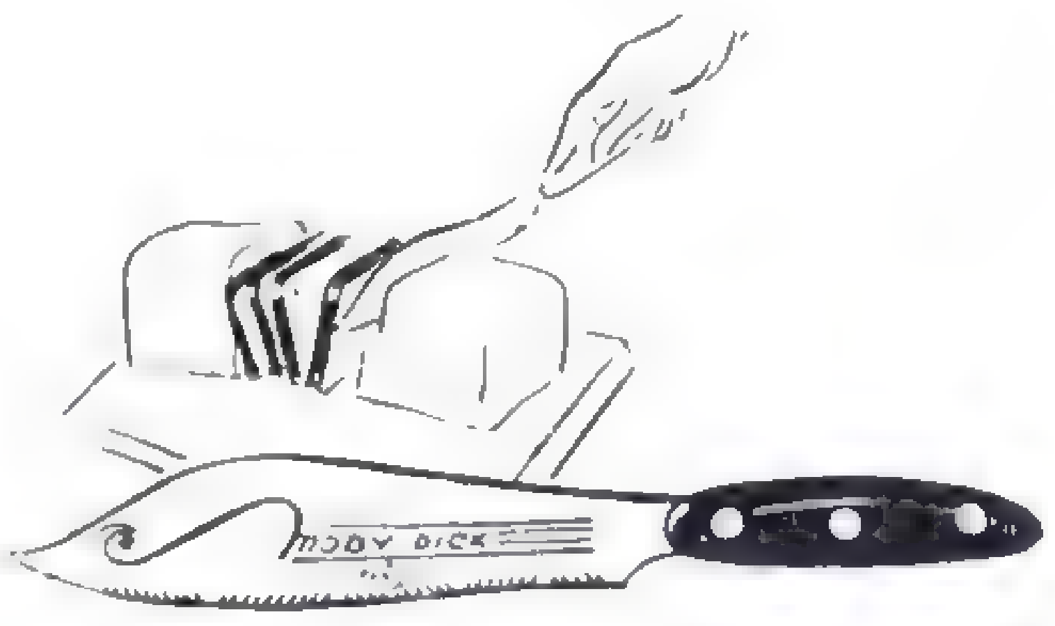


FRINGE BINGE

How would you like to see your pride and joy in a teagown like this? It's crepe, slim and slinky, and fairly dripping with long fringe. If you think she might not go in for fringe, how about a beige velvet tea gown with frog fastenings and border of brilliant red sequins? Positively spectacular. Or, you might buy one of those fur boudoir coats . . . pale cafe au lait or peach fur that looks for all the world like real fox. For ladies of luxury.

WHALE OF A KNIFE

Makers of this claim that the knife (brainchild of the versatile Vassos, young functional designer) heralds the inauguration of a brand new principle in knives. It is shaped like a whale, which, if you know your aeronautics, is the fastest of moving objects in relation to the power exercised. The basic principle is simple, the weight of the steel blade is placed exactly at the point where the most cutting occurs, and the fin-like shaped blade cuts with the maximum of efficiency and a minimum of effort.

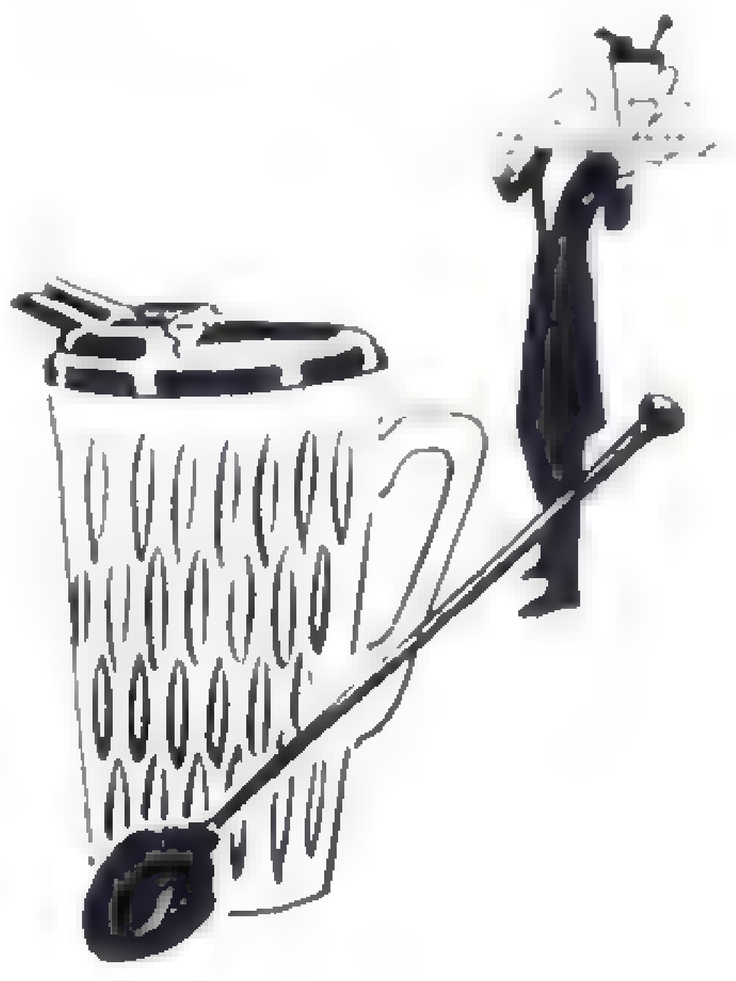


DIAL LIGHT

Somebody's thought up a new gadget to shed light on your telephone dial. You set your phone on an oval or round chromium ring which rests on short little legs. Attached to one side of the ring is a small electric bulb and a metal focusing shade which throws the light directly on the dial. As we've observed, many people have a habit of tucking their telephones away in odd, ill lit spots such as closets, dark halls, etc. . . . all of which are no help when you are trying to read numbers on a dial. If you are in search of Christmas gifts of an original nature . . . this is your dish.

MARTINI MIXER AND MUDDLER

Good reason for serving this species of drink, when you have a handsome cut glass pitcher with top and muddler of plated silver. Another good looking drinking accessory is the cut glass bitters set, with shaker tops and set of extra stoppers. The whole thing in a chromium case. Then there's the chromium and glass folding cocktail wagon which looks like a glorified luggage stand. Has a removable glass and chromium tray which fits on top of the rack. If you are serving various kinds of liquor and want to save yourself countless trips carting bottles hither and yon, there's a new chromium rack with handle and place to carry six bottles at a clip.



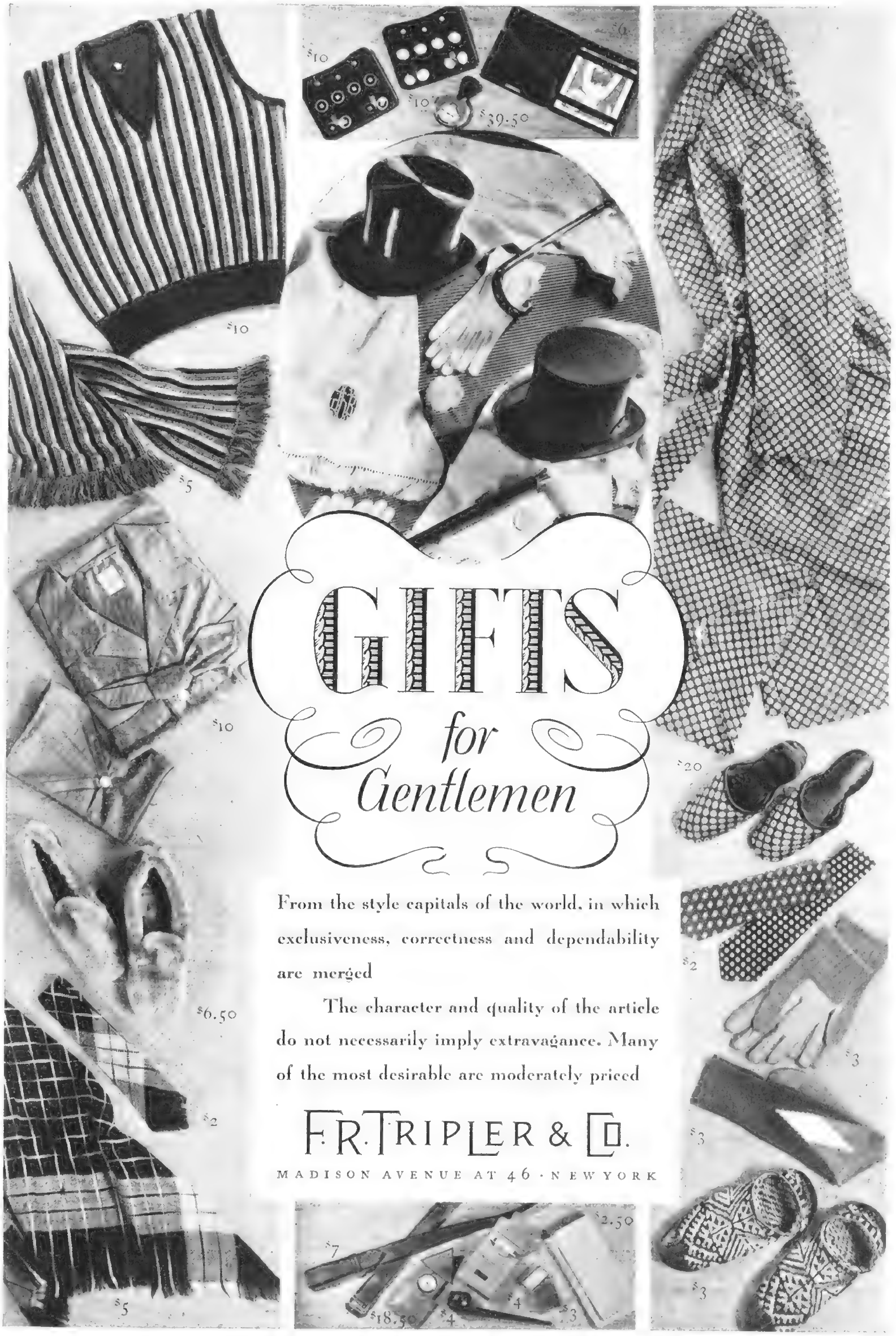
FOLDING ANCHOR

Science has revolutionized the anchor. The development of the Sea Plane has been largely responsible since extremely light weights coupled with dependable holding power are absolutely essential. This anchor weighs only 12 pounds, yet because fluke penetrates the hardest bottom and buries itself practically out of sight because of its shape and proportion, has a holding ratio of 60 to 1 as against 8 to 1 for some other type anchors. Made of high tensile strength stainless steel, best known non-corrosive metal or galvanized steel for fresh water use.

CLOCKS APPEAR IN UNEXPECTED SPOTS

There is apparently a plot afoot on the part of manufacturers, to make the men of the country punctual. They plant a small clock in the most unusual spots. For example there's a desk blotter (one of those rocker things you roll) and on its pigskin back there sits a clock . . . probably to remind you that it was exactly 8:42 p.m. when you blotted that last cheque. Then there's a large leather ash tray with a goodly sized clock attached. Time to de-ash, you know. To say nothing of a gold bill clip with watch attached. Every time you spend some dough . . . watch out. We hate ourselves for that one. A large mirror-edged picture frame has a clock in the center. And pens and pencils have tiny watches concealed in their slender interiors. Time marches on!

Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886



GIFTS *for Gentlemen*

From the style capitals of the world, in which exclusiveness, correctness and dependability are merged

The character and quality of the article do not necessarily imply extravagance. Many of the most desirable are moderately priced

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

MADISON AVENUE AT 46 · NEW YORK

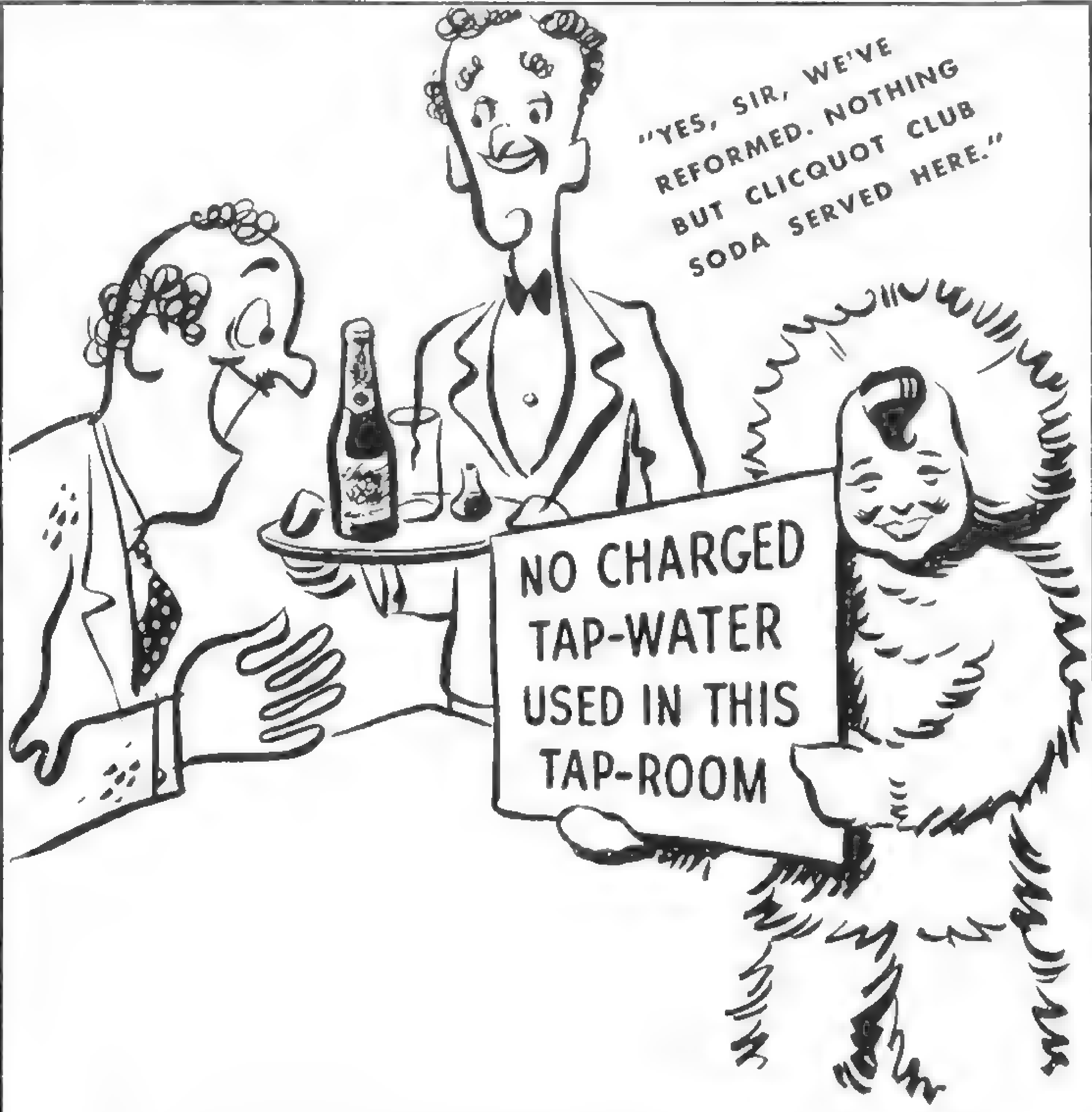
ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET MAILED UPON REQUEST

FOR FIFTY YEARS men whose example dictates the trend of formal wear have selected their evening jewelry from the collection of Udall and Ballou...as famous for variety of choice as it is adaptable to the individual purse.

LESS THAN ACTUAL SIZE

Udall and Ballou

Jewelers Since 1888
Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Seventh Street, New York City
Newport Palm Beach


"YES, SIR, WE'VE REFORMED. NOTHING BUT CLICQUOT CLUB SODA SERVED HERE."
NO CHARGED TAP-WATER USED IN THIS TAP-ROOM

- It's a wise bartender who bars "purified" water from his drinks. The same applies at home. Use Clicquot Club Soda, a natural blender, with clear sparkle and plenty of life.

CLICQUOT CLUB SODA

It's Naturally Pure

Give

Blackstone

CIGARS

the choice of successful men throughout the year...

BLACKSTONE CIGARS
BLACKSTONE
HOLIDAY WRAPPED Gift Boxes OF 25

GIFTS OF STRIKING ORIGINALITY

- **OVALETTE**—A smart, new case holding ten cigarettes, lined in cedar. Hand-tooled in calf or pig-skin. Assorted colors . . . $3.50
- **GOLF-T-FLEX** — Durable, metal tee hinged to allow ball to be driven. Double springs allow tee to 'flex'. Strong chain, nameplate. Silver-plated . . . $1.50 Gold-plated $1.75
- **LIP-LITE**—Tiny bulb illuminates lips for make-up in the dark. Also used as a flashlight for theatre programs, etc. Red, Black or Cream Enamel, $1.50 Silver-plated . . . $2.50 Gold-plated . . . . $3.50 Sterling silver . . $5.00
- **ROLA-PIPE-POUCH**—Lined with oil silk. Has pocket for pipe. In assorted regimental stripes — silk poplin . . . . $2.50 In tie-silk $3.50
- **LOVELL BAG TAG** — Name plate for personal engraving, with leather strap, miniature padlock and key. Nickel silver $1.50 Silver-plated . . . $2.50 Gold-plated $3.50

by

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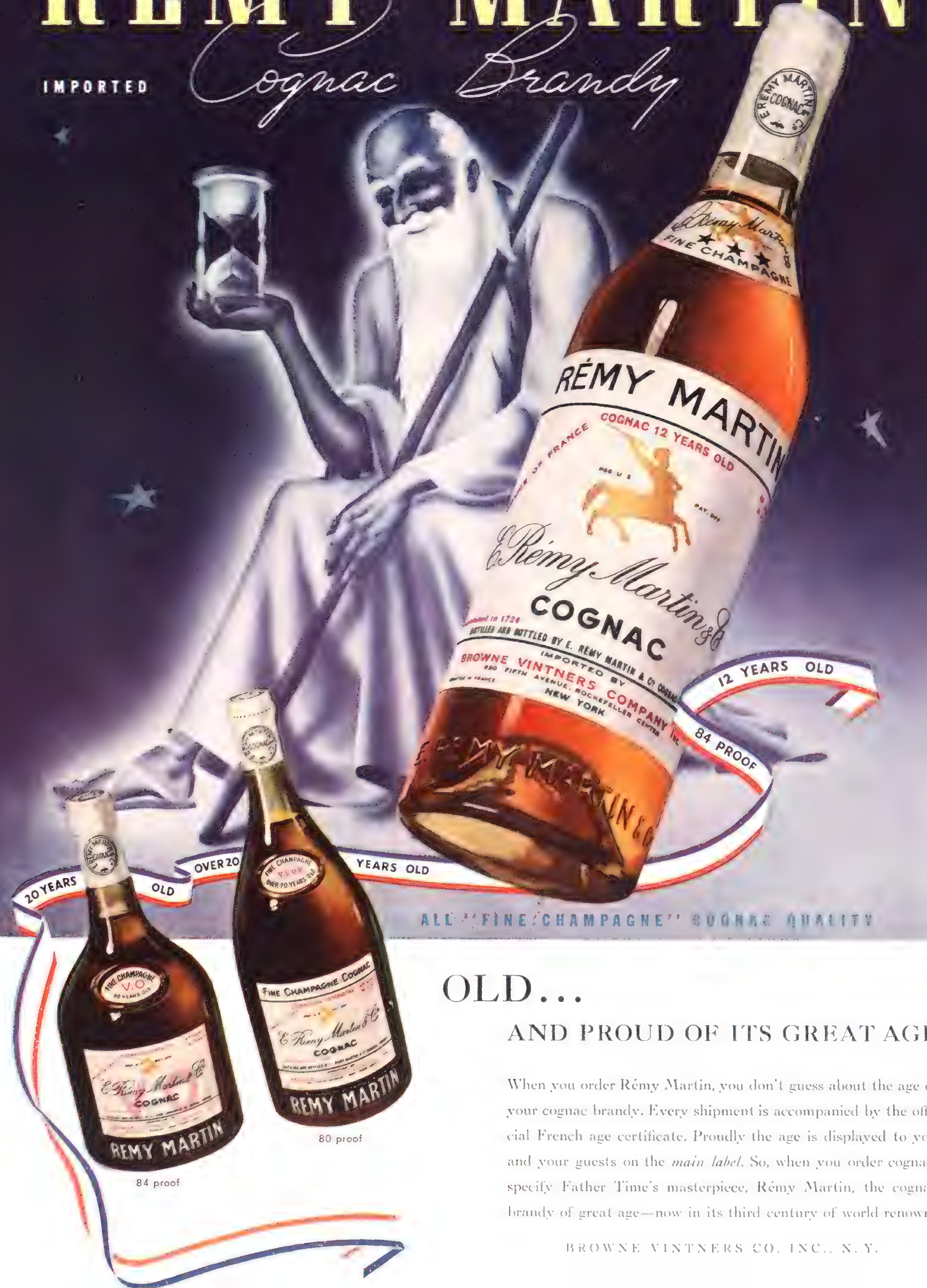
ABRAHAM & STRAUS ★ BROOKS BROS. ★ LORD & TAYLOR
LEWIS & CONGER ★ A. G. SPALDING & BROS. ★ BRENTANO'S
THE MONOGRAM SHOPS IN RYE, NEW ROCHELLE AND STAMFORD

FATHER TIME'S MASTERPIECE

RÉMY MARTIN

IMPORTED Cognac Brandy


RÉMY MARTIN
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FINE CHAMPAGNE
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NEW YORK
12 YEARS OLD
84 PROOF
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FINE CHAMPAGNE V.O 20 YEARS OLD
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RÉMY MARTIN

ALL "FINE CHAMPAGNE" COGNAC QUALITY

84 proof

80 proof

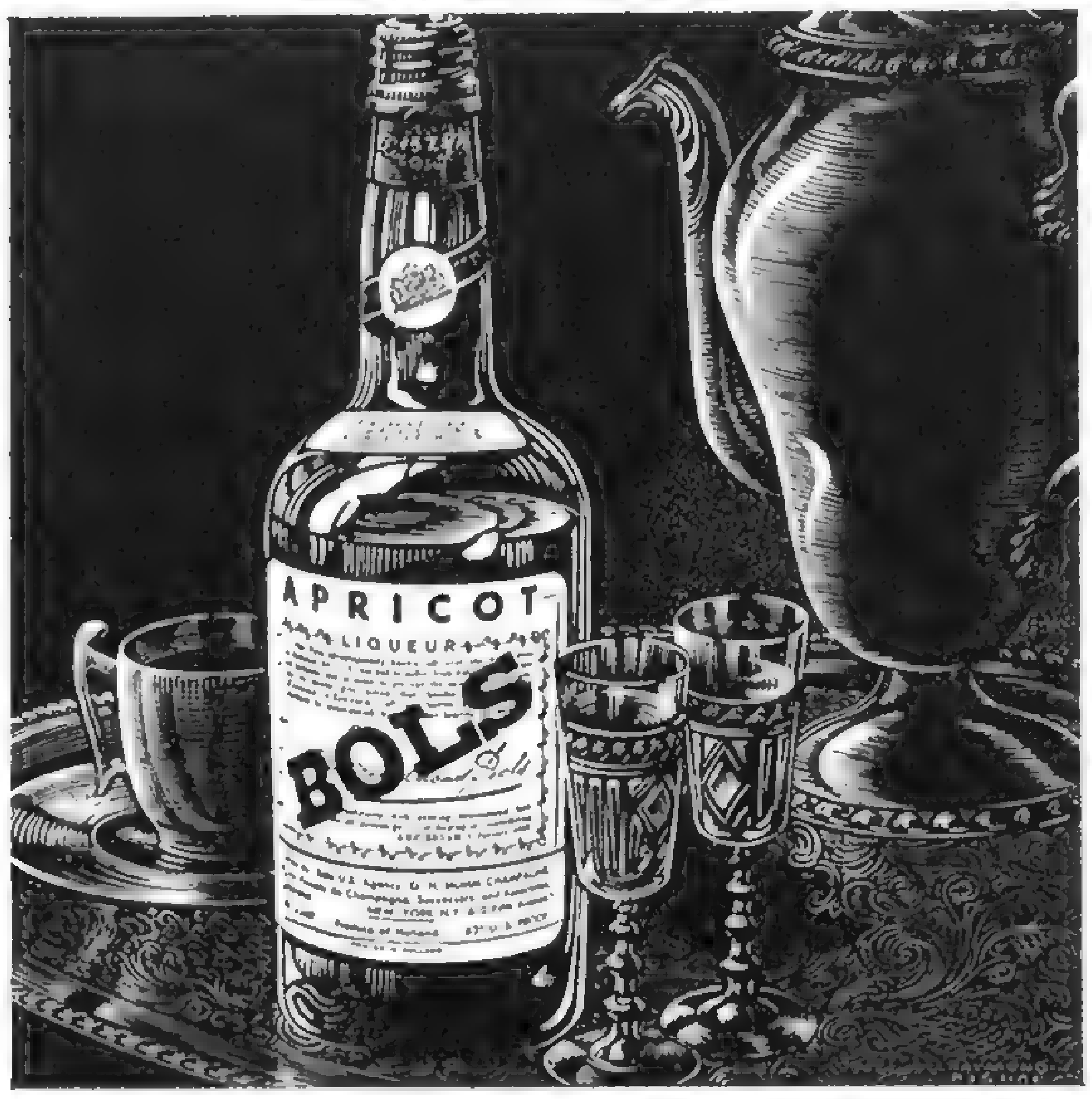
OLD...

AND PROUD OF ITS GREAT AGE

When you order Rémy Martin, you don't guess about the age of your cognac brandy. Every shipment is accompanied by the official French age certificate. Proudly the age is displayed to you and your guests on the *main label*. So, when you order cognac, specify Father Time's masterpiece, Rémy Martin, the cognac brandy of great age—now in its third century of world renown!

BROWNE VINTNERS CO. INC., N. Y.

APRICOT
BOLS
A REAL DUTCH TREAT



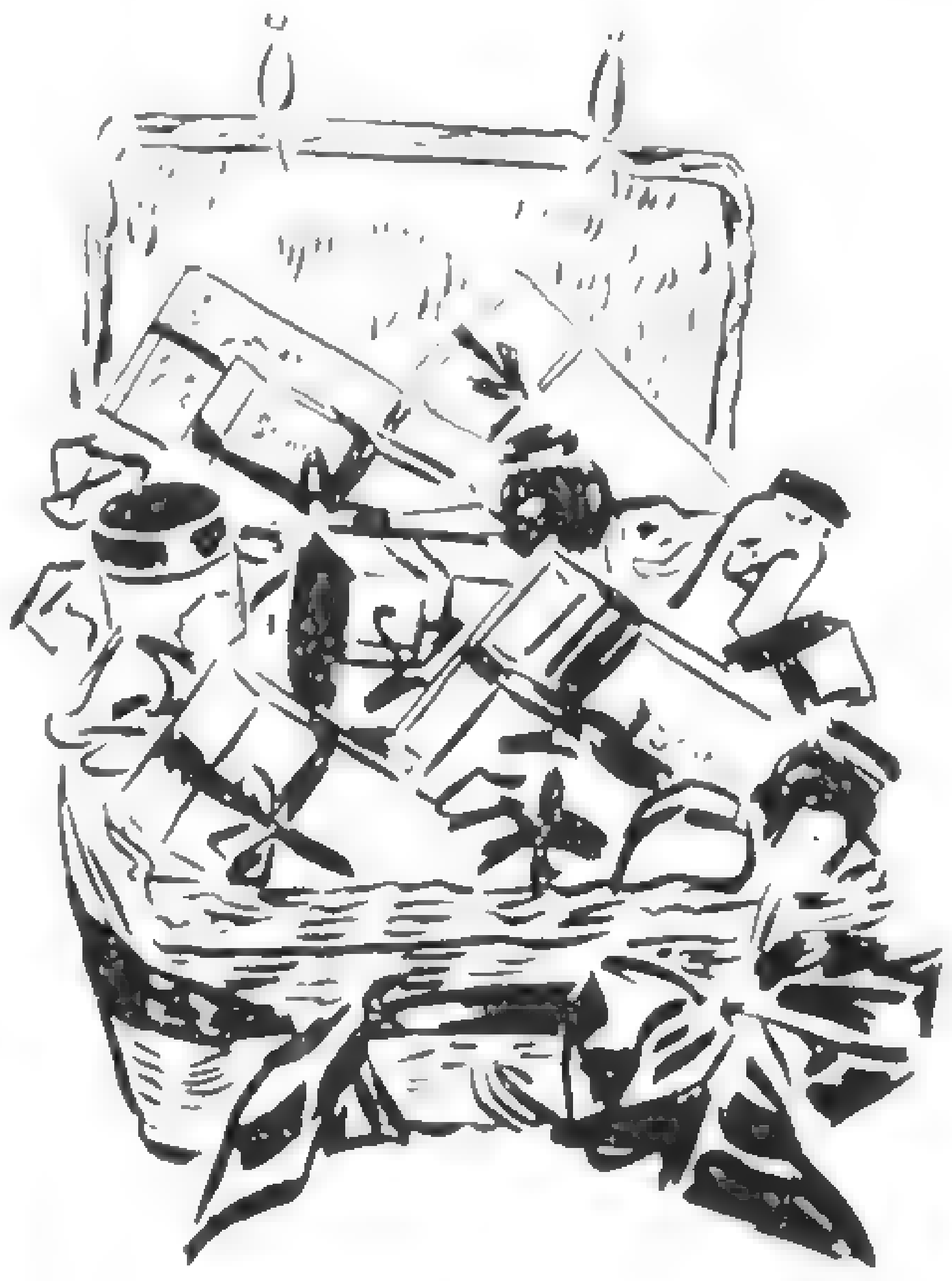
ERVEN LUCAS BOLS—FOUNDED
1575
AMSTERDAM-HOLLAND

Picture of a treasure which has no peer...the sunny, spirited liqueur, Apricot-Bols. Since 1575 it has enhanced the luxurious dining of the Continent. Apricot-Bols gives distinction to any dinner.

CREME DE MENTHE 60 PROOF • CREME DE CACAO 54 PROOF
ORANGE CURACAO 78 PROOF • BLACKBERRY 62 PROOF

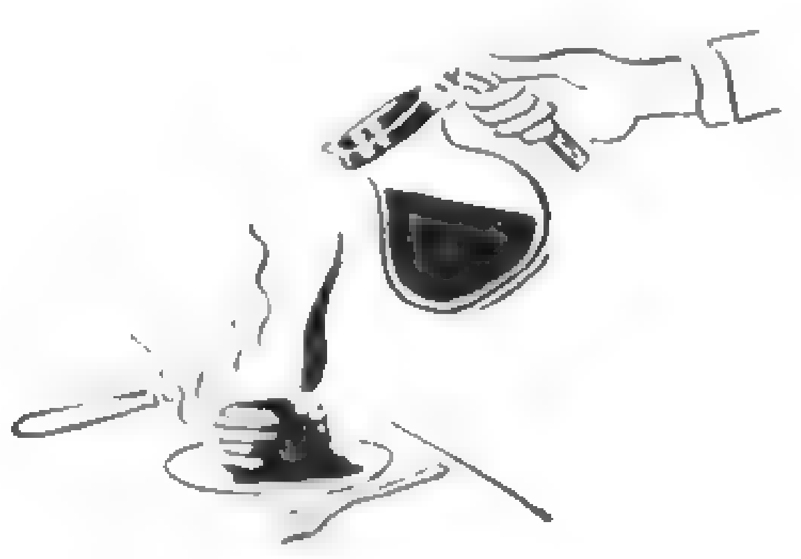
Bols Apricot Liqueur—63 proof. Distributed by G. H. Mumm Champagne Societe Vinicole de Champagne, Successors and Associates, Incorporated, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



HOSTESS HAMPER

Here's a tip to you gentlemen who have been accepting the weekend hospitality of various and sundry hosts and hostesses. Comes Christmas, and it's up to you to do the handsome thing (that is, if you care anything about return engagements. One answer is the hamper of EDIBLES. Certain shop in town has made up a special bachelor basket for men of discriminating tastes and generous dispositions. Into a sturdy wicker hamper of ample proportions, hardy enough to be used as a picnic basket next summer, they have packed: brandied fruit cake, solid with candied fruits, nuts, and spices mellow with real rum and brandy; a dozen home made cookies; stuffed dates, the kind mother used to make; jar of home-made cantaloup pickle (men go for this); Dundee cake (white fruit cake covered with almonds and made from an old Scotch recipe), salted nuts roasted in imported olive oil to seal their richness, a jar of home-kitchen strawberry preserves with the whole, sweet berries immersed in ruby thick clear syrup—and over a dozen kinds of candies in distinctive gift boxes. For this bounty, $15.

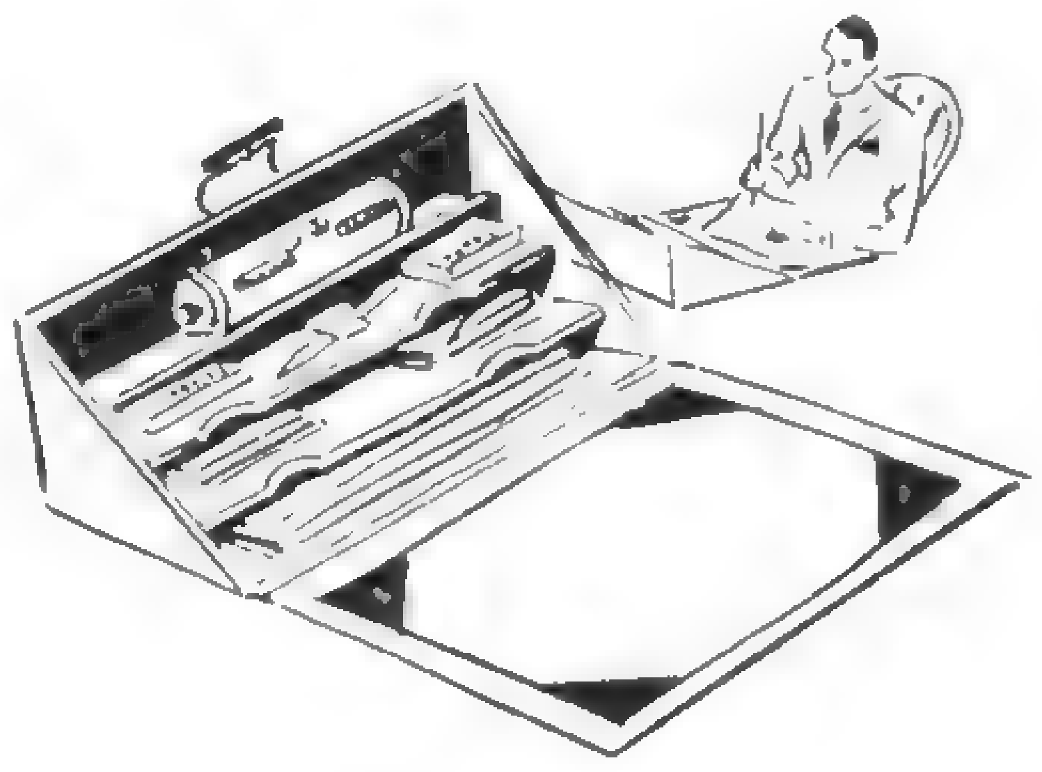


NON-DRIP HONEY JAR

This little invention will keep your best table linen unscathed. The glass jar has a chromium top with a sharp edged blade which snaps shut, decisively cutting off the flow of honey—no dribble, no drip. In re of honey, we find that this sweet may be substituted for sugar in preparing cinnamon toast, candied vegetables, salad dressings, baked ham, custards, puddings, etc. Give a try on grapefruit.

PLEASE WRITE

Best way to get results is to give somebody a compact, streamlined pigskin desk set with perpetual calendar and plenty of compartments for papers. In case you want to supply stationery to fill the case, you might have an etching of the recipient's country place engraved at the top of the note paper; or amusing graphic address engravings including everything from sketches of old fashioned trains and telephones to their own coat of arms. A shop on Madison Avenue has a heraldry library on location—if you're not sure about your friend's family tree, the shop will get on the trail. Another store goes in for limited editions on custom-made papers. By ordering 500 sheets, the design and color are yours for ever and a day. If you only want 100 sheets, you are a 1/5th owner in the design. When the other 4/5ths have been bought, the design is taken out of the line. The stationery is spectacular — and runs to such unusual color combinations as olive green with red, chartreuse with gray, apricot with navy. Even the foldings are unique—single sheets folded vertically twice, with one fold over the other, the top fold carrying a monogram on a dark shade which contrasts with the rest of the paper. They've got something there.



SANTA CLAUS SALON

One of the beauty sanctums in town is opening up a special room dedicated to perplexed gentlemen in search of gifts for a lady. Salon will have charming sales gals ready to render valuable assistance in selecting appropriate tokens . . . gifts will be displayed on tables according to price, from the $1 trinket for the telephone gal, to the $500 gift for a certain party. Weekend kits loaded with gorgeously scented cosmetics; luxurious perfumes, evening bags in vivid satins or gold and silver kid fitted with handsome lipstick, compact, bottle of perfume, comb and, surprise, a little electric light (built like a pencil) to enable her to find mad money in a dark taxi or for scanning programs at the theatre.

DRAWN FOR DE PINNA BY PETER ARNO

Fine Feathers

Millions of children have read in *Pilgrim's Progress* the famous statement: "Fine feathers make fine birds." As they grow up, those children observe that this is especially true in the evenings. Formal clothes *must* be fine . . . DE PINNA's evening things have the unmistakable look of highest quality.

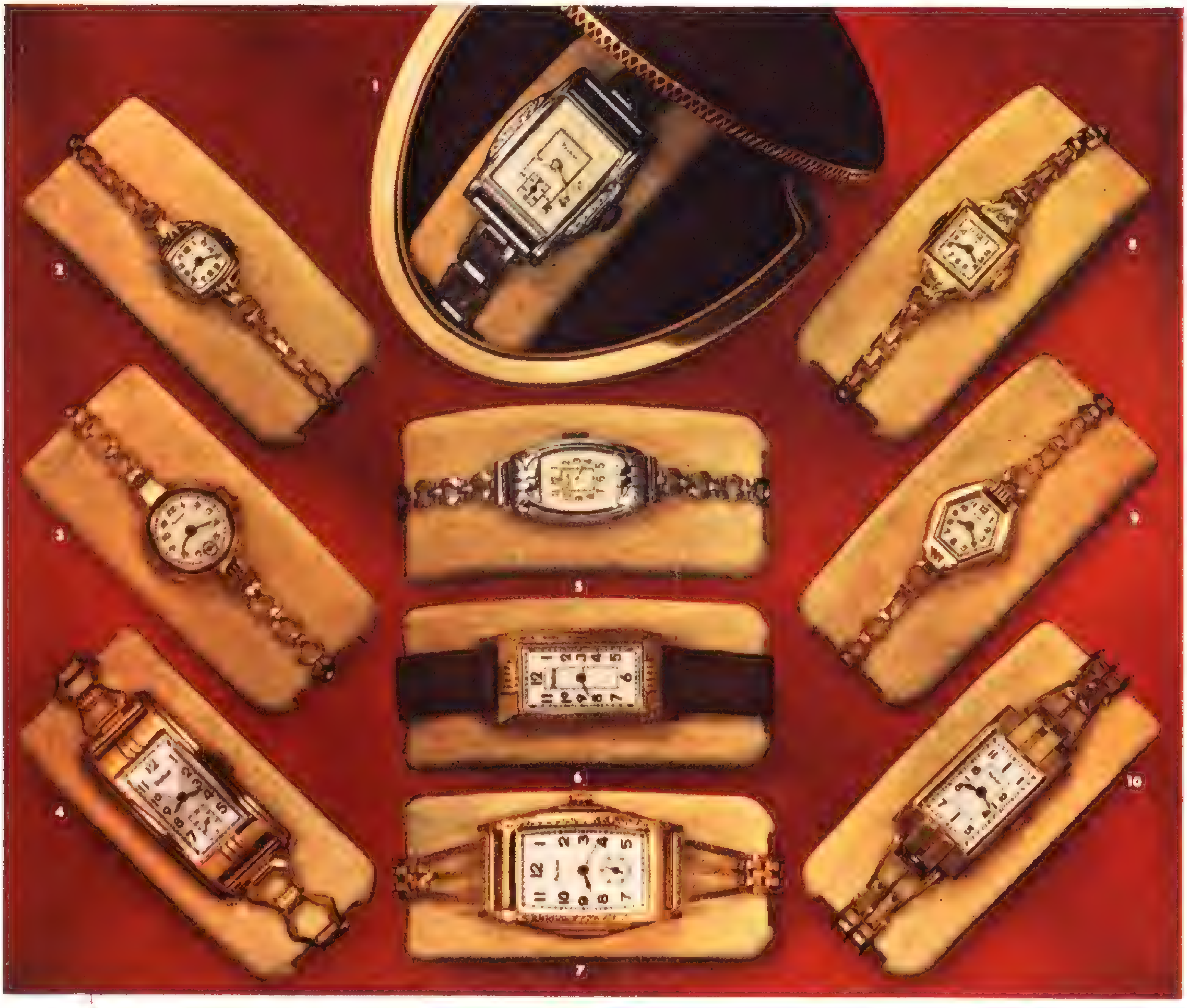
Tails from $85; dinner clothes from $75

DE PINNA

FIFTH AVENUE AT 52d ST., NEW YORK

The Clothing of Gentlemen is Found . . . . at De Pinna

an exciting GIFT amazingly priced at only $10.95



Leading this group of unusually beautiful watches is the RECORDER at $10.95.... ℂ This grand watch makes a gift for a friend (or yourself) seldom associated with its amazingly low price. ℂ Despite its modest cost it has the same beauty of design and the micro-synchronized movement which makes any of the Parker Watches illustrated, an outstanding gift to select. » » » » » »

© Copyright PARKER WATCH COMPANY 1937

1.	RECORDER		$10.95
2.	MISS COLUMBIA	*17 jewel*	32.50
3.	CECILE		18.75
4.	PARKURV BEAU	*17 jewel*	27.50
5.	DEBORAH		12.75
6.	ROYAL GEORGE		$18.75
7.	QUARTERBACK	*17 jewel*	29.75
8.	PRINCESS ANNE	*17 jewel*	29.75
9.	GUINEVERE	*17 jewel*	24.75
10.	STUYVESANT		22.75

Parker

"The Watch With The Micro-Synchronized Balance"

580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

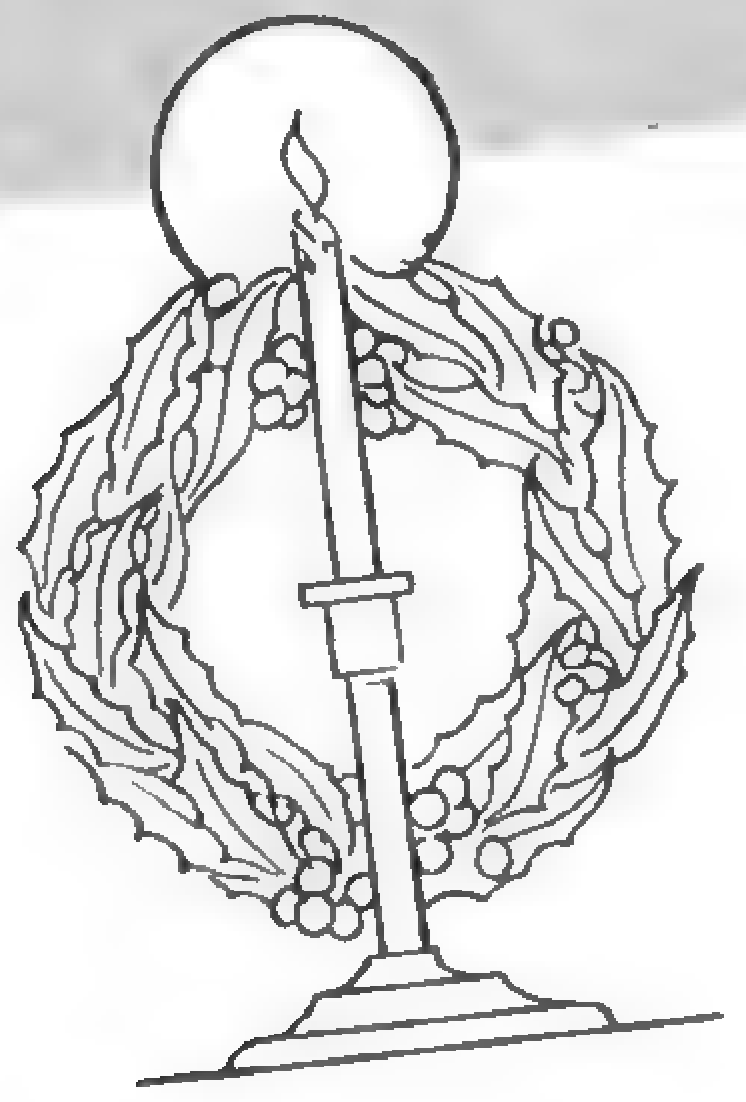
Timed by **WESTERN UNION—Naval Observatory Time**

The IMPORTANT part of today is THIS EVENING

FOR CHRISTMAS' SAKE!

If you haven't the World-Telegram habit, start it today. Get a copy this evening. Better read it on the way home . . . before the family takes over!

ON EVERY NEWSSTAND!
3¢
EVERY WEEKDAY EVENING



You don't have to belong to the "white tie and tails" gang to get a whale of a lot of fact and feature out of the World-Telegram. But, of the 400,000 families which have made this newspaper their every-evening choice, it's curious how many ARE cut to the "400" pattern . . . the *doing* New Yorkers who, like yourself, know the difference between a chukker and an inning . . . between frijoles and truffles . . . folk who don't gasp when they see Fifty Bux in one bill. Read the World-Telegram for a week and see if *you* can avoid building it into your daily life!

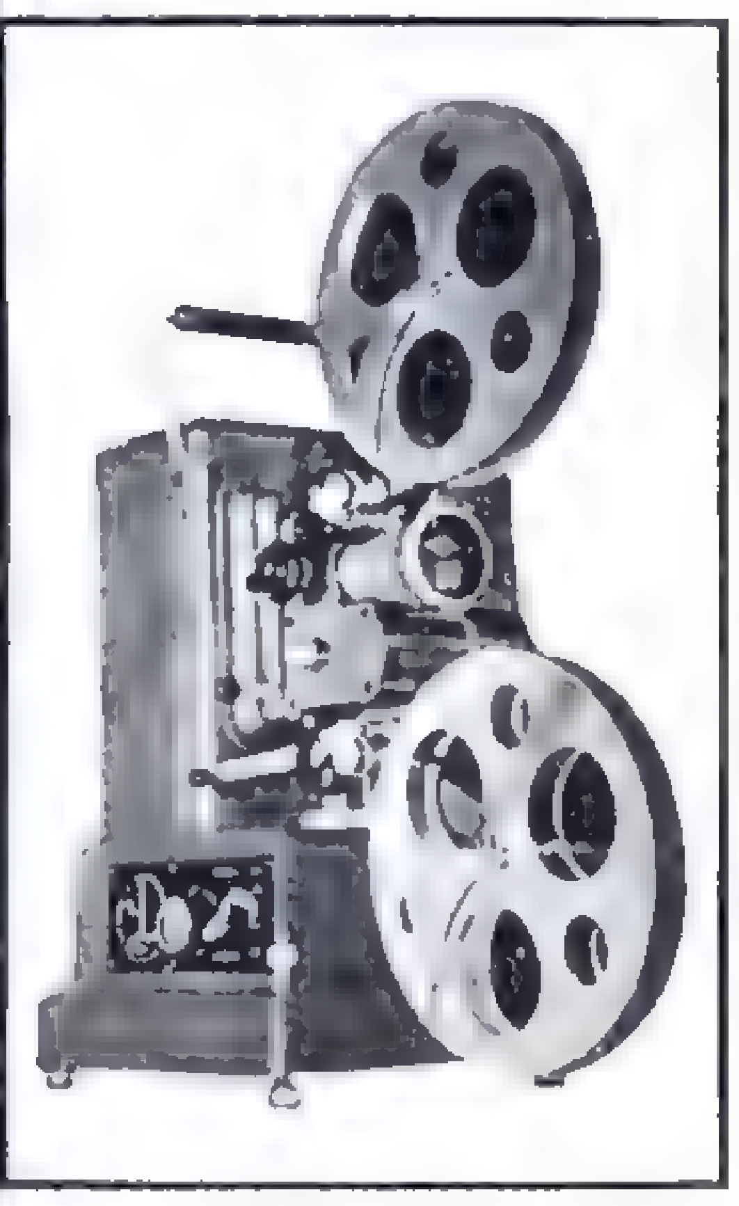
New York World-Telegram
A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER
BY-OF-AND-FOR NEW YORKERS
MEMBER OF THE UNITED PRESS—THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND MEDIA RECORDS, INC.

Give

THE WORLD'S FINEST HOME MOVIE CAMERA

Bolex Cameras bring to recreational movies a truly professional performance—create the type of achievement that the movie amateur has longed for. A Bolex represents a thoughtful gift of permanent value and will remain a perpetual reminder of the donor whose good taste it reflects.

PAILLARD BOLEX



PAILLARD BOLEX PROJECTORS
Ideal team-mates for Bolex Cameras. Constructed with identical precision. Possess many unique features exclusive to Bolex Projectors only. Unsurpassed for steadiness and brilliance. G-16, 16mm only—$275.00; G-816, projects both 8mm and 16mm, $300.00.

Bolex paillard

In London—Paris—Geneva—in all the exclusive centers of the world, a Bolex camera or projector is the *inevitable* recommendation of the dealer to his discriminating client. In America, these instruments have achieved instant recognition for their high precision, unequalled performance and an ability to achieve practically all essential professional characteristics on the amateur screen. BOLEX IS A MINIATURE STILL CAMERA as well—affording its user a dual utility. Price, $275.00; Genuine Leather carrying case, $25.00.

A complete and comprehensive catalog—E-12—explains all features of Bolex Cameras and Projectors. It is yours for the asking.

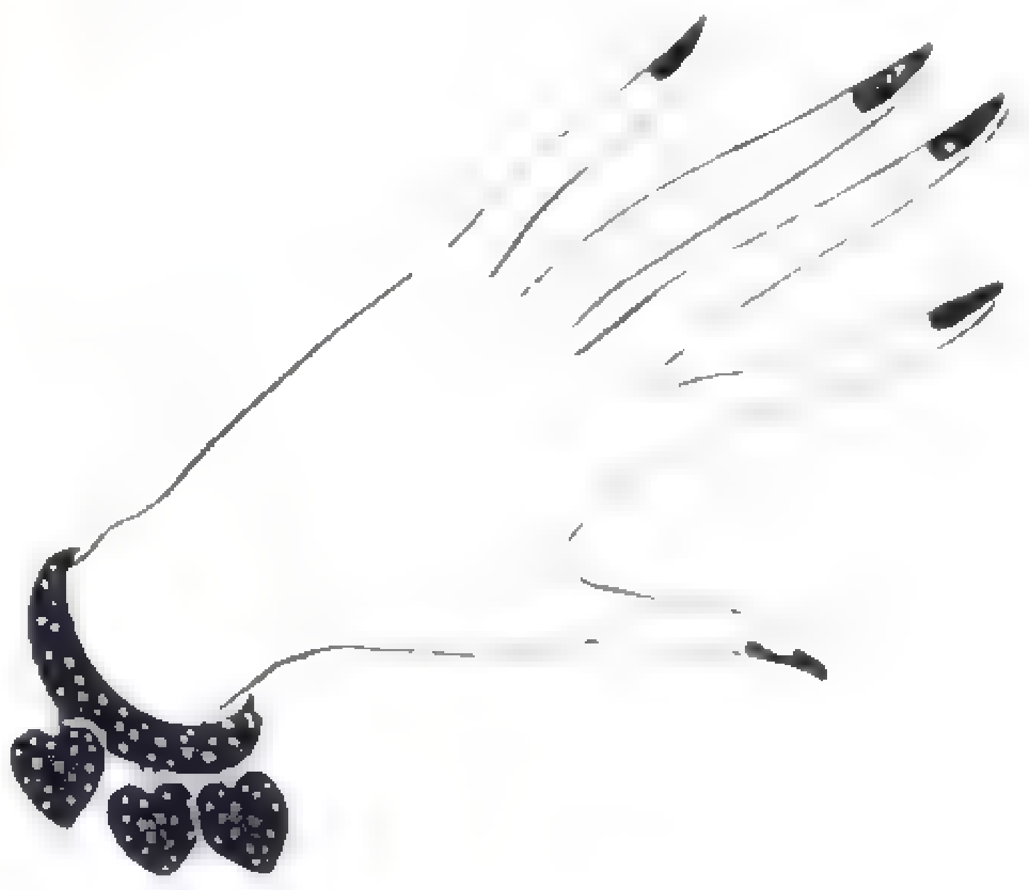
Better Pictures with Bolex

AMERICAN BOLEX CO., INC., 155 East 44th St., New York

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

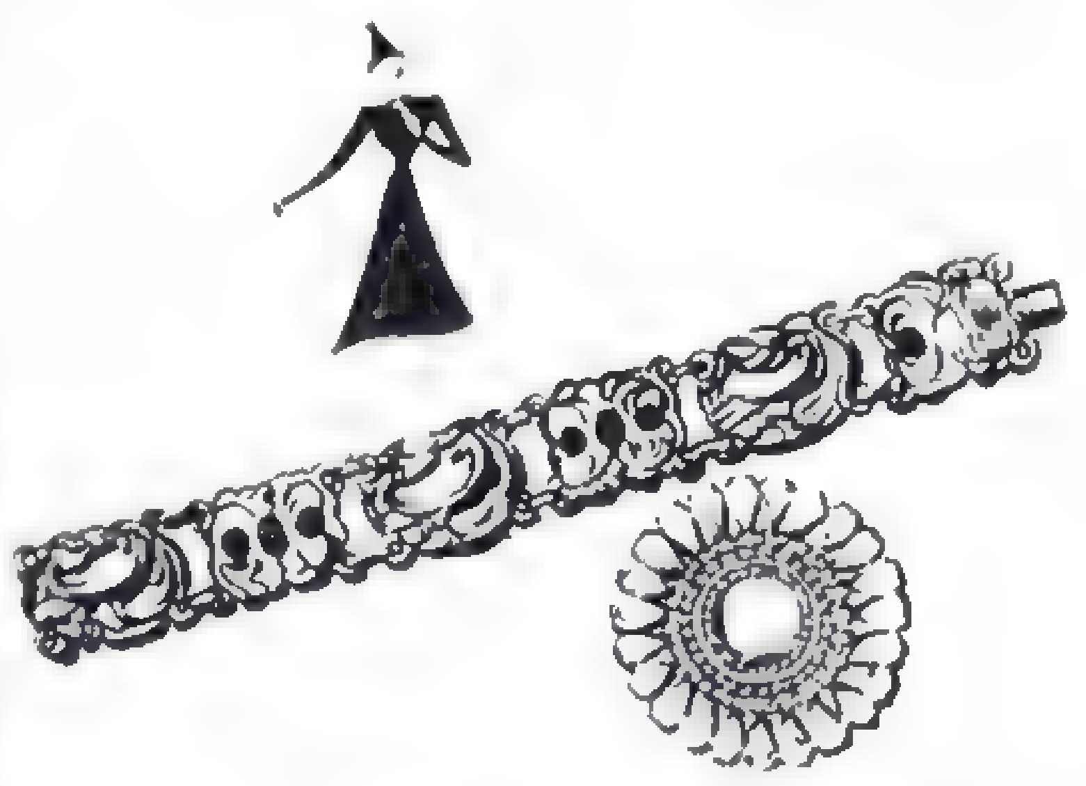
HAT PSYCHOLOGIST

Is your wife despondent, irritable, in short, difficult? Send her to a hat psychologist. There's a milliner in town who claims to be just that. She "psychs" her client while she's trying on hats, then adapts the hat to the personality. For neurotics she might suggest a dashing hat with an optimistic feather; a bright colored hat or a defiant brim for the woman suffering from depression. She says a young, brimless hat may make a woman look and feel years younger. If a wife is having husband trouble, Madame puts her into a beguiling, knowing little hat swathed in a veil, or a very large droopy brim that compels attention. The psychologist says she knows husbands as well as hats and urges women to bring their spouses or other masculine interests to the salon.

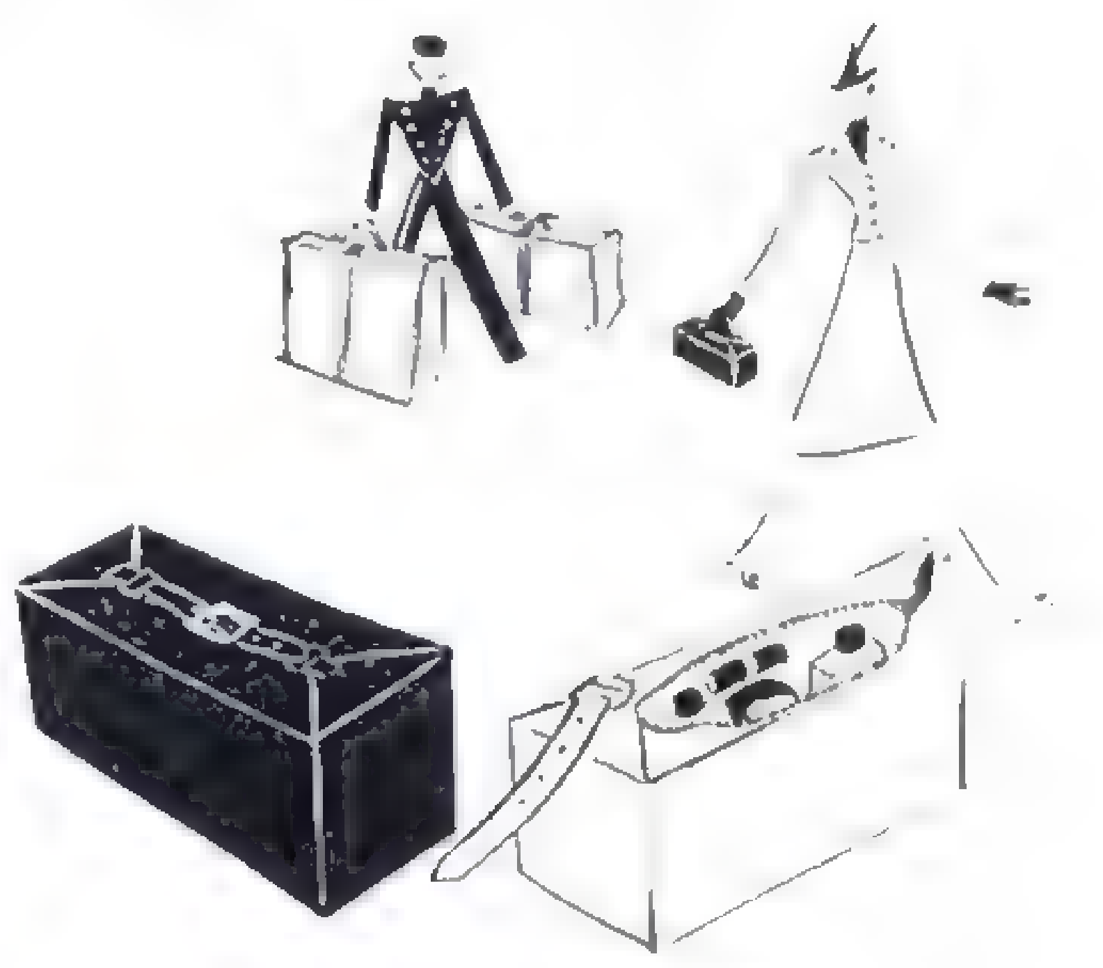


BUY HER A BAUBLE

Women are crazy about those synthetic gems they call costume jewelry. Makes a nice thing of it for a man, because, for a modest investment you can present her with the works, clip, bracelet, brooch or necklace, all at once. Seems that there's a great run on Victorian type jewelry, shades of our grandmother stuff like the black enamel and gold plated bracelet sketched. The heart opens up, so she can carry a hunk of your hirsute or some other sentimental scrap therein.



Another trick gadget, a set of 10 thin gold plated rings all hitched together. When unfolded, they string out and form a bracelet. Good gift for a fiver. The brooch sketched, is a riot of simulated rubies and rhinestones cut in unusual manner. You can also get real silver jewelry, set with real lapis stones, inspired by that hand-made jewelry everybody buys on a North Cape cruise. Bracelet sketched has the bird-in-foliage design in bas relief on dull silver.



BEAUTY CLIPPER

If you want to spend a ten spot, we suggest that you buy her a beauty clipper, which turns out to be a beauty case or kit filled with all those beauty contraptions a woman lugs with her when she's en route. The new clipper is compact and convenient, made in lizard grain or pigskin. Another new trick is to buy her a jag of bath preparations done up in new boxes in colors to match the odors of the products—lavender striped boxes holding lavender fragrance, dusting powder, cologne, bath salts, soap; rose geranium fragrance comes in pastel pink striped boxes; eau de cologne in green, etc.

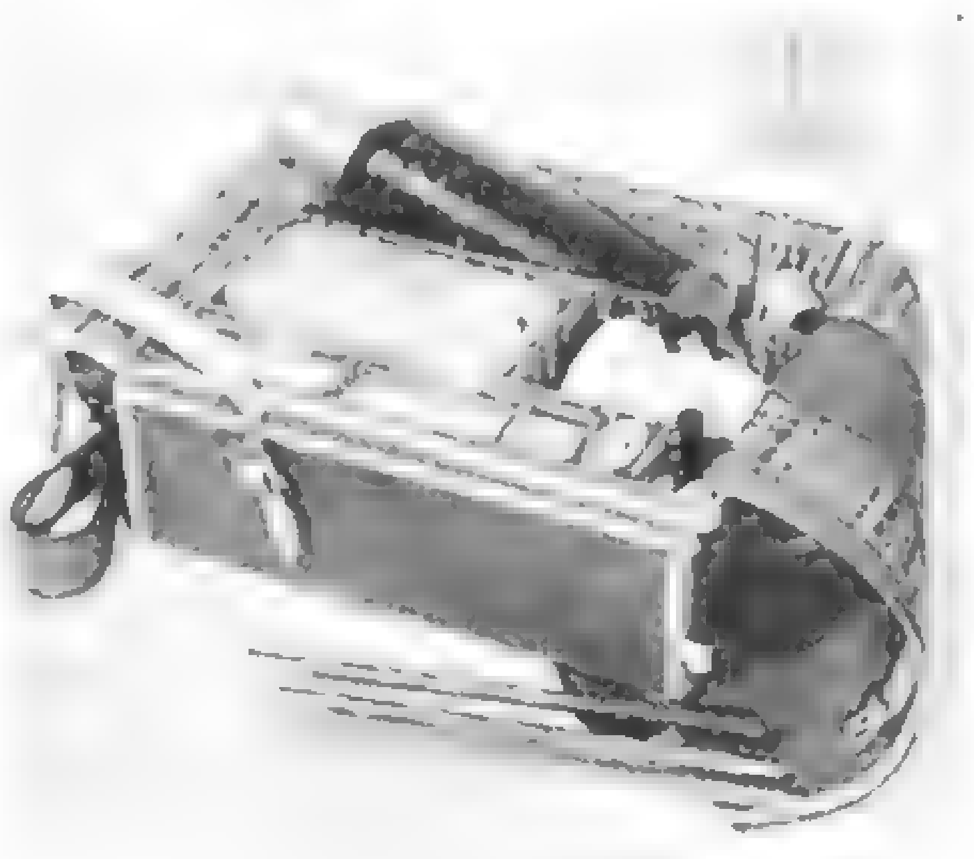
BATHE IN BALSAM

Another way to keep yourself in the pink . . . you can get the refreshing aroma of spruce and pine needles from the Tyrolean Alps . . . from a bottle! It's more than a refreshing scent, a drop of this soothing fragrance and your bath water takes on the translucent green of a mountain pine needle lake . . . balm to the nerves, relaxing to the chassis. You can have a liquid pine essence, or, for a more sparkling bath, effervescent pine tablets. Then there's another pine needle bath oil from Switzerland—used successfully at such places as White Sulphur Springs, and other health spas. You can also get pine scented cologne, hand lotion, shampoo, soap and ointment.

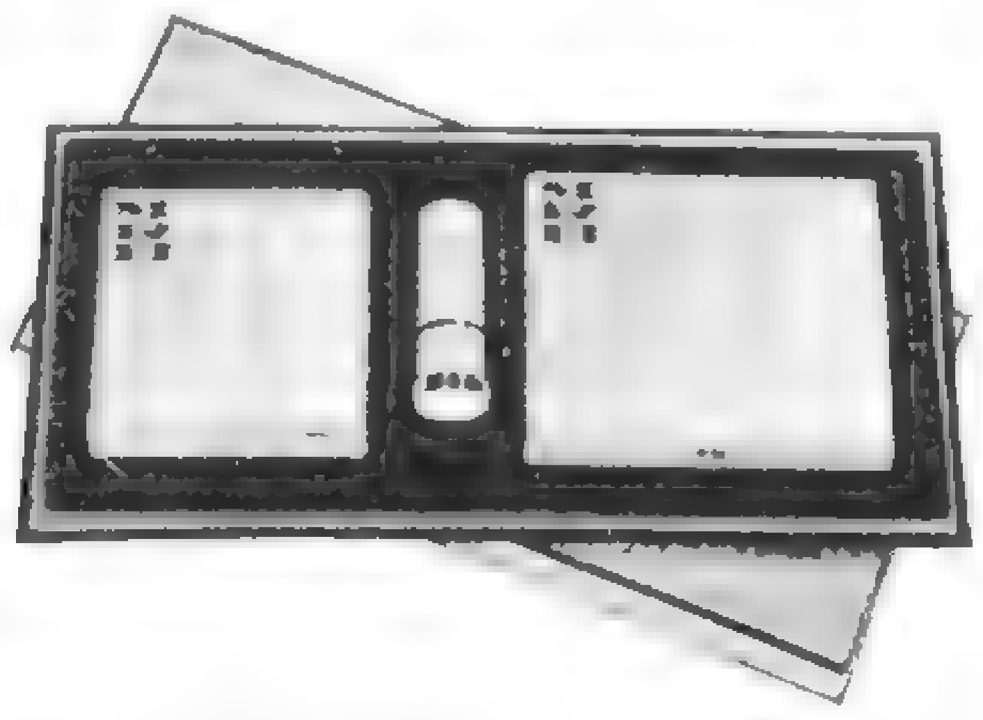
WRAPPED IN VELVET

If you really want to make the magnificent gesture toward the lady of your heart, let yourself go on an evening wrap. The new ones are fairly dripping with opulence and fur. Imagine her in a knee length velvet swagger wrap with silver fox applied on each sleeve from neck to wrist! Or a wrap in cyclamen velvet with double blue fox collar forming a roll around her lily-white neck, and blue fox sleeves in a sectional treatment. Or a dramatic evening cape in velvet with wide chapchilla (that's a fur, boys) reveres. Any one of these guaranteed to turn a little wren into a gorgeous peacock.

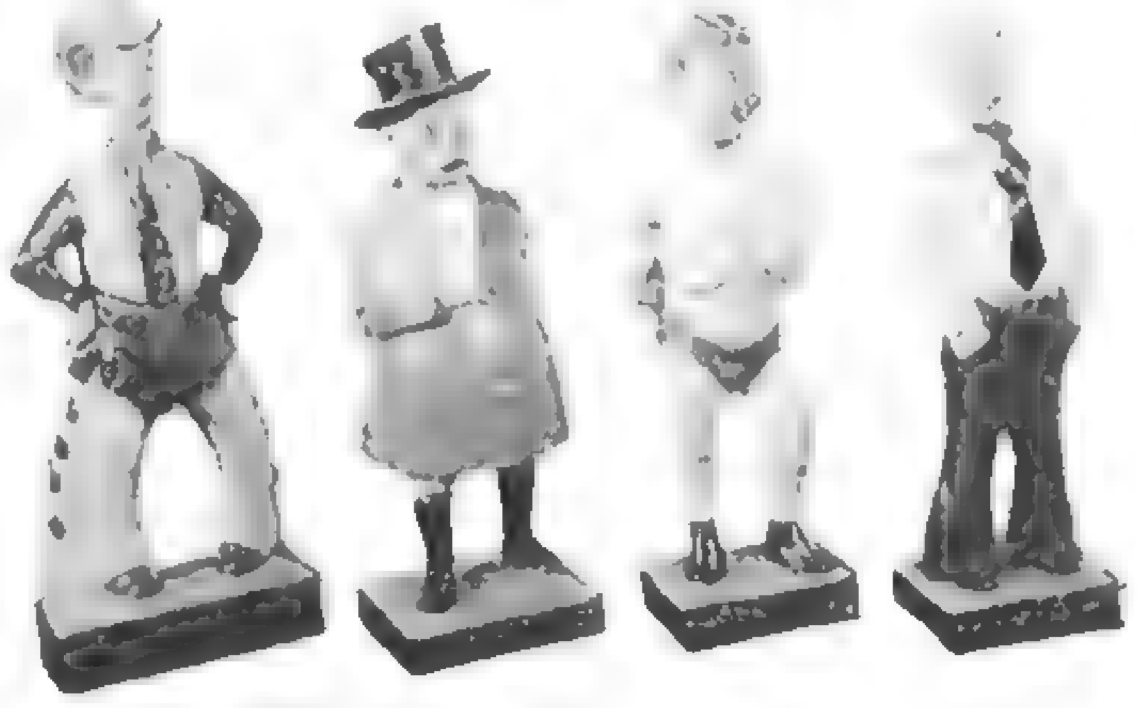
Ranger



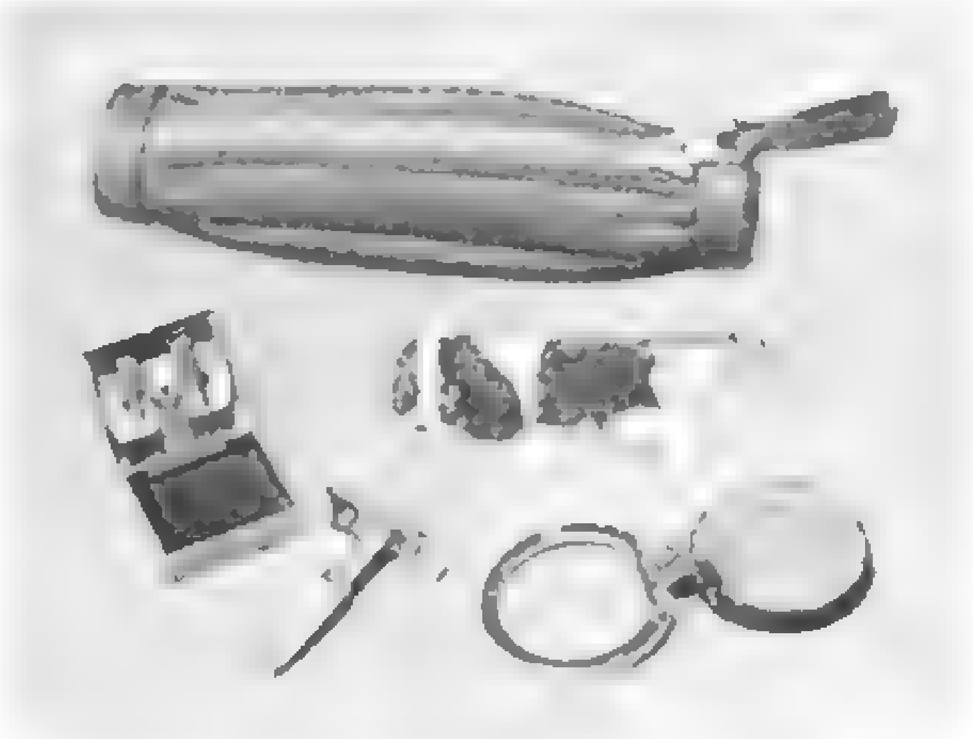
A & F SHOOTER'S KIT—Light, canvas covered kit containing important hunting accessories for a day's shoot $29.50



PUL-PUF SET—Set consists of compact with unique roller for sifting powder, a case holding ten cigarettes and lipstick. Of plain ivory enamel, monogrammed in gilt letters. Complete $7.50
Less cigarette case $4.50



WHISTLING MEN—A colorful quartet of head-turning, animated whistlers. Each $27.50



SILK STOCKING GIFTS

Paris Purse—Of attractive soft leather $2.00
Miniature Razor—Complete with blades $2.65
Dog Pin—Accurate reproductions of many breeds $2.00
Key Ring—Leather attached identification disk for initialing . . $1.00

A & F BAR-WAGON—A practical rolling bar. Finished in liquid-proof lacquer. With decorative hunt or yacht prints. Complete fittings for 8, F.O.B. Store $85.00
Bar Wagon without fittings . $70.00

ELECTRIC TRAVELING IRON—A lightweight, chromium-plated iron with folding handle and attached cord $4.45
World Traveler Electrical Adapter Set, for foreign currents . . $2.50

A Trading Post in your home

A copy of our Christmas catalog brings to you hundreds of gift suggestions from home and foreign markets. They are in a wide range of interest and price so that you may easily fill out your entire list at leisure in your home.

What we sell is of especial appeal to men, women and children who love outdoor life and sport. Mail orders are delivered on any date you specify.

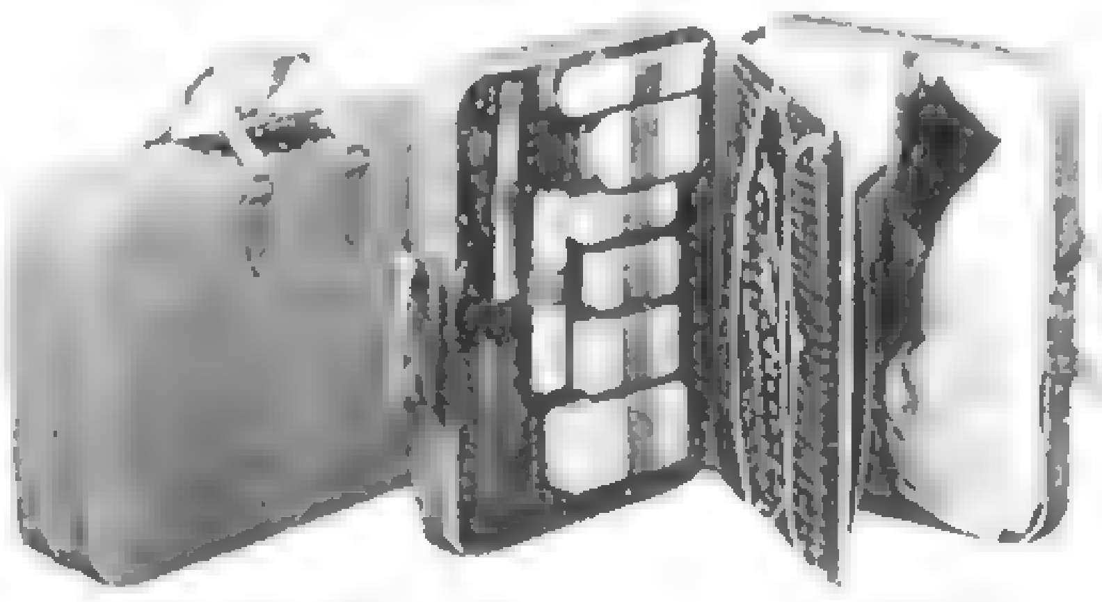
Send for "The Christmas Trail"—
a gift shop in a book

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World

MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET, NEW YORK
CHICAGO STORE: Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 So. Wabash Avenue

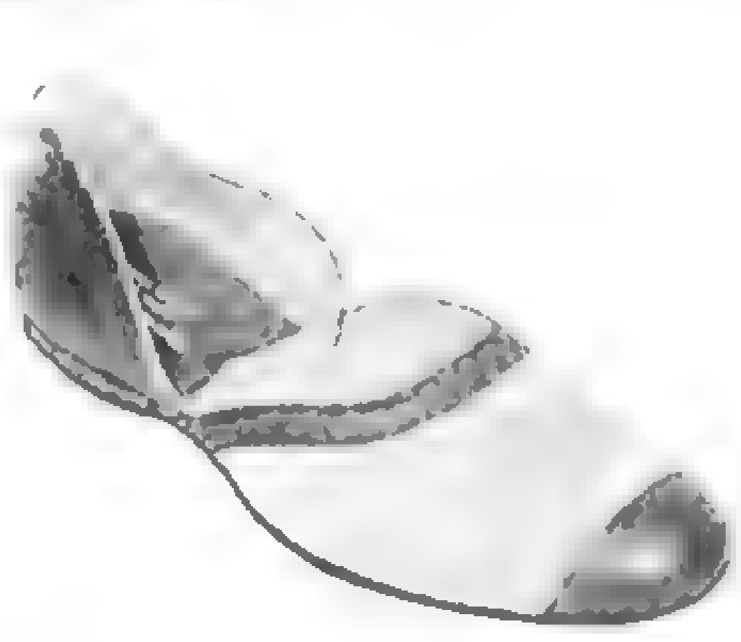
THE BAR CHEF—Has thermostatic control for use as chafing dish, double boiler or food warmer . $15.95



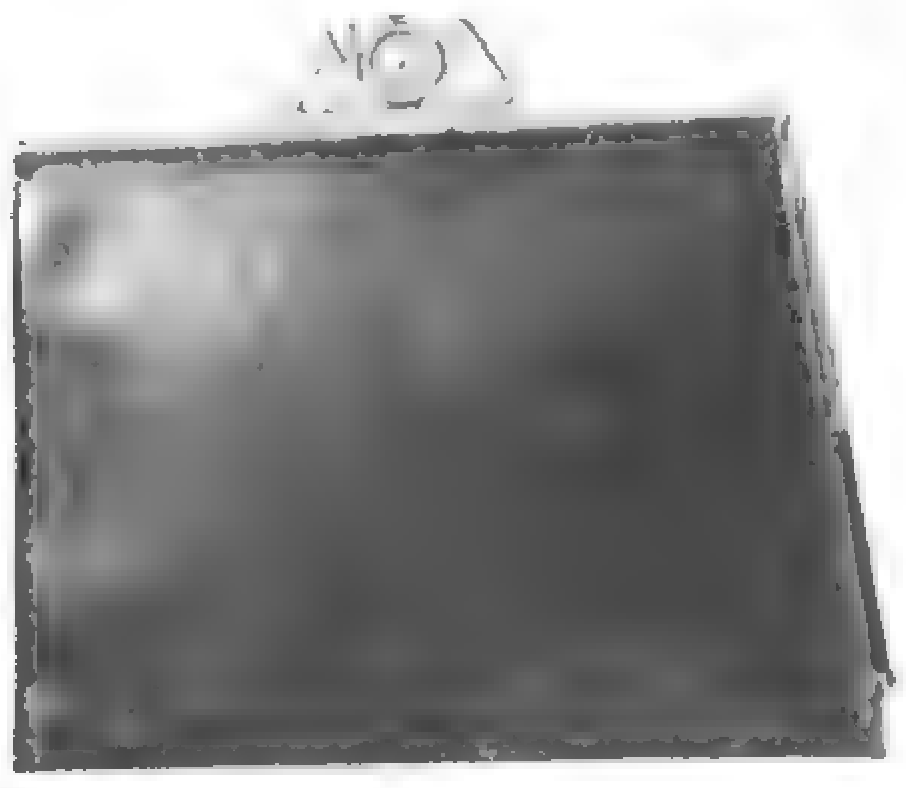
SNUG PACK—A compact kit with a separate compartment fitted with special lightweight toilet articles. Size 16" x 12" x 4½".
Tan cowhide, $30.00. Pigskin, $37.50.
Ladies': Enamel fittings in morocco leather $45.00

FOLDING POKER TABLE TOP—Converts bridge table into a poker table for 8 players. F.O.B. Store. $22.50

TWEED SCARF AND BAG SET—Soft wool scarf and matching bag, leather-trimmed, in assortment of plaid patterns. Set $12.50

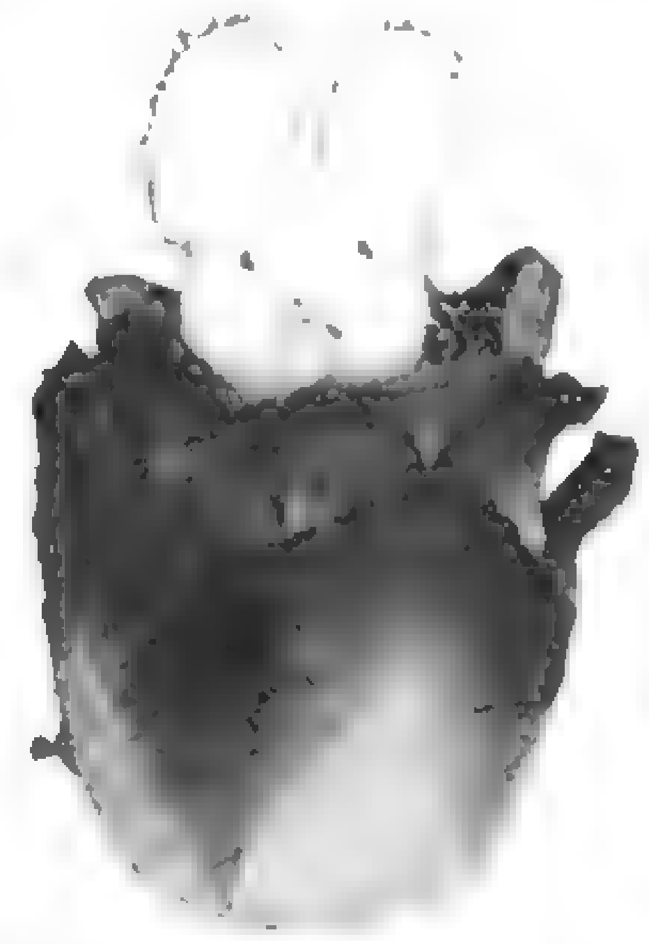


MEN'S BEDFORD CORD SLIPPER—Trimmed outside with saddle leather, lined inside with wool felt. Flexible leather sole $5.50



WATCH-MONOGRAM HANDBAG—Fine box calf bag with catch (designed as a two-initial monogram) holding a jeweled watch . . $30.00

JAEGER CAMEL-HAIR ROBE—A luxurious men's robe made of the finest quality camel-hair. Sizes: small, medium, large and extra large $45.00



RABBIT IN THE CABBAGE—While the music plays the bunny pops his head out of the cabbage, then drops back again $10.00

BLADE MASTER—Simple in operation, the Blade Master strops and hones all Gillette-type blades. $2.50

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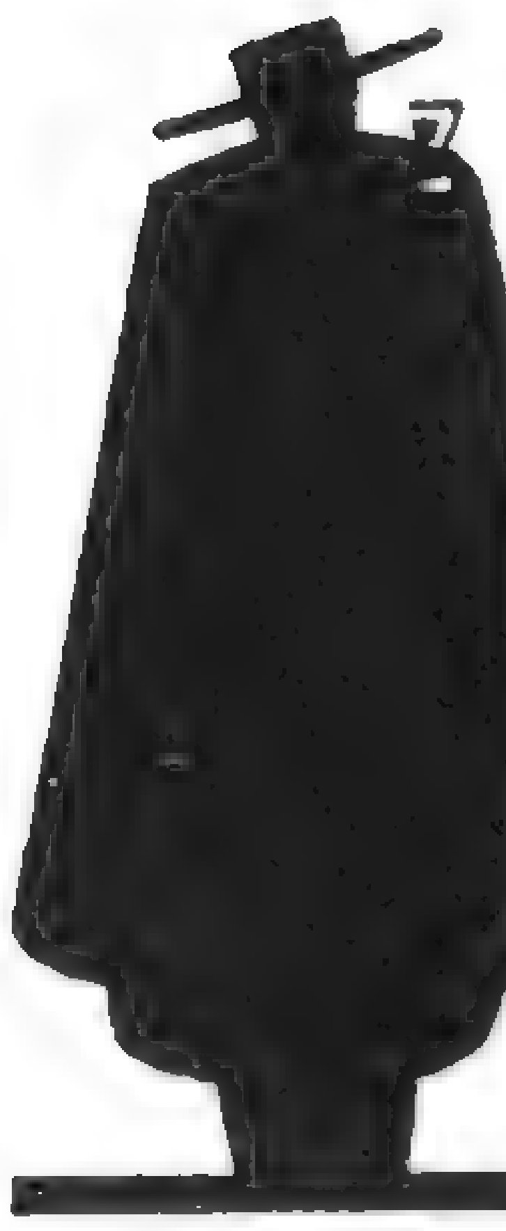
From a single grapevine can come several sherries of widely different character. Greatness in a Sherry (and in a Port, too) thus demands not only a superb vintage but the high art of the producer.

For six generations the Sandeman Family have produced the world's finest Sherries and Ports. These great wines have graced the most distinguished tables in all Europe and England and throughout the world.

Sandeman Sherries and Ports are available at the better restaurants and clubs; or by the bottle or case at your favorite retail store.



Established in 1790

Sherries—Alcohol 18% to 20% by volume.
Ports—Alcohol 19% to 21% by volume.

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Produced and Bottled in Spain and Portugal

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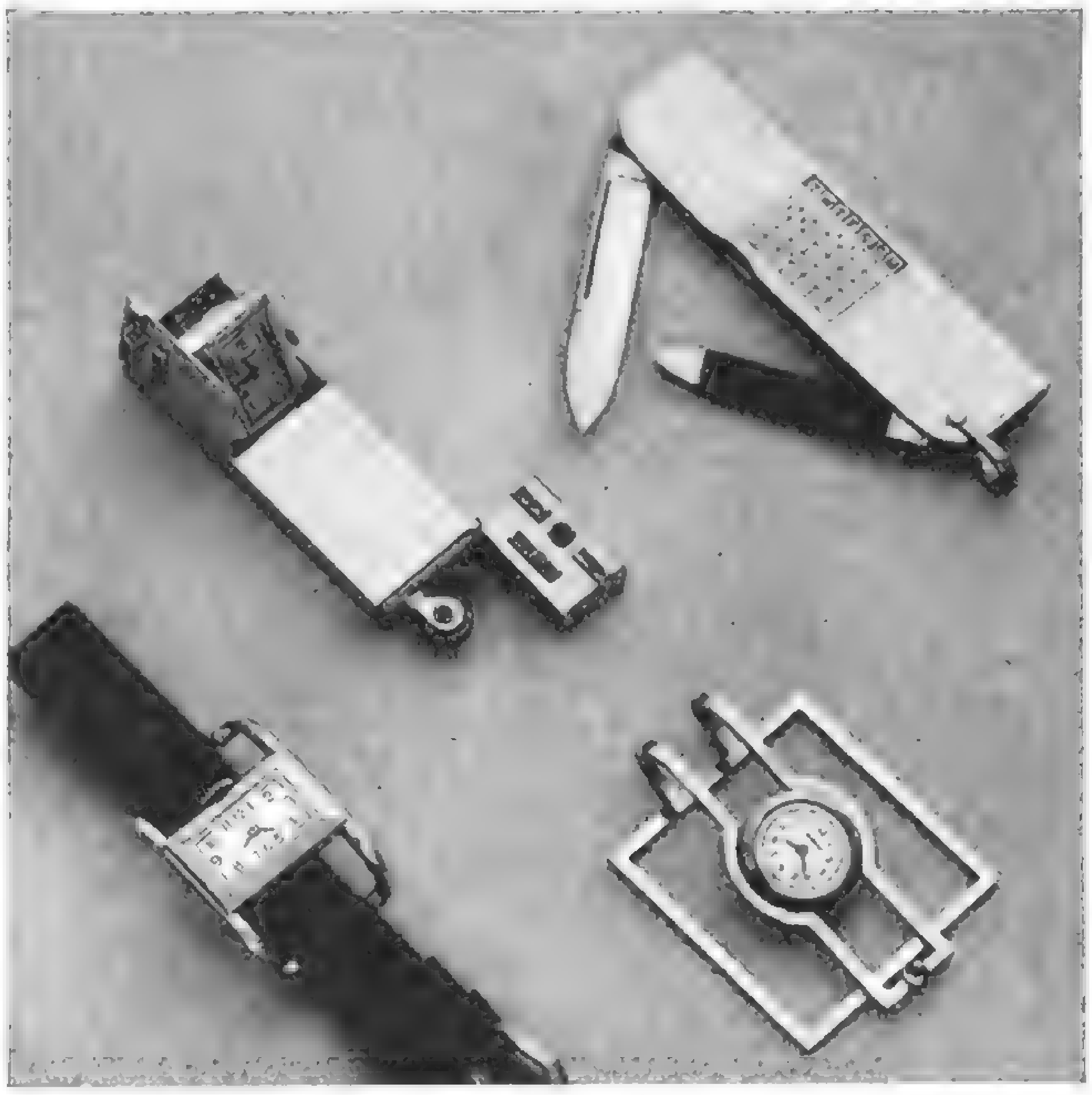

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Masterpieces Designed by a Famous Watchmaker

Schulz Watches are known to the finest jewelers for their precision of movement, their delicate beauty and brilliant originality of design. The Movements are made in the Schulz workrooms, many of them have been awarded the Official Seal of Geneva, the highest tribute to fine watchmaking. The watches photographed have 17 jewel Schulz Movements, 14 kt. gold cases. Lighter Watch with oriental sapphires or rubies; Bill Clip Watch with oriental sapphire; Original Side-Wrist Watch, for men and women. Perpetual Calendar Penknife

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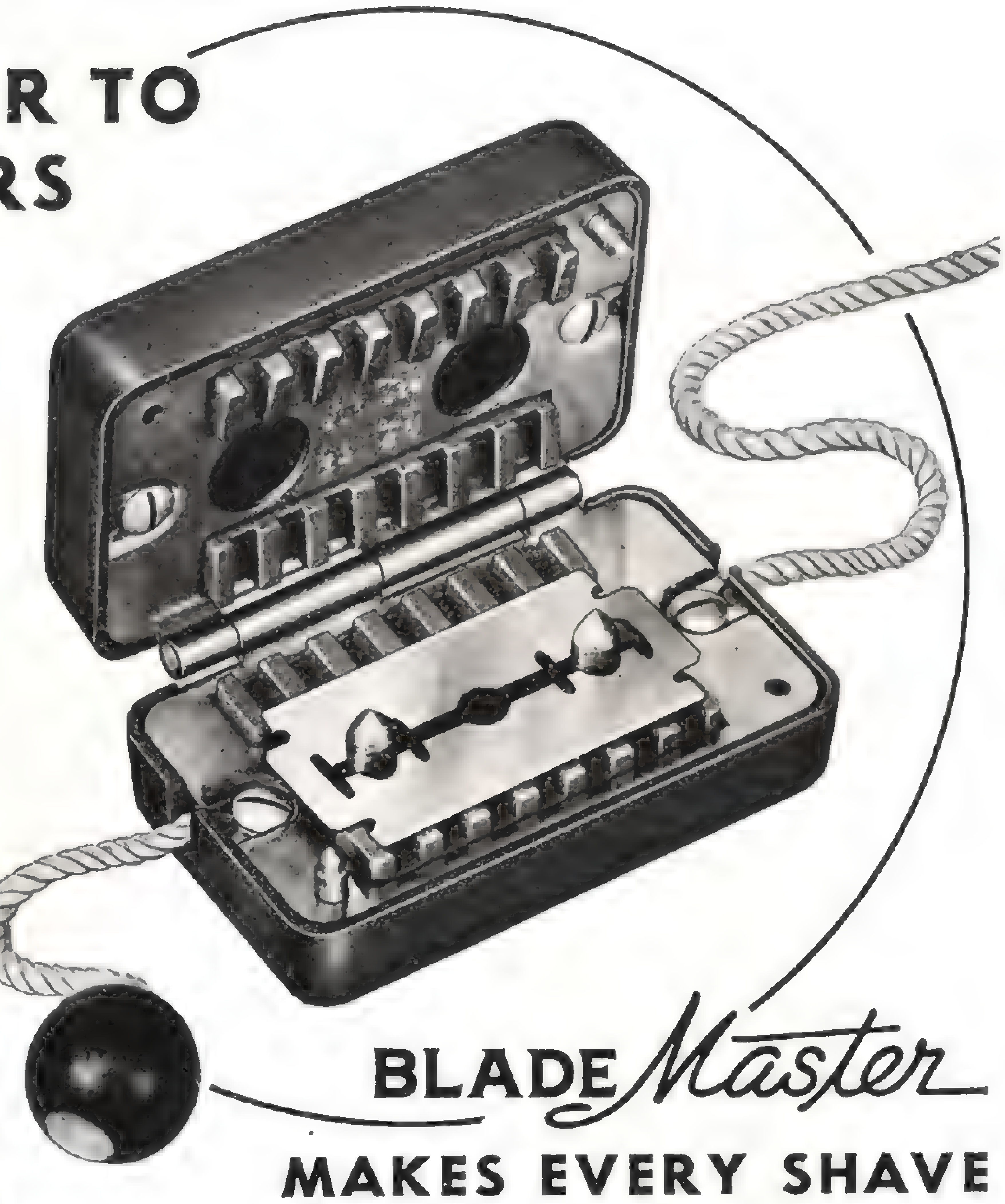
With your name penned on the inside page, this gift card will be mailed, together with the January issue in a colorful Christmas package, to each of your friends to whom you present Esquire as a gift this Christmas.

THE ANSWER TO THE SHAVERS PRAYER —for $2.50



BLADE Master

MAKES EVERY SHAVE A "NEW-BLADE SHAVE"

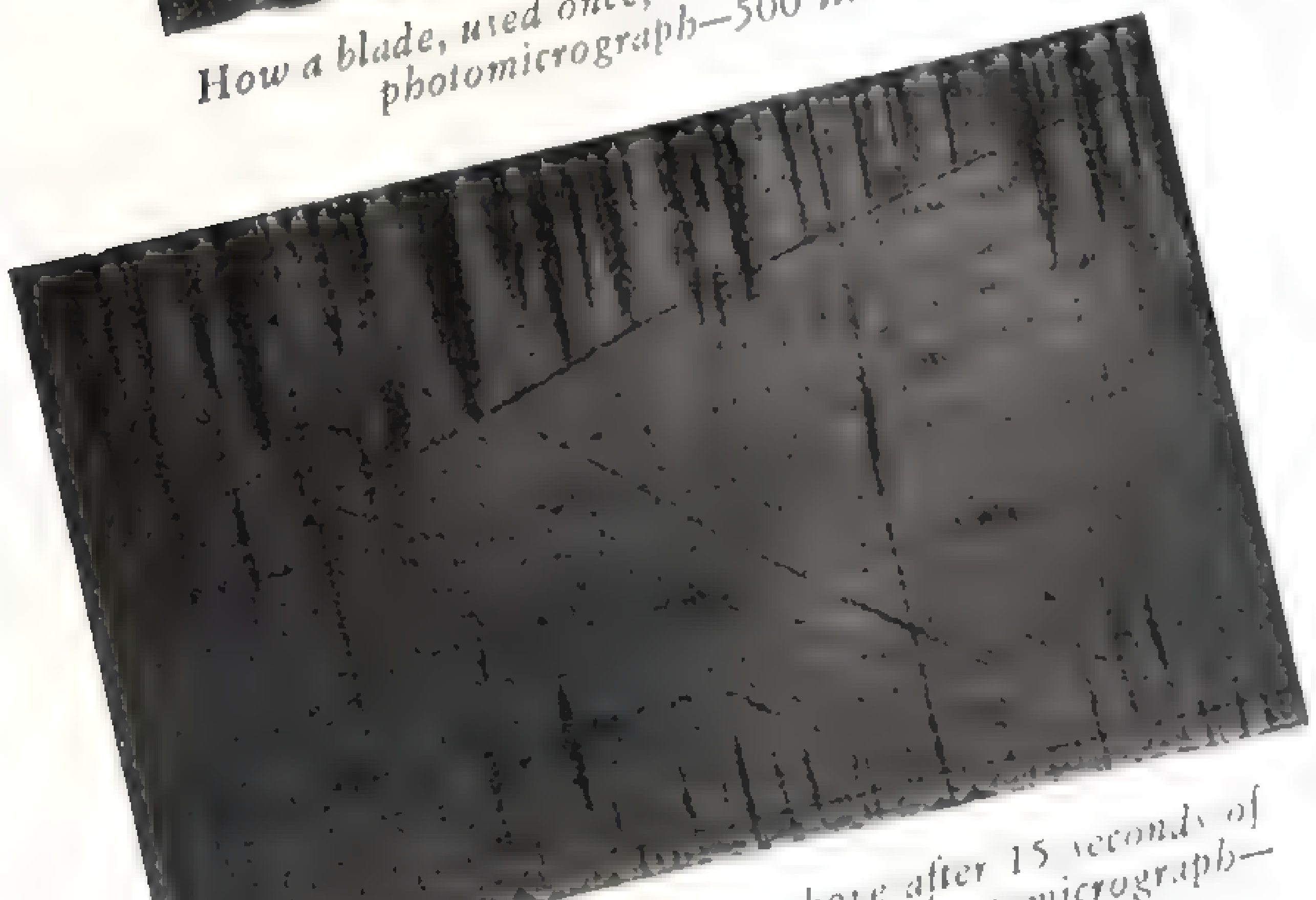
—and every new blade shave BETTER

—AND HERE'S PROOF!

This is the way a dull blade turns a hair instead of cutting keenly at the skin surface—(from photomicrograph 300 times enlarged)

Shows how the same blade has cut keenly through the hair—after 15 seconds of conditioning by Blade Master—(from photomicrograph 300 times enlarged)

How a blade, used once, looks under a microscope—(from photomicrograph—500 times enlarged)

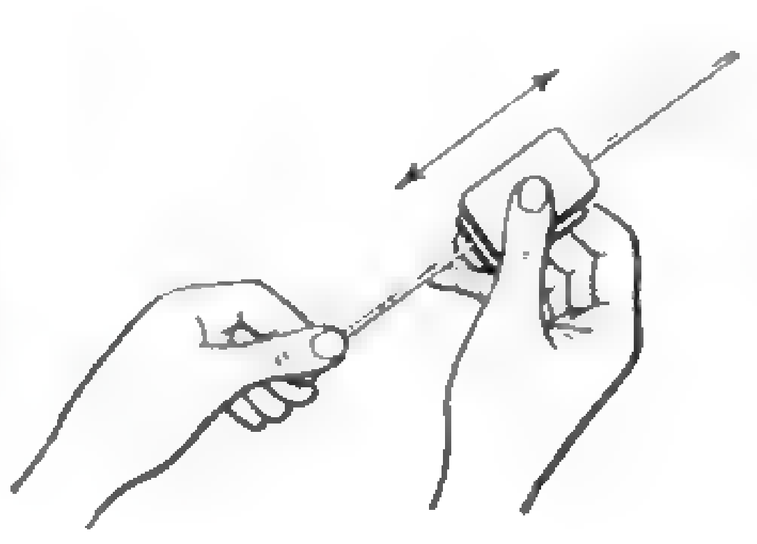


Showing the same blade as above after 15 seconds of Blade Master conditioning—(from photomicrograph—500 times enlarged)

Hones and strops all four sides of any safety blade in a few seconds, putting old blades, as well as new, in perfect condition, giving that keen, smooth-cutting "barber's edge" so necessary to a clean and comfortable shave.

BLADE MASTER is the improved American version of a European invention which has had a sensational success abroad. Made with the mechanical precision of a watch, it is simple, infallible, and will last indefinitely—assuring weeks of perfect shaving from a single blade.

Case is smartly styled in colored Bakelite. Metal parts are bright chromium, stainless; hones harmonizing green. Price is $2.50. Unqualified money back guarantee—if BLADE MASTER does not give you more and better shaves from every blade—saving you money, time, irritation.



IN OPERATION: Cord is attached to any convenient bathroom fixture. Blade is placed in the case—moved up and down cord 10 or 15 times. That's all. (Note results in the photomicrograph illustrations at left.)

Ask your dealer to show you how it works. You will be convinced. If he does not have BLADE MASTER it may be ordered directly from—

BLADE Master is now on sale in these leading stores. After Dec. 1 in many others.

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5th Ave. Cutlery Shop
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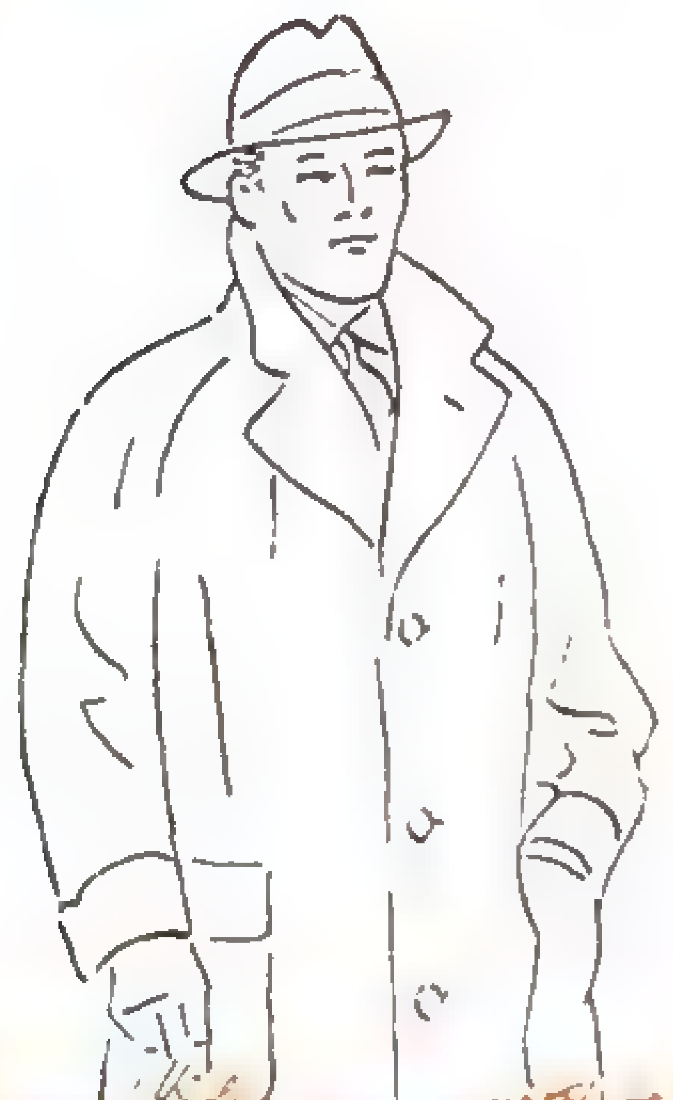

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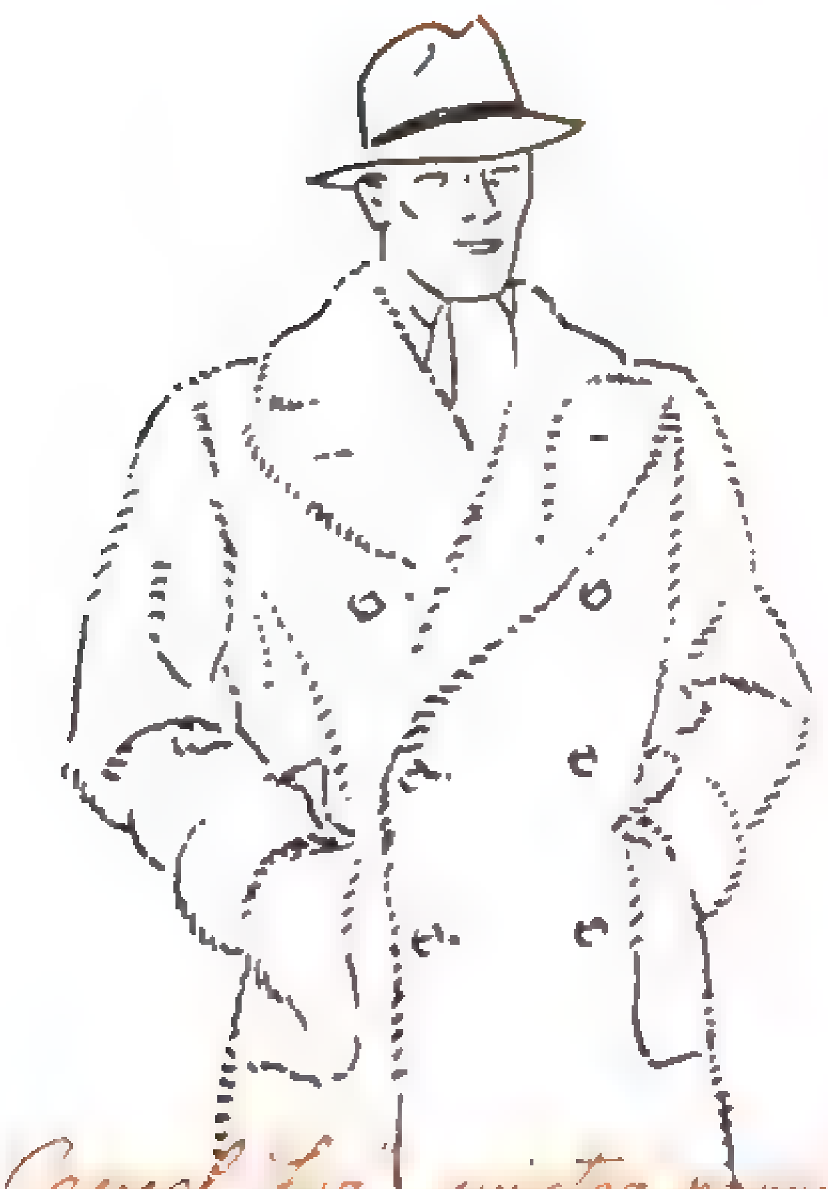

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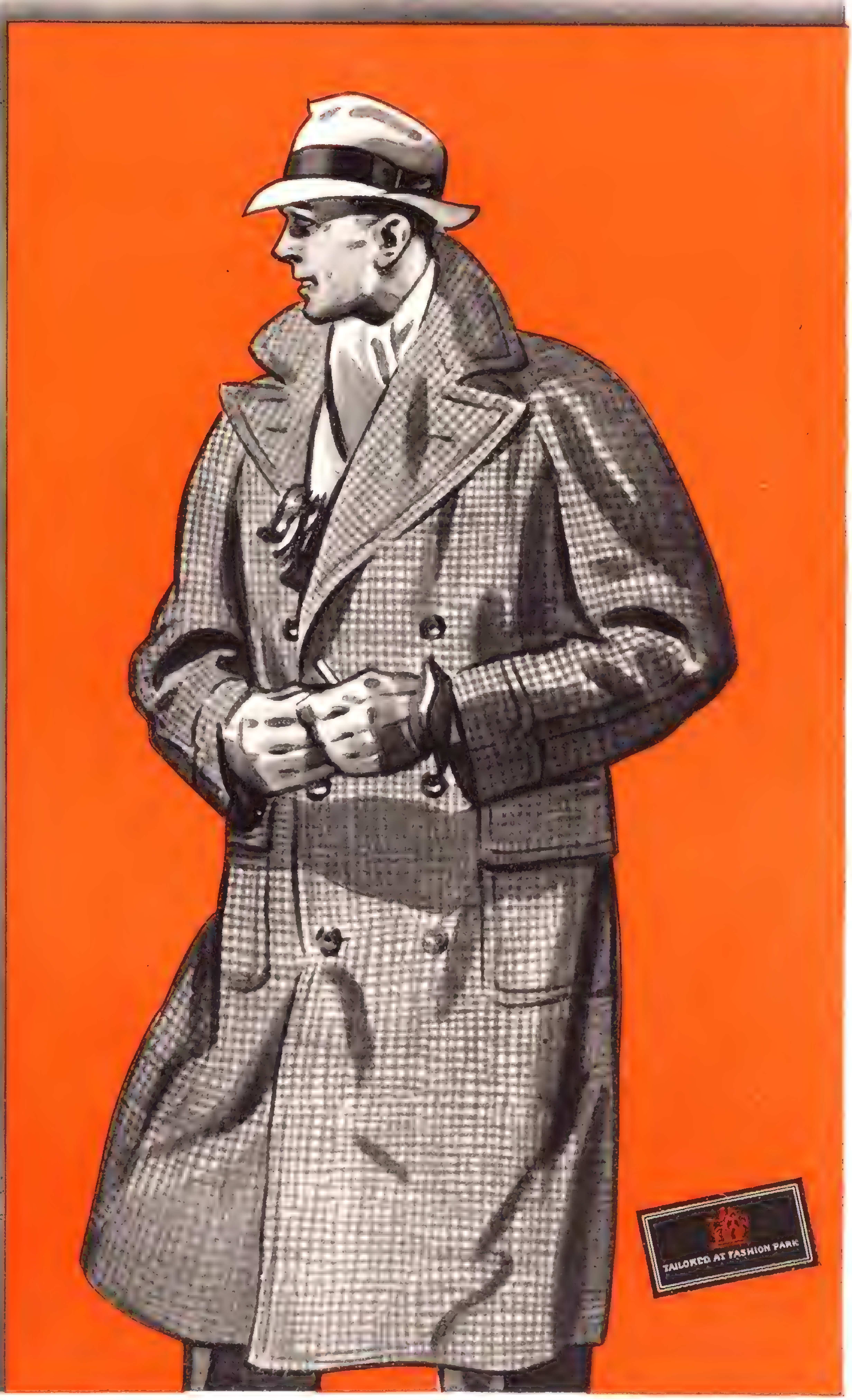

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Her perfume should be a part of her, not apart from her. That is why all leading perfumers say that a perfume sprayed is far more subtle, more enchanting than perfume crudely applied. Give her then, her favorite fragrance, and with it a DeVilbiss Atomizer—the atomizer that diffuses a single drop into 2,000 tiny atoms, transforming an essence into an emotion.

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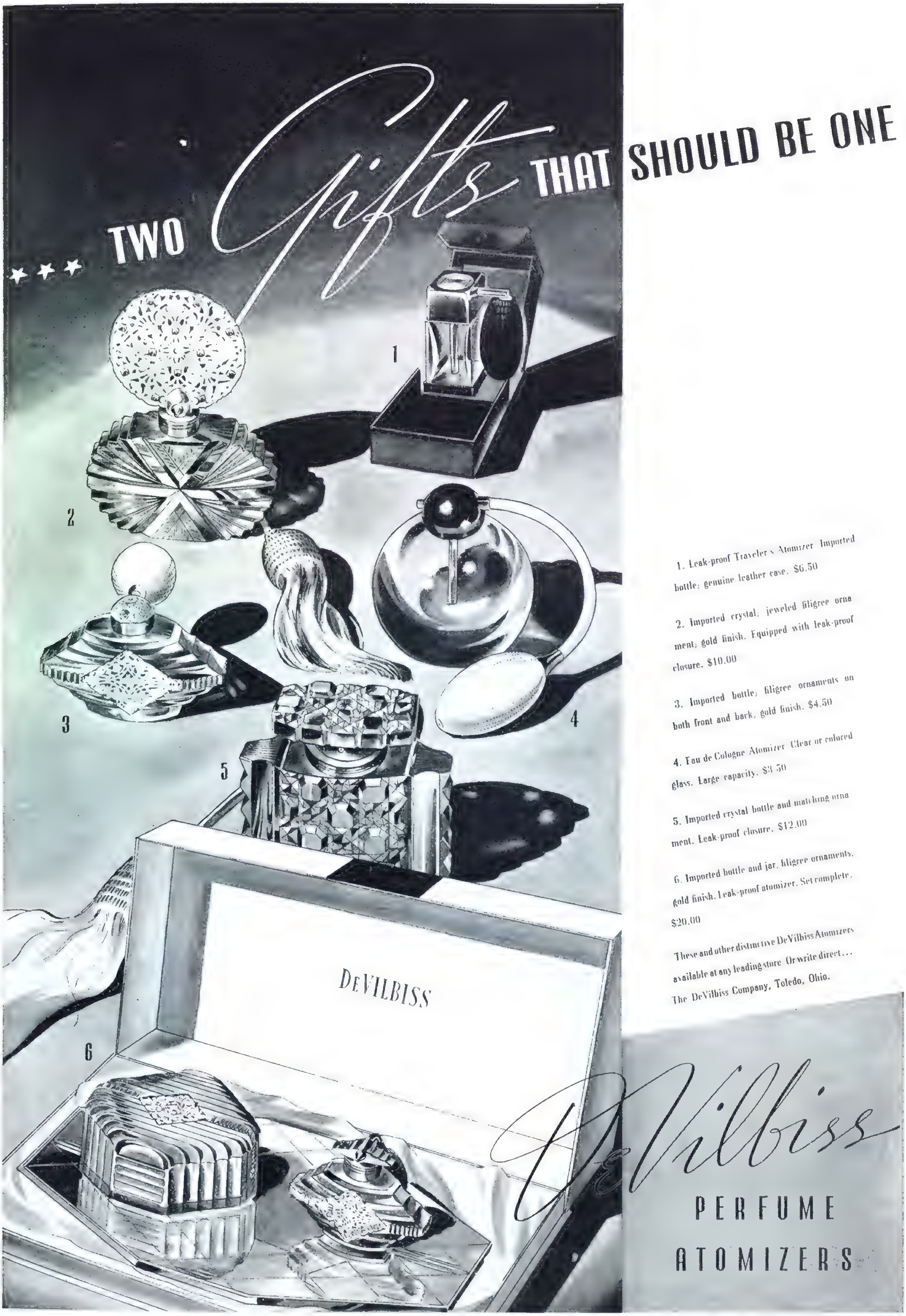
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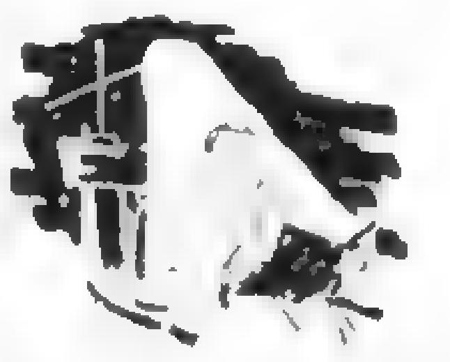

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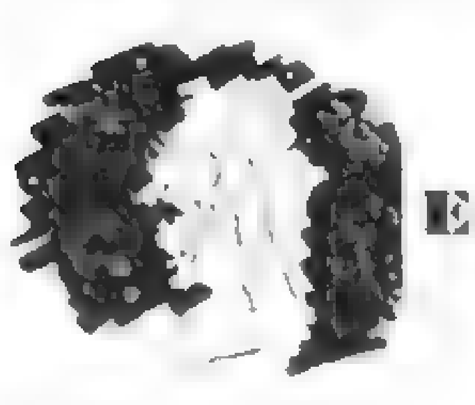

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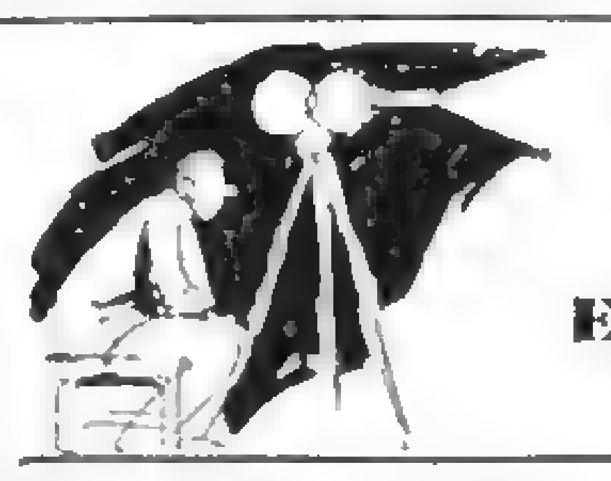

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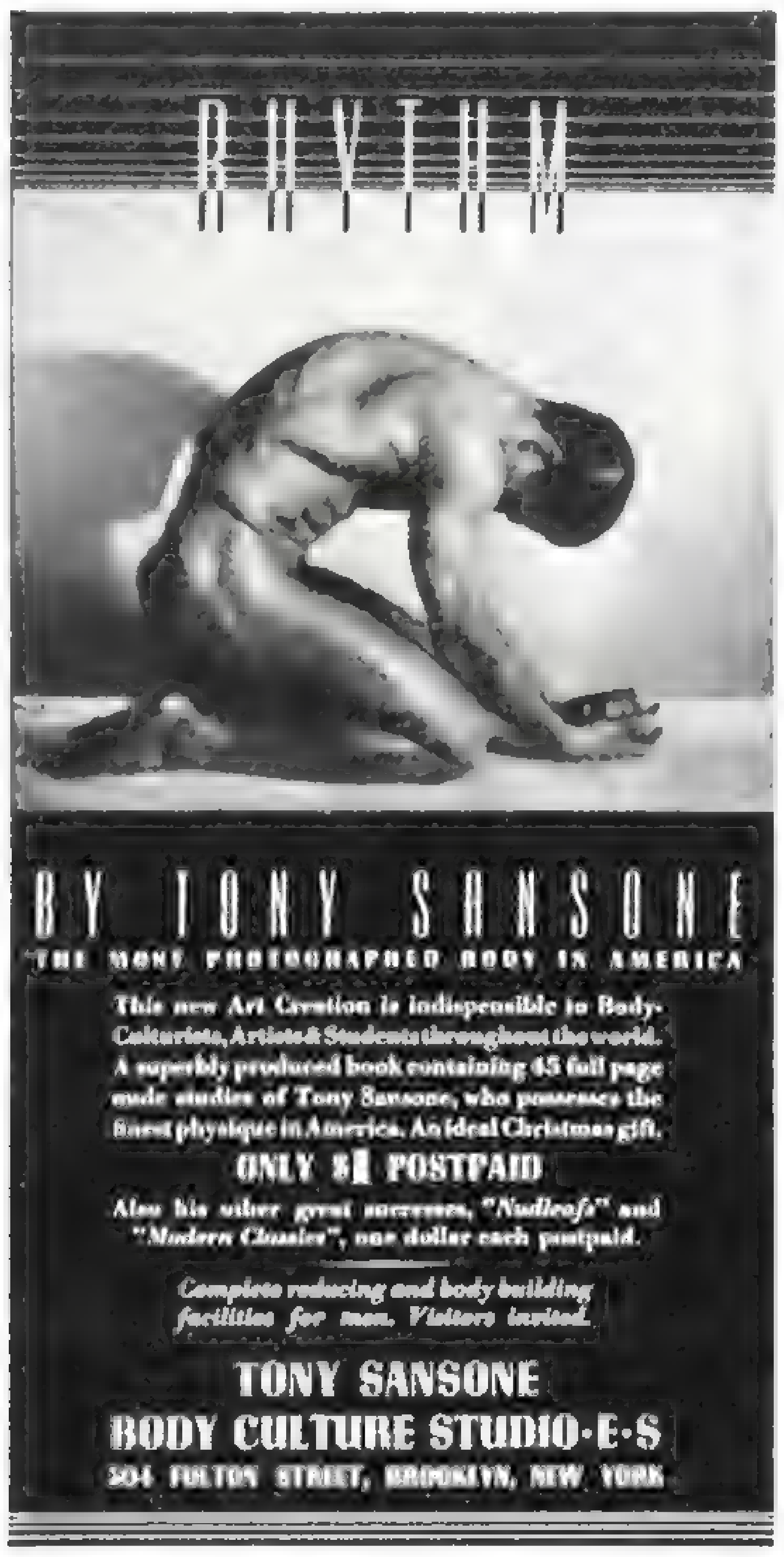

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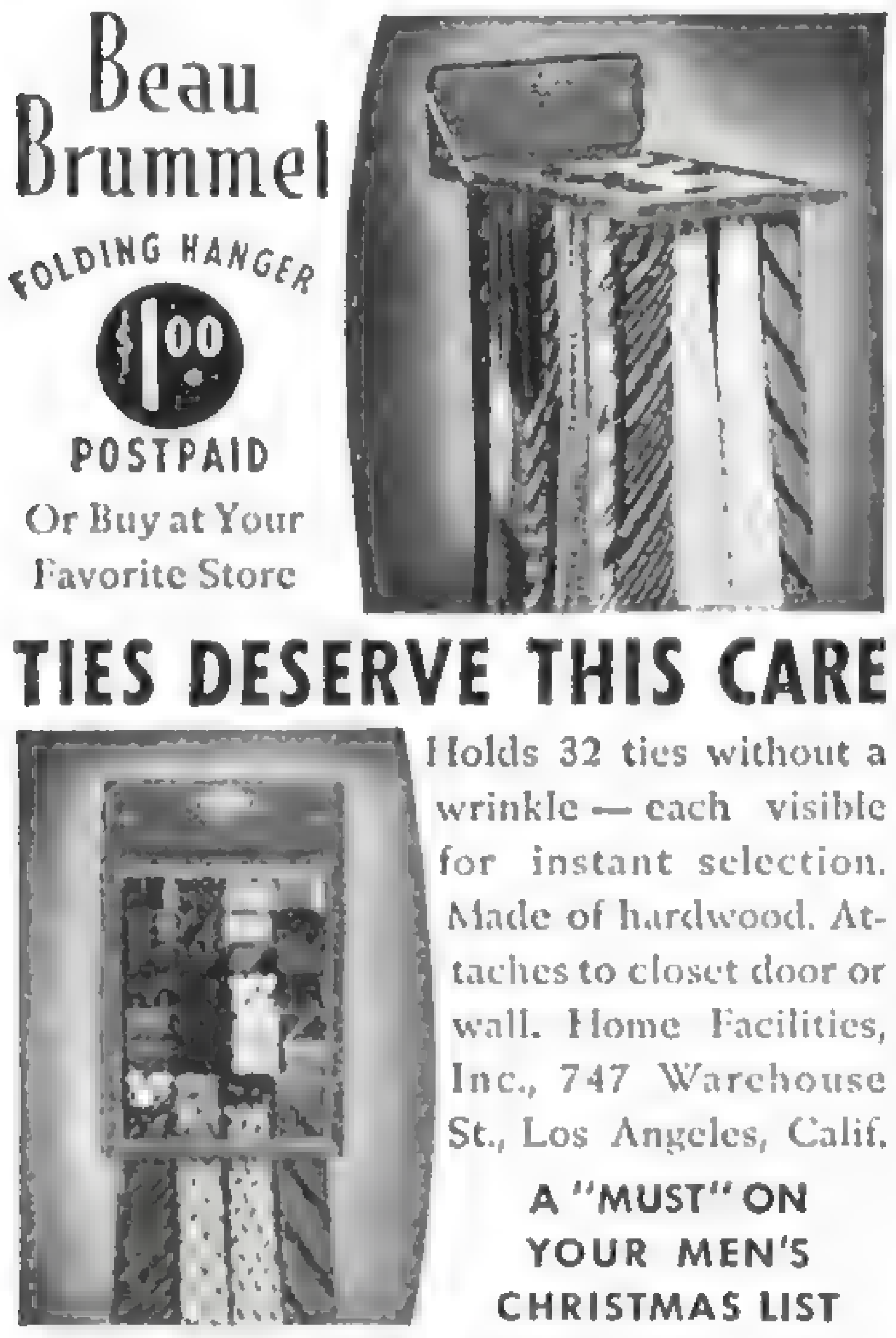

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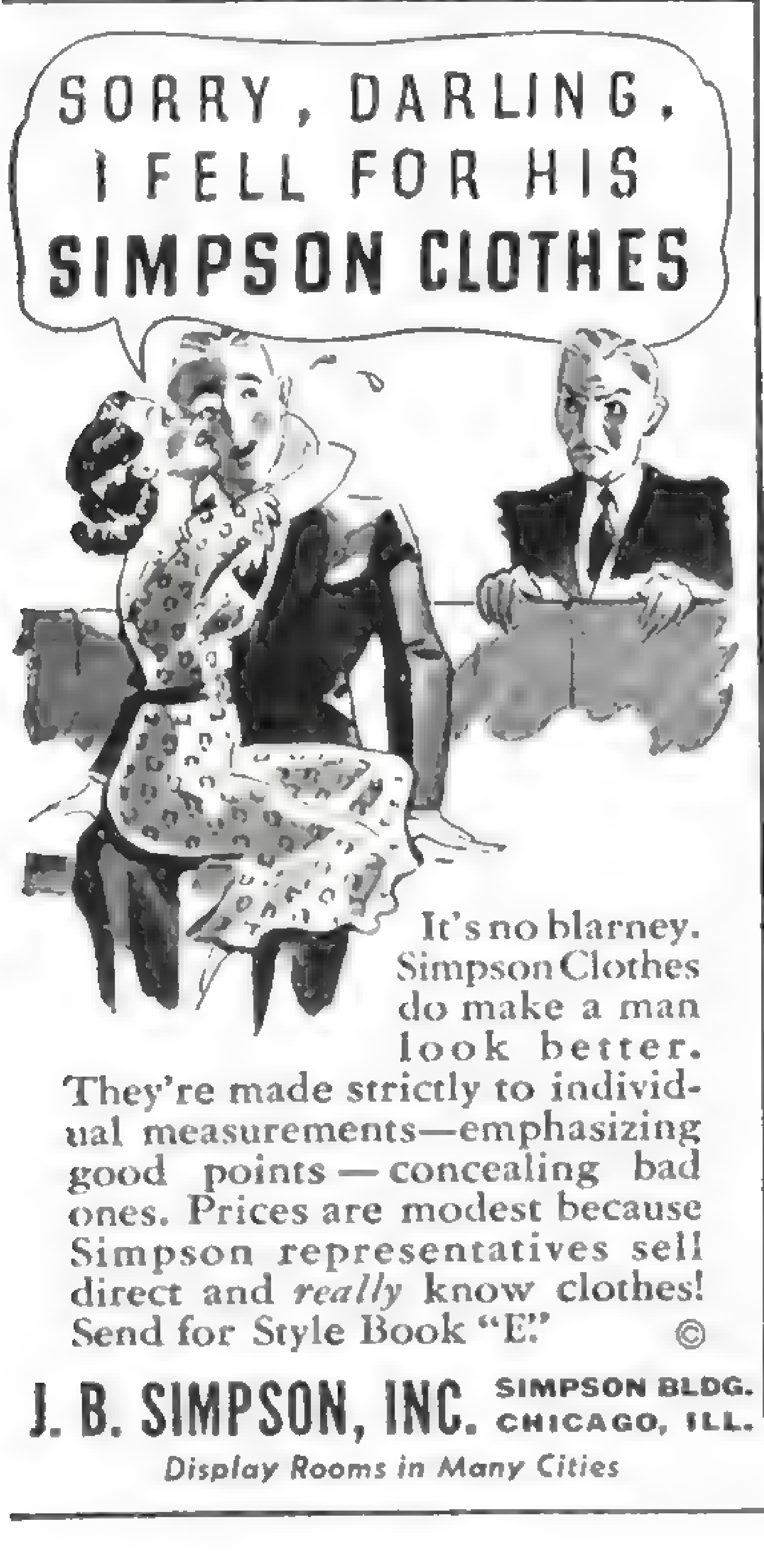

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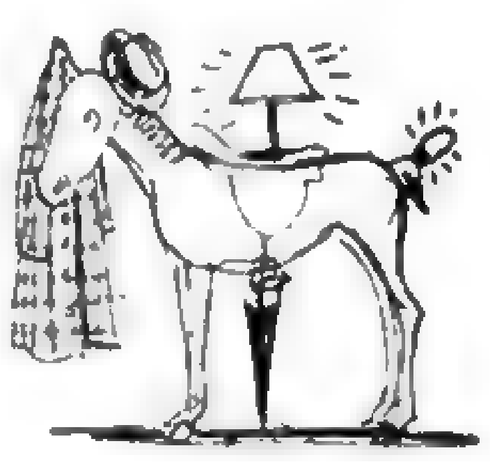
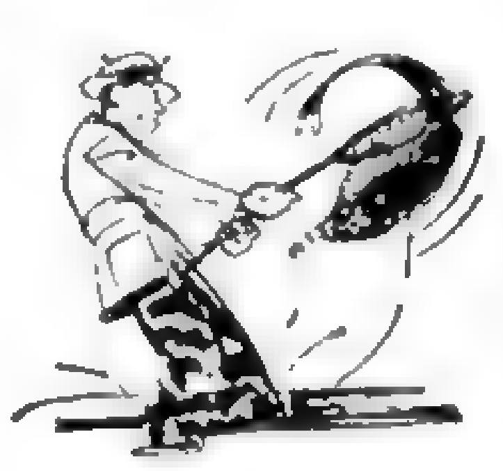
WOMAN GIVES MAN . . . *robes.* Don't let him get away with wearing that old motheaten flannel another year. If he clings to flannel, buy him black flannel with plaid ascot tie and binding in black and white hound's tooth check; or a neat flannel job with plaid collar and cuffs bound in plain flannel. If he lives in the North country, try a good warm English Jaeger in beige with plaid facings; or a new robe fabric from England, soft, luxurious vicuna. On the bright side, are robes in authentic Scotch tartans . . . so good looking even a Mc *Levy* would want one. Getting into the silks, you might present him with pajamas and matching robe of navy silk, braided in maroon with narrow white piping; or a lounging jacket in an allover brocaded self pattern of champagne bottles and glasses.

GLOVES. They've corralled all the wild animals in the zoo and made them into interesting glove leathers. You could make him a present of gloves in such exotic leathers as East India water moccasin, giraffe, Russian reindeer, wild donkey, Russian colt or bearskin . . . and very smart looking they are. For the warm-heart-cold-hand type, try mocha or capeskin lined with chamois; pigskin lined with cashmere; or a 2-in-1 glove with capeskin glove outside, and plaid Scotch wool glove inside.

TALLY HO GIFTS. For those gentlemen with estates in the country, the pink coated or country squires, invest in a wrought iron and antique brass coat rack made of a large horse shoe with horse head in the center and a rack underneath with coat hooks. Or a massive iron horse shoe andiron; or a lighting fixture—ceiling light with two crossed horizontal iron riding crops from which suspend 4 electric lights in stirrup fixtures. In antique steel and brass, about 21 inches wide. Or a magnificent hunter's lamp, massive brass base and unusual shade in bright colored silk on which is etched the gathering of the hunt, riders, horses, dogs, etc. Copied from an etching in the Metropolitan museum.



GREAT OUTDOORS GUYS. Fishermen: a new trout net that *floats* if it gets lost overboard; a fly box with 8 separate compartments and a transparent top with slide opening that you can swing open over the particular fly you want; line drier that can be screwed onto a table. Opens up very wide, and collapses into extremely small space. For al fresco cooks, a pair of asbestos gloves . . . he can even handle embers in these without casualties. For a yachtsman, a flare set . . . mahogany box complete with pistol and a dozen distress flares which hang on a parachute when you shoot them skyward.



GADGET GIFTS. Silver or gold pencil for bridge fiends, a miniature window shade roller contraption in the side of the pencil which when pulled out reveals a complete bridge score on one side and a 2-year calendar on the other. Telephone magnifier . . . a crystal bar, exactly the width of a column in the telephone directory to magnify the name of his doll or prospective client. Gold handle. Shoe rack made of narrow stripes of saddle leather, holds 8 pairs of shoes. Very neat and man-like. Belt of water Buffalo with cinch buckle bearing cut out initials in gold plate.

Christmas
IS THE TIME FOR
GENUINE
Orange Blossom
WEDDING AND ENGAGEMENT RINGS
by Traub

HANDEE
Tool of 1001 Uses
A NIFTY GIFT
for boys from 7 to 70.
A whole shop full of tools in one. Plugs in any light socket. AC or DC 110 v. 13,000 r. p. m. Uses 200 different accessories grinds, polishes routs drills, cuts, carves, sands saws, sharpens, engraves.
For Faster Better Jobs
GET A DEMONSTRATION
at your dealers or order on 10-day Money-Back Trial. $10.75 and up postpaid. 3 Accessories Free. Catalog Free.
New CRAFTSMAN Project Book
"Pleasure and Profit with a Handee." Easy working plans for making many interesting and unusual projects 25c, stamps or coin.
Chicago Wheel & Mfg. Co., 113 S. Aberdeen, Chicago

DOUGLAS
Airtray
$3.50
A smart adornment of sophistication for home, club or office. Latest Douglas Airliner model, adjustable to any position. Streamlined base holds removable black glass ash tray. Finished in high lustre chromium. Send $3.50 or pay postman plus postage.
Other Models up to $9
VICTOR F. PASTUSHIN CO.
2504 32ND ST., SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

Low Prices on FILM DEVELOPING
CANDID AND KODAK
Any Kodak roll developed and 16 perfectone prints for only 25c coin! Or 2 doubleweight enlargements & 8 prints, 25c! Or 8 enlargements from roll 25c! Candid Camera rolls developed free!--Small prints 2c each, prints enlarged to 3 x 4, only 4c each! Split-Second service--pictures returned same day received! Film mailers free on request! We mail safely anywhere. Postage prepaid. Why pay high prices? We guarantee Satisfaction!
American Studios, Box ES, LaCrosse, Wis.

AMAZING Pass Cases For MEN!
Billfold
Coins And Valuables
$3.90 POSTPAID
Stamps
Card Pocket
Patented Loose Leaf Pass Section - 4 Passes
Genuine Steerhide-"Talon" Zipper-$3.90 Postpaid
Also with zipper keycase, $5.90 - Deluxe gift set
Lodge fellows, business and railroad men all say HALVORFOLD is the only one worth while for passes, money and cards. Must be right —more than 1,000,000 now in use.
If your dealer— luggage or department store or jewelry store cannot supply you, order direct from us and give dealer's name. If looking for just an ordinary billfold, don't bother.
HALVORFOLD 606 W. WASHINGTON Dept C-1 CHICAGO ILL.

Christmas Morning Becomes Electric

PACKARD LEKTRO-SHAVER
AMA
INSIST ON THE SMOOTH ROUND HEAD
Some day!
why delay!

C & D—LEKTRO-SHAVER in colors: Ivory, Blue, Red, Lava. Steel and snake gift box, $16.50.

E—LEKTRO-SHAVER in lava with gold plated head and monogram plate, $25.00 With standard head and silver monogram plate, $22.50. Matching cords. Packed in gift box.

Let Packard Lektro-Shaver shoulder your gift problems, and the Christmas morning air will be electric with "Thank-you's". The lightest possible touch gives the closest, smoothest shave any face ever enjoyed. Its polished, smooth round head need barely caress the skin, and not a whisker remains. A million men know the delights of the quick and effortless Lektro-Shave. Whether you pay $15 or $150, every Packard Lektro-Shaver is a superb precision instrument, and a most welcome Christmas gift for any man (or woman!).

PROGRESS CORPORATION
521 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Platinum Products Ltd.
Astor House, 26 Aldych St., W. 2, London

B—LEKTRO-SHAVER in lapis with gold plate head and monogram plate, $35.00. With standard head and silver monogram plate, $25.00. Matching cords. Packed in gift box.

F—LEKTRO-SHAVER in black with inlay monogram plate, $16.50. Packed in gift box.

A—LEKTRO-SHAVER in black, packed in holiday box, $15.00.

G—LEKTRO-SHAVER in jade with gold plated head and monogram plate, $35.00. With standard head and silver monogram plate, $25.00. Packed in gift box.

H & I—LEKTRO-SHAVER in colors, embossed: Ivory, Red, Blue, Grey. With matching cord packed in gift box, $20. With monogram plate, $22.50.

If your dealer does not carry the Packard Lektro-Shaver of your choice, you may order direct if you mention his name.

PROGRESS CORP., 521 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Enclosed find $_____. Please send Packard Lektro-Shaver model_____, Color__________. Send C.O.D. ☐

My Name____________________

My Address____________________

City & State____________________

Dealer's Name____________________

Dealer's Address____________________

LEKTROLITE FLAMELESS CIGARETTE LIGHTER

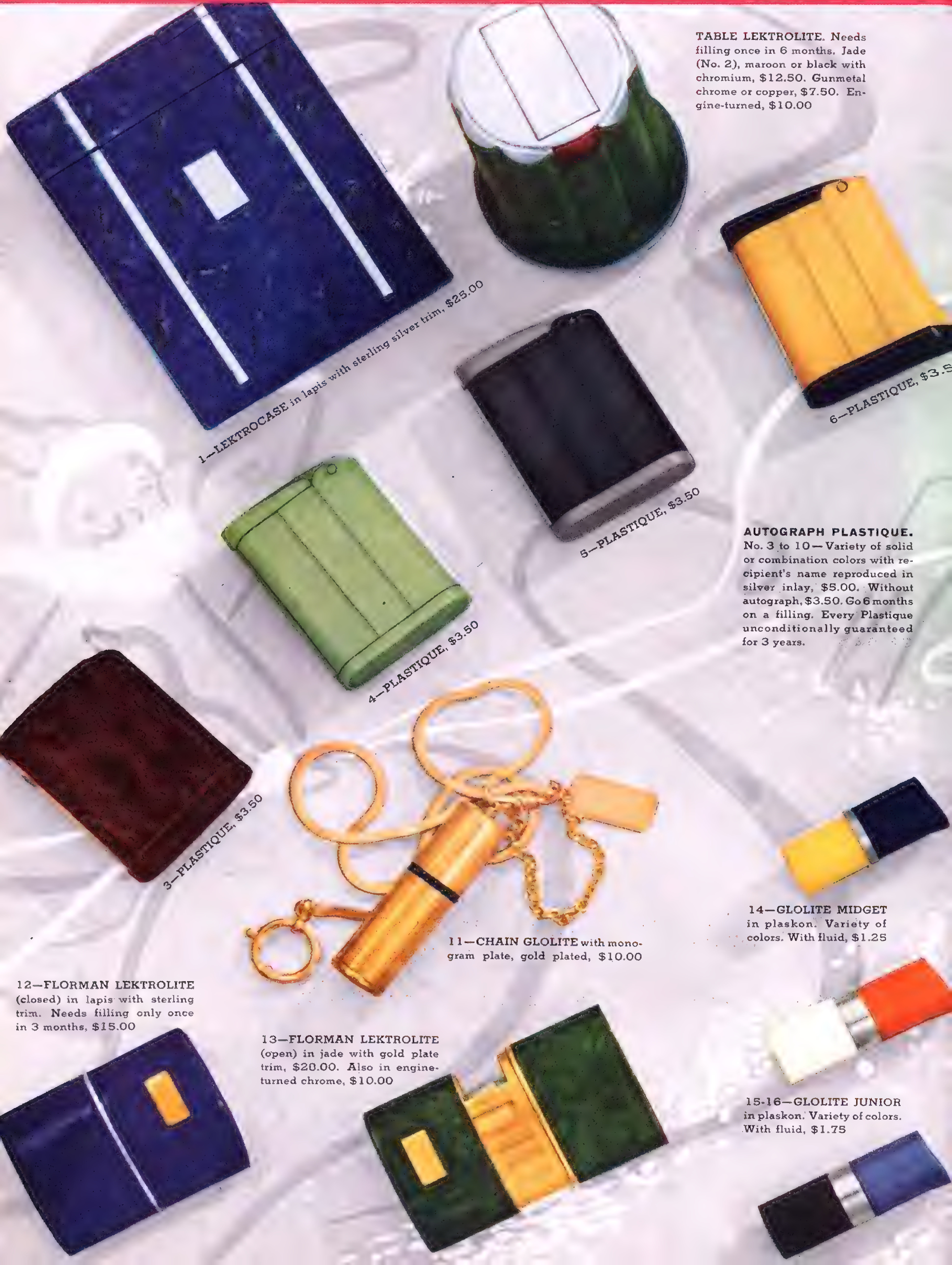


TABLE LEKTROLITE. Needs filling once in 6 months. Jade (No. 2), maroon or black with chromium, $12.50. Gunmetal chrome or copper, $7.50. Engine-turned, $10.00

1—LEKTROCASE in lapis with sterling silver trim, $25.00

6—PLASTIQUE, $3.5

5—PLASTIQUE, $3.50

AUTOGRAPH PLASTIQUE. No. 3 to 10—Variety of solid or combination colors with recipient's name reproduced in silver inlay, $5.00. Without autograph, $3.50. Go 6 months on a filling. Every Plastique unconditionally guaranteed for 3 years.

4—PLASTIQUE, $3.50

3—PLASTIQUE, $3.50

14—GLOLITE MIDGET in plaskon. Variety of colors. With fluid, $1.25

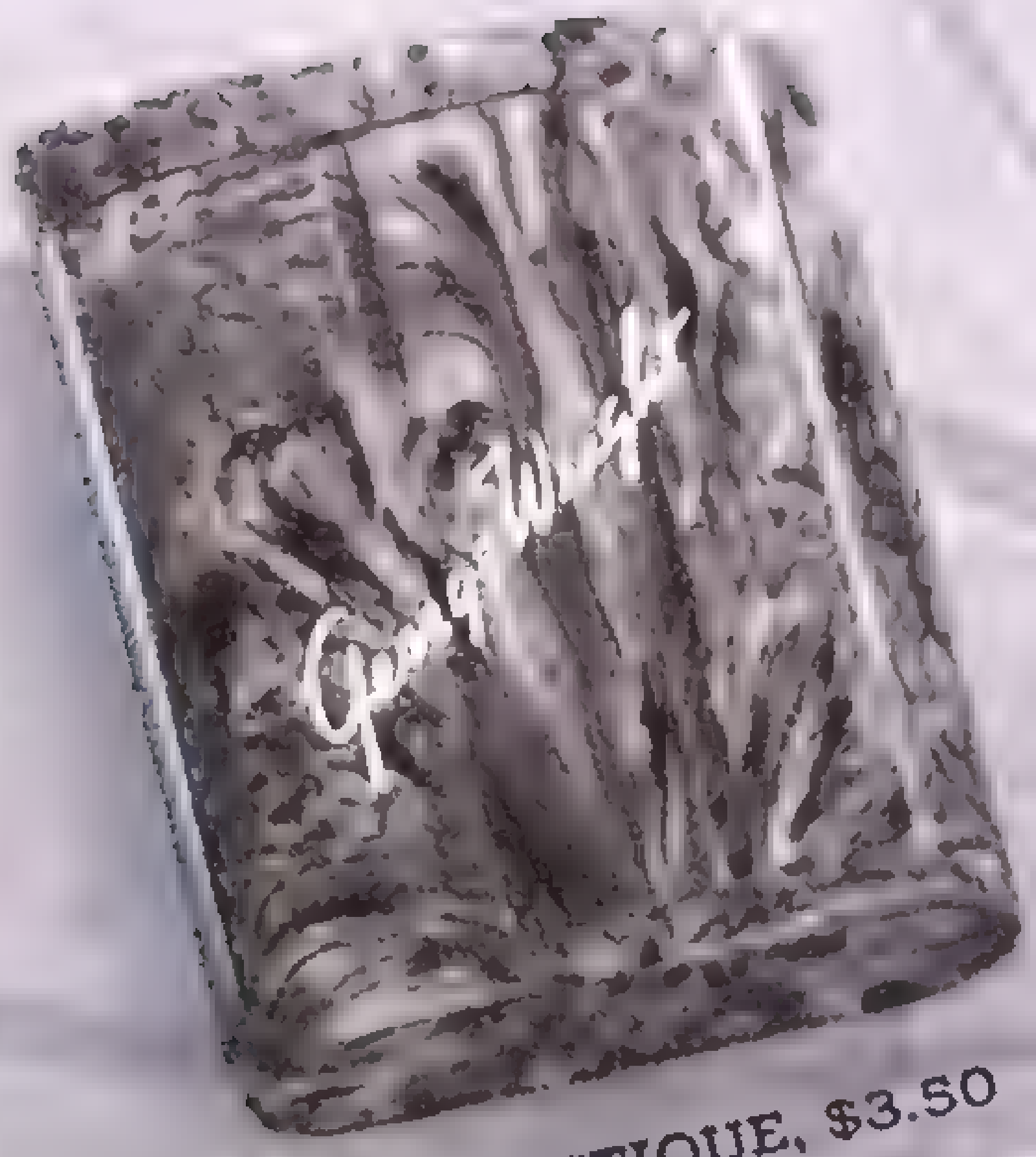
11—CHAIN GLOLITE with monogram plate, gold plated, $10.00

12—FLORMAN LEKTROLITE (closed) in lapis with sterling trim. Needs filling only once in 3 months, $15.00

13—FLORMAN LEKTROLITE (open) in jade with gold plate trim, $20.00. Also in engine-turned chrome, $10.00

15-16—GLOLITE JUNIOR in plaskon. Variety of colors. With fluid, $1.75

7—PLASTIQUE, $3.50



8—PLASTIQUE, $3.50

9—PLASTIQUE, $3.50

10—PLASTIQUE, $3.50

GIFTS THAT MERGE LUXURY WITH USEFULNESS

Lektrolite lighters provide magic lights for the cigarettes of today. They're wind-proof, flameless, odorless, absolutely dependable. You hold your cigarette tip against a tiny, protected grill, a puff—and you're smoking! And because they light cigarettes 1200° cooler than a flame, Lektrolites can't release the tobacco oils that bite the tongue and yellow teeth and fingers.

Beautiful to look at, delightful to use—give them to either sex, and take a bow! Make up your Christmas list from the life-size, natural color photographs on this page. Progress Corporation, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., Platinum Products, Ltd., Astor House, 26 Aldych St., W. 2, London.

LEKTROCASE. Generous-sized, streamlined cigarette case with built-in Lektrolite that goes 3 months on a filling. In lapis (No. 1), jade (No. 21), black, Chinese red or white with sterling silver trim and monogram plate, $25.00. In enamel and chromium (No. 17), $15.00. Engine-turned on one side, $12.50. Polished or embossed chrome, $10.00. Engine-turned gold plate, $17.50. Engine-turned gold plate and enamel, $20.00.

DYNAMIQUES. Light, streamlined, smaller than a book of matches. No. 18, 19 and 20 in jade, lapis or black with gold plate or sterling silver trim and monogram plate, $15.00. Engine-turned chrome, $7.50. Chrome with enamel in maroon, green, ivory or black, all with monogram plate, $10.00. Satin finished chrome with monogram plate or engraved chrome, $5.00.

18—DYNAMIQUE in jade with sterling trim, $15.00

21—LEKTROCASE in jade with sterling silver trim, $25.00

17—LEKTROCASE in ivory enamel with chromium trim, $15.00

19—DYNAMIQUE in black with gold plate trim, $15.00

20—DYNAMIQUE in lapis with sterling trim, $15.00

If your dealer does not carry the Lektrolite of your choice, you may order direct if you mention his name.

PROGRESS CORPORATION, 521 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

☐ Enclosed find $ ____. Please send Lektrolites Nos.____

☐ Send C. O. D.

My Name____

My Address____

City & State____

Dealer's Name____

Dealer's Address____

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Bruce Henry

Despite his rather sanguinary thesis on wife beating, BRUCE HENRY claims he is actually a very meek sort, addicted to such innocuous pursuits as composing bad piano music and probing into the private lives of those lucky people who winter in Miami. At the moment he is feature writer for a Miami newspaper but he has been variously engaged in such pursuits as tab show juvenile, private investigator, politicians' ghost and radio announcer. He confesses to the doubtful honor of being the originator of amateur hours via radio, back in 1931 at Oklahoma City, Station KFJF. He lives in Coconut Grove, Florida together with a wife whom he definitely does not beat, a dog, a cat, sundry lizards, scorpions and other fauna and flora.

He thinks his novel, *Hurricane House* is bad enough to be a record breaking motion picture.

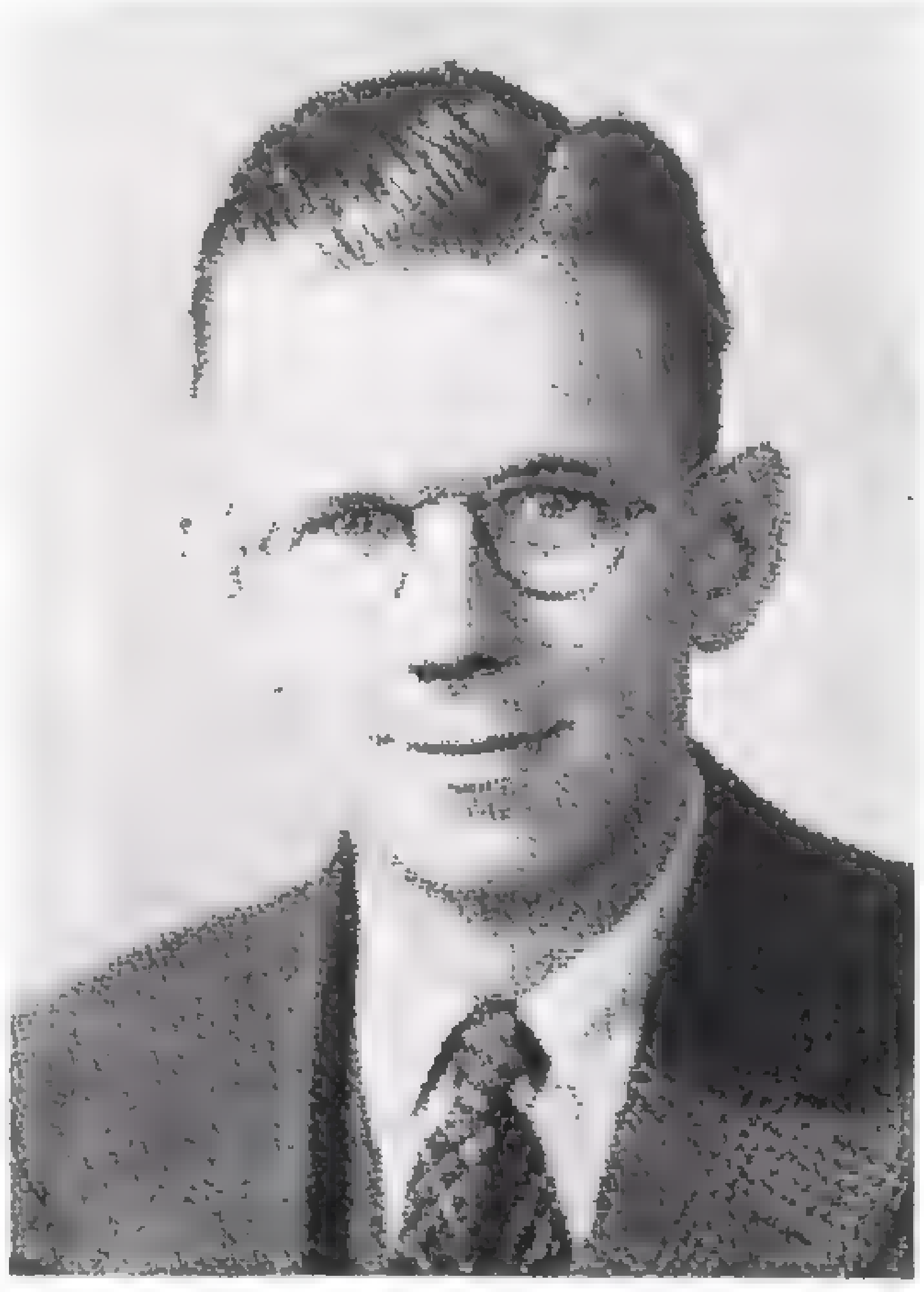
•

GILBERT SELDES has dropped newspaper work to become Director of Television Programs for CBS. This means, he says, that he is making experiments in television on which programs will be based as soon as the Federal Communications Commission licenses commercial telecasting. He says: "The last issue but one of Esquire contained an editorial summary of the regular departments which gave the impression that the editor thought he had better get in a few dirty cracks before the readers did. All I can say in defense of myself is that the whole thing has been grossly exaggerated as I have never appeared in more than five magazines simultaneously." He published a book in October called *Your Money and Your Life*, "A Manual for the Middle Classes," based on the rather alarming theme that 90% of the thinking in America is against the interests of 90% of the American people. He's whipping up another book which may be out by the time you read this. Its title is *The Movies Come From America*. In the English edition it will have another name which may possibly smell sweeter over there.

Gilbert Seldes

•

ERNEST E. LONSDALE is our **Discovery of the Month,** crashing the gates with *Butter, 92 Score.* He works in the advertising promotion department of the Los Angeles *Examiner*. And he was formerly managing editor of the morning *Independent* at Stockton, California.



Ernest E. Lonsdale

At the moment, he confides, he and his wife are trying to give the proper kind of upbringing to one altered, hence eminently respectable, young cat named Li Tai Po.

•

MICHAEL FESSIER used to be a producer at MGM. Now he's with Warner Brothers, writing. He explains: "A writer is a sucker to be a producer—inasmuch as the principal recreation in the movies is cussing producers—and why catch when you can pitch?"

•

The Christmas Tree, on page 60, is one of the stories unpublished before the death of JAKE FALSTAFF. G. P. Putnam's Sons is bringing out a book of his poetry under the title of *Bulls of Spring.*

We were a little afraid that some of GEORGE JEAN NATHAN'S remarks about British actors might bring on an International Situation. It's all right though. The London Critics' Circle has made him an honorary member. Incidentally, Nathan has a new book coming out early in January, called *The Morning After the First Night*. It will be his twenty-fifth.

•

HENRY MCLEMORE relates these facts: "Thirty. Married. No issue. Born in Macon, Georgia, birthplace now marked by a three-pump Texaco station with uniformed attendants. Started work in Atlanta on the *Georgian*. Rose rapidly and at end of year and two months was making $20 a week.

"Came to New York and held following positions before getting newspaper job: Sandwich cutter, elevator man, messboy on freighter; book carrier for circulating library, inventory checker for United Cigar Stores. Then with International News Service for a year—changed to the United Press where I've been writing a daily sports column for six years or so."

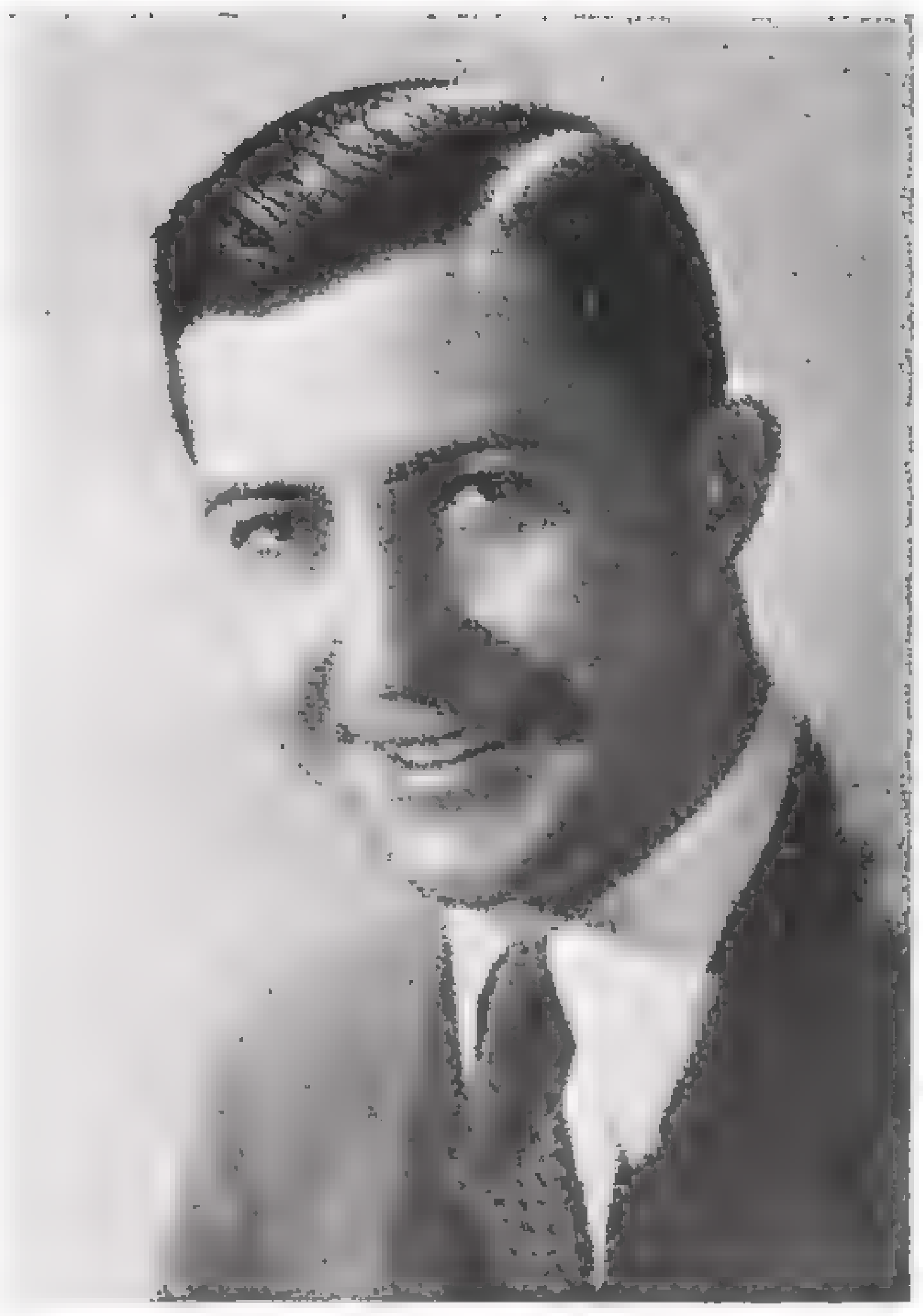
Henry McLemore

•

EDWIN CORLE (*Doing the Mud Dance*, page 142) has always loved the American Southwest, leaving it only long enough to attend Yale University. Mr. Corle hits it off very nicely with the Navajos, who call him *Hosteen Ay Doh-Klish*, or Mr. Blue Shirt. He has written *Mojave*, a book of short stories, *Fig Tree John* and *People On the the Earth*, both novels.

•

JAMES S. HANOFEE was born thirty-two years ago in New York state. He has been in turn, professional entertainer, prize fighter, life-guard, prospector, lumberjack, cowpuncher, and Broadway press agent. Just now he's writing advertising copy and radio continuity. He explains: "I wrote *The Amateur Carver* because it seemed as if I was always called upon to carve when at dinner at the homes of friends. It really was a gesture of self defense. I learned the rudiments of carving from my fairly extensive experience in camp butchery. I refined and polished my technique by watching the chefs in a New York hotel for which I happened to be handling publicity."



James S. Hanofee

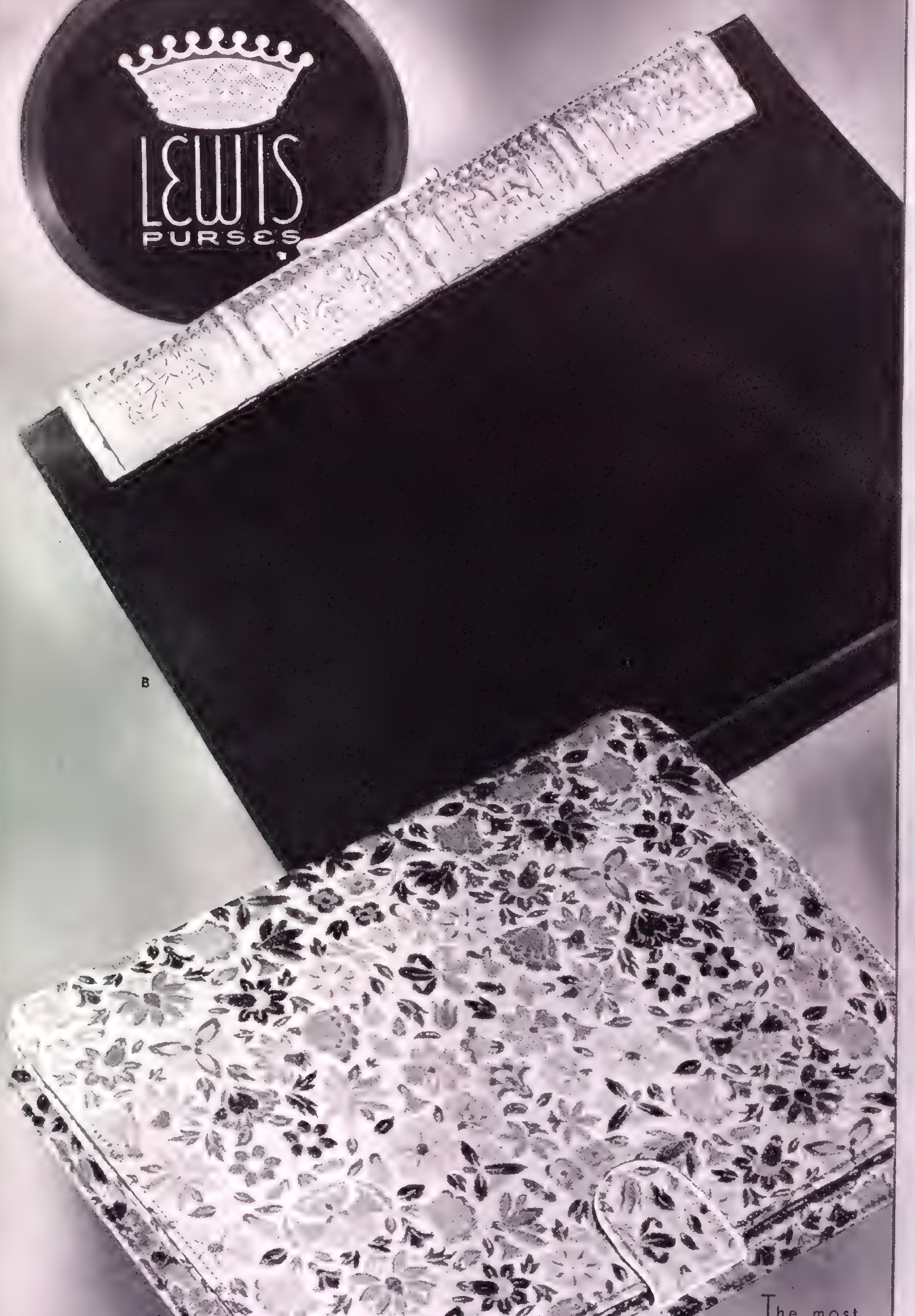
•

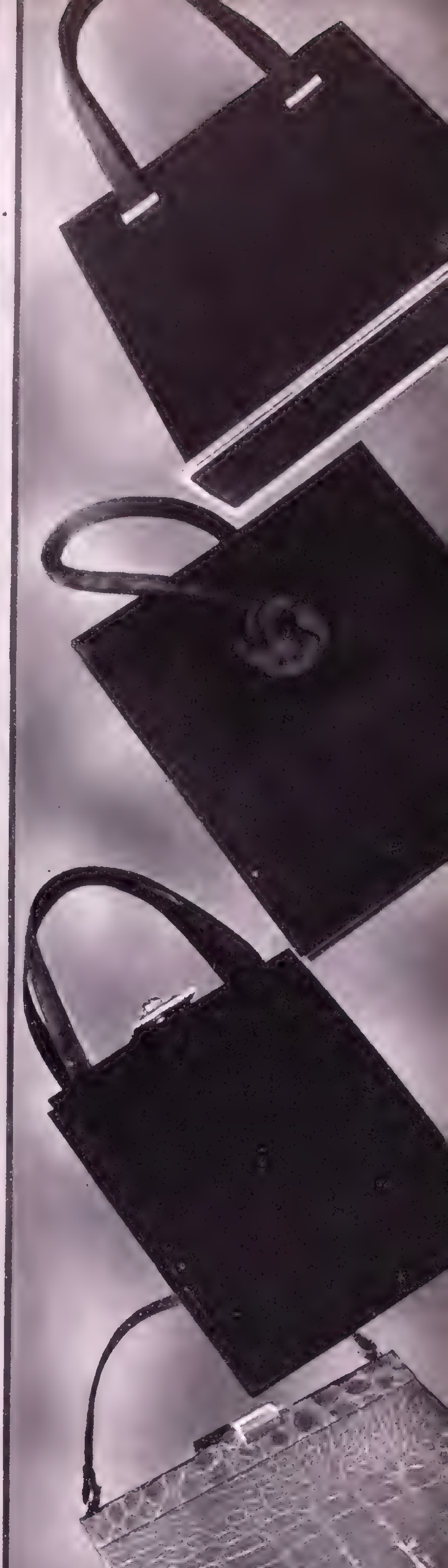
JACK MELVILLE (*The Scent of Fear*, page 99) says he's what you'd call a first class rolling stone. After wandering over the northern states he settled down for awhile at the Newbury State Hospital for the Insane, as an attendant. He contracted T.B. and went to Colorado, warned by the doctor that he couldn't possibly live six months. That was in 1910. He rested for a year. Then, after a couple of years in construction camps and cow spreads, he was cured. He did industrial personnel and civic community work for awhile. Then he lived in Algonquin Park, Ontario, breeding and training dogs for sled work. Since 1935 he's been a guest artist on CBS, telling stories of his dogs and northern life.

Continued on page 54

Jack Melville

LEWIS
PURSES





The most luxurious and widely known bag available to gentlemen for Christmas "GIVING". Its excellence and style are obvious elements to fashionable women and its modest label undeniably betokens the good taste of the donor.

THE CONCERTINA*

A—A most unusual purse long sought for afternoon and evening. The small size measures only 6" x 4½" but its patented construction will comfortably permit space for a full package of cigarettes, book of matches or lighter, a double compact for rouge and powder, eyebrow pencil, change, keys, handkerchief and eyeglasses. Equipped with change purse, comb and mirror. Also tiny flashlight finished in gold metal for use at the theatre. Small Size: Satin, Velvet, Faille, $8.50; Antelope, $10.50; Metal Lamé, $15; Gold or Silver Kid, $18.50; Imported Brocades, $28.50. Large Size measures 6" x 8": Satin, Velvet, Faille, $10.50; Antelope, $15; Antelope (Gold Interior Frame), $18.50; Metal Lamé, $22.50; Gold or Silver Kid, $28.50; Imported Brocades, $35. *Registered

B—Hand wrought frames from China, each a different design. Lovishly hand engraved on inside face. One of the most luxurious purses of the current season Black Antelope only—$50.

C—Twin handles and inside collars contribute effectively to the attractiveness of this daytime purse. The rim which surrounds the base is finished in gold metal, as are the handle ornaments. Satin lined with gold pipings. Calf or Antelope—$18.50. Genuine Alligator—$35.

D—A well proportioned daytime purse with deep pockets. Unique and effective ornament fashioned from Jumbo handle. Talon closing with LEWIS patented side construction which permits full expansion. Satin lining with gold pipings. Antelope or Calf—$15.

E—Imported hand made ornament mounted on a side channel frame with patented LEWIS drop bottom. Luxurious satin lining with the various pockets piped in gold. Antelope or Calf. Black only—$25.

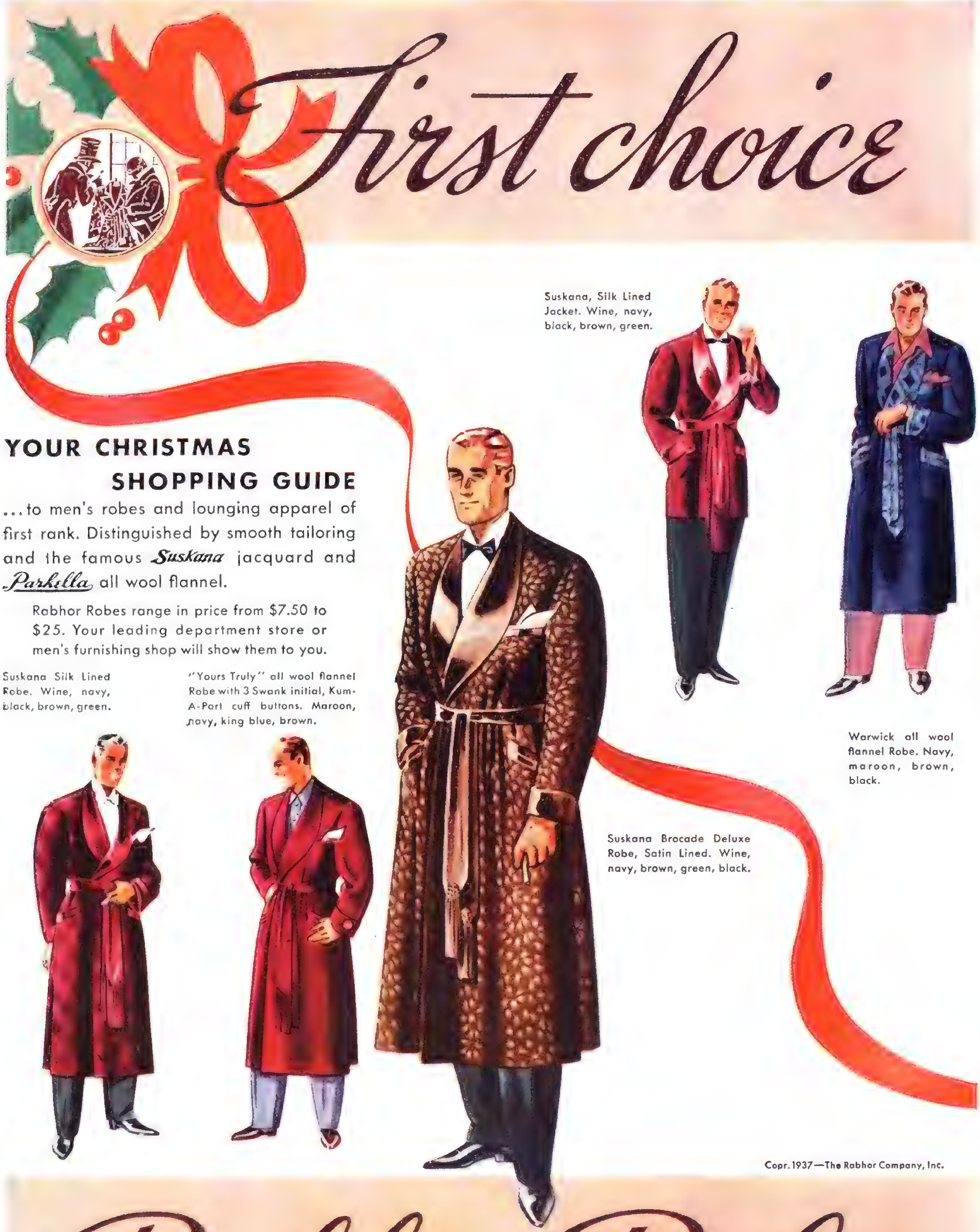
F—Fashioned on the lines of an English Kit Bag. Leather lined. Genuine Alligator $39.50. Antelope or Calf—$25.

Colors, unless specified otherwise—Black, Brown, Navy, Royal Blue, Green, Red, Rust, Wine, Grey · Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

Securable in the most notable women's shops throughout the world—and selected men's establishments—or, if you prefer, order directly from

LEWIS PURSES
135 Madison Avenue, New York City

First choice



Suskana, Silk Lined Jacket. Wine, navy, black, brown, green.

YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING GUIDE

...to men's robes and lounging apparel of first rank. Distinguished by smooth tailoring and the famous *Suskana* jacquard and *Parkella* all wool flannel.

Rabhor Robes range in price from $7.50 to $25. Your leading department store or men's furnishing shop will show them to you.

Suskana Silk Lined Robe. Wine, navy, black, brown, green.

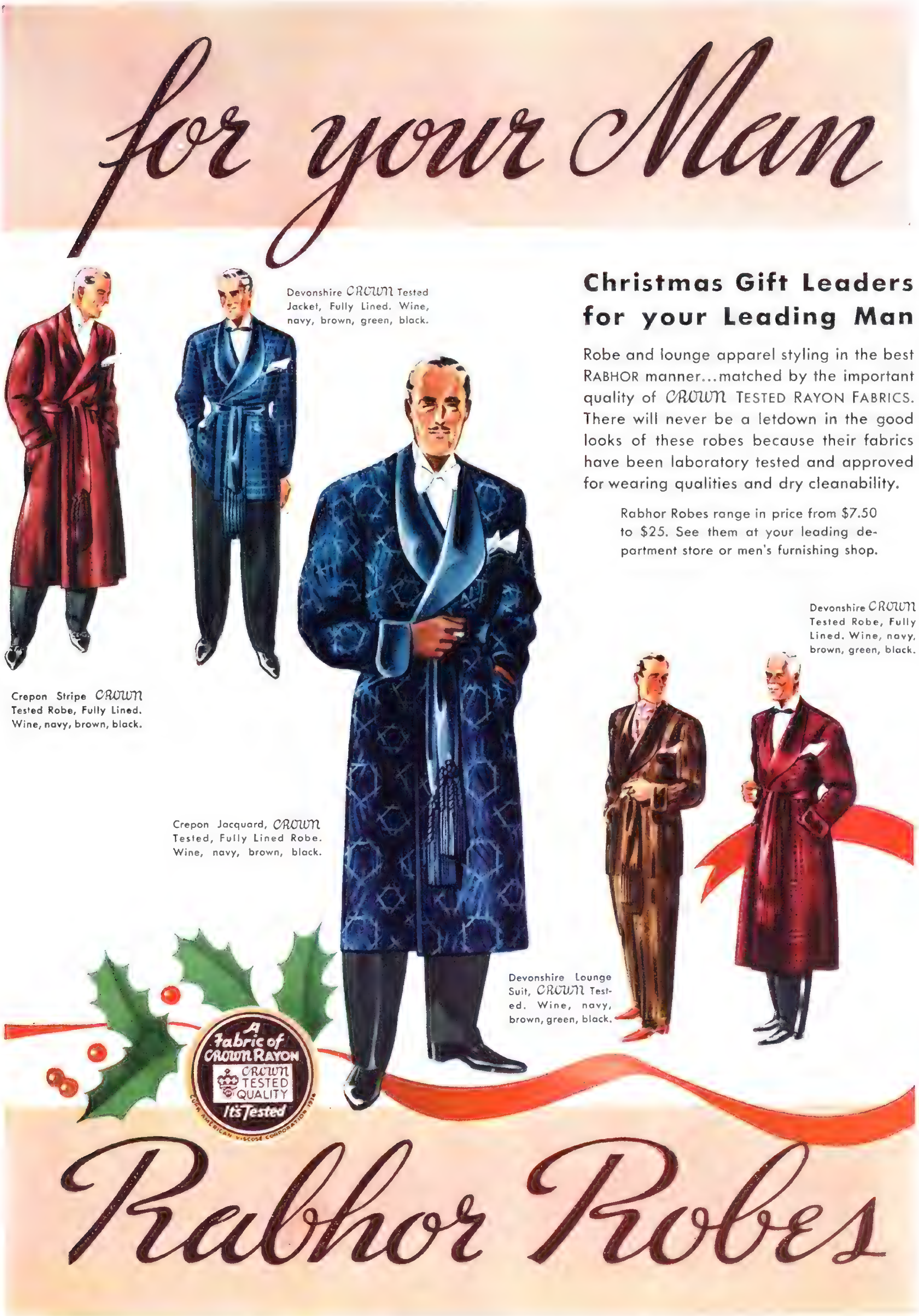
"Yours Truly" all wool flannel Robe with 3 Swank initial, Kum-A-Part cuff buttons. Maroon, navy, king blue, brown.

Warwick all wool flannel Robe. Navy, maroon, brown, black.

Suskana Brocade Deluxe Robe, Satin Lined. Wine, navy, brown, green, black.

Copr. 1937—The Rabhor Company, Inc.

Rabhor Robes


for your Man
A Fabric of Crown Rayon
Crown Tested Quality
It's Tested
Copr. American Viscose Corporation 1936
Rabhor Robes

for your Man

Christmas Gift Leaders for your Leading Man

Robe and lounge apparel styling in the best RABHOR manner...matched by the important quality of CROWN TESTED RAYON FABRICS. There will never be a letdown in the good looks of these robes because their fabrics have been laboratory tested and approved for wearing qualities and dry cleanability.

Rabhor Robes range in price from $7.50 to $25. See them at your leading department store or men's furnishing shop.

Crepon Stripe CROWN Tested Robe, Fully Lined. Wine, navy, brown, black.

Devonshire CROWN Tested Jacket, Fully Lined. Wine, navy, brown, green, black.

Crepon Jacquard, CROWN Tested, Fully Lined Robe. Wine, navy, brown, black.

Devonshire Lounge Suit, CROWN Tested. Wine, navy, brown, green, black.

Devonshire CROWN Tested Robe, Fully Lined. Wine, navy, brown, green, black.

Rabhor Robes

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

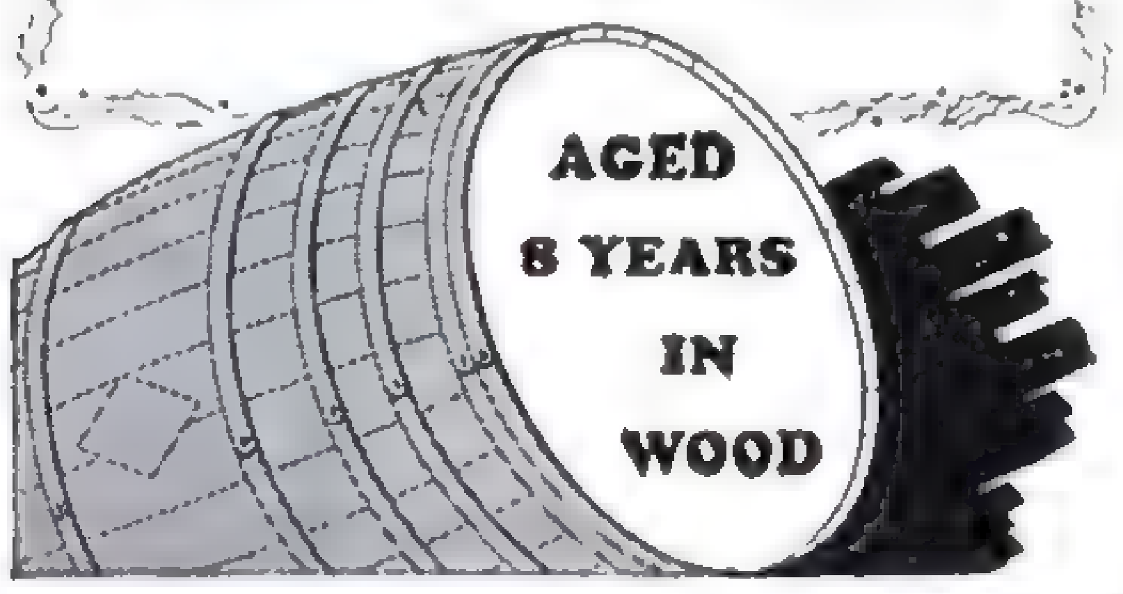
HERE'S TO A GOOD OLD FASHIONED HOLIDAY

and a gallant bowl of Egg Nog, based on this time-honored formula:

1 doz. eggs, 2 qts. rich milk, 1 bottle MYERS'S Jamaica Rum, sugar and grated nutmeg. Separate egg whites and yolks. Beat whites, add 1 cup sugar, stirring thoroughly. Beat yolks, add milk, stir in RUM and slowly pour egg whites into the bowl, stirring slowly. Sprinkle grated nutmeg on top. Place in ice box to chill.
Recipe for 12 people.

MYERS'S RUM
"Planters' Punch" BRAND
100% FINE OLD JAMAICA
97 PROOF

For free booklet of over 60 cheery rum recipes write to
R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., Inc.
Dept. F-6, 57 Laight St., N.Y.C.



THE INIMITABLE
DWIGHT FISKE
IN HIS STORIES AT THE PIANO

AFTER THE THEATRE in the Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar

EMILE PETTI
and his Cosmopolitans
THE COCKTAIL HOUR
DANCING Daily and Sunday and after the Theatre
SNACK BAR Luncheon and Dinner Daily and Sunday
SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE, 58th to 59th Streets, NEW YORK

When contemplating the new International Casino, which took so long to come into being atop the Criterion Theatre on Broadway at Forty-fifth Street, you have to dig into the movie press agent's vocabulary. Everything about the place is stupendous, gorgeous and gargantuan. You step in off the street and are ushered to a rapid escalator which lands you in a pleasant lounge and then into a semi-circular room where the big show is on. What will happen later when the budget makers meet, we do not know, but at the present time the show is a combination of two of the most elaborate spectacles showmen have attempted in this town. It reminds you somewhat of the old benefit days when all the musical comedies contributed their best two numbers for some worthy cause. Here you find the world's funniest jugglers, European comedians, and of course, the world's most beautiful girls in the most expensive costumes and what is better, in none at all. Fortunately, Mr. Moss, our morals censor, has had a relapse and the average man can see bare breasts again without becoming an art student, or sitting through the dullness of a Minsky revue. Four Godivas at once, gentlemen, think of it, four; step this way but don't crowd. The decorations are by Donald Deskey, who did some noble work in the Music Hall, and are for the most part, excellent. A tricky bar runs from the ground floor to the roof, with attendants enough to catch you at any stage. A feature of the Casino is that it is also open for luncheons and cocktails.

The Harlem Uproar House, at 209 West Fifty-first Street, is as frank as its name. Four or five times a night a variegated show goes its noisy way and in between there are orchestras for the dancing of the current rhythms. It is a place to go when your ears are strong and you need stimulating. The Harlem flavor is lost somewhat by Broadway adaptation. The dusky folk are good enough entertainers when left to their innate taste and talents.

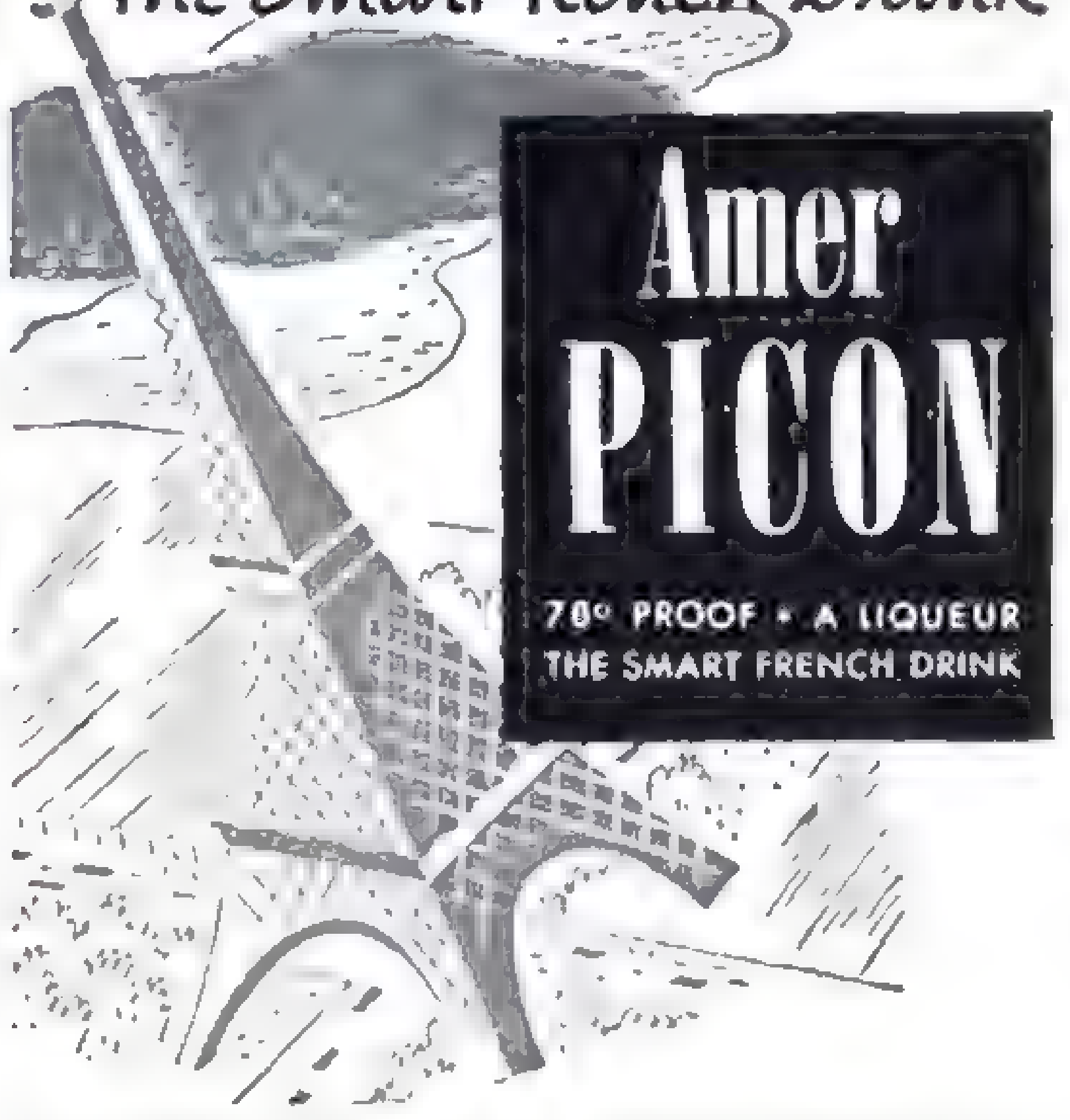
Good news comes that Ben Marden's Riviera is open for the winter months. It is one of the show places of the countryside and should be on every list, whether you like lovely ladies or superb river scenery or other things. The rotunda has been closed, due to the impossibility of heating the glass enclosed room and activities center around the bar and the foyer, which has been converted into a dining room.

Bill Naue, effervescent host of the Chanticler at Millburn, has given in and hired a soothsayer. He goes under the name of Ber-man and can tell almost everything except where that blond lives. Naue, you may recall, scoffed at this form of tavern accessories, until one foretold him of the coming loss of his orchestra, which had been with him seven years. Naue was so aflutter that night, because Jack Dempsey was in the house that he turned a deaf ear to the fortune teller and gave her the office. P.S. Naue's orchestra next day signed up with Dempsey for a Florida spot. The Chanticler's glass brick addition almost takes care of the thirsty Jerseyites.

Among the top six restaurants in town we are very fond of the Passy, 28 East Sixty-third Street. It is a quiet place and well enough known to the smart neighborhood that it does not have to do much about ballyhoo. When you are seeking one of the town's best meals and can pay for it, drop in and state your case to one of the two suave owners. From long experience here and abroad they can best choose your dinner and make the proper wine suggestions.

ISHAM JONES
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
HOTEL *Blue Room* LINCOLN
44th Street at 8th Avenue • New York
★★★★

The Smart French Drink



E. & J. BURKE, LTD., L. I. C., N. Y., SOLE AGENTS, U. S. A.

A Manhattan Cocktail without
ANGOSTURA
BITTERS
would be like New York without Manhattan

● THE MOST
● AMAZING GOINGS
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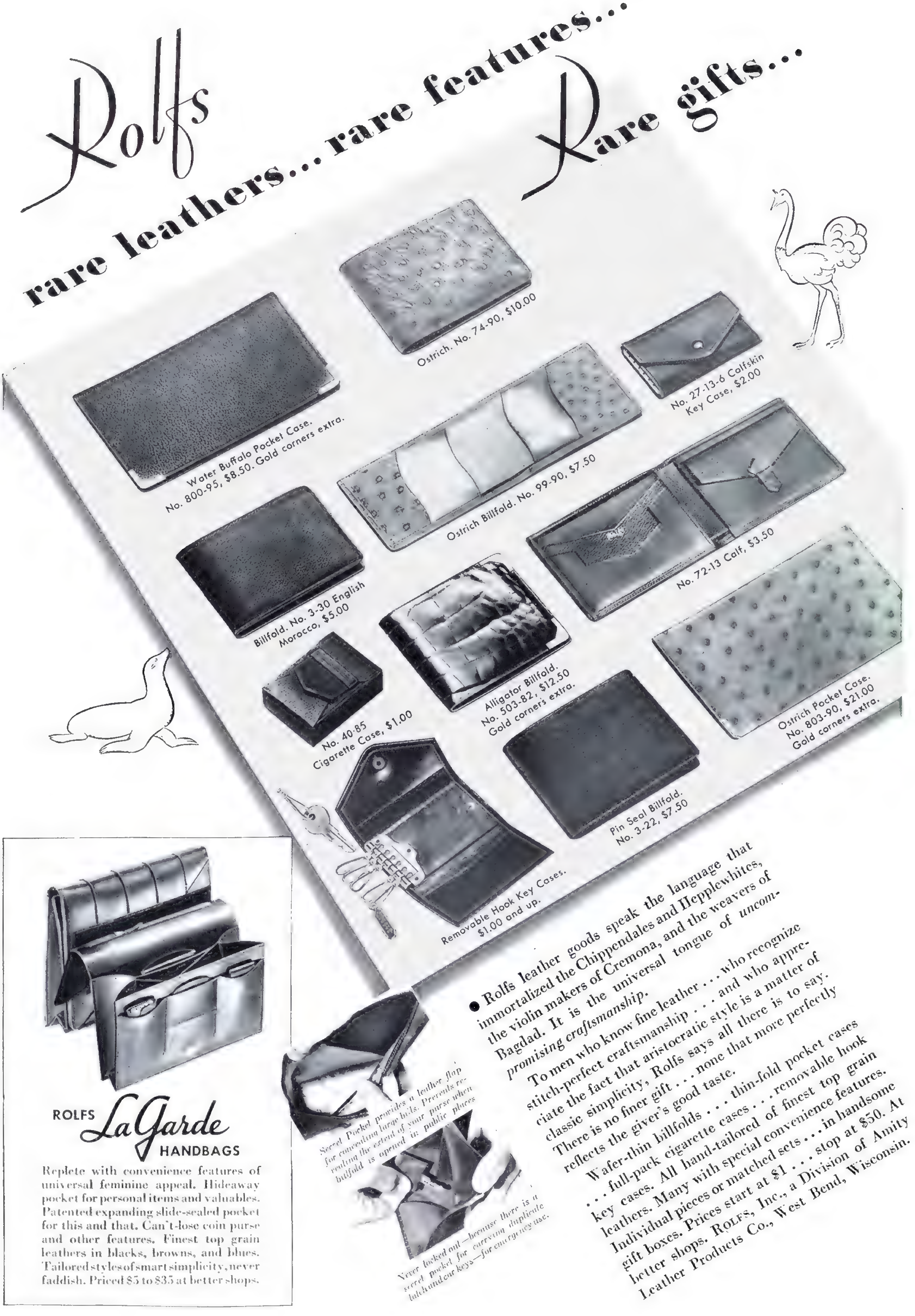

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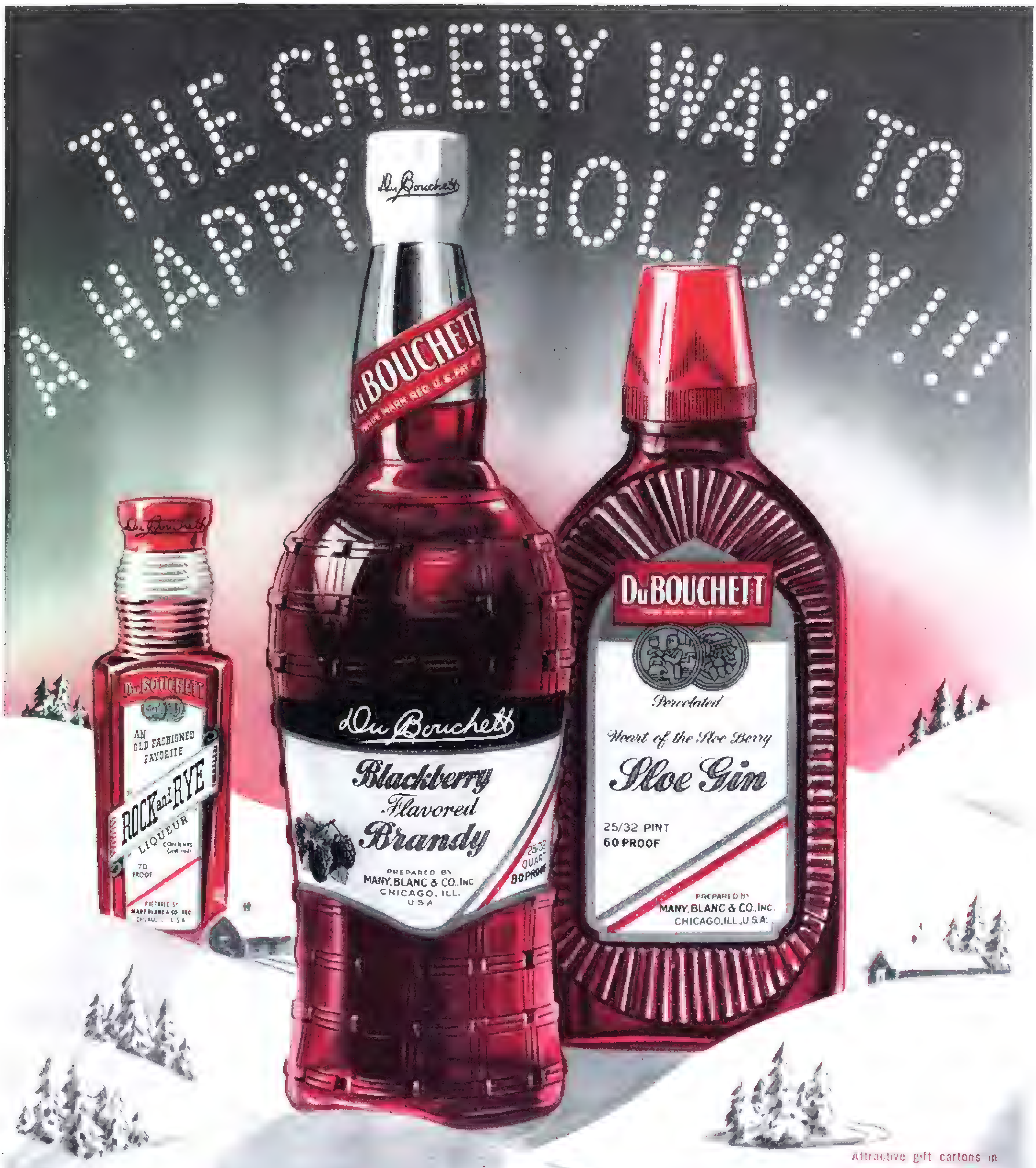
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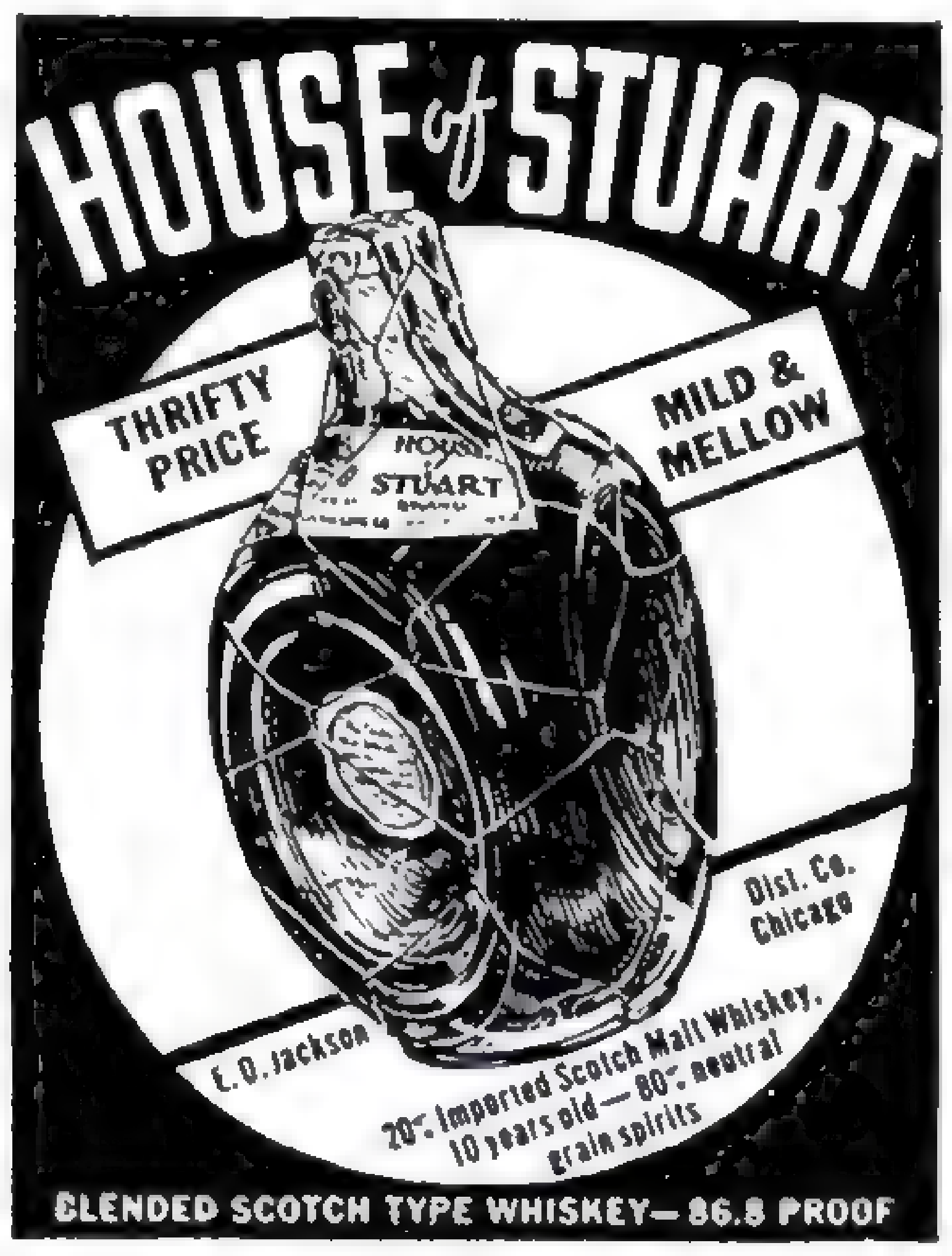
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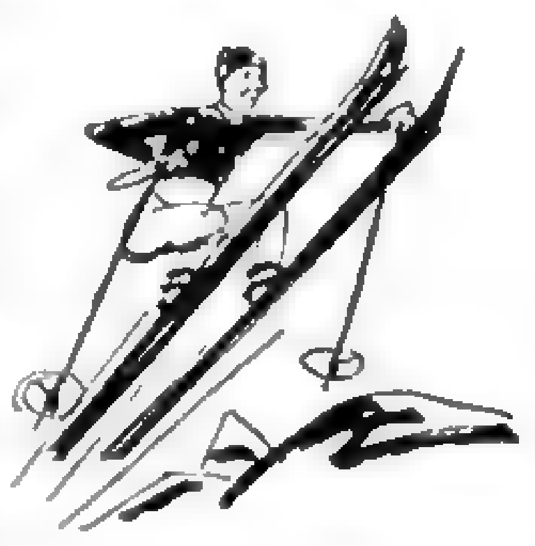
The Paradise Restaurant no longer is a mere whistle stop for visiting firemen and salesmen with a night out. They have met the new trend and have gauged their show for the higher brackets of customers. Their new production is distinctively big time. The show numbers are both clever and spectacular with the costuming in excellent taste. We doubt if the world holds any more beautiful girls than are assembled on the Paradise floor. The lovelies in silver lace are worth the price of admission.

The spirit of Alice Foote MacDougall lives on. The Midston House, at Madison Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street, has opened up a Whaler's Bar that is a decorator's dream come true. A replica of a Cape Cod tavern, it has bobbing boats seen through port holes, moss-covered piles, oaken beams, marlin spikes and anything you might find in a chandler's shop. The rum, however, like the rest of the grog, comes in bottles. We imagine the spot will be on every tourist list, second to the Rockefeller Roof.

La Rue, 45 East Fifty-eighth Street, goes its disdainful way with a steady winter clientele. The room is prettily decorated and the music by Joseph C. Smith is excellent for dancing. The food is of the best in town. But as we noted, the austere Peter has a selected clientele and if you don't fall into his favor, you will do better at Childs.

Isham Jones, one of the town's most popular dance band leaders, is at the Lincoln Hotel, playing for dinner and supper dancing in the Blue Room. This tavern has proved one of the pleasanter spots of the Times Square district, specializing on food above the hotel average.



The ski-ers and many who think they can ski are getting out the wax for the Sun Valley season which begins December 21st. What with the dictators abroad and such, the Idaho version of St. Moritz has become one of the world's fashionable sport centers. You can reach Sun Valley either from Ketcham or Shoshone, the latter providing the best bus accomodations.

The St. Regis moves slowly from Russia and in the interim calls the Masionette Russe a Polish rendevous. A Polish chef has been brought from Paris and Borsht gives way to Zupa Grzybowa. The dancers now are in Polish costumes but the orchestra covers more ground, being the Gypsy one of Codolban. The handsome Iridium Room, with Emil Coleman, still attracts the ultra-smart of the town for the formal occasions.

The New Yorker, host to the travelling millions, has brought in a completely new ice show for their Terrace restaurant in conjunction with Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra featuring Pee Wee Hunt and Kenny Sargent. The new skating show will include Duke and Noble, comedians on ice, and the New Yorker Ice Ballet. The Raleigh Room of the Hotel Warwick have kept on Frank Novak and his string band. An intimate entertainment runs through the cocktail and supper hours, a cover charge having been added for the latter. . . . The St. Moritz is shining with a new coat of paint and metal in its Café de la Paix. The dance orchestras vary from month to month with just enough entertainment to give the waiters a rest. . . . The Hawaiian Room of the Hotel Lexington never lets up in its atmosphere. If you are not getting a lei around your neck you are packing up cocoanuts to take home. The latter come with the maison specialty, a mixture of gin, pineapple juice and cocoanut milk served in the shell.

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BEFORE you step out into the coming festive season, look at all these finely styled Jarmans. Their authenticity in leather and in line is the result of the Jarman style staff's careful check on the very latest trends in men's wear. Whatever you wear, tweed, cheviot or serge . . . wherever you appear, party, office or at sports events . . . the smarter styling in Jarman shoes will better your appearance.

To the Ladies: We've made it easy for you to give a most unusual (and useful) gift to the man who heads your shopping list. The Jarman Gift Certificate presented to *him* on Christmas morn will allow him to go to the nearest Jarman dealer and get the thrill of choosing just the style he wants from Jarman's wide range of styles. Christmas Gift Certificates come in a holiday miniature shoe box. They're at all Jarman dealers now. JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, Nashville, Tenn.

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Among others, Sherman Billingsley has come to realize that there are men who like to drink, sans rumba, sans mirrors and lights. His new annex, leading from the main room of the Stork, is aimed at the quiet drinkers. The decor is subdued, the music comes to you muted by distance and you will be spared celebrities, there being no spot lights in the room. A welcome addition to the town.

The Carlyle, on Madison at Seventy-sixth Street, one of the few uptown outposts, have enlarged their bar and cocktail lounge. The decor is a little fussy but one shouldn't complain when the cases are so few. A feature of the bar's opening was a movie star of about sixth magnitude, who wore the usual dark glasses. So well did the disguise work that not even the press agent could find her when camera time came around.

Of the fifty-seven varieties of food emporiums run by the maestros that feed the Rockefeller Center population, we find the little restaurant at 24 West Fifty-fifth one of the pleasantest. The decorations are unobtrusive, the service excellent and the food in the higher brackets. There is no name to the place, so you will look for the number or remember that it is situated in the new apartments.

The staid Plaza knows what its clientele dotes upon. Again they have Eddie Duchin and his orchestra with Paul Draper in the beautiful Persian Room. For the cocktail hour Vincent Bragale's orchestra holds forth except on Saturdays when Duchin takes over.

On week day nights Harolds, on Eagle Rock Avenue, West Orange, is comfortably filled with men who went to Princeton twenty years ago and their wives. But at weekends the current enrollment takes over and the place assumes the air of one of those campus joints the thinning-haired alumnus never forgets. Harolds sprawls all over the place, little smoke-filled rooms and raftered rooms, a separate lunch wagon and a private ice rink. Freshmen sit and exchange profundities over their beer and visiting Yale men (a few are tolerated) buy champagne. Casting directors for a beauty chorus might well take a look in at Harolds.

The Rainbow Room, atop the R. C. A. Building, has shaken off its store clothes and small-time vaudeville stunts that assail it during the summer, and again it is its old formal self. Our favorite, Sheila Barrett, is there most of the time despite the Southern belles who don't like to be imitated. Al Donahue and his band furnish the dance music.

Zig has returned to The Brook, at Summit, New Jersey, after a grand tour of the continent. Zig wanted to see where the stuff was grown. He was most impressed by the cellars in Vienna of Newburger Grumpfold Skirchen, and hopes to retire there in his old age. It is an excellent wine of that category and even a pleasant tipple for after-dinner drinking.

It was the Baron and Baroness Cacace who first told us of the Vesuvio, 163 West Forty-eighth Street. The chef at the Vesuvio cooks lazagna and manicotti almost as well as does the Baron himself. Lazagna is a grand dish, especially when aided and abetted by a bottle of Barolo or Nebbiola. The Vesuvio is not to be confused with the table d'hote Italian places; it ranks with the Red Devil and The Bat, serving the actual native dishes. The wine list is the most extensive Italian list we have seen in the city.

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BACARDI COCKTAIL—*the correct recipe:* Juice of half-a-lime, half-teaspoonful of sugar, a jigger of Bacardi, plenty of ice and shaking. *NOTE: The N. Y. Supreme Court ruled (April 28, 1936) that Bacardi Cocktails MUST be made with Bacardi Rum!*

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FOR MEN
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Esquire Reader

(and Esquire Reader's wife)

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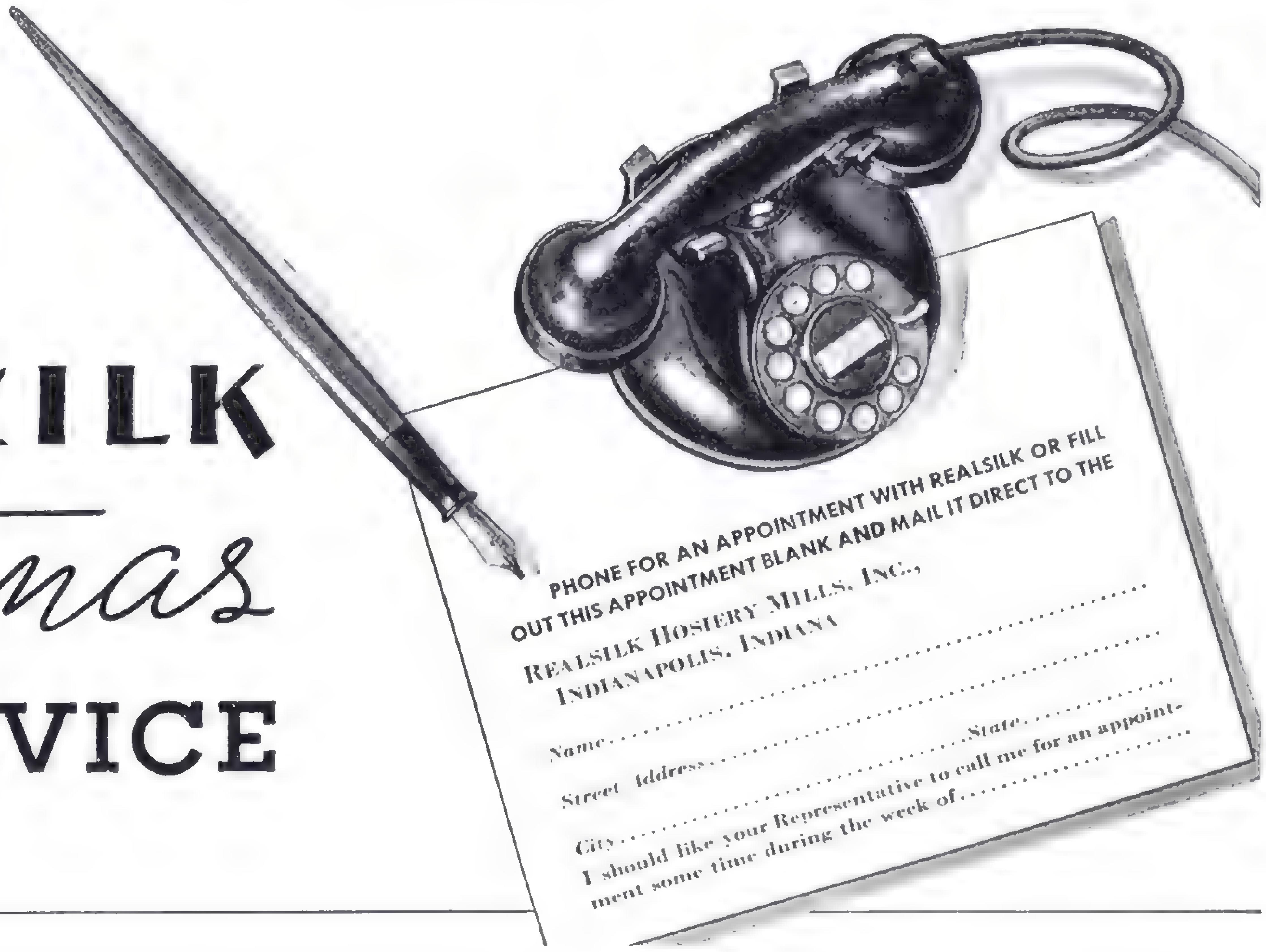

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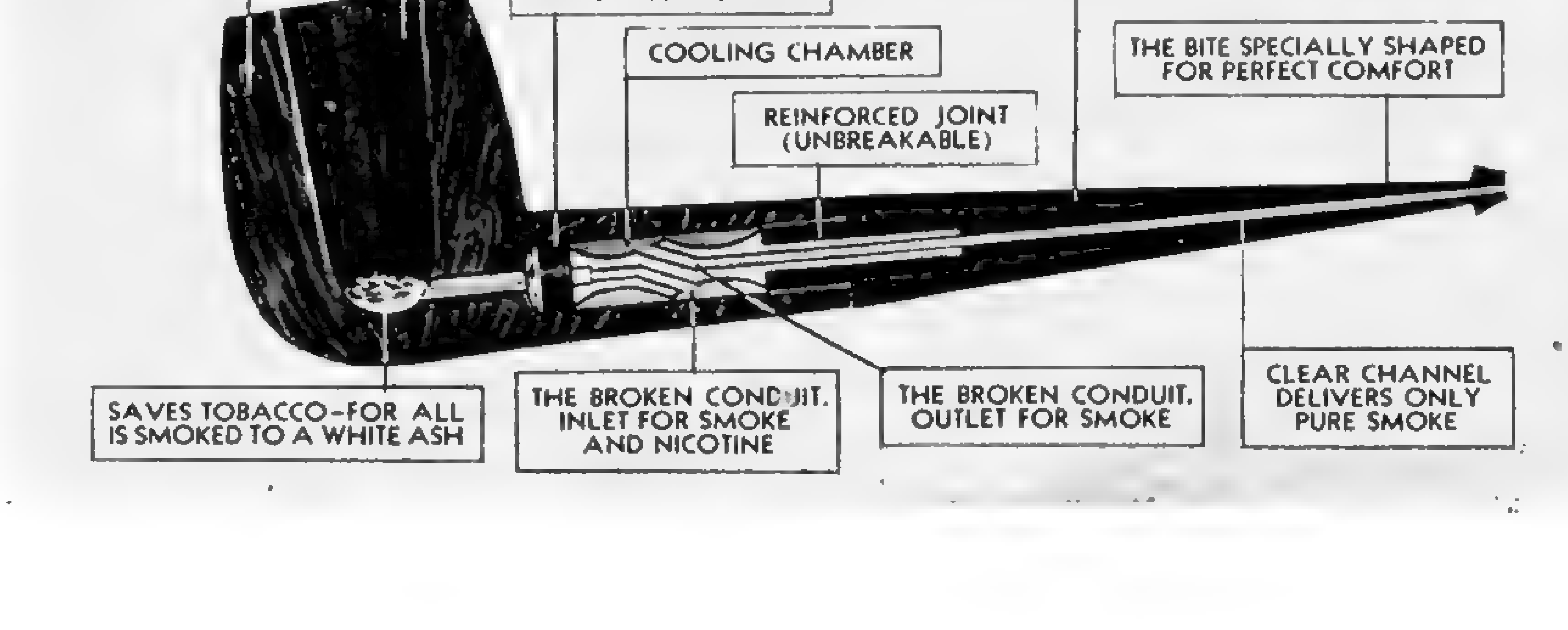
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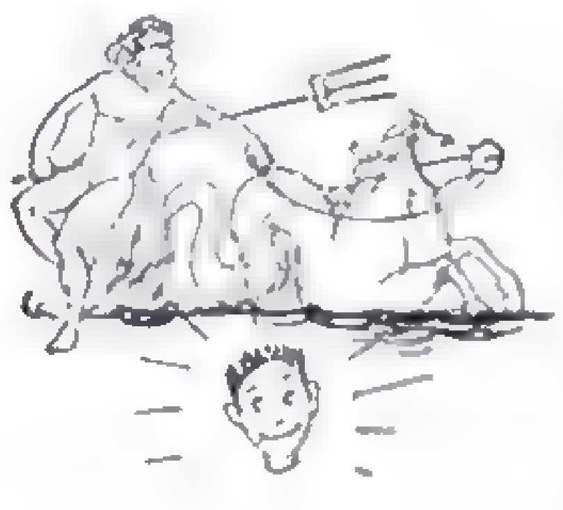
148 Princess Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

The votes are not all in, but the indications point to the Spanish influence being the prevailing one this winter. The Russian surge, which tried pretty hard to recapture some of the popularity that met it a decade ago, has petered out. Only the several actual native white and red restaurants remain. We suppose the Spanish stuff is due somewhat to the war and primarily to the fact that the rumba, or Son, is such a swell dance for gaiety. When a good Cuban orchestra gets into its gourds and drums, even the fattest travelling salesman feels he has the grace of a bull fighter. Club Yumuri, on Broadway above Fifty-second Street, is still the center of the town's Cuban culture. Somewhat unpretentious as to decor and surroundings, it manages to create and hold an authentic atmosphere. Perhaps because the Cuban dignitaries are usually there, perhaps because of the lusty joy of Ramon Arechabala, head of the Havana Club Rum, who never seems to leave the place. The musicians love it too; one night recently we saw five of the town's leading orchestra leaders intently watching the rhythms of the incomparable Eliseo Grenet, composer and leader of the Yumuri Club band. The new show, which is not overlong or boring, boasts some of the top Spanish entertainers, George Negrete, baritone and Master of Ceremonies, Rosita Ortega, justly famous dancer as well as Miss Diosa Costello and Monchito.



We would be willing almost to be a commuter, as it would bring us daily near the Grand Central Oyster Bar and restaurant. As it now stands, whenever we feel the Neptune urge, we go down to the caverns on the lower level and fill up with larger size oysters (perhaps the biggest in captivity) and top that off with a lobster thermidor. A bottle of Grand Chablis goes well with the oysters, with Pouilly Fuisse holding up the lobster.

The real gourmet should have at least one meal of every nationality, including the Greek. The latter is doubly necessary so that he may taste of the stuff that inspired Homer when he smote his bloomin' lyre. And as a taster of many sorts, we go on record as finding great delight in Demestica, a very dry white wine, or Mavrodaphne. With a few bottles of either under your belt, you could start right out on the Iliad. We asked the Honorable George Chryssikos, of the Greek Consulate, for guidance and he sent us to the Apollo, 259 West Forty-second Street. Better let the proprietor translate for you as the fare is heavy. Their way of serving vegetables and meats in grape leaves is excellent. And for a final bracer we recommend the native brandy, Metaxa.

On the very spot where Mary Murray once plied the British Generals with slings and flips until they were pie-eyed, and the American Rebels were safe behind the barricades on Harlem Heights, ladies now sing ribald songs about virgins on mountains. We wonder if Mary Murray thinks her bravery worth-while. Anyhow, the Hotel White thinks so and every afternoon you can hear the songs while you drink and look at Mary's portrait. The White is at Thirty-seventh on Lexington.

A smoking car joke usually vanishes into the air and is as emphemeral as the clouds from the Havanas. But a song of the same category—ah, there you have permanence. Noting that Dwight Fiske, who has been knocking them off their aplomb for years, is again at the Savoy Plaza for the season. The Savoy's café lounge, with Fiske at the piano, is one of the gayer smart places of the town.

MADAME VEUVE CLICQUOT 1777-1866

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HOLIDAY FUN!
Be of good cheer...dine deliciously, dance delightfully...in New York's gayest, most Continental rendezvous...enjoy good food, enchanting music, exciting atmosphere.
Dinner and Supper Dancing Nightly
Delightful Entertainment
RESTAURANT de la PAIX
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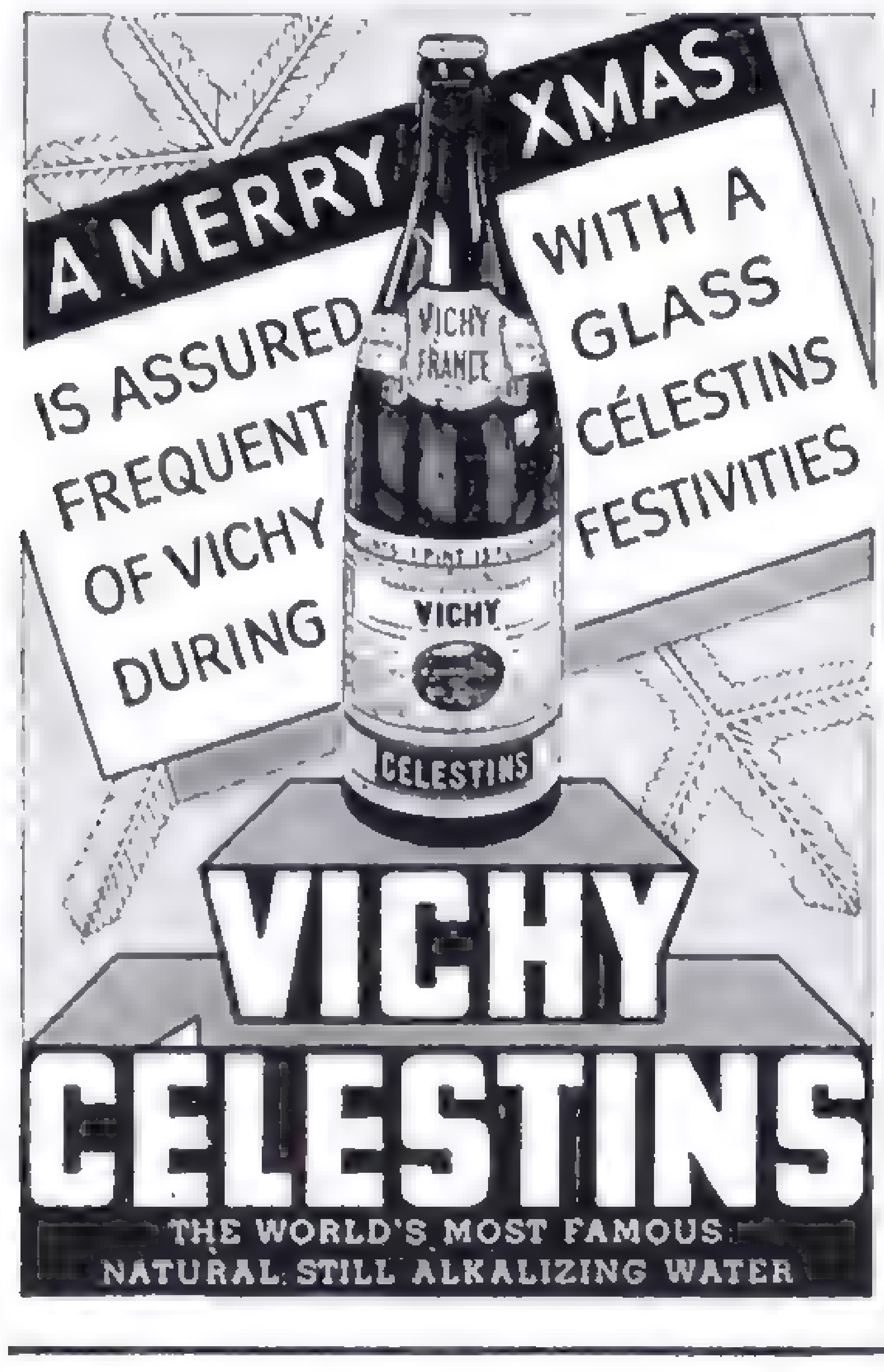
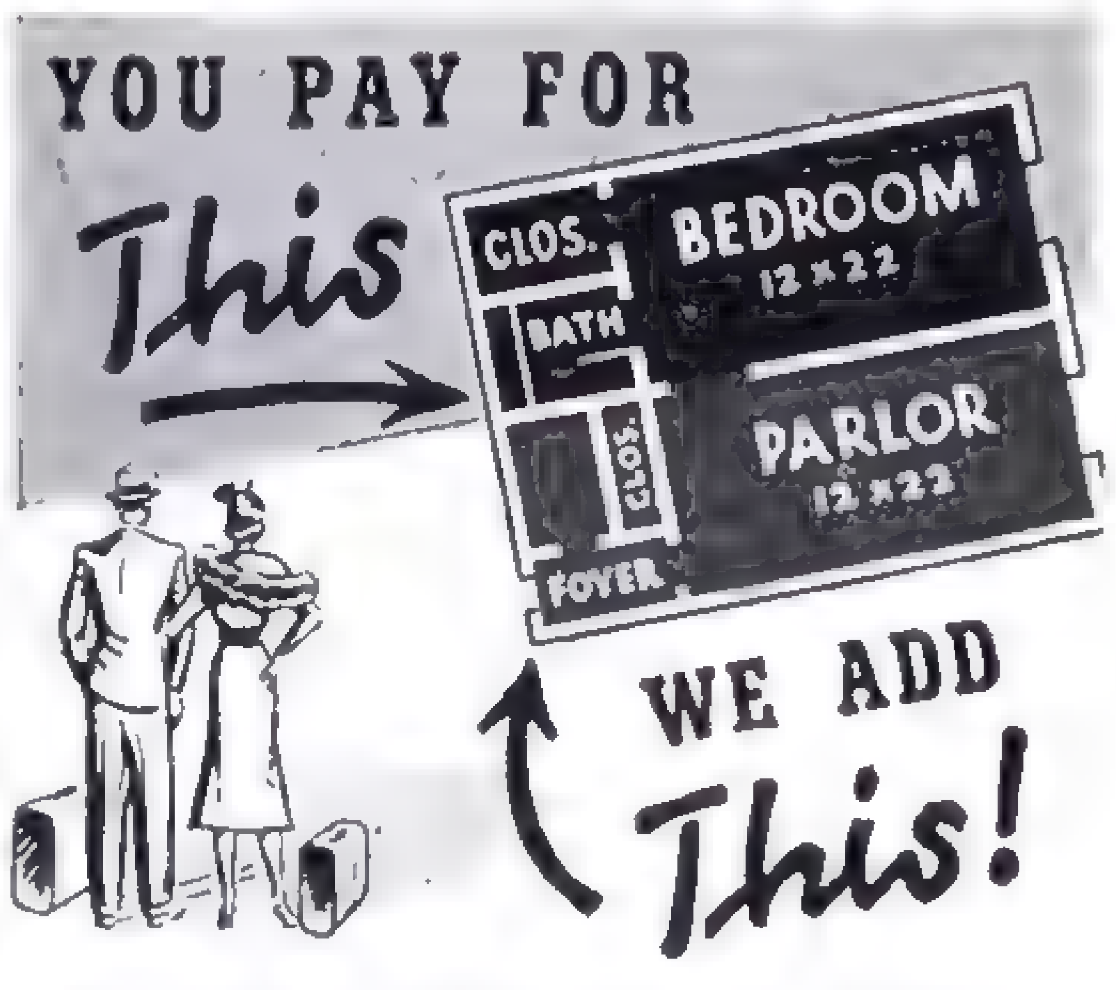
Personal Direction: S. Gregory Taylor



A MERRY XMAS IS ASSURED WITH A FREQUENT GLASS OF VICHY CÉLESTINS DURING FESTIVITIES
VICHY CÉLESTINS
THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS NATURAL STILL ALKALIZING WATER



Fact! You usually pay $6 and up for a double room and bath at most New York hotels. Here at the Park Central you enjoy a large, roomy suite—parlor, bedroom and bath—for the same price, *with no charge for a second person!*

Make the Park Central your New York home. From $3.50 the Largest Single Rooms in New York; Double Rooms $5.00 up. Special Monthly Rates.

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1600 ROOMS WITH RADIO AND CIRCULATING ICE WATER
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PARK CENTRAL HOTEL

NEW FLAVOR FOR YOUR
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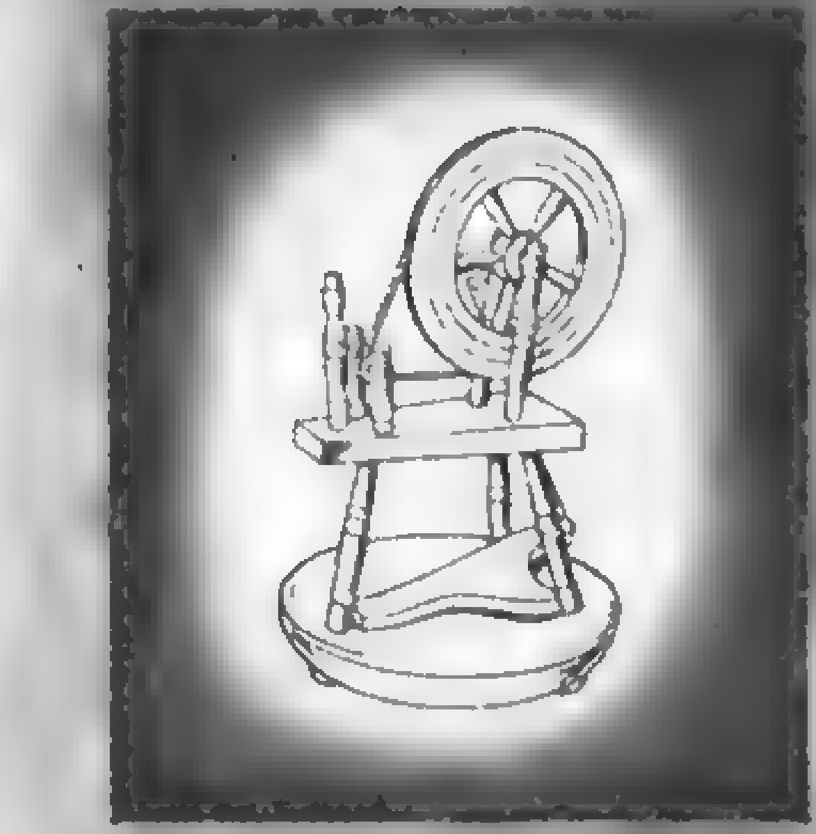
Odd Facts of Old Boston

FREE 1000 MINIATURE REPRODUCTIONS 10" HIGH OF OLD SPINNING WHEEL THAT ACTUALLY WORKS FOR 1000 BEST LETTERS ON "WHY OLD MR. BOSTON FINE LIQUORS REFLECT THE QUALITY TRADITIONS OF OLD BOSTON."
OLD MR. BOSTON, DEPT. E 12, BOSTON, MASS.

This offer good until Dec. 12th but not in states where such offers are prohibited.



Smokers' Haven

In 1851, smoking was forbidden in any street in Old Boston under the penalty of a substantial fine. The mayor, who was a cigar smoker himself, created a smokers' hide-out on Boston Common.

The First Hot Dogs

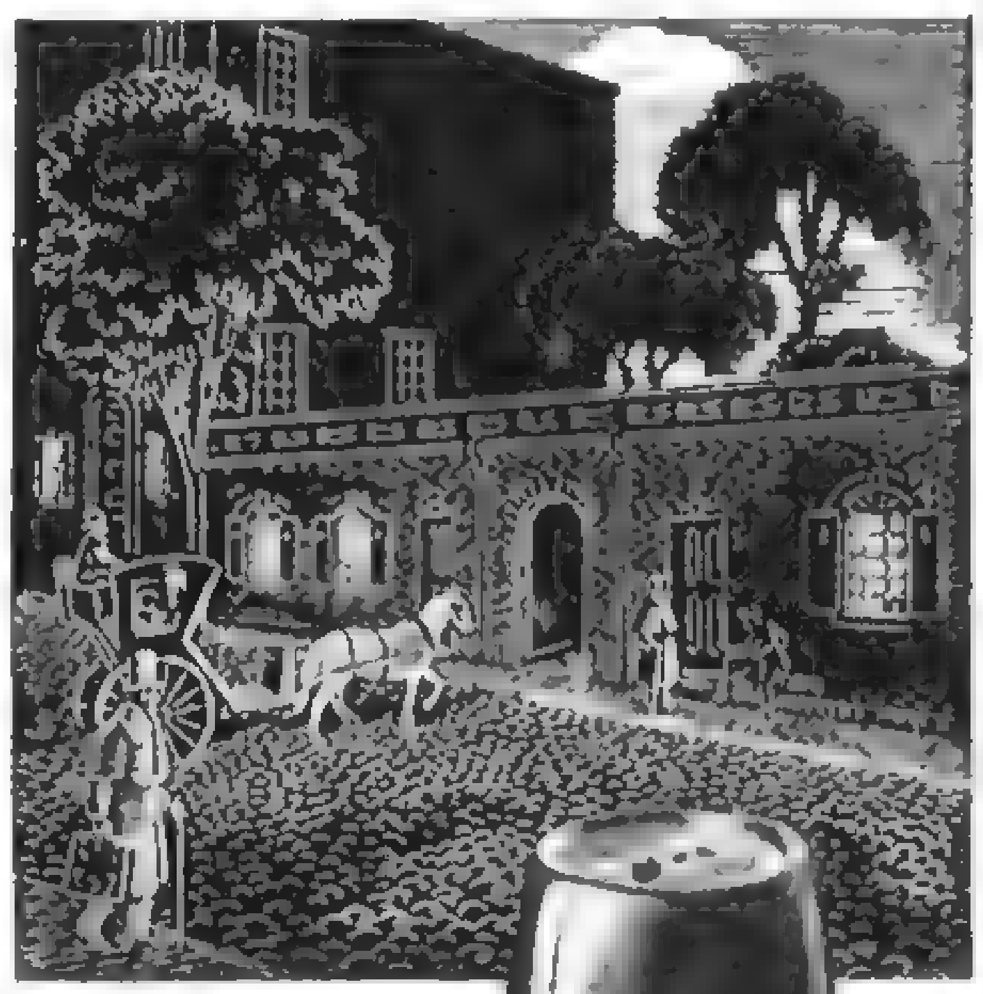
It was some years before stoves were installed in town meeting halls. Women used to take hot potatoes to serve as hand-warmers, and men brought dogs as foot-warmers for which there was a charge of sixpence per dog.

Her Weight in Gold

When John Hull's daughter, Hannah, was married, he promised that her dowry should be her weight in pine-tree shillings. She "weighed in" at 125 pounds which came to about 10,000 shillings—or approximately $2,500 for her dowry.

Just 100 Years Ago

Because of a 100-year-old law, a beautiful building, housing an exclusive club, had to be constructed so that a narrow passageway directly through its center could always be kept open for the passage of cattle and carriages.



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307 YEARS HAVE CHANGED MANY THINGS IN OLD BOSTON BUT NOT THE OLD-TIME VIRTUES OF HONEST CRAFTSMANSHIP. NO CABINETMAKER OR SILVERSMITH OF OLD BOSTON WAS EVER MORE PROUD OF HIS CRAFT THAN THE EXPERTS WHO GUARD THE QUALITY OF OLD MR. BOSTON STRAIGHT WHISKEY . . . BUY A BOTTLE TONIGHT.

Old
MR. BOSTON
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100 PROOF STRAIGHT WHISKEY
RYE OR BOURBON
TWO YEARS OLD

OLD MR. BOSTON
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
THIS WHISKEY IS TWO YEARS OLD
BOURBON WHISKEY

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IF HE'S A MAN OF Action—
Albert Richard
THE COAT OF THE STARS
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ALBERT RICHARD SPORTSWEAR
FOR HIM
THE COAT OF THE STARS
The ARgonaut
GIVE HIM A GENUINE
Action FIT COAT!

Two Gifts in One!

$20.00 **The ARGONAUT**
(featured in Christmas window)

...in a Handsome Utility Gift Box

The ARgonaut brown capeskin blouse... with raglan sleeves, top collar and trim of pure knit worsted. Packed in handsome, polished wood UTILITY BOX with compartments for ties, handkerchiefs and other accessories. Complete with box.

The ARISTOCRAT

Soft, rich suede, with collar and facing of smooth leather. Tailored like a fine custom-made coat. Double-breasted; belted-back with gussets; star rayon yoke; patch pockets. *ACTION* FIT styling for smartness and ease. Colors—navy blue, gray, cocoa, chestnut and dark brown.

$22.50

The ARCADIAN

New double-breasted mackinaw with convertible collar and detachable zipper hood. Extra long—34 inches. Inverted-pleat back and Zephyr raglan sleeve for *ACTION* FIT. 32-ounce woolens in exclusive patterns from $9.95 to $40.00, including genuine Hudson's Bay coats. The pattern illustrated, in brown, red or blue.

$17.50

Other models from $9.95 up; also many styles for boys.

Give him *more* than a good-looking sport coat this Christmas . . . give him an Albert Richard—the *only* coat with *ACTION* FIT! It's something new... a revolutionary idea in sportswear that brings complete ease—unhindered athletic freedom—in the most strenuous game. Whether you choose a capeskin blouse . . . a handsome suede cossack . . . or a colorful mackinaw—each tailored with the precision of fine custom-made clothes—to be sure it's a genuine "Coat of the Stars," look for the name Albert Richard! This page shows only a few of the many new Albert Richard leather and woolen coats now on display at leading stores. If your store doesn't have them, write us direct and we'll see that you're supplied promptly. State your size, style you want, color and kind of leather. Enclose check or money order.

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DEALERS—write for catalog

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Ken will see . . .

Ken will find . . .

Ken will scent . . .

Ken will expose . . .

Ken will explain . . .

Ken will announce . . .

Ken will interpret . . .

Ken will illuminate . . .

George Jo Mess

. . . the truth behind the facts

. . . the story behind the news

. . . the cause behind the effect

. . . the stuffing behind the shirts

. . . the news behind the newsprint

. . . the deals behind the diplomacy

. . . the lies behind the propaganda

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. . Ken will know . . Ken will dare . . Ken will tell

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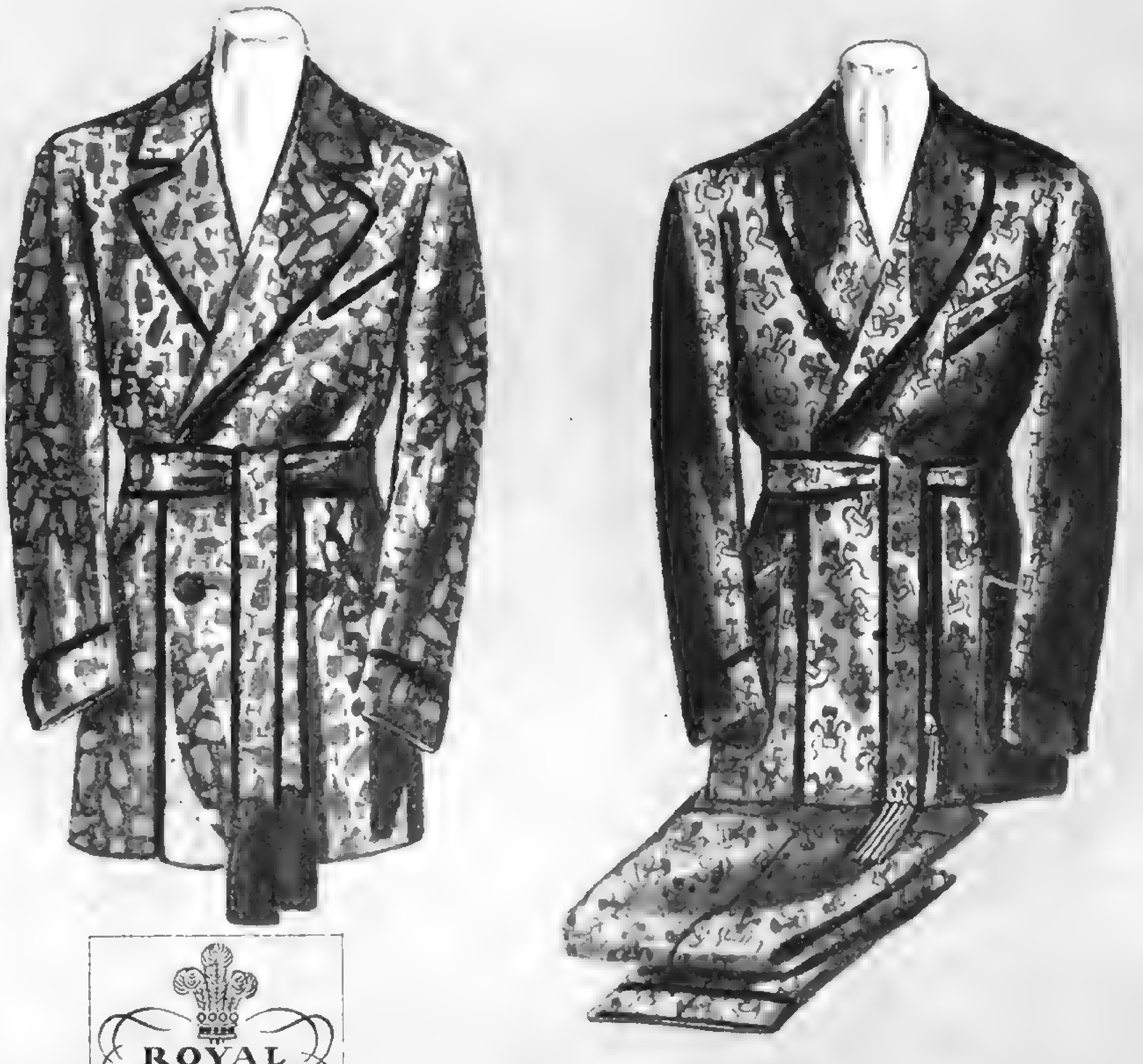
IN *Royal* BROCADE

LUXURIOUS CELANESE*



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BROCADE
A
CELANESE
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FABRIC
Tailored by
ROYAL

A robe, cocktail jacket or lounge suit, smartly styled and superbly tailored by Royal, will give untold hours of pleasure to any man. There's a great variety of exclusive registered designs from which to choose. And by the way, if you don't think you'll receive one as a gift, why not buy one for yourself—real lounging luxury "from you to you"!

ROYAL ROBES, Inc., 1350 Broadway, New York

Royal Robe
Royal brocade-luxurious Celanese* piped with contrasting tones, fully lined.

Royal Cocktail Jacket
Royal brocade-luxurious Celanese* fully lined, with harmonizing satin edging.

Royal Lounge Suit
Coat and trousers of Royal brocade-luxurious Celanese*, harmonizing satin edging.

COLORS:
(For all)
Maroon, Navy
Brown, Black

SIZES:
Small, Medium
and Large

$15

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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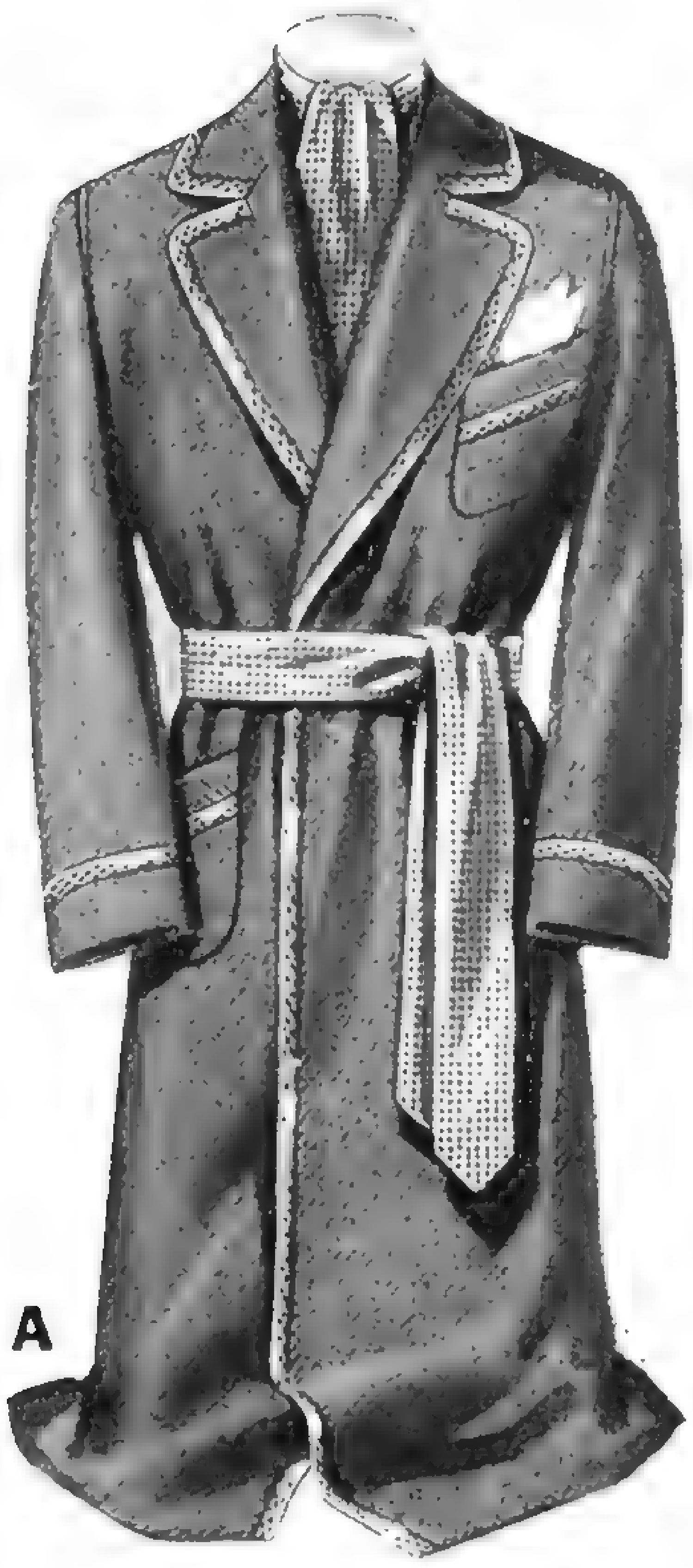

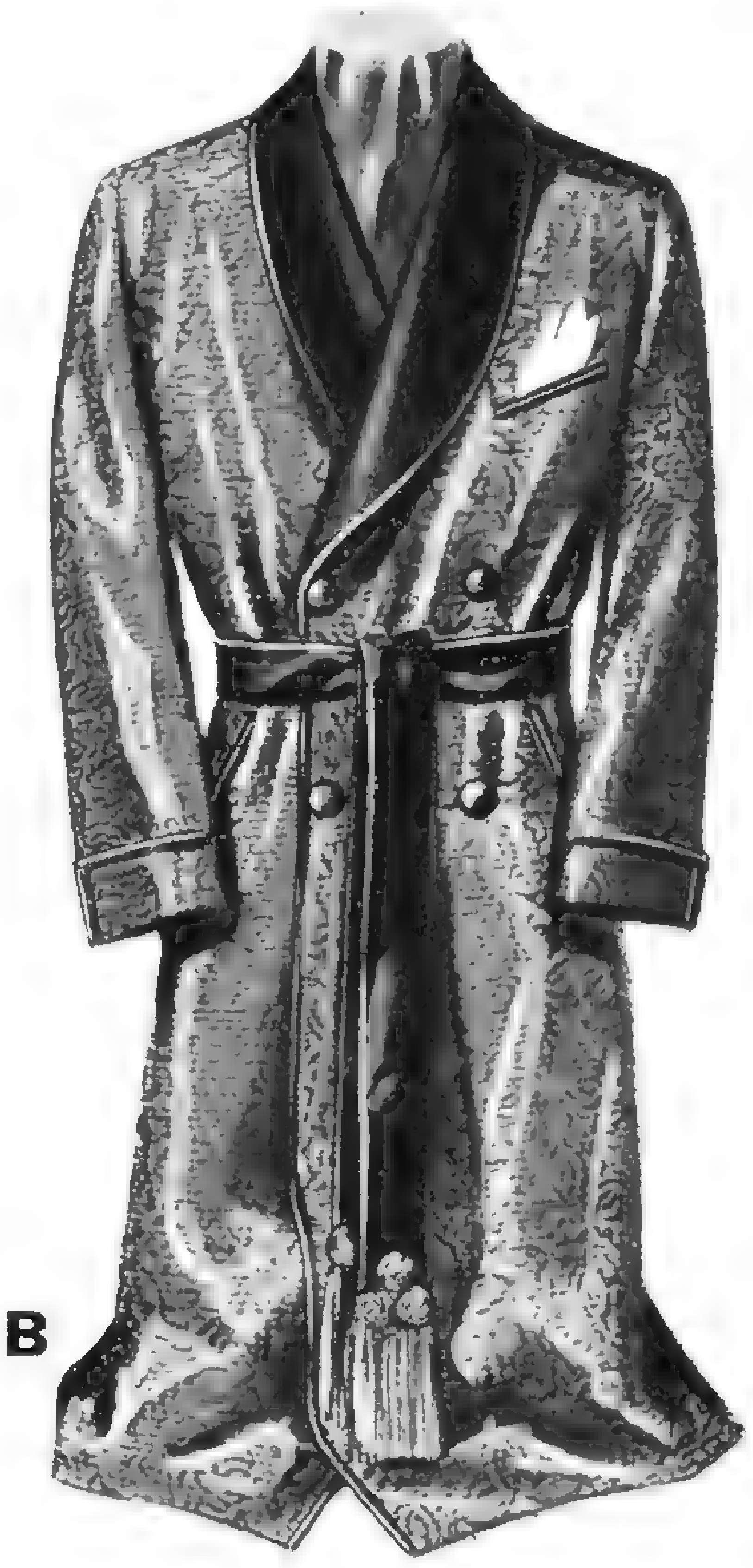

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Or Give Him a Royal Cocktail Jacket or Lounge Suit

A—ROYAL ASCOT ROBE—A new super-quality All-Wool Flannel with attached Ascot Neckerchief. Sash and Edging of Hound's Tooth Check *Celanese. Choice of Black, Navy Blue or Brown with smartly harmonizing *Celanese trim. He'll like one. . **$10**

B—ROYAL MATELASSÉ ROBE—Luxurious Silk-and-Wool with rich Satin-back Crêpe lining, trim and hand-knotted fringed Sash. Choice of Black-and White, Black-and-Navy or Black-and-Wine. . **$20**

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E—ROYAL "LOUNGER" ROBE—A fine-quality All-Wool Flannel in a smart, buttonless Wrap-Around model. Choice of Navy Blue or Maroon with White piping. A rich gift moderately priced. . . **$5.95**

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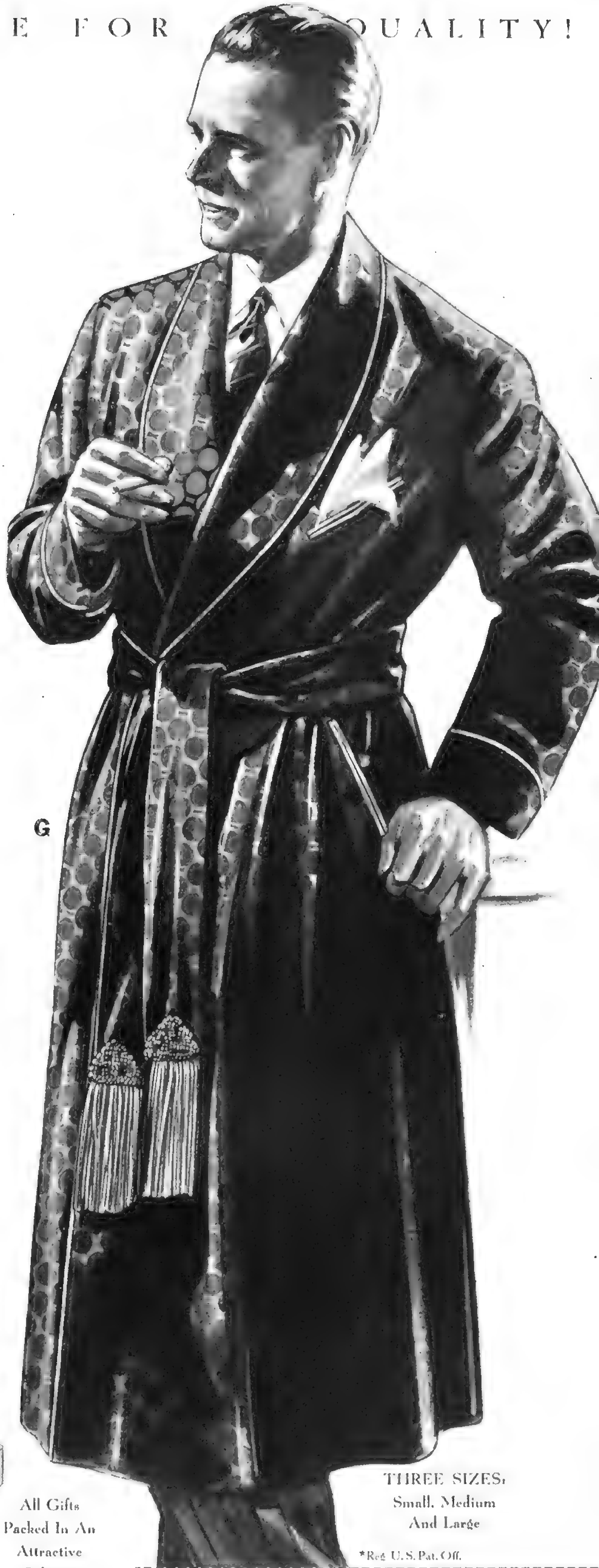
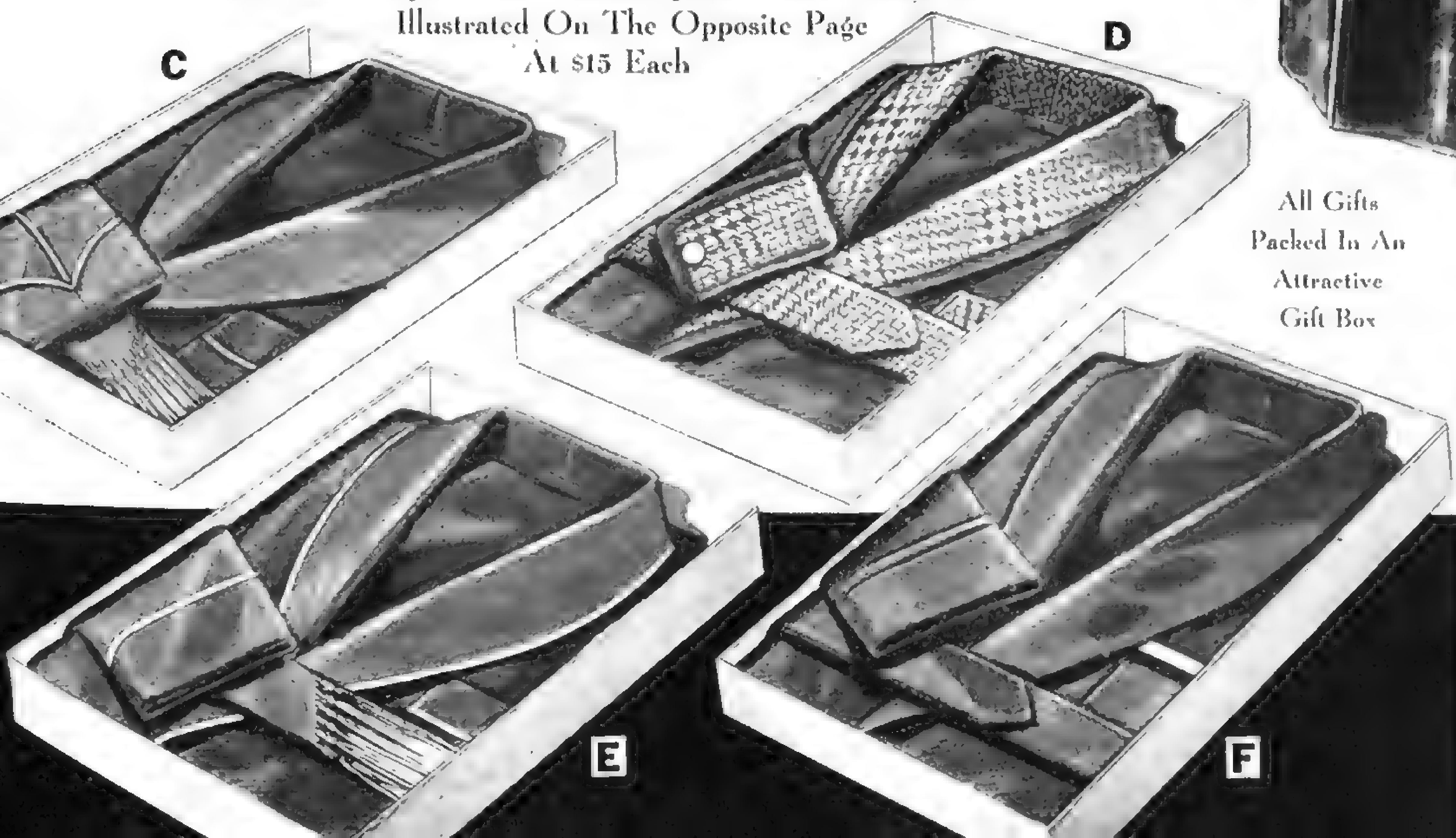


Also The Royal Robe, Cocktail Jacket And Lounge Suit
Illustrated On The Opposite Page
At $15 Each



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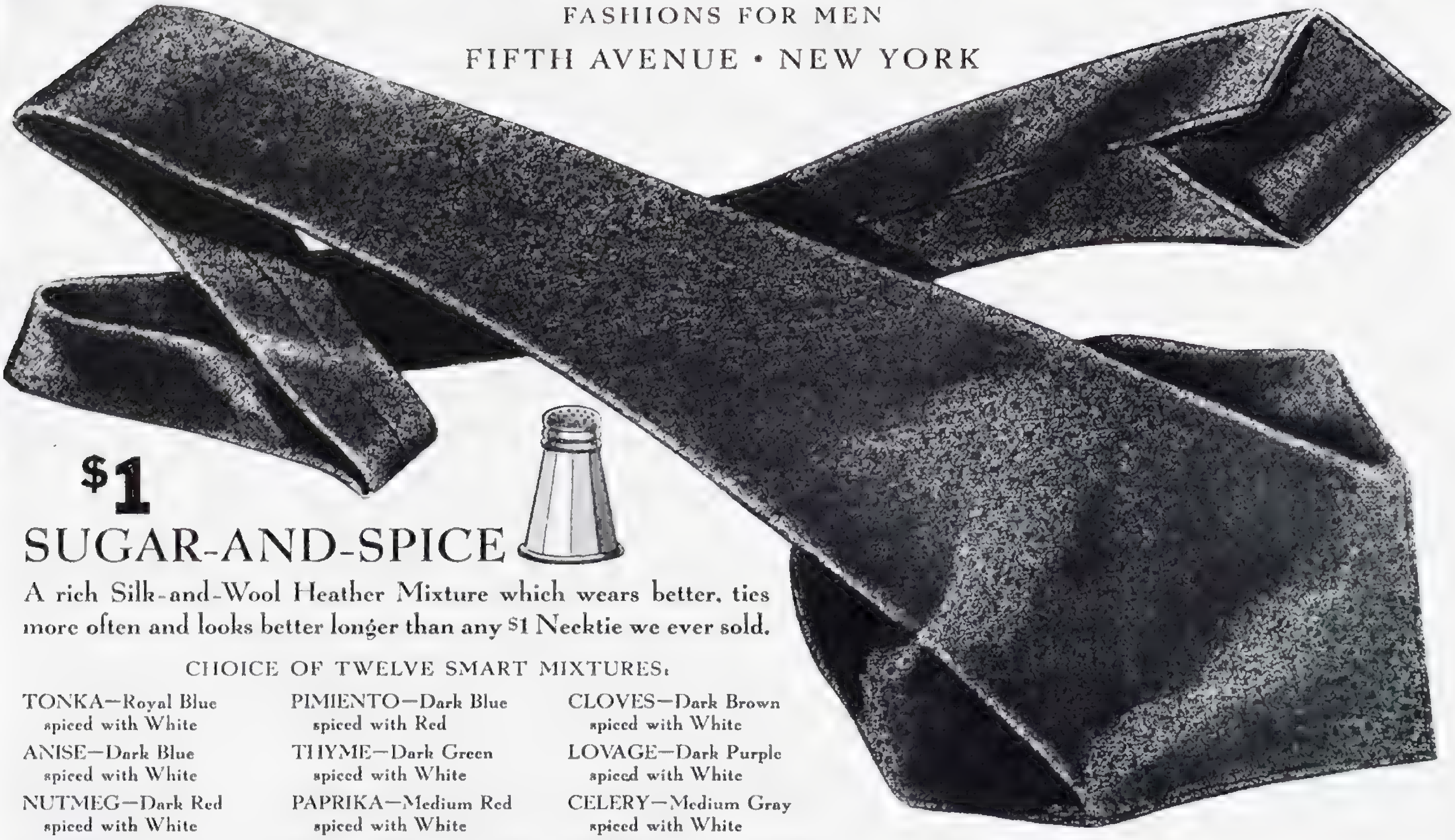

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SUGAR-AND-SPICE

A rich Silk-and-Wool Heather Mixture which wears better, ties more often and looks better longer than any $1 Necktie we ever sold.

CHOICE OF TWELVE SMART MIXTURES:

TONKA—Royal Blue spiced with White
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NUTMEG—Dark Red spiced with White
CAYENNE—Copper Brown spiced with White
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BLUE POPPY—Bright Blue spiced with White
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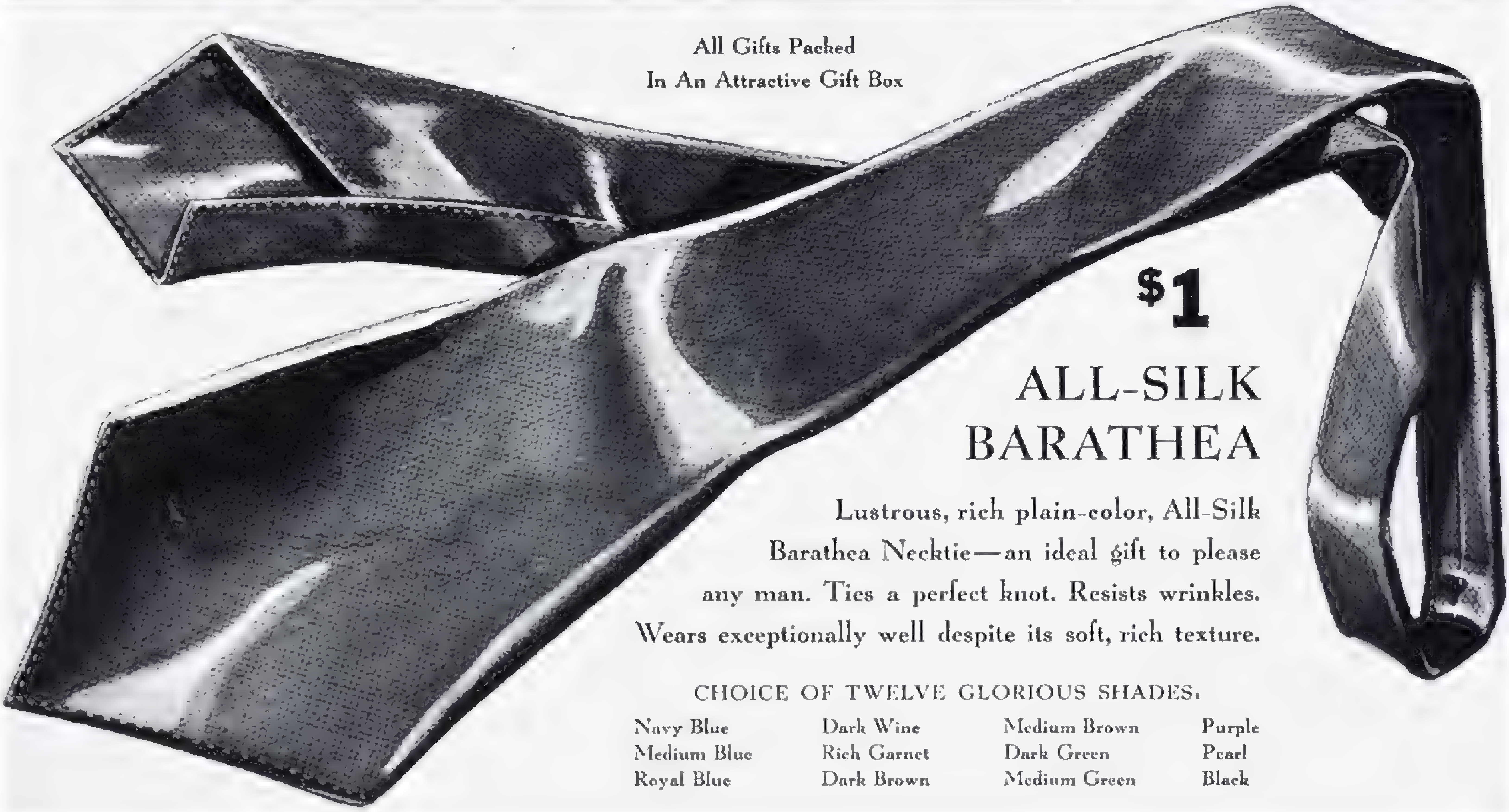
PEPPER-AND-SALT—Black spiced with White

He Will Like These Neckties For Christmas

WOVEN BY STEHLI—MADE BY SUPERBA
ON SALE AT ALL JᴼHN DAVID STORES

Address Orders To Mail Service Dept., John David, Inc., 1271 Broadway, New York

All Gifts Packed
In An Attractive Gift Box



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ALL-SILK BARATHEA

Lustrous, rich plain-color, All-Silk Barathea Necktie—an ideal gift to please any man. Ties a perfect knot. Resists wrinkles. Wears exceptionally well despite its soft, rich texture.

CHOICE OF TWELVE GLORIOUS SHADES:

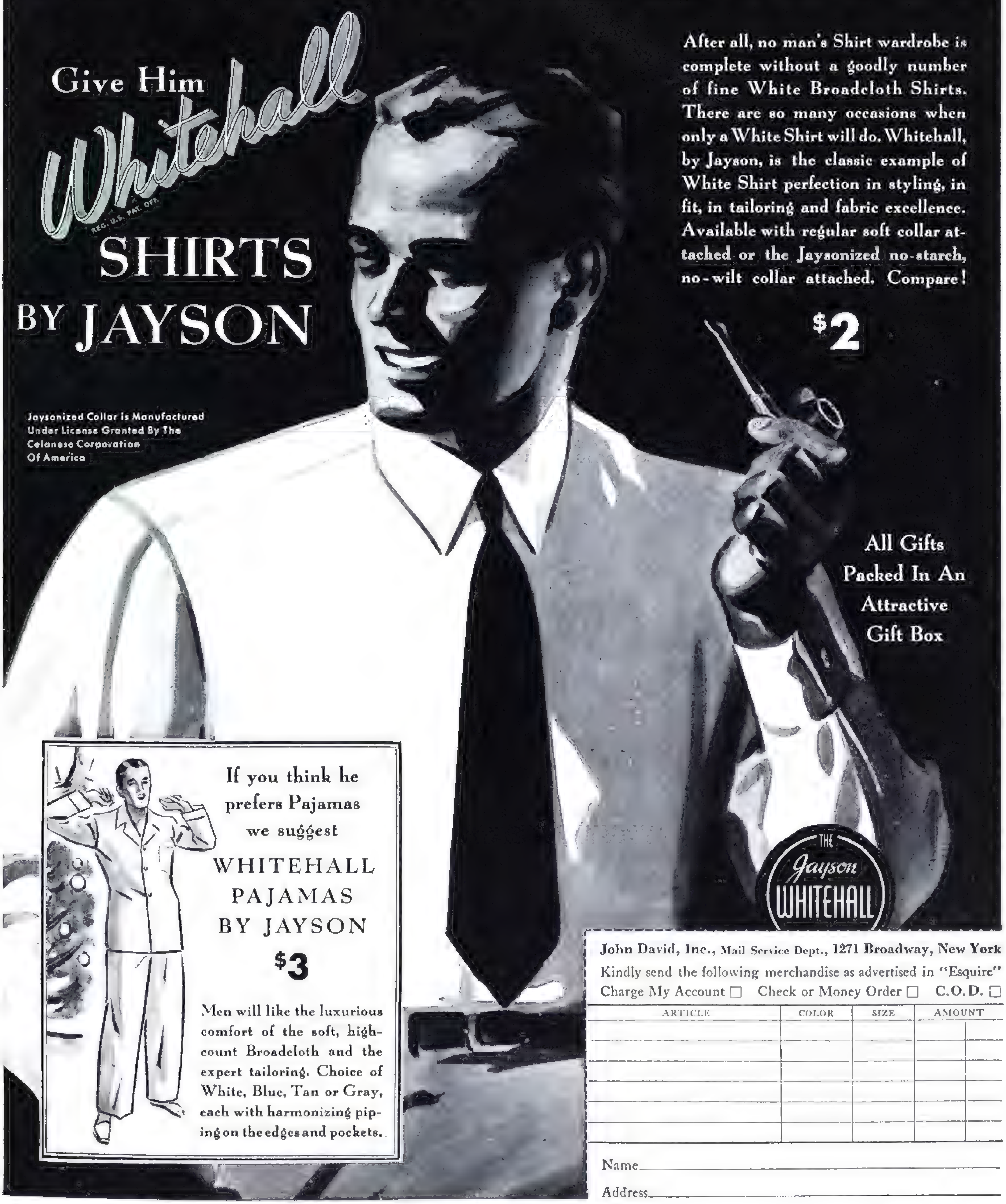
Navy Blue
Medium Blue
Royal Blue
Dark Wine
Rich Garnet
Dark Brown
Medium Brown
Dark Green
Medium Green
Purple
Pearl
Black

JOHN DAVID

FASHIONS FOR MEN

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

If you're anxious to give him Shirts he'll wear



Give Him *Whitehall* SHIRTS BY JAYSON

Jaysonized Collar is Manufactured Under License Granted By The Celanese Corporation Of America

After all, no man's Shirt wardrobe is complete without a goodly number of fine White Broadcloth Shirts. There are so many occasions when only a White Shirt will do. Whitehall, by Jayson, is the classic example of White Shirt perfection in styling, in fit, in tailoring and fabric excellence. Available with regular soft collar attached or the Jaysonized no-starch, no-wilt collar attached. Compare!

$2

All Gifts
Packed In An
Attractive
Gift Box

If you think he prefers Pajamas we suggest

WHITEHALL PAJAMAS BY JAYSON

$3

Men will like the luxurious comfort of the soft, high-count Broadcloth and the expert tailoring. Choice of White, Blue, Tan or Gray, each with harmonizing piping on the edges and pockets.

John David, Inc., Mail Service Dept., 1271 Broadway, New York

Kindly send the following merchandise as advertised in "Esquire"

Charge My Account ☐ Check or Money Order ☐ C.O.D. ☐

ARTICLE	COLOR	SIZE	AMOUNT	

Name____________________________

Address__________________________

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Comdr. R. R. Smith

COMMANDER REUBEN R. SMITH was Port Director at San Diego before his retirement a year ago. He modestly remarks that he "went through the usual grades, through revolutions in China and Nicaragua, and of course, the World War. My most thrilling moment in the war was when as Senior Naval Officer on the transport *El Oriente*, I headed the ship to ram a submarine which was just surfacing dead ahead. But it turned out to be a whale." For several years he was Director of Engineering Performances for the Navy after which he commanded the *U. S. S. Argonne*, a light minelayer division in Hawaii and a couple of destroyer divisions. He has a daughter and two sons, and discouraged the latter from becoming Naval officers. (Gold on the sleeve, none in the pocket.)

•

RONALD ELWY MITCHELL (*Christmas at the Royal Inn*, page 112) is a Welshman, educated at King's College, London and Yale University, Connecticut. He studied Icelandic at London, American speech and dramatic production at Yale. He has acted for the Welsh National Theatre and in summer stock in Michigan and Connecticut.

He has published a book about America, a novel of Welsh life, *Deep Waters* and thirteen short plays. He lives variously in Sussex, New York and Alberta.

Ronald Elwy Mitchell

•

ARNOLD RYAN, the most painstaking research worker in the art department, gave all he had to the drawing that illustrates *I Love the Engines*, on page 114. You couldn't find a better picture anywhere of an internal combustion marine Diesel. The story, however, is about low-pressure steam turbines. *Popular Mechanics* will probably laugh itself sick.

•

FRED D. STEVERS, the younger of the brothers who write about airplanes in *Conquered, Aviation's Greatest Peril*, evoked no parental cheers when he followed up his first long pants by mentioning aviation as a career. So he found an abandoned boat in San Diego Bay, equipped it with an engine from a junked Ford, and sold it for enough to pay for his first lessons.

Since then he has been an Army Pursuit flier; he has ferried mail and dude ranchers out of the Grand Tetons and served on commercial transports.

Fred D. Stevers

•

MARTIN D. STEVERS, the elder collaborator, was introduced discreetly to aviation by a French escadrille during the war, when he and some other Yank artillery officers were taken for a ride. Since then he has stuck to the typewriter in advertising, publicity, and as an encyclopedia editor. He has done two books and wishes he could fly along with his brother instead of writing about him.

•

We've been getting a lot of sneering letters from people who discovered a flaw in the October *Sound and Fury*.

The first one in came from a Miss Lila Lisson, who discovered it, with a shriek of joy, on the 14th of September—and scurried right down to the post office with this letter:

"Dear Ed:

Just head this one: From Pink to Punk—From a Sinking Heart. Honestly, Ed, was it that good—George Makaroff's (Georgi Alexandrovitch Makaroff's, in case you are interested) effusion on Page 182 of the September issue and believe it or not on Page 210 of the October issue.

In case you have been walking around with an exalted air of patting yourself on the back while managing to turn out a 250-page number for October, just cease the patting and whisper "padding." Do you know, I do believe that even those who do not write for *S. and F.* (alas there are no more left) sometimes read it, for the best things in life are free, and in Esquire, too.

But imagine the consternation of sudden fear, the despairing futility of staring reality when one suddenly discovers one's self reading word for word the immortal writing of one Georgi Alexandrovitch Makaroff in the October issue when one has just laboriously finished the September number.

Martin D. Stevers

Shame, oh shame, don't you even read it yourself? Ye Gods, and I paint pictures,

A Disillusioned Dame,
LILA LISSON
490 West End Avenue
New York City."

We'd like to say right now that it was Gus who made the error.

Gus shoved a bunch of letters at us—letters that had been set in type and jerked out of the September issue for lack of space—and told us to write some heads, in a hurry. Gus is always in a hurry. So in a resigned spirit of Ours not to reason why, ours but to do and die, we wrote them. We noticed that Makaroff's little essay had a familiar ring (Yep, we read ESQUIRE every month and like it very much), but we read our fan mail too, and every word of it is burned upon our consciousness. It didn't occur to us to question Gus. We had such faith in him.

A. Stanley Moreau

Somebody said to A. STANLEY MOREAU, with a snarl: "Why the Hell don't you write something you know? Write about policemen. Tell the world they aren't flat feet, nor fatheads—or that they are. You ought to know."

So he wrote *I Am a Police Officer*. He had been carving out essays, he explains that didn't sound like Charles Lamb, and verse that didn't sound like Edward Arlington Robinson. And he says his biography is in the story.

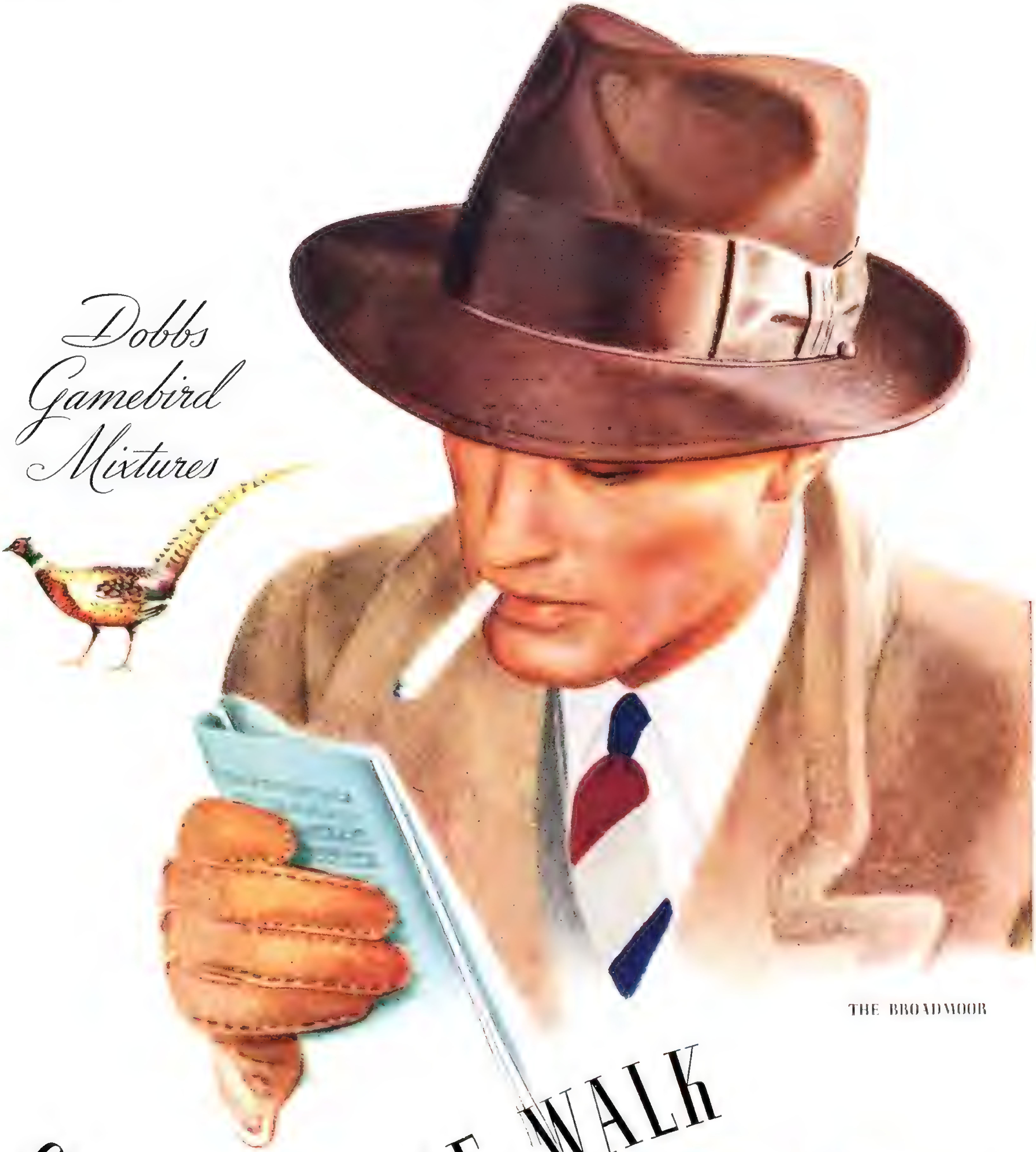
•

New Tunes for Old Wars was written from the personal experiences of EDWARD HUNTER as foreign correspondent in Manchuria, Ethiopia, the Spanish Civil Wars of 1934 and the present time. His cables from Manchuria, covering his visit to the Fushin area where every living thing, human or animal, had been massacred, were read into the minutes of the League of Nations at Geneva.

He has edited two English-language newspapers in China and was acting news editor of an English language newspaper in Tokyo, Japan.

He was sent to Europe by Hearst, to report on the French fortifications along the Maginot Line facing Germany, and the activities of the ex-Kaiser at Doorn.

Edward Hunter



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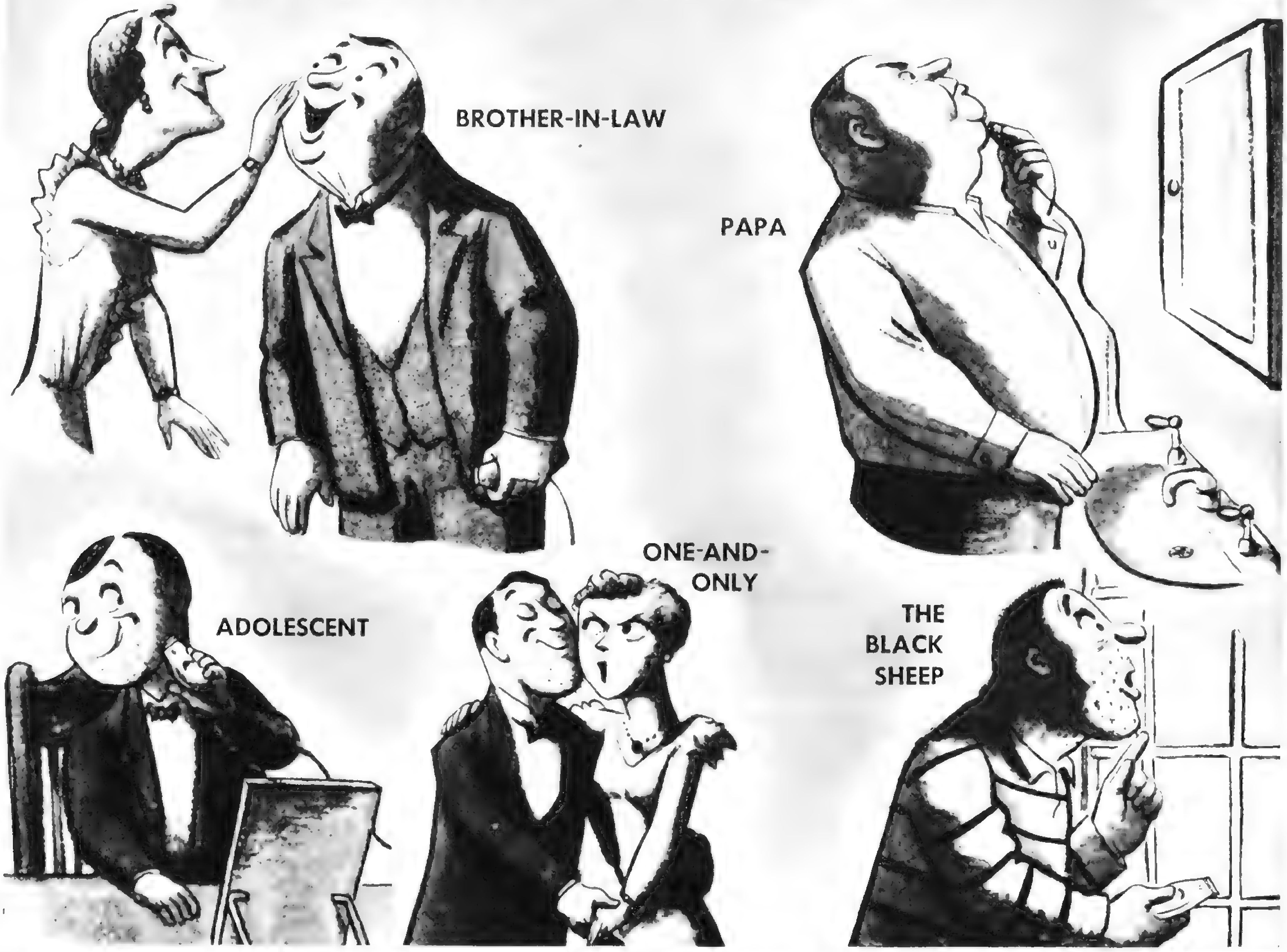
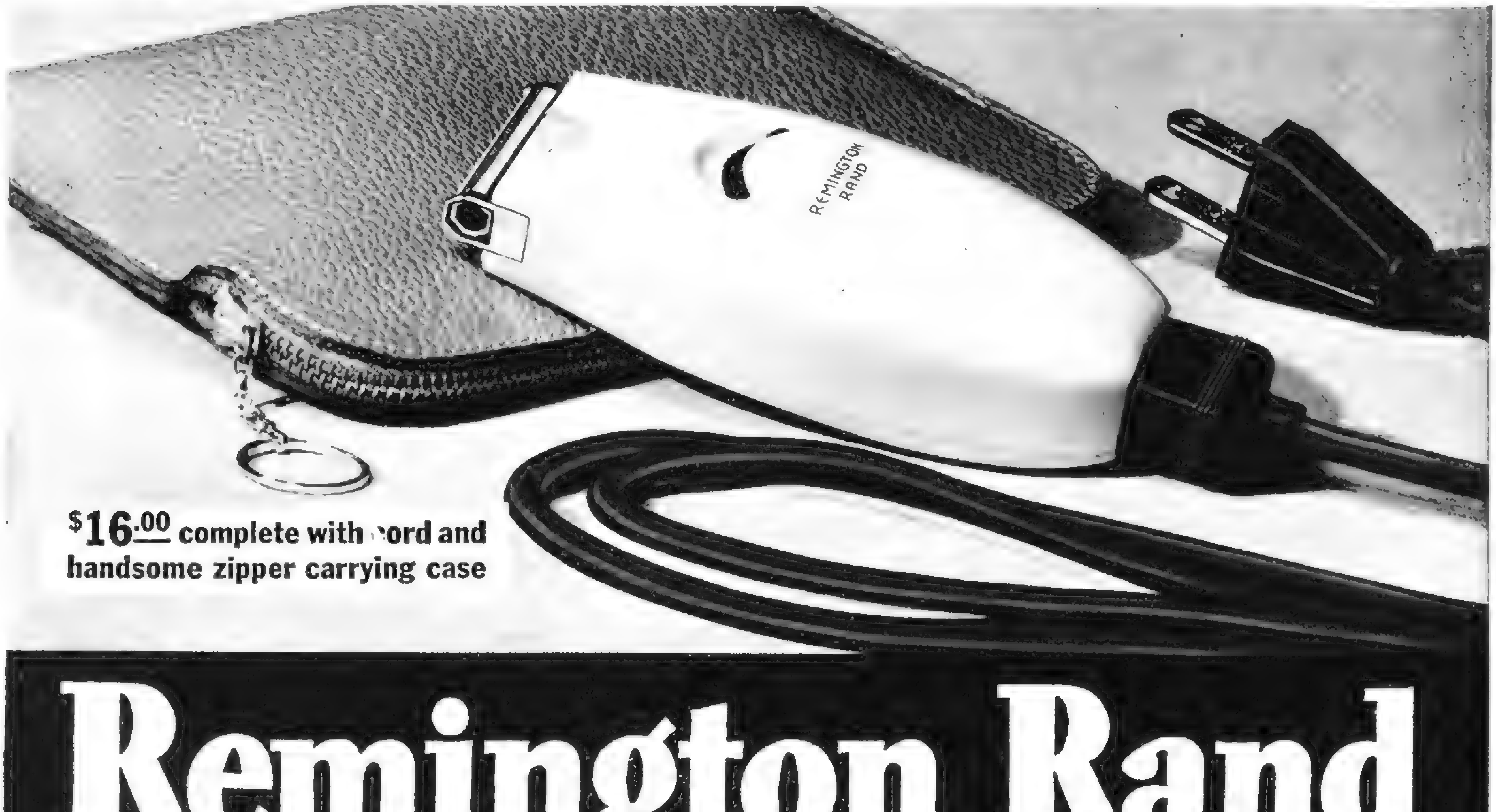

BROTHER-IN-LAW
PAPA
ADOLESCENT
ONE-AND-ONLY
THE BLACK SHEEP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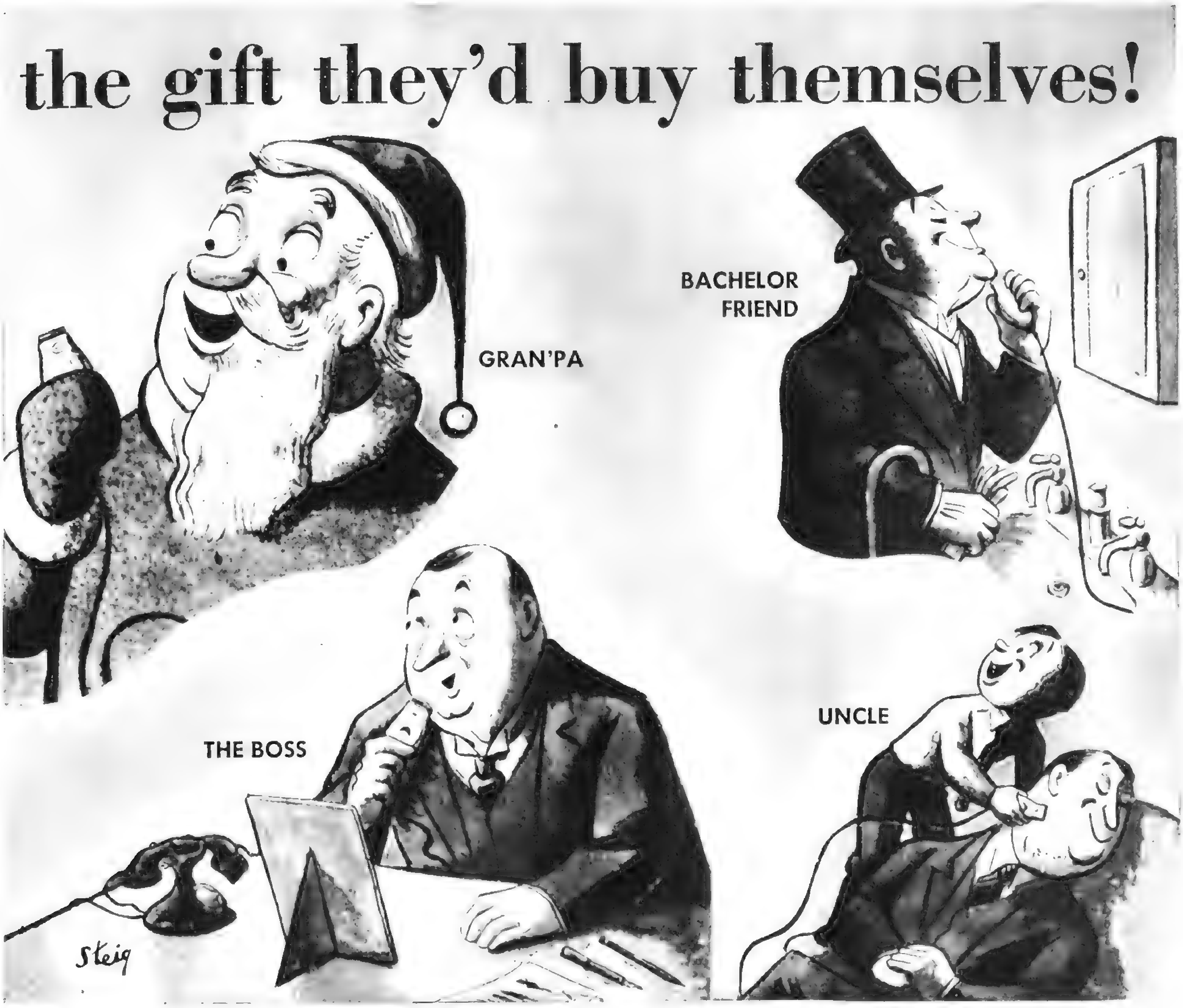

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A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND

New Tunes for Old Wars

Peace will never be achieved while diplomacies remain loftily unaware of what goes on in the war offices

by EDWARD HUNTER

ARTICLE

Nice words have lured the world back to where it was at the beginning of the century.

In 1931, I listened to diplomats and newspaper correspondents in the Yamato Hotel at Mukden declare that the entry of the Japanese Army into Manchuria was the precedent that finally would lead to resumption of the old-fashioned wars of territorial conquest between major Powers.

In 1935, in Ethiopia I listened to the same sort of people declare that the Japanese precedent had now been improved on, and brought closer to the fatal day that would move the clock back to July, 1914.

In 1936, in Spain I heard the same influential individuals declare that this precedent had now been carried one step farther, and that the path was now cleared through the jungle of post-war politics for a new World War, only on a larger scale than its predecessor.

Already, the average man expects each border incident in the Far East and each German denunciation of Czechoslovakia to be followed by the tread of an invading army that will be the signal for this new conflagration.

How did this pathetic, frightful situation come about? Did it creep unawares on an unsuspecting world? Was it the result of bungling? Is it the fruit of Machiavellian intrigue? Now that the world is on the threshold of the new World War, it might yet be of use to trace the development of the malady as a doctor would do for a patient who is threatened with a relapse into what he fears will be an incurable condition.

Japan by itself could not have caused this. All it did was to nail the first rung onto the ladder. Japan didn't even announce seizure of the territory it occupied.

Italy fastened the second rung onto the ladder when it frankly proclaimed sovereignty over the land it took.

But still, these were only colonial adventures, far from the white world. The next logical move was to bring them to Europe. This was accomplished when the third rung was put on the ladder in the form of military interference by European Powers in the affairs of another European nation. That is the significance of the Spanish tragedy.

There is only the top step left to insert. The new technique for war in conformity with the new conditions that arose in 1918 now has been completed and only awaits trial.

Yet, and this is the depressing aspect to it, there was no lack of warning as to the consequence of each of these three precedent-creating conflicts. But each time, these warnings were callously ignored as if there was a dread, snake-like fascination in these approaching conflicts that paralyzed onlookers. As early as November 11, 1931, the House of Commons listened to Geoffrey Mander proclaim with all the weight of an experienced British parliamentarian:

"It is a test question. There is no doubt that, if we fail in this issue, we are abandoning all the hope that arose out of the war, and the sacrifice of a million Englishmen, to say nothing of nine million others, who gave their lives for a great ideal, will very largely have been in vain."

His words fell on deaf ears. Hardly a newspaper reported the warning. Nobody bothered to reply.

"If Japan succeeds, it will probably be impossible in the present generation to persuade the world that this will not be the method adopted in every serious dispute in which great Powers are involved," cried out George Lansbury in the same Parliament, sadly recalling the high hopes of the peace that he had helped bring about at Versailles in 1918.

These warnings continued without cease, and without cease were as tranquilly disregarded. Lloyd George, who helped create the League, thundered in vain: "If the League fails to settle the Abyssinian question, the very last vestige of its authority has gone."

Yet the new technique for war was even then being perfected. It was seen best from the vantage points of Manchuria, Ethiopia and Spain, where it was being tried out. The basic principles of this new technique remained unchanged, only perfected, from the beginning at Mukden in 1931 right through to the end. The underlying principle was not to let one arm (the diplomacy) know what the other arm (the war office) was doing.

This was graphically illustrated by an incident that I cabled from Peiping only a few weeks after the start of hostilities. Published in the New York *Sun* under the headline: "Japan Not to Quit Manchuria . . . Peiping is Told of Decision by Army Officers," the despatch revealed that "the Japanese General Staff in Manchuria has definitely decided not to withdraw from the territory."

The Japanese delegates at Geneva at that very time were promising that their troops would withdraw. Japanese ambassadors at Washington and all other major capitals were making similar pledges with the full dignity of their position as personal representatives of the honor and integrity of the Japanese Emperor.

My despatch was given only a few inches of space, buried under the text of these promises and reassuring statements that were being given out by the United States State Department and the Foreign Office of every capital abroad. Yet I learned that the Peiping Legations of all these countries had cabled the same information as I.

I visited these diplomats and asked the reason for what looked like a conspiracy of silence. They indignantly denied that there was any conspiracy of silence. So far as they were concerned, the General Staff meeting at Mukden hadn't happened.

"Hadn't happened!" I exclaimed, and then they smilingly told me of the two basic rules of diplomatic procedure. Only the Foreign Office can speak for a country, and until an event is brought officially to the notice of a government, it is not recognized as having happened.

Therefore, as the Japanese diplomats were insisting that the Japanese Army would withdraw, and as the decision of the Japanese Army itself not to do so had not been brought officially to anybody's attention, they went on the former assumption. According to the diplomatic code, only this could be recognized. The principle was not altered by any unofficial information to the contrary that the Legations themselves had passed along to their governments.

Then I returned to Mukden and saw this

Continued on page 279

The Christmas Tree

It seemed doubtful, with all the drinking and gayety, if anything would be left of the little tree

by JAKE FALSTAFF

• FICTION •

IT PLEASED my father to be in a good humor that morning. At milking, I heard him singing and keeping time with the squirts of milk. When he fed the horses, he talked to them.

"Ah, now, General, old fellow," he said to his favorite gelding, "how would you like to have a jolly little banquet of corn and oats with the compliments of your master?"

When it came to breakfast, he took the heel of my cheek between his thumb and finger and said, playfully, "Well, Anton, my fine young buck, are you in the right spirit for an adventure today?"

Indeed, I was. It was the Saturday before Christmas—the first day of the school holiday.

The nature of the adventure was kept a secret from me. There was much jocularity about it. My mother kissed me three times in bundling me into a great ball of warm clothing. The felt boots, like my father's, that were to have been part of my Christmas present, were prematurely awarded to me, so that I might use them this day.

Samuel, the dull-witted, almost hunchbacked hired man, stamped on the porch and came in.

"That General!" he said. "I'll never be able to break him of that dirty habit! Every time he is hitched up he waits until he is brought to the house, and then he does it."

I looked out of the upper corner of the window, where the frost had not yet spread, and sure enough out in front of the house was the bobsled and the black team.

My father came downstairs wearing his good black suit. He was barefooted. In the kitchen, he drew on his felt boots, and tucked the trousers into them. Over all, he put on a suit of corduroy and a greatcoat made of a hide of a roan horse.

His great silver watch, his pocketknife, his purse that hung down thin and long like the breasts of Anneke, the old woman servant, and his plug of tobacco lay on the table.

While no one was looking, I touched the pocketknife to my tongue. It tasted of metal and tobacco, a very good taste.

The cold stung my face when we went outside. My father whirled himself in a great blanket until it hung from his armpits like a trailing skirt, and sat down on the seat of the bob, folding the bottom of the skirt under.

Mother and Anneke, with shawls over their heads, wrapped me in a fur robe. The floor of the bob under our feet was paved with hot bricks wrapped in newspapers.

The horses pranced.

My father was still in high spirits. He brandished his whip above his head and cried, "Au revoir, my good people. Gee, my good horses! Samson! General!"

The horses took us down the lane at a brisk trot. I could not turn to wave good-bye because of the bulk of my clothing.

"Now then, young sir," my father said, "what have you to say about this?"

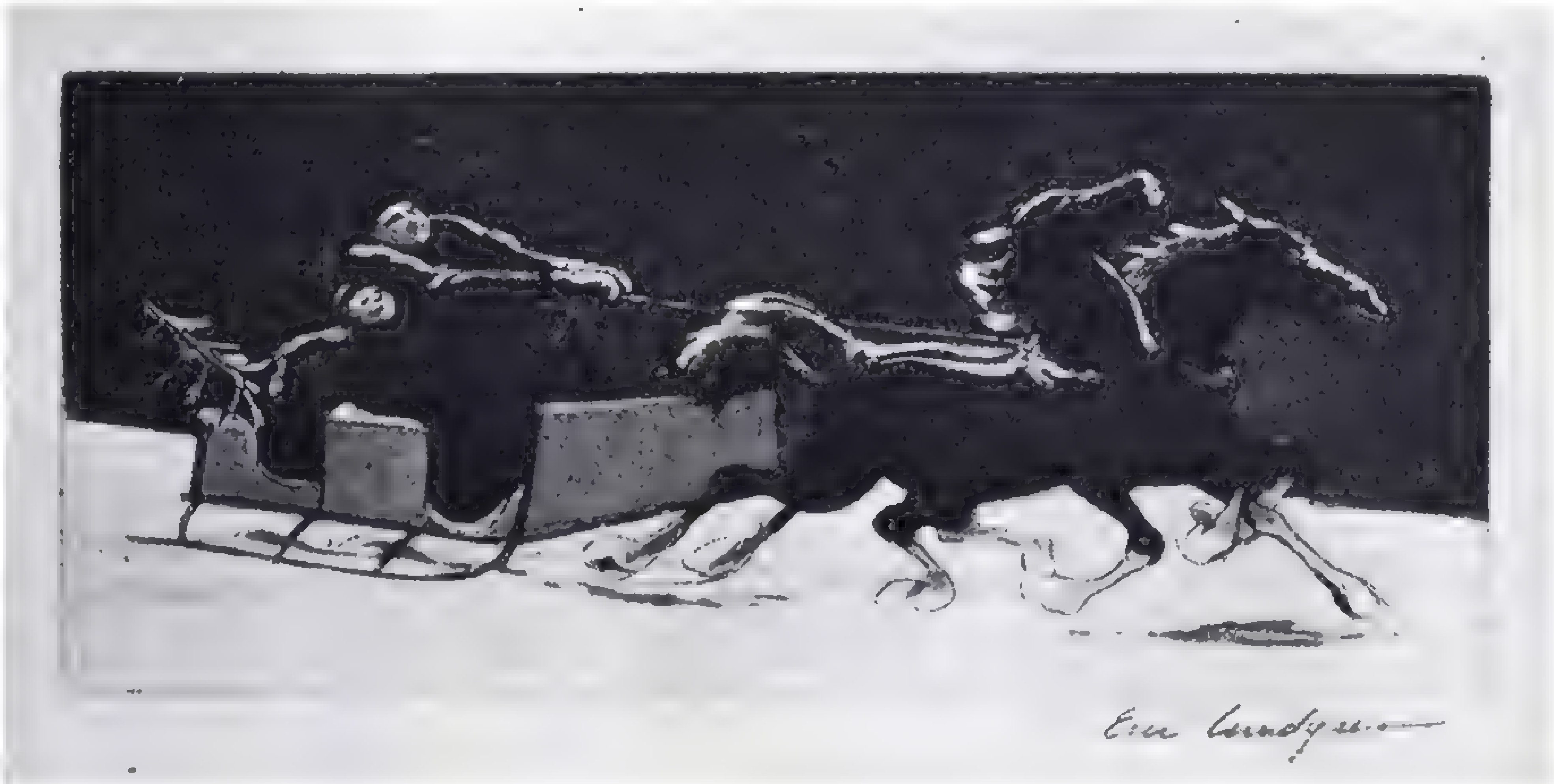
"Where are we going?" I asked.

He laughed heartily. It was evidently a joke on me. Well, that did not matter, either. It was glorious to be riding in the bobsled behind the swift, plump blacks. Under their hooves, the snow crackled. Under the runners of the sled it sang and whistled.

My father sang.

I joined in. We both sang lustily to the end of a chorus, and then my father said, "Very good. But with a high voice like yours, you must not sing the air. You must sing the tenor. It will harmonize better. Thus."

He showed me how the tenor tune went. But I could not catch it. He was irritated by this, but it did not last long. We had come to the flat land—the black ground where very poor people lived, people newly come from the old country, farmers who had only an acre or two to till.



AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

The little houses looked cold and dead.

My father addressed himself to one of them, a very small house almost covered with snow.

"You old rip," he said. "I'd like to lay this whip over your wrinkled hinder!"

He was not talking to the house itself, but to the old woman who owned it—Sybilla Pranghi. She was old and deaf and evil, a spinster and a woman suspected of diabolical practices. Some said she had the evil eye.

Regularly, young couples from the old country moved in with her. The agreement was that if they stayed and took care of her and her land, she would will it to them when she died. But they could not stand her. Sometimes they left before a month was out. They never stayed as much as a year.

"I pity that Andreas and Grät," my father said. "Yes, sir. I pity them from my heart and soul."

Andreas and Grat had been there since before school started. They were stalwart people, true peasants. If anyone had a chance to stand the suffering, it was they. They were sober and strong.

But my father began singing again. The horses drew the bob as if it had no weight at all. They scampered and swung their heads. For shame at not understanding tenor, I kept silent.

"So you wonder where we are going?" my father asked, when he had finished the song. Again, he laughed loudly.

When we passed the farm of Noah Grossaman he asked, "Did you think perhaps we were going to turn in there?"

It turned out that we were going to Franz Herbst's place, but even there he fooled me. He galloped the horses up to the very edge of the lane as if we were going past, and suddenly shouted, "Whoa!"

He shouted so suddenly and commandingly that the horses sat down.

He turned them and trotted them up the long narrow lane between the fences.

At the farmhouse he halted them and gave me the lines.

"Watch these wild horses," he said, and went into the house, sparring with the two big dogs that came running out to bark at him.

He was in the house a long time—maybe ten minutes. When he came out, Franz Herbst came with him. Both were wiping their mouths. They had been in the cellar.

Franz brought an axe out of his toolshed and threw it into the back of the bob. He stood behind us, holding to our shoulders.

"And now," said my father, "what do you think we are going to do?"

There was a sawmill in Franz Herbst's timber. We had come there several times for sawdust for the ice house.

"Sawdust?" I asked.

Both men laughed. The breath of Franz Herbst across my shoulder was soursweet

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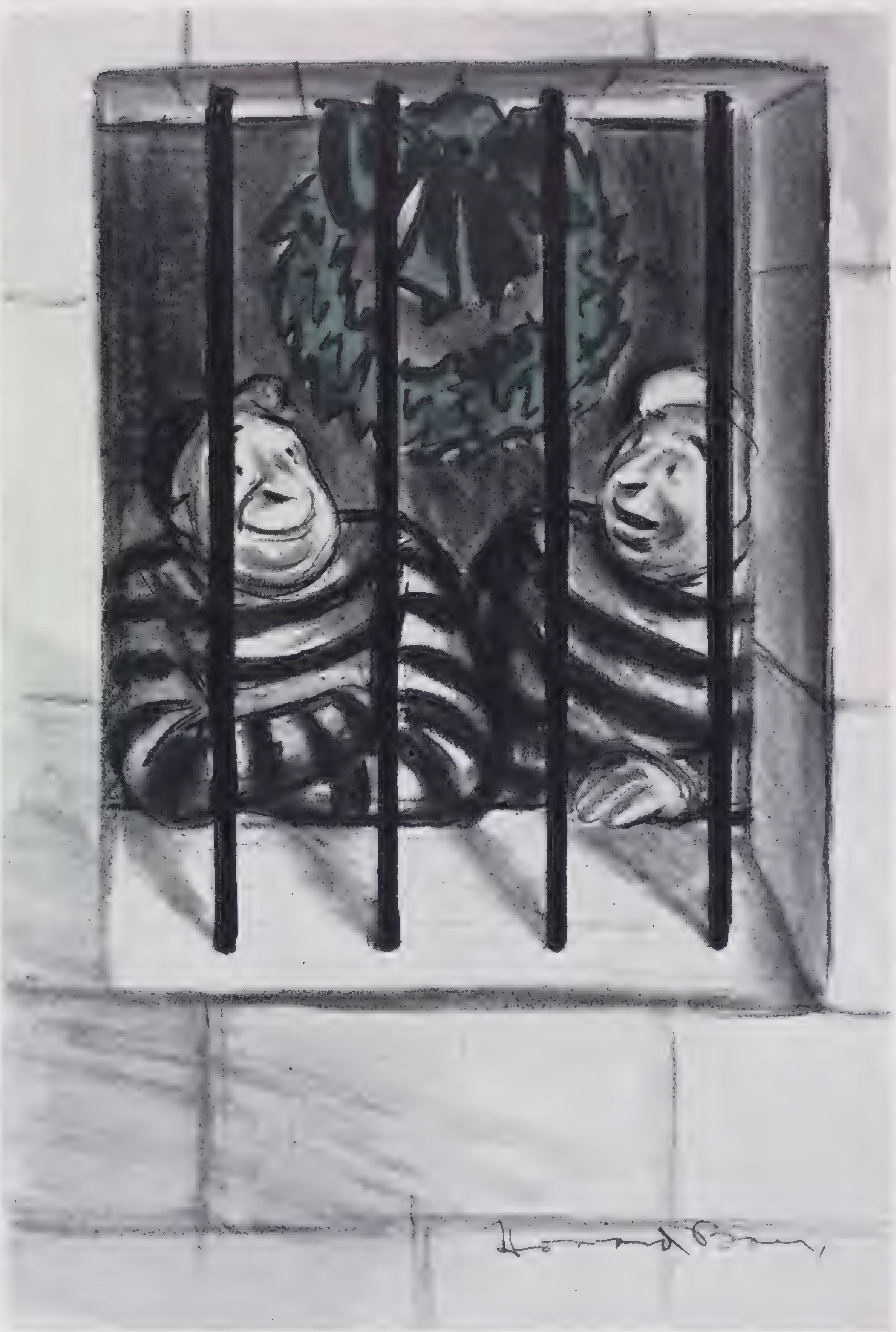

"Sort of adds a touch don't you think?"

The Road to Madrid

It might have been fair time in Valencia except for the uniforms, and the posters that announced war instead of bullfights

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

• ARTICLE •

1. Coast Road Night

After leaving Sitges we got our first smell of orangetrees in bloom, coming in streaks through the cool night. My friend the upholsterer was hellbent for Tarragona where he knew another Frenchman, at least a man who spoke French, who kept a hotel. The night was very dark, with stars, and chilly, but the good meal and the farewell cognacs at Sitges kept us warm. At Tarragona our first stop was the filling station, a big modern filling station just before the road entered the town. In the glassedin office back of it, some men were sitting round a table in the light of a couple of candles. "It's because the electric light is too bright," they explained. We asked where we could get an order for gasoline. "Right here," they answered proudly. "We keep open all night . . . Here in Tarragona we're trying to do things right."

When we asked about beds they sounded doubtful. "The town is jammed with troops in training," they said. We went to find the upholsterer's Frenchman. Nothing doing. He offered to let us sleep on the floor of his hotel office. We decided to push on to Perelló, an hour or so south. With us we took a militiaman who was on his way home for a three day leave to Castellón de la Plana. He'd been a sergeant in the regular army, quartered at the seacoast Sahara fort of Ifni. When the officers of his outfit joined the July movement he and some others escaped across the desert to the French patrol. It was easy because they were at an isolated border post at the time. The French had helped them across Morocco and let them get back to Spain to join the troops loyal to the government. He was grateful to the French and asked me to include his thanks to the French detachment in anything I might write. He wanted the officers and noncoms to know he was grateful. Now he was a lieutenant, on the front at Teruel. I asked him if the enemy could break through there. "Let them try," he said.

Perelló was a long dusty stucco street that we saw dimly by the blue bulbs of the streetlights. Long lines of trucks and carts were parked against the houses. We knocked at various doors of what we had been told were fondas but got no answer except voices grumpy with sleep saying, "Full up." At a café that had one shaded light in it and where all the tables were full of country people asleep with their black heads on their tanned thickfingered fieldworkers' hands we were told what the trouble was. People from Tortosa had filled up the town on account of the airraids there. "Fine," said the militiaman. "We'll go on to Tortosa and sleep quietly."

First we woke up the fat and drowsy proprietor of the café to get him to heat up some coffee for us. It was about three in the morning. We sat in the shuttered room stuffy with the breath of huddled sleepers drawing on coarse cigarettes, with mouths raw from too much smoking during the evening, talking in whispers while we waited for the coffee to heat. I don't know what we talked about, outside of the sour taste of the cigarettes. It was that time of night when the first drowsiness of overpast bedtime wears off and you feel alert and solitary. "It's absurd to leave a good bed on account of airraids . . . first thing you know they'll drop a flare and see all the trucks and bomb here," said the militiaman. After we had drunk our coffee we got up and left after one more glance around the room at the grimed helpless sleepers. On the benches there were shapeless bundles of women in full skirts covered with shawls, in the chairs men and boys were nodding curled up in all the attitudes of sleepy ingenuity. From the shadows came heavy breathing, snores, the whimper of a child.

Once outside the air filled our lungs sweetly again and on the road out of town the night felt clean and dry. The road wound among the rounded shapes of olivetrees that shone silvery when the headlights swept them between rocky hills. We went through villages where not a light showed. Cocks were crowing to beat the band when we dove into a leafy dark avenue that led into Tortosa. At the hotel everything was quiet, an old man with a drooping white moustache who was cross as a hornet about something led us up interminable tiled stairs to clean bare rooms. Greyness of dawn was coming through the shutters. At first the sheets were cold and the eyes hot and the ears pricked for the old wellknown bumble of raiding bombers in the air. The cocks crowed incessantly. Then suddenly sleep came on like a warm blanket pulled up over you.

Next morning the trip was virtually over, we were barely four hours from Valencia. We drove fast through the sunlight under the pale blue levantine sky, bordered by white and lilactinted clouds piled above jagged desert hotcolored mountains, through the bright green fields and the orangegroves and the white villages, each one centered around a baroque church with one of the bluetiled domes I'd seen from the sea four years before, scudding effortlessly down the coast on a schooner. Some of the churches were closed, some had been turned into markets or storehouses; one was a café. In most of the squares recruits were drilling under the small trees.

In Castellón we said goodby to our militiaman who not content with having paid for our lodgings for the night, insisted on setting us up to some magnificent glasses of cold beer accompanied by two kinds of big roasted prawns. Then, too soon after leaving Castellón, we found ourselves passing the great alligatorbacked hill from which the old walls of Saguntum cut into the sky, and tore into the dusty pink and yellow suburbs and the glistening greener than ever Huerta of Valencia. Then the bridge, the medieval gates and the clatter and jangle of the town.

Valencia didn't look very different from other times I'd been there. There was still something about the look of it that grated on the eyes, a jumble of ancient mellowly ornate buildings, scarred with new construction elaborately hideous under the sharp searching sun. The streets were crowded with miscellaneouslooking people and peddlers and signs almost like at the time of the annual fair, the only difference was the sprinkling of assorted military uniforms and the rifles and the pistolholsters and the tassled militiamen's caps. Instead of bullfights the posters announced civil war. We drew up in front of the Hotel International next to the station where the upholsterer had another friend who spoke French. Again it was the

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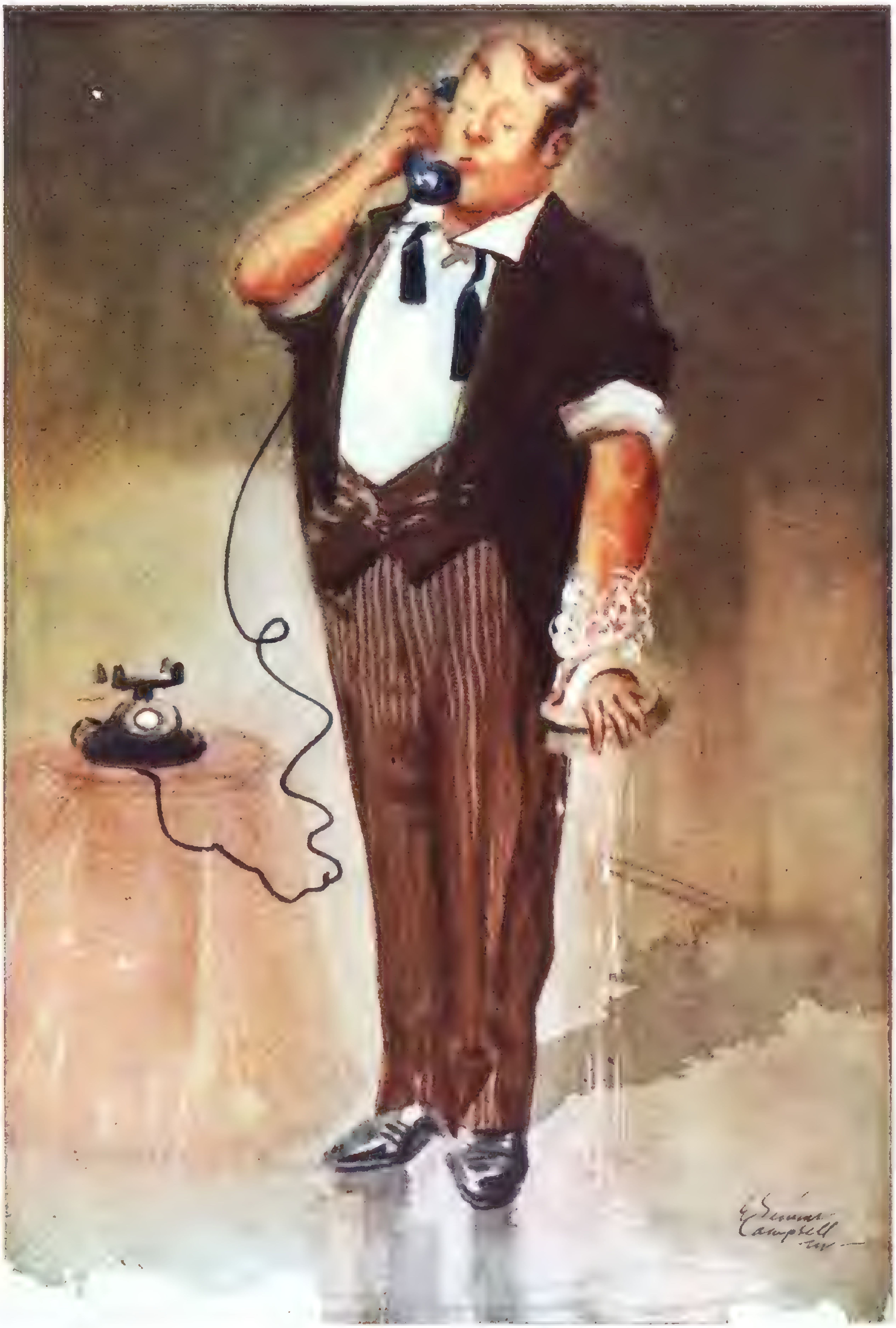
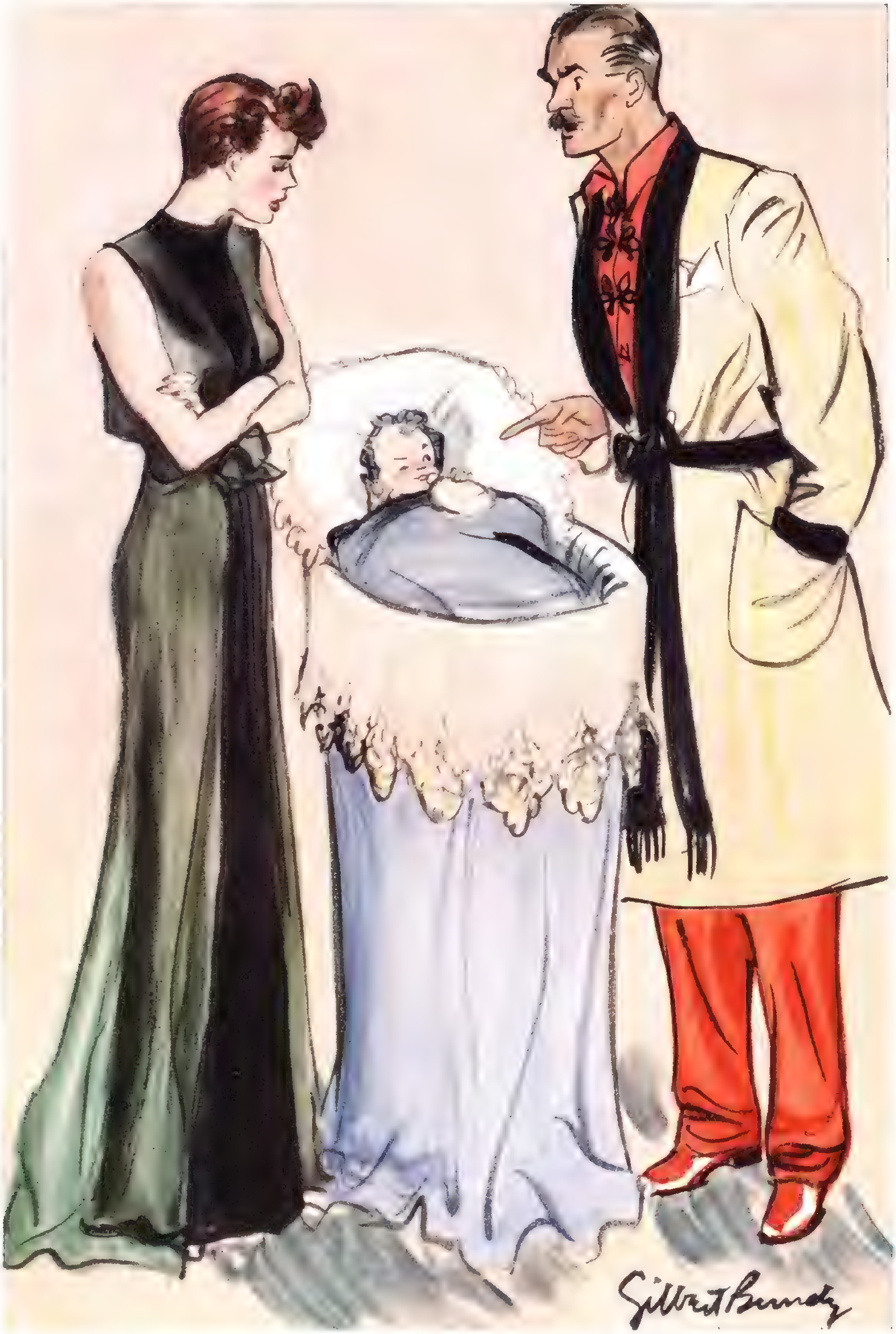


"Madam is taking a bawth — but I'll tell her you phoned."


Gilbert Bundy

"Where did he get that twinkle in his eye? I haven't got it, and you haven't got it!"

On Direct Quotation

Shedding the harsh light of realism on some of the elegant speeches reported by our head-in-the-clouds journalists

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

I was going to say that, in the light of the excellent English displayed in interviews, my only possible conclusion is that everybody in America uses grade-A grammar, but on thinking it over, I'm afraid there is another conclusion, to wit: Every *reporter* in America uses grade-A English, and cannot bear to write down the words of the famous and notorious without giving them a thorough dressing-up. After all, newspaper men are, in a sense, members of the educational profession, and you can't blame them for wanting to set the public a good example—even if some of the public, cynical like myself, may remark: "If that's what that truck driver *really* said, I'm a ham sandwich."

And so, when I see a flock of quotation marks surrounding the statement of the latest big-league sensation or public enemy you can hardly blame me for speculating what conversation *actually* took place between the interviewed person and his interviewer. Let's take a sample of newspaper quotation, and do a little speculating. Here's an interview with Mike Roordan, manager of the pennant-contending Lions. Mike knows baseball from A to Z, but he quit grammar school in the sixth grade, and doesn't read Spinoza and Keats in his spare time.

Mike Roordan, wily Lions pilot, still believes the Lions have a good chance to win the Consolidated League pennant, according to what he told this reporter last evening:

"We haven't been receiving our share of fortune so far," said Roordan, "but when we do, I am confident we will get right up to the pinnacle. So far our pitching staff hasn't been performing as I had reason to hope it would at the outset of the season, but now, with Firkins and Carter beginning to function with their old-time skill, we should begin to climb rapidly.

"Second base still remains a sore problem. We thought we had the solution to it when we obtained McGreemer from Kansas City, but so far McGreemer, although adequate on the defense, has been batting nearly a hundred points lower than he gave indications of doing. I contemplate sending him back to the minors for further seasoning, and in the meantime I'll continue to play the veteran, Welsh, at the keystone sack. He has been hitting the ball powerfully in the last fortnight."

So that's what Roordan actually said, is it? Maybe, but my guess is that the conversation between Roordan and the reporter went something like this:

Reporter: "How are things going, Mike?"

Roordan: "Stinko! We ain't had the breaks. Jeez, what lousy breaks we been gettin'!"

Reporter: "Why, what was the trouble?"

Roordan: "It's them pitchers. I figured Firkins and Carter for a lotta wins, but they ain't done nothin' so far. Firkins, he's been wild, and Carter's alla time tryin' to lap up too much suds."

Reporter: "They're showing more effectiveness now, aren't they?"

Roordan: "How's dat?"

Reporter: "I say they're getting better, aren't they?"

Roordan: "Oh. Yeah. I guess so. Maybe. Hell, they couldn't be any woise, could they?"

Reporter: "How about second base?"

Roordan: "Cripes! Don't talk about dat!"

Reporter: "You letting McGreemer go for awhile?"

Roordan: "Awhile! Listen, dat flop ain't never coming back! Not while I'm runnin' this ball club. Jeez, was dat mugg a flop! He can't catch 'em, and he can't throw 'em, and he can't bat for his hat."

Reporter: "You'll keep playing Welsh, eh?"

Roordan: "What the hell else can I do? We ain't got no other infielder any good, and there's a fat chance of this club kicking in any money for a real ball player."

Reporter: "Well, Welsh has been batting better in the last fortnight, hasn't he?"

Roordan: "What the hell's a fortnight?"

Reporter: "The last two weeks."

Roordan: "Oh. Yeah. He's come up a little. Maybe the stiff is just lucky, though."

Or take the case of Hilda Swenson, a maid at the Mountain View Inn, who pulled young Johnnie Hithers out of the lake and found herself a heroine. The account in the papers usually reads something like this:

"I was strolling along the shore," said the pretty blonde Miss Swenson, "when I was attracted by a noise in the water. I looked out in the direction whence the sound was coming, and spied a figure in the darkness. It was struggling. I looked around for assistance, but seeing none, came to the realization that I would have to attempt the rescue unaided.

"And so I hastily divested myself of my outer garments, and plunged into the water. I thought I would never reach my goal, but finally I came abreast of the youngster, and recognized him as Johnnie Hithers, one of the summer residents at the establishment where I am employed. I finally succeeded in securing a hold on him, and towed him into shore. I am very proud that I was instrumental in saving his life. Hithers is a fine young boy."

And now let's find out what Hilda really said, when the bright young reporter from the *Star* interviewed her.

Reporter: "Well, you're quite a heroine, aren't you?"

Hilda: "Huh?"

Reporter: "I say you were very brave."

Hilda: "Oh. Maybe. I no do again though."

Reporter: "No, Why not?"

Hilda: "If I know it be Yohnnie Hithers I let him drown. Yas. He fresh kid. One night he put snake in my bed."

Reporter: "Um.— Ah—Now suppose you tell me how you happened to rescue him."

Hilda: "I walk on shore. I hear somebody yell. So I yump in water."

Reporter: "Just a minute. With all your clothes on?"

Hilda: "No. I take off clothes."

Reporter: "What! All of them! Suppose somebody saw you?"

Hilda: "I no care. Water bad for clothes. So I swim out, and I pull him in."

Reporter: "You'll probably get a Carnegie Medal for that?"

Hilda: "Listen. You write in paper that Hilda she sorry. Next time she let Yohnnie drown. Yohnnie no good. You tell paper he put snake in—"

Reporter: "Yes, yes, of course I will. Thank you very much, Miss Swenson."

Unless we miss our guess even members of the so-called upper fringe of society benefit from reportorial alterations, and seldom say the things that they are magnanimously quoted as saying in the press. The average interview with a successful business tycoon usually reads something like this:

Oliver Thatcher, president of Universal Steel, observed his seventy-fifth birthday

Continued at top of page 214

Fortune Is Only a Goddess

Just to show that she's no snob, Dame Fortune pauses at a Brooklyn laundry to leave a gift for two of the girls

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

Should you wander in that far-away land where Fortune has her throne you will notice that all is barren and strangely desolate. All seems in ruin; and even the throne itself on which the Goddess of Fortune sits is badly in need of repair. But beside the throne rests a new golden wheel. Its spokes sparkle and it is shiny with a bright glisten. This wheel is no doubt the symbol for turning around and change and rolling over ups and downs.

This magic wheel of Fortune is capable of spinning along any road at all, climbing steep perilous cliffs and crashing down from tall dizzy heights. But if you were to look behind the throne of Fortune you would see the shattered remains of hundreds of wheels. Here in a field of black barren trees are scattered loose rims, broken spokes and toothless hubs. Where have they been? Riding high, no doubt, and dashing blindly down to be destroyed.

And also as you are passing this strange place you should notice that Fortune is dressed in a very plain gown, without ornament, and the hem of her dress is torn and bedraggled. Look into her pretty face. Is she clever? It is hard to say. Is she vain? Oh, yes! She is.

And really she must be terribly nearsighted for she showers her gifts about without regard for those who rise early and work late and without any apparent rhyme or reason. Almost anyone at all will do.

And besides being vain, she is fickle, temperamental, uncertain, arrogant, slippery as an eel and quite unfaithful. How many have tried to court her! Yes, all these things she is: but at least one thing she is not. She is no snob.

Have one more glance at this strange place and see the terrible back-yard squalor behind the throne. Why are so many wheels broken? Also, if you look closely you will see a clearing that was once a grove and here you will find a little old man rummaging about stacks of old papers. This dried up, misshapen, cast-off bit of humanity, who in his former existence might have been a bookkeeper for an exterminator in a large and dirty city, he is now the sole recorder and chief scribe for her majesty the Goddess of Fortune. But records are not very important and if they are lost or forgotten it seems to make little difference.

Besides it is not possible to keep strict account of all of Fortune's adventures. This lady travels far to shower her golden kisses and often she visits strange places.

Some months ago, starting early in the morning, she did a very heavy day distributing her gifts. She took care of an arctic explorer who had fallen in an ice crevice, and she gave favor to several vessels at sea—one of them was leaking so badly that nobody expected it to pull through. She also visited some of her old haunts, passed across the floor of the stock exchange, went through the smoking room of the University Club, advanced several political ambitions in Washington, and to show that she was no snob she even visited a laundry in Brooklyn.

All she did in this last humble place was to point her finger to the wall where a sweepstakes ticket was pinned over the ironing tables of Cora and Florence. She gave a quick wave of her hand and a nod of her head as she tripped carelessly through the shop. The air seemed to stir and create a faint breeze and that was all. And she was gone. But less than a minute later—What speed!—the telephone rang.

* * *

"Hello! Hello! Is this the Swan Laundry?"

"Yes," replied Blum the proprietor.

"Does Miss Cora Andrews work for you?"

"Yes. What's the matter?"

"Does Miss Florence Weathermore also work for you?"

"Yes. Both Miss Weathermore and Miss Andrews work here. But what's the matter?"

"Nothing, only their number nailed a horse."

"A what?"

"A horse!"

"Who is this anyway?"

"Associated Press calling. We're sending a reporter right over."

"What for? We have no horses here."

"The reporter will explain. Good-bye."

"Say. Wait a minute!"

But the speaker at the other end had already disconnected.

"Was it for us, Mr. Blum?" asked Cora. "We heard you mention our names."

"Yes, it was something. Sounded like a crazy man. Didn't say what he wanted. He said that you nailed a horse. Does he think you are blacksmiths? He is sending over a newspaper reporter."

"How did he get our names?" asked Florence.

"Don't know."

"Is that all he said?" Cora inquired.

"Funny language. He said your number nailed a horse."

Florence dropped her iron with a bang. Her mouth went open and from her throat came a stifled cry. "Cora. The ticket!"

Cora let out a scream. Then catching her breath she said: "Yes! It's the ticket. I know it. I feel it. I knew this morning that something was going to happen. Oh, Cora!"

They embraced and wept with loud sobs. Cora's tears fell on Florence's shoulders and Florence's tears dropped on the hot flatiron and made it sizzle. The whole laundry stopped work and the employees tried to explain the sudden commotion to the simple and honest Jacob Blum. At last he understood.

"Where is the ticket?" he asked.

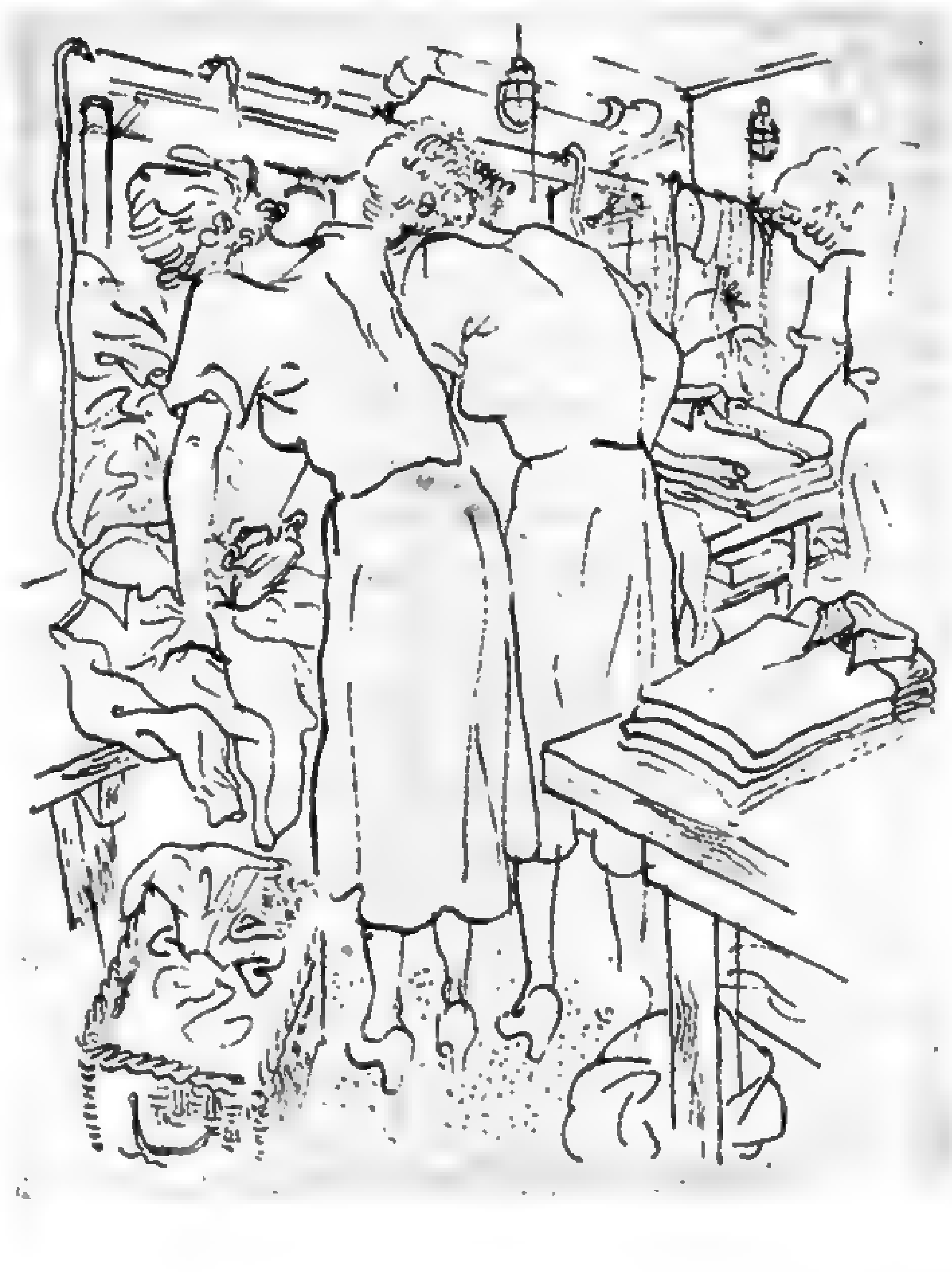
They pointed to the wall.

"A fine place for a ticket. Why, that ticket may be worth more than this whole laundry. What am I saying? Of course it is. It is worth ten laundries. Twenty laundries! A hundred! And that's no place to keep it."

"We bought it together and we didn't know where to put it," said Cora.

"Well, take it down and put it in the cash register and don't let anyone lose it for you. We should take it to the bank and put it in a safe-deposit box. Oh! Such a little piece of paper and it can be so valuable." The ticket was put away in the cash register.

Soon the reporter arrived. He brought a photographer with him who without delay began taking pictures of all the untidy corners of the laundry. The reporter was very fresh, he wanted to know everything; where the girls lived, their families, how they bought the ticket, if they still had it, how much wages they received in the laundry and what they intended to do with the money. He also



wanted to see the ticket to check the number.

Blum said: "Just look, but don't touch it." He showed the ticket. When the reporter found the number to be correct Blum asked: "How much do you think it's worth?"

"It may be worth a lot. The horse Rubberband is a favorite. Guess the girls could get rid of it right now for twenty thousand dollars."

"Twenty thousand dollars!" Blum gasped.

"Yes, but it may bring in ten times that amount."

"Oh, think of it!" His hand trembled as he put the ticket back in the drawer.

As soon as the reporter and photographer left he said: "Come, girls. Put on your hats and coats. We better take the ticket to the bank and put it away."

After depositing this valuable paper in a safe box they returned to the laundry. The good news had already been whispered about and a crowd began to collect. The excitement and commotion had reached such a pitch that Blum thought it best to declare a holiday and send all hands home before somebody got hurt.

"Just a minute," he said to Cora and Florence. "Before you go I want to say only one word." He shook a warning finger at them. "Don't let any swindler talk to you. That's all."

In very short time the news was all over Brooklyn; it was all over New York; all over the whole of America. Pictures of Cora and Florence were printed in the newspapers. Great fortune seemed to hang on a nervous, high-strung, temperamental horse named Rubberband.

During the next day telegrams came pouring in from brokers who offered to buy the ticket, from promoters who had vast and secret schemes to unfold, and from the owner of a silver mine in Mexico who offered a fifty per cent interest for capital needed for machinery. Ten thousand acres of good grazing western land was offered Cora and Florence for the price of only one dollar per acre. An orange grove in Florida came forward and three wires arrived from Southern California. One was from a land and bungalow development, the second from a sect of healers inviting them to become "Colonels of the Order" and the third was from the Chamber of Commerce of "the healthiest and fastest growing town in Southern California." And there were many more telegrams of enterprise—so great was the faith in Rubberband. And faith and love go hand in hand.

And may-I-ask-for-your-hand telegrams arrived also. A cowboy in the ranch country —"no dude business," he wrote—was ready to prove his sterling worth for Cora. And he had a partner "a bit older" who he thought might attract Florence. He knew all the cowboy songs that were so popular on the radio and any time the girls wanted to look over the ranch . . . Another from a lonely widower in Vermont, owner of a fair farm with a good summer boarder business. But the message was not very clear for it was addressed to both Cora and Florence and he could not have meant to marry them both at the same time. A long letter from a medical student who needed money said: "I want to live so I may help others to live."

And the cowboy, the widower, the farmer and the medical student all had faith in that little black Irish high-strung pony with red nostrils named Rubberband. They were all certain he would win.

These were but a few of the messages received.

"They cannot expect us to reply to all," said Cora.

"We would need a secretary," Florence remarked.

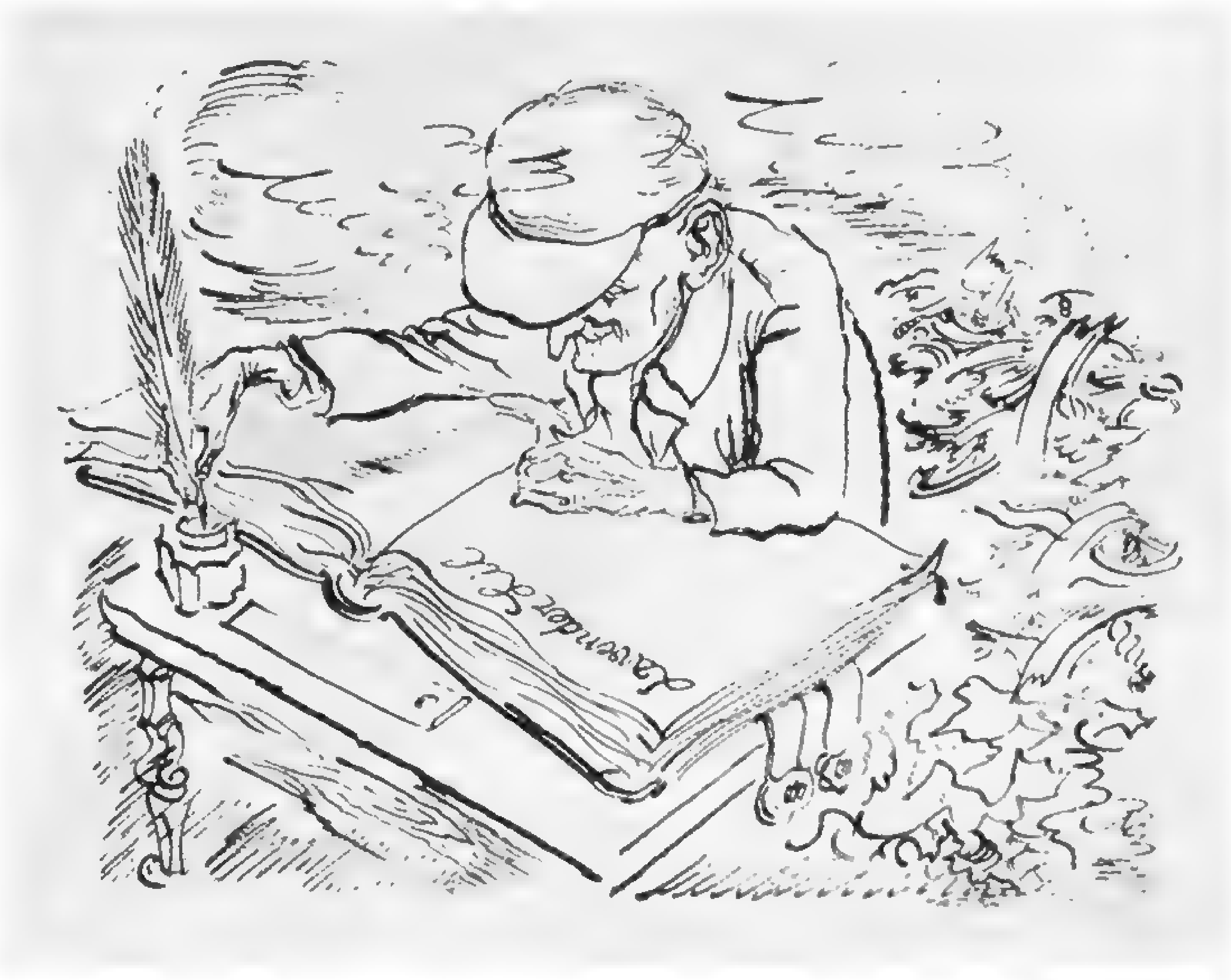
"They are all grafters and swindlers," said Blum. "Don't answer any of them. In fact the best thing you girls could do would be to go away and hide."

"But we did not do anything wrong, why should we hide?" one asked.

"Well, you see," he explained, "the world is full of grafters and schemers and as soon as they smell the honey they begin to buzz.

"Why should you work when soon you will be rich. Now you should plan your future so when your future comes you will be ready for it."

"What would you advise us to do, then?"



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

"I would advise you to go home and stay home and don't open the door to anyone, not anyone."

That evening when Blum reported to his wife on the progress of the sweepstakes she turned to him and said: "Well, some people have plenty of luck. Why do we never have luck?"

"We have luck also," Blum replied. "Only it comes more gently. Last year we did good business and we bought some new machinery for the laundry and we bought an electric icebox for the house and you were away three weeks in the mountains and you got a gold wrist watch for Christmas and we have good health—that's luck too."

"Yes, I know, Jacob. I am not complaining. I was only saying that some people are lucky."

"I eat three good meals a day, I have a nice home and a nice wife, what more could I want? If I had Morgan's millions I could not be better off. In fact I would not know what to do with so much money and so many homes and so many servants. It would be a worry, a big headache. And so if fortune does not smack a million dollars on me—well, so what?"

"Yes, Jacob," his wife agreed. "The best thing in the world is to be happy."

This was a simple truth but Mrs. Blum believed in simple truths and she spoke them earnestly.

And that same evening the girls were wondering what they would do with the great fortune that Rubberband was going to bring them. They saw visions of gowns, automobiles, large strings of pearls, charge accounts in the good department stores, very very sheer stockings, permanent waves, fur wraps, a diamond that flashed 100 candle power and a little dog on a leash.

Out of air and fantasy they built up a fairyland that would have put Cinderella to shame. And with these pleasant scenes floating through their minds they went to sleep.

* * *

Far away in that strange arid land where Fortune has her throne beside a field of junk, the little old bookkeeper, Fortune's recorder and sole accountant suddenly became active. This lazy, moth-eaten soul suddenly dipped his pen in an inkpot and wrote large on the top of a foolscap sheet the name Florence Weathermore. Then he drew a line and taking another stiff sheet wrote the name Cora Andrews. Here were two fresh blank pages that he would soon fill with his wretched scrawl.

Stirring about among his grubby documents he found the record of Boiler Engineer Johnny Flynn of Hongkong, China. Two years ago Flynn won the Hongkong National Lottery amounting to one hundred fifty thousand pounds sterling, or three-quarters of a million in dollars. He was boiler engineer in a hospital and soon left his job to live in the big world and make himself as happy as he could. He bought himself pink silk shirts and a large diamond stickpin. He bought the ruby cuff links that once belonged to a famous turf man, ordered ten suits of clothes at one time and drinks for all. Later he went into business with two Portuguese merchants and a second venture is recorded with a Chinese gambling syndicate. He opened a house of his own in Canton but it was closed by police. He bought a large emerald from a Siamese prince and gave it to a young blonde Russian girl. Fortune dwindled from seven hundred fifty to fifty-five thousand dollars in one year. From fifty-five to four at the end of the second year. This last four was spent in Shanghai at roulette. He stretched it out over two drunken months.

All these facts were recorded on a sheet of foolscap paper and now the little bookkeeper took his pen and with the same ink that a moment before had written the names of Florence and Cora, he brought the record of the Hongkong boiler engineer up to date.

Flynn is now in a water-front pool-room, unshaved and in rags. The ruby cuff links are gone and so is everything else. He has in his pocket some worn clippings from the newspapers announcing the winner of the Hongkong National Lottery and these he shows to sailors or other strangers who do not know the name Johnny Flynn.

With this record now brought up to date the scribe turned to the history of Abraham Fuller, Oklahoma farmer who struck oil in his corn field four years ago, divorced his wife,

Continued on page 297

How To Be a Successful Duffer

Just cover your confusion with a few cagey alibis and no one will suspect that you aren't a champion sportsman

by HENRY McLEMORE

• SPORTS •

Do you hold your nose when you dive off the springboard?

Do you take six shots and five minutes to get out of a sand trap?

Do you get more blisters than aces when playing tennis?

In brief, are you a duffer at sports?

The chances are that you are a duffer, because of the millions of Americans who play at sports each year only the scantiest fraction are champions or anything like it. The overwhelming majority are double-dipped, hand-carved duffers—men and women to the awkward manner born.

I am a member of this tremendous duffer family, whose brothers and sisters you find everywhere—untangling their snarled fishing lines from trees, playing shots from rough so deep and forbidding that Frank Buck would think twice before invading it, getting bumped on their noggins by booms and spars, double-faulting and foot-faulting, and executing belly-whopping swan dives from the edges of pools. A true duffer always will be a duffer.

Lessons from professionals do him little good. He will carry that loop in his backswing, that flyswatter tennis service, to his grave. The library shelves of the nation are overrun with learned books on how to become a champion by improving your form. The real duffer has no form and couldn't improve it if he did.

As for becoming a champion you can't fool us. Champions are harder to make than trees. To begin with, they must have great natural ability and an early start. Your champion horseshoe pitcher probably started pitching pony shoes when he still wore three-cornered pants, and your golf champion undoubtedly could put backspin on his milk bottle. Most fly-casting experts learned the rudiments by casting into the goldfish bowl from their bassinets. Anyone who is old enough to read is too old to start becoming a champion.

During the years I have been a member of the duffer family—and I am such a prominent member that I have a seat at the first table and always get the white meat—my only real shame has been in front of outsiders. We members of the family understand one another, but occasionally we have to compete with non-duffers, men and women who are not bound together by the common lack of ability to do things well, and it's embarrassing. They patronize us. They smile indulgently. They make it known to us that they wonder why we struggle on.

As one who has long been inefficient at many sports I have felt the need for a manual or primer which would explain to the duffer how he could appear to be much better at games than he really is. So, during the eight years in which I have been a sports writer, I have been careful to observe and listen to the explanations that champions make when they slip temporarily into the duffer class and top drives, flub easy lobs, land sideways on a jackknife dive, and ride the best horse in the race and finish last. For the Sarazens, the Budges, the Degeners and the Kurtsingers make the same mistakes that you and I do—only not so often. That's why they are champions and you and I are dubs.

There's another difference, too. When we duffers flop, we say "oh, hell." When champions flop, they are ready with a profound explanation that may involve criticism of wind, weather, the tides, equipment, spectator noises, playing conditions, the referee, or the piece of chocolate cake they ate the night before. They make these explanations in highly technical terms and in my scholarly way I have been writing them down, often not knowing what they mean.

The result is a long-needed manual and guidebook on how duffers may make themselves look good when actually they are terrible. As soon as the sports season opened this spring, I tried it out at a week-end party. My theories worked beautifully. Not one of my fellow guests realized I was a duffer. When I packed up on Monday I had almost convinced myself that I was good.

Arriving late on a hot afternoon my host told me to get into a bathing suit and join everybody at the swimming pool. I would have preferred to have had him ask me to put on a pair of overalls and clean up the basement. My equipment for swimming consisted of a laborious side stroke and a fear of any water more than five feet deep. I reached the pool to find it alive with expert swimmers who were doing new-fangled crawls and diving from platforms so high that it didn't seem right not to have firemen with nets below. My host introduced me around to the human sea lions who called for me to "come on in!"

I thought about that side stroke which Aunt Bessie had taught me when I was eight years old. She thought I was very graceful but something told me that these strangers would not see eye to eye with Aunt Bessie. Then I remembered the study I had made on how to look good at sports although a duffer. Standing there on the edge of the pool I thought back on my swimming data and decided to put it to a test.

I recalled that several years ago in Florida several of America's finest men and women swimmers—Adolph Kiefer, Katherine Rawls, Georgia Coleman, and Ralph Flanagan—had amused a crowd by violating everything they knew about swimming and diving.

"Remember the old dog paddle?" I shouted. "Watch me do it!"

Every eye was upon me as I jumped in with a huge splash and started dog-paddling to the other side of the pool.

My progress was greeted with roars of genuine laughter. Encouraged (and out of wind) I said:

"Remember this one?"

Then I went into Aunt Bessie's side stroke and again everybody laughed. Carried away by my success I suddenly found myself slowly sinking in the middle of the pool. I managed to cry:

"Come on, fellows! Pretend to save me!"

Then I went down for the second time. Fortunately, the expert swimmers were so intrigued by this that they joined in the sport and made what they thought was a mock rescue. They howled with laughter when I allowed them to pull me out of the pool and apply first aid.

Later, when I had revived, I thought I had better go off the diving board to impress them further with my athletic prowess. I was the center of attention as I stepped out on the board that was quivering almost as much as I. But again my duffers' manual came to my aid. At the Olympic games in Berlin last summer I used to spend mornings watching the divers of all nations practice. I had picked up much technical knowledge concerning the sport. I knew about "carriage," I realized the importance of the "approach to the board." I had seen

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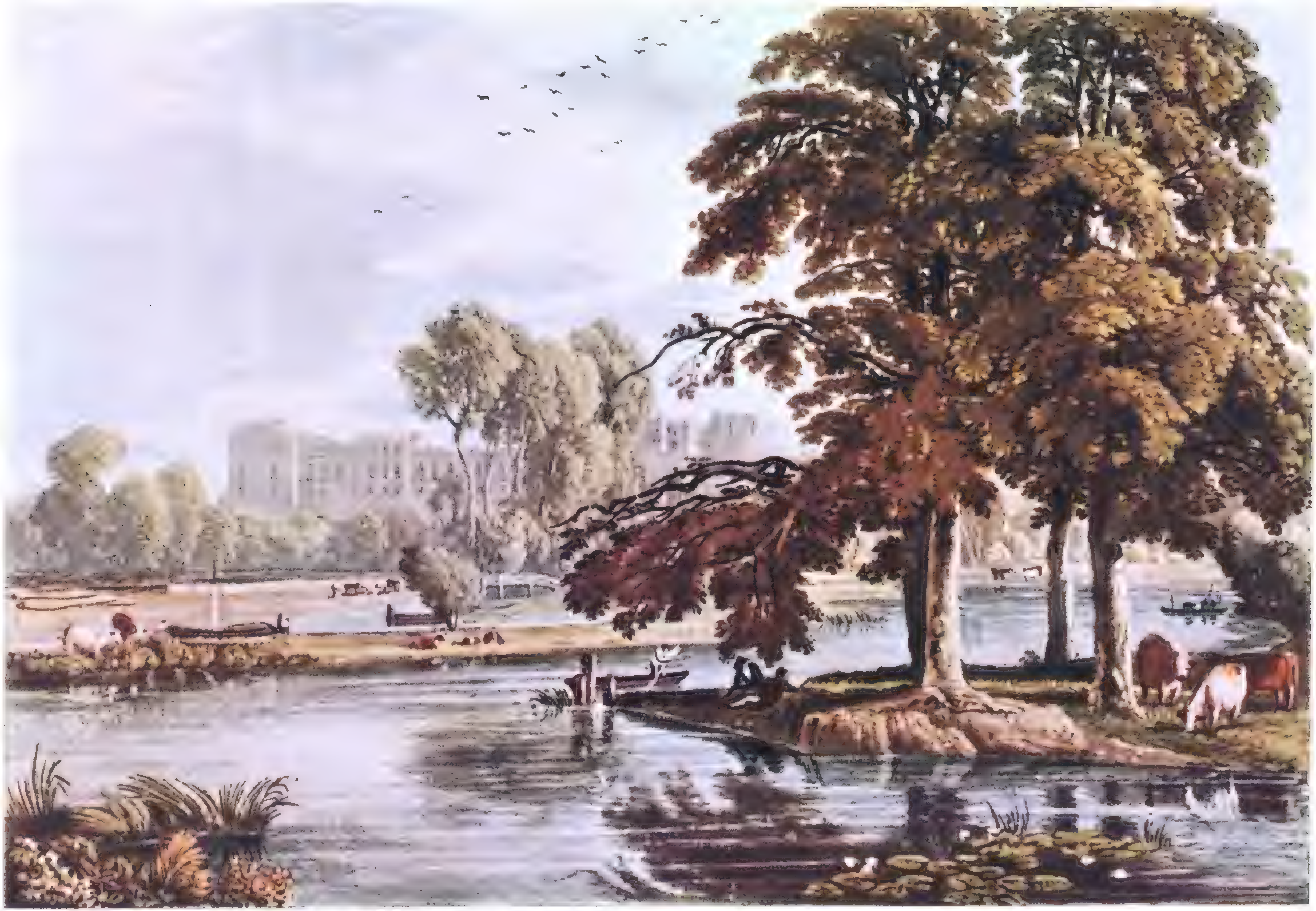


Drawn by W.m Havell

Engraved by R. Havell

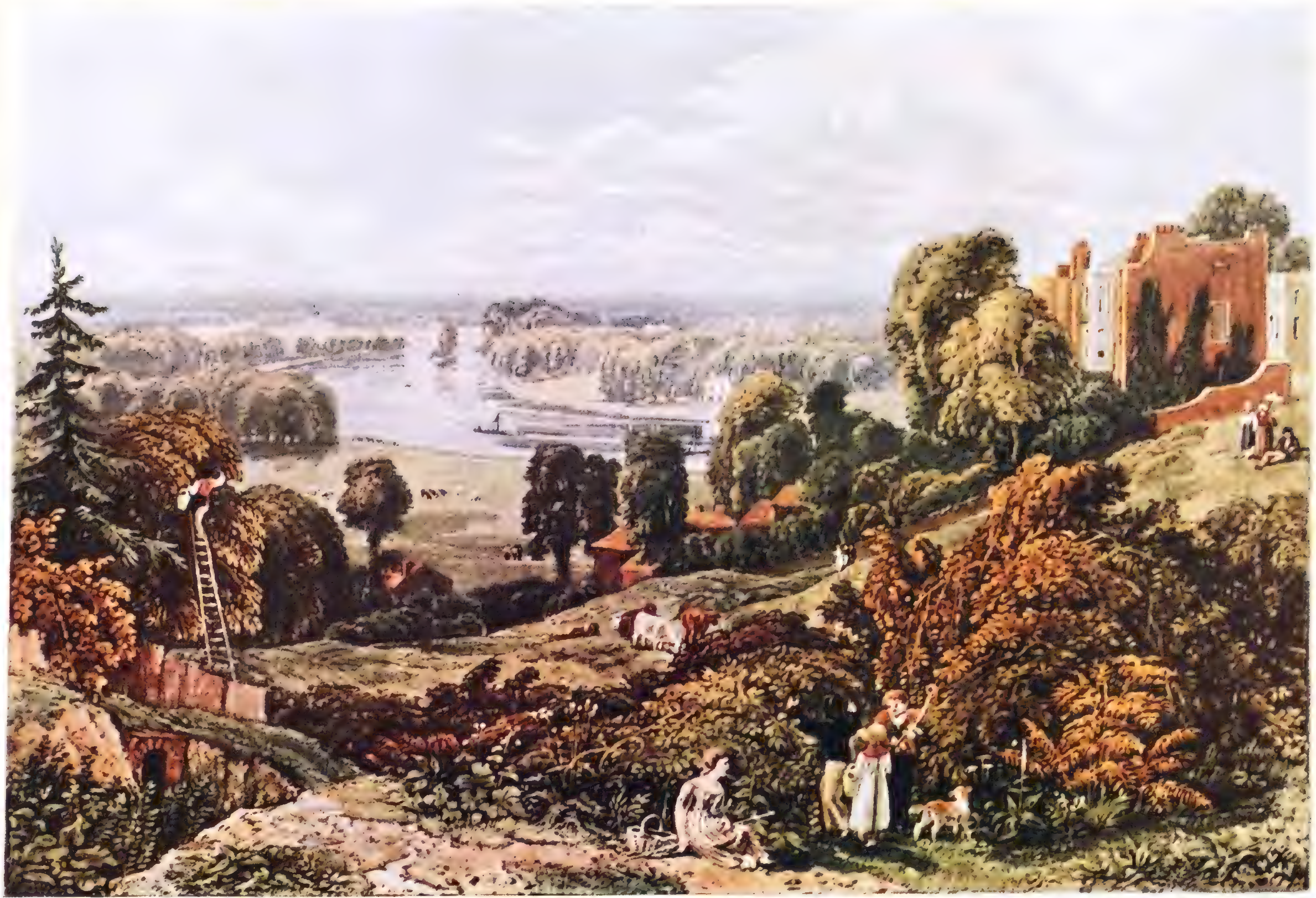
WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE PLAY-GROUND OF ETON COLLEGE

Publiſhed Aug.t 1.st 1814 by Meſs.rs Colnaghi & C.o 23 Cockspur Street, London

This View representing the triennial ceremony of the Procession AD

ICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

EM, *is, respectfully dedicated to the Noblemen & Gentlemen educated at Eton.*



Drawn by W.m Havell

Engraved by R. Havell

Women Are Like Gongs

You should warn your wife when she's in for a beating but don't go softie and allow her to coax you out of it

by BRUCE HENRY

• EDUCATIONAL •

In addition to being darned clever, the Chinese also top other races in the fabrication of pithy proverbs. One of these, widely quoted in the Orient, says, "Women are like gongs—only useful when beaten."

Obviously a solecism, this sage observation loses much through translation, for to a well-bred Chinese gentleman there are only two kinds of women—wives and concubines. And since there rarely is any occasion for him to lay angry hands on his professionally expert extra-marital wenches, the proverb forthwith connotes a highly-approved method of wife control and, perhaps, accounts in large measure for the astonishing domestic bliss found in most Chinese homes.

Wife beating, on the other hand, has suffered miserably as a custom in this country, declining steadily since the days of the Pilgrims who, devout and conscientious, brought the good old English custom along with them. Decadence promptly set in, and presently the Colonists found themselves lawed out of the privilege of socking the missus with any handy object, some narrow-minded person having decided "a stick no thicker than a man's thumb" should be legalized as a standard instrument of larruping. This ill-advised ruling took the heart out of most ardent wife-beaters, even those with large digits, the necessity for finding a thumb size switch putting them in the same fix as a contemporary Benedict who, when advised to punish his bad-tempered mate by turning up her skirts and spanking her, found that by the time he got her skirts up he wasn't angry any more.

However, though law upon law restricted the practice, an effete society frowned upon it and the alleged emancipation of woman gave it the *coup de grâce*, wife-beating in America has managed to maintain a widely-scattered group of adherents. These sturdy souls, of course, are revealed only when they are haled into court by their outraged and smarting ladies, or when a divorce-case brief lists the sins of the husband. These latter, you may observe, inevitably include a mention of the Saturday night when "plaintiff did suffer great bodily harm and mental anguish by reason of defendant's hitting her with great force in the left eye, causing said member to swell and become discolored so that plaintiff was ashamed to appear in public."

But that, in the strictest sense, is not wife-beating. It is not the casual sock in the puss which works for marital harmony, it is the regular, dispassionate day-after-day lickings which produce results. The inept Detroit, Michigan, man who recently told a judge he beat his wife only on Thursdays because he didn't want to interfere with her Monday washing, Tuesday ironing, or Wednesday baking, thus leaving her a full week end in which to recuperate, used quite the wrong technique. Obviously a mild swatting each day of the week would not only have been more salutary than one close-to-mayhem trouncing, it probably would have been considerably less wearing on the trouncee.

That American women themselves are gradually beginning to see virtue in a revival of wife-beating was beautifully evidenced a few months ago with the formation in Sioux City, Iowa, of the WOMM—Wives of Modern Men. Its charter roster consisting of some twenty happily married Sioux City and Sioux Falls, South Dakota, women, membership is limited to wives who are regularly spanked by their husbands for their misdeeds. Both the Associated Press and the United Press were sufficiently struck by the healthy basis of the organization to put news of its formation on their newspaper service wires. Just why the estimable ladies chose that rather peculiar name for their club, not even they seem to know. Rather it had been called "Wives of Atavistic Men," for wife-beating certainly is not a modern innovation.

Home Sweet Home

In any discussion of wife-beating it must be brought out that Simon-pure wife-beaters have nothing in common with those unfortunate psychopaths loosely grouped under the term "flagellants." Grade-A wife-beating is neither erotic nor remotely connected with the sex urge. It is simply putting into practice an age-old and very natural domestic custom, observing certain unwritten but nevertheless binding rules of conduct meanwhile.

From a New York lawyer friend of mine, whose specialty is divorce cases and who, incidentally, maintains his own peaceful household through frequent use of a fine rattan cane, comes a list of do's and don't's which any aspiring wife-beater should study well before launching a new domestic regime. This attorney, by the way, has secretly on occasion done himself out of several fees by counseling disgruntled divorce-seeking husbands to use the rod rather than the rule.

In only one instance, he says, has the recipe failed to work. That was in the case of a man who was married to a former tennis champ. She gave him a hell of a larruping.

The rules which all conscientious wife-beaters should observe, naturally lead off with the tenet that no chastisement should be given in anger. This precludes the possibility of too vigorous discipline and at the same time allows the erring wife a period of thoughtful anticipation and doubles the effectiveness of the eventual castigation. When, for example, your ever-loving trumps your ace it is definitely not cricket to smack her down on the spot. It is far better to say, quietly, "Baby, I'm going to lick the devil out of you for that," and let her guess how soon you'll make good the threat.

You must, however, not make idle promises. If you tell your wife she's in for a trouncing, then let neither man, beast nor devil keep you from the accomplishment of that deed. One failure to make good will brand you in her eyes as a softie, and you're sunk.

Tyros in the art will find this next rule difficult to follow: Don't let yourself be talked out of it. With a sound thrashing in prospect, it's amazing how sweet, how docile, how meltingly tender a wife can become. She may be hell on wheels at hearts, but watch the wings sprout and listen to the all-stops-on vibrato act she stages when you break out the old reliable razor strop or carpet slipper. It is at that point many well-intentioned husbands lose their grip and become mice. You can, if you like, follow the excellent device used by Ulysses' crew and stop your ears with wax, but it's better to begin steeling yourself early. This is easier, of course, for men who never listen to what their wives say anyway.

Never pull that hoary gag "this hurts me more than it does you." If you'll recall your

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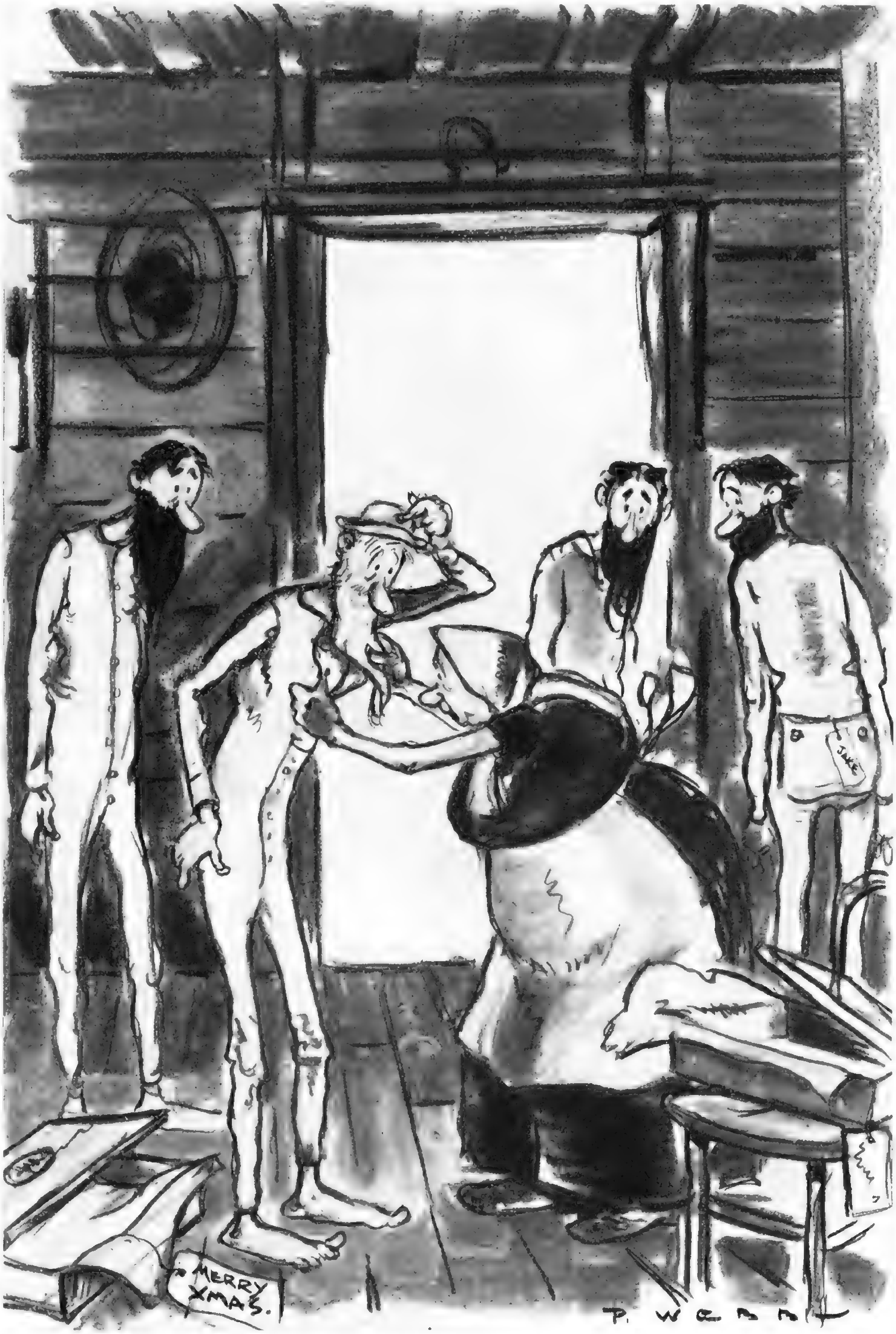
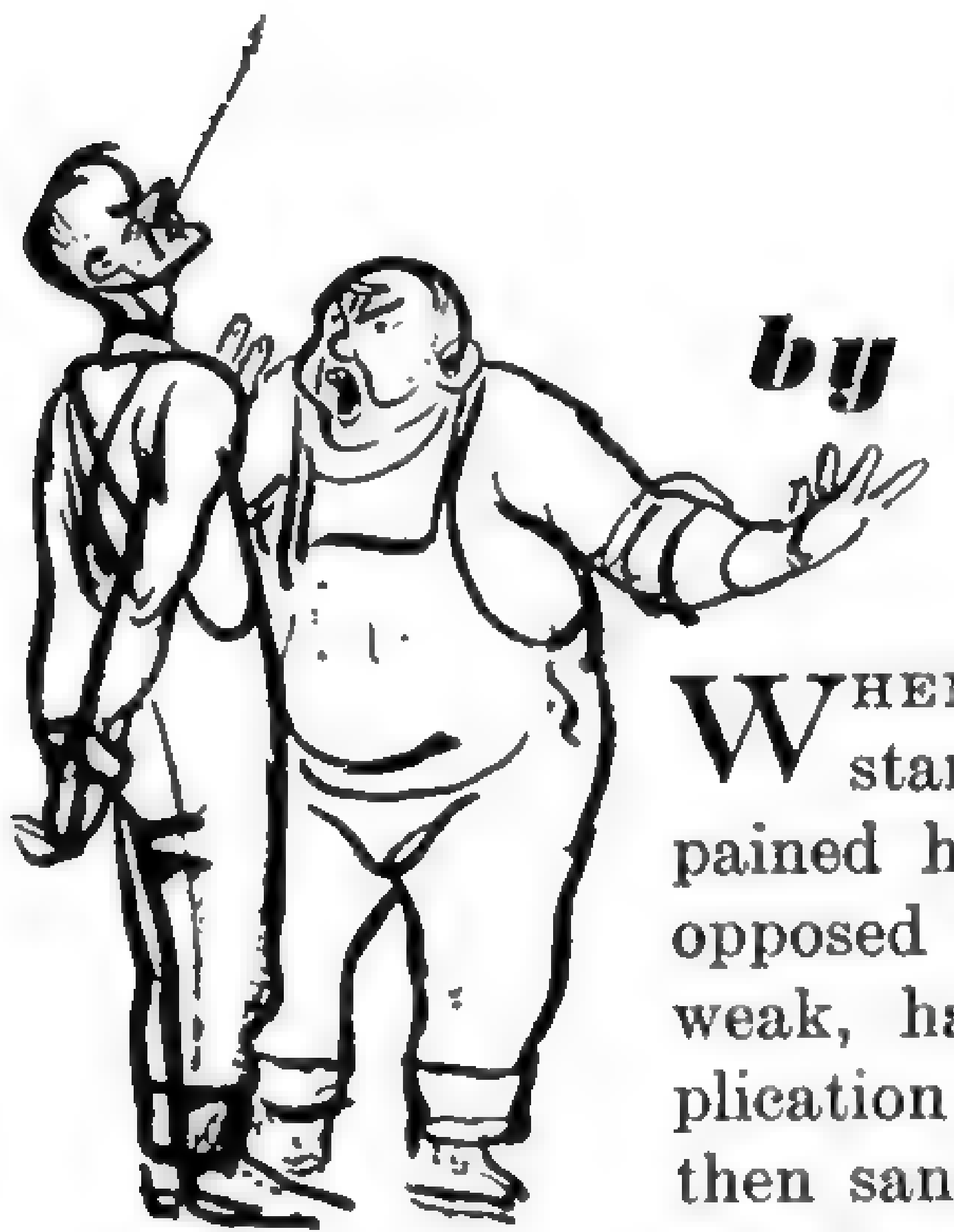

MERRY XMAS.
JAKE
P. WEBB

"Shucks, Toomer—no wonder they don't fit—you got 'em on over last year's an' the year afore"

How Ira Found Peace

This is the way a war starts and ends, between the Haves and Have-Nots, men or nations



by DANIEL HAYWARD CHRISTIAN

• FICTION •

When the circumstances of his life pained him, Ira Ketch opposed them with a weak, half-hearted application of reason and then sank into a mood of stubborn resentment, feeling that the world was too much for him. In this frame of mind he stood, one August evening, facing Howat Fried on Fried's Hill.

He had not been persuasive about a raise: no man of his appearance could look persuasive. He was round and heavy, and had a fat peach-colored face, and blue eyes that were little short of limpid—well-matched with his faded overalls and work shirt. He had a bald pate fringed with straw-colored hair. And the sag of his head and shoulders over a heavy belly gave him an attitude of abject apology.

Despite the attitude, he was able to convey to Howat a soft quality of insistence, for his eyes blinked with self-righteousness; his bald pate sparkled with perspiration, even though the sun, foundering among the distant mountains, was leaving the air cool; and his pudgy hands, resting on the top rail of the fence that separated him from Howat, twitched nervously and were damp.

Evidently he had been the last to speak. As he got no answer from the other man he cleared his throat by coughing and began again.

"I ain't kickin' about the way you treat me, Howat," he assured in his thick unsteady voice, "it's just that I got to have a little more money. I'll come back to work, but you got to pay me fi' dollars more."

Howat Fried, a tall man of spare build, cast the glance of an indifferent hearer at Ira from above and across the fence. He also imparted an impression of resolute deafness, by hoisting his curved beak of a nose toward the purpling sky and letting his chin protrude outward like a shelf. After a pause he hooked his bony thumbs into his overall straps, sucked his gaunt weatherbeaten cheeks in, and spit brown tobacco juice down past his right foot where it rested on the lower rail of the fence.

"I got no need fer you now," he drawled, rolling his tobacco into his right cheek. "Thet feller from Bushkill Crossroads is doin' his work plenty well enough, an' he ain't askin' but twelve dollars a week and board. You quit an' you kin stay quit."

Ira shifted his bulk irritably. He hated with flaccid hatred the interloper from Bushkill Crossroads. He groped about in his mind for some means of shaking Howat's confidence.

"But thet feller ain't a steady worker," he grumbled. "He'll loaf on ye an' finally let ye down. Hirin' a loafer don't do ye no good."

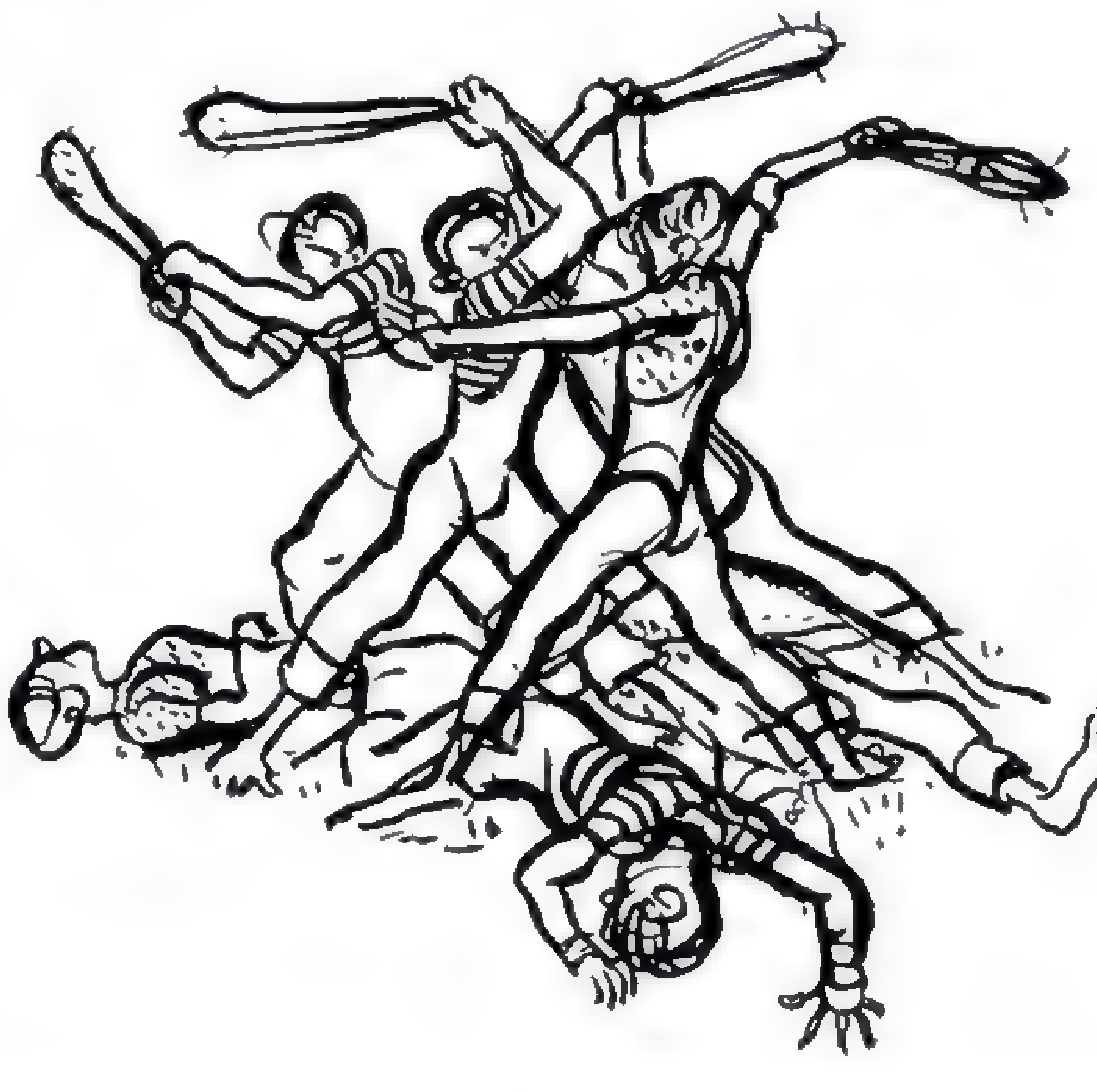
"He'll serve till somebuddy else comes along," observed Howat laconically.

Ira ran his pudgy hand woefully over his perspiring bald spot. His blue eyes were sorrowful.

"But Howat," he said, "you cain't treat me like thet. We've knowed each other man an' boy for fifty year. Think of my fam'ly down there with nothin' to eat but garden truck. We like boughten things same as you and your fam'ly does. Look at 'em," he pleaded, pointing with an impulsive gesture of one fat and lazy arm, "a-playin' around like lost calves."

At the foot of the grassy hill on his side of the fence, bathed in lengthening evening shadows, stood a little house with a veranda at its front. About this were six boys running in circles and tossing an invisible ball. They ranged in years from eight to eighteen. On the veranda, rocking in a chair, could also be discerned Mrs. Ketch, a substantial expanse of flowered cotton.

But Howat Fried, peering through the dusk at the group, merely grunted and pointed a long thin forefinger down his side of the hill. There, nestling in a grove of trees across a lane from his barn, stood a newly painted house. On the grass before the kitchen door six boys crouched in the posture assumed for the playing of marbles. Nearby a brown shawl with copious yardage of flowered gingham exposed below it denoted the presence of Mrs. Fried in a rocking chair.



Ira Ketch sighed deeply and grasped the top fence rail for support.

"The thing is, Howat," he complained, tiredly, "you don't look at all this philosophic-like. Now, you got a lot more money than I got, an' we both got a wife an' childern. I want t' do as much fer my childern as you do fer your'n, but I cain't, 'cause I ain't got the money. You could gimme a little more an' we'd both be happy. Don't ye see thet plain enough?"

"Huh!" grunted Howat. "Don't ye s'pose I need my money t' take care o' my own kids? I've got t' give 'em a good schoolin'."

"Thet's right an' good!" replied Ira with gentle enthusiasm. "But ain't I got a right t' do the same fer my childern? I'd send 'em off to college if you'd pay me more."

"Ye've got t' live within yer means," Howat growled, shaking his lean head indignantly. Then he added, with a touch of curiosity: "Whatje want t' do things fer 'em fer when ye cain't afford it?"

Ira's blue eyes became softly earnest. More than ever the slope of his shoulders and the forward bent of his head, with its double chin, conveyed an attitude of apology.

"Well I tell you, Howat," he said, "I got my childern, thet's final. I don't reely want t' spend my life bringin' 'em up fine; but they're here, an' tarnation-it-all, when ye look at 'em ye feel it's the oney way t' do, tuh bring 'em up in learnin' an' all." He gazed down the hill at his brood, and then said, meditatively: "What I want is peace, but when I look at 'em I cain't bring myself t' let me have it."

Howat Fried's rejoinder to this was a phlegmatic snort. Yet the muscles of his sharp jaws relaxed, and his hands sagged from his thumbs where they were hooked in his suspender straps.

"Ye oughtn't to of had any childern, seein's you couldn't support 'em right," he suggested.

Ira's peach-colored face tightened in an ironic half-smile.

"I've often thought on thet," he admitted. "Years ago, when I was a young man, an' philosophic-inclined, I usta say I wasn't never goin' t' have childern if I got married. I had a good head on me, I kin see it now, fer I could figger then how havin' childern ud tie a man down. It sure does. If I hadn't had no kids I might of got t' be a big store man over in Belden by now. But they kep' me here—sort of took my independence an' spunk away so I had to jus' set an' take what come t' me. Wasn't nothin' t' do but work my fingers off at what come handy, onct they was here." "What in harry did ye have childern fer?" Howat inquired. Despite the reserve with which he held himself, standing back from the fence with his feet planted apart, his thin face was sober and attentive.

With a shrug Ira tried earnestly to make his former employer see his position as he saw it.

"T'wasn't my idee in the first place," he said. "Thet was my ole woman's doin'. Seems as though a woman cain't be satisfied 'less she has a caboodle o' childern about her. She

Continued on page 193

The Amateur Carver

Carving is a sort of rite which, when properly performed, transfigures the ordinary dinner, making it an occasion

by JAMES S. HANOFEE

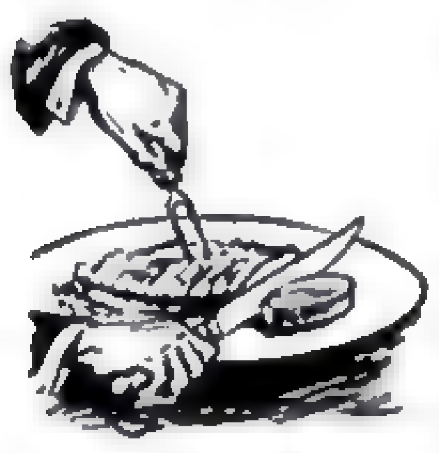
▪ ARTICLE ▪

Carving is one of the oldest of all the graceful arts. It probably originated in early medieval days, when feasting robber barons would use their dirks to cut choice portions from roasted wild boar or venison and pass them to their favored companions who would be seated at their sides. Anyway, the centuries have developed carving into somewhat of a ritual and the perfect host must exhibit a fair amount of dexterity and ease when confronting the roast—the *pièce de résistance* of the usual guest dinner.

Generations ago, paternal parents always schooled their male offspring into the mysteries of properly handling the carving knife and fork. The advent of the machine age seems to have interfered with this revered custom, however, and so, for posterity, we present these simple lessons in the art of carving.

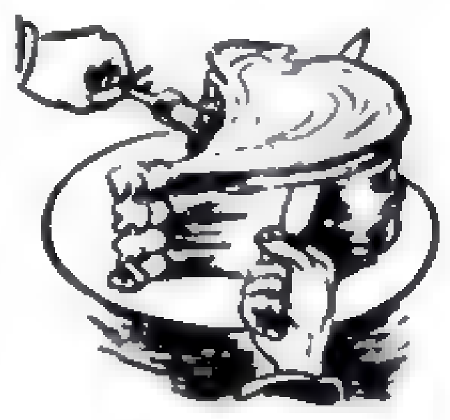
How to Carve Roast Beef—As you may know, there are many types of roast beef, ranging from the fillet or tenderloin to the much larger rib roast and the carving procedure in each case is somewhat different.

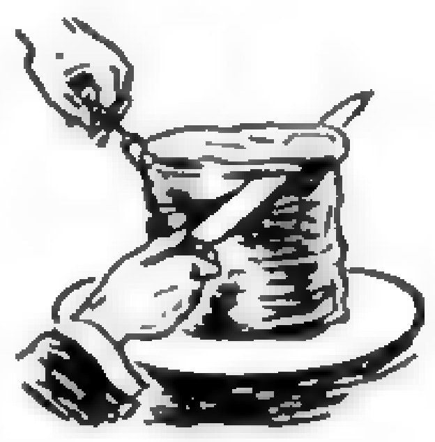
We'll start with the fillet. Press the fork firmly into it at about the middle. With the knife, which should be medium sized, cut directly across the grain, beginning with the thicker or forward portion and working toward the thin end. The slices should be slightly less than a half inch in thickness. Serve each person one slice, adding a sprig of cress or parsley and include a spoonful of gravy or mushroom sauce.



The short loin, the rump, the top round and the chuck roast are carved and served in exactly the same manner, except that the slices should be as thin as possible. This is especially important in the case of the top round which is sometimes a bit tough although very well flavored.

The process of carving a porterhouse, sirloin, or rib roast is slightly more ambitious. If the butcher has left the bones in these meats, they should be placed before the carver with the bones protruding to his left. The bone ends should be covered with paper frills, which, although decorative, are required primarily for their utilitarian purpose. You see, the carver can steady the roast by holding the protected ends of the protruding ribs (between thumb and forefinger). A nine-inch long pointed knife should be used and the slices made transversely across the grain until the bone is encountered. Then, to separate the slices, the point of the knife is drawn across them as close as possible to the ribs. If the bones have been removed, the cut is called a boned and rolled roast. The carving process is exactly similar to the above except that a fork is always used to steady the roast. The fork is inserted at a point two or three slices below the top with the pressure exerted downward to steady the roast on the platter.

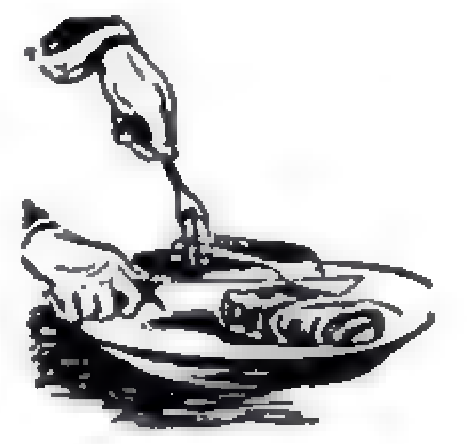




We should mention here that the skewers or cords with which the roast is tied must not be cut or removed until they are reached. This is to preserve its shape as well as to retain the juices. Another point to be remembered and one that adds to your prestige as a perfect carver, is that it is well to ask your guest whether he prefers his roast beef rare or well done. The rarer portions are, of course, near the middle; the well done, naturally near the top and bottom. One thing more, the slices are usually carved as thin as possible.

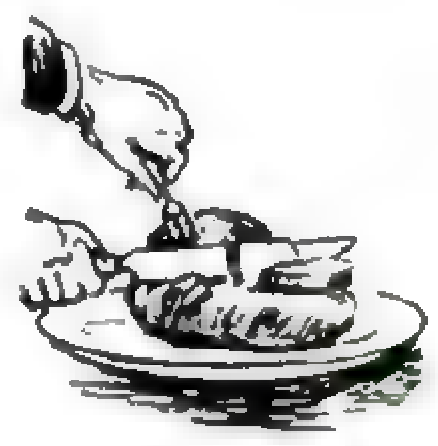
How to Carve Beefsteak—First, it is important that the steak be at least an inch and a half in thickness and two inches is preferable. If it is thinner than this, it is not a true steak in the viewpoint of the connoisseur. Then too, it should be broiled or roasted—not fried—if the full deliciousness of taste of this most popular American meat is to be retained. The perfectly cooked steak will leave the inside a light cherry red color and not grey or brown.

The butcher should take out the bone; it's easier for him and anyway there's no need for you to work any harder than absolutely necessary. If, however, the bone is left in, your first task will be to remove it. This is done with a thin round pointed knife. Then the steak is ready for the carving proper. Divide the steak into portions an inch or more in width, depending upon the thickness. The thin portion at the small or flank end should be sliced a bit larger. Remember that the tenderloin or the part opposite are the tenderest and tastiest and that, consequently, it is advisable to serve to each guest one of these portions as well as one of the less preferable cuts. A sprig of parsley or of watercress and a spoonful of gravy will complete the serving.



Planked steak is carved in the same manner, but it is necessary to add a helping of the various vegetables that usually surround it.

How to Carve Roast Leg or Shoulder of Lamb or Mutton—By the way, you'll notice that we've used the word *mutton*. For some reason that's a word usually avoided in this country even by the butchers, although when you buy "lamb" after September, you actually are getting mutton. In England and elsewhere this meat is frankly given its correct name which is sensible because choice mutton, properly cooked is better in every way than spring or Easter lamb. It's more digestible, more nutritious and, in the opinion of those who know, more delicious. Besides these reasons and to be practical, mutton is less expensive than lamb and more economical to carve.

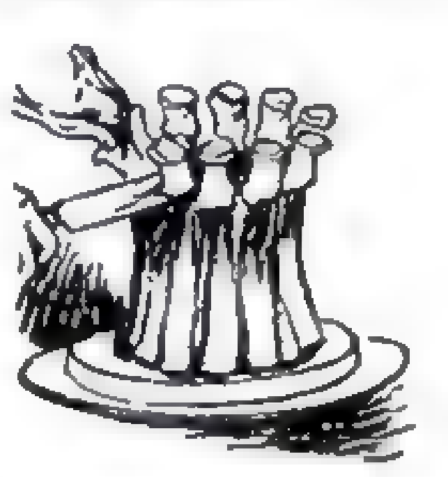


When buying your leg of lamb or mutton, instruct the butcher to remove the hip bone. Roast it with the inside or fleshy part upwards, the skin side downwards. This prevents the waste of juices or gravy and keeps the roast tender. When cooked and placed on a platter appropriately decorated with sprigs of watercress or parsley, the protruding bone should be to the left of the carver, the skin side down and the fork inserted well down near the end of the roast. Cut thin slices at about a thirty-degree angle diagonally across the grain until the lamb is cleaned down to the bone.

This has the added advantage of economically permitting all the meat to be removed with no waste. Those who cut straight down directly across the grain leave pieces at either end which are too small to be served at a guest dinner. After this, the bone should be removed by making an incision at either side of it, loosening it at the end and running the knife underneath, between the bone and the meat. Then turn the roast and slice as previously described.

Crown Roast of Lamb—This roast consists of from eight to fourteen ribs of the forequarter, trimmed and arranged in circular form, fastened with skewers and stuffed with the portions that have been cut off when the roast was trimmed and which have been chopped fine for the purpose. When the ends of the ribs have been properly decorated with paper frills and the platter has been garnished with watercress or parsley, this roast is really a tempting sight and most appropriate, not only for dinners but for formal luncheons and breakfasts, too.

The final carving procedure is amazingly simple; merely cut straight down between each chop, taking care, of course, to make the portions of equal thickness.



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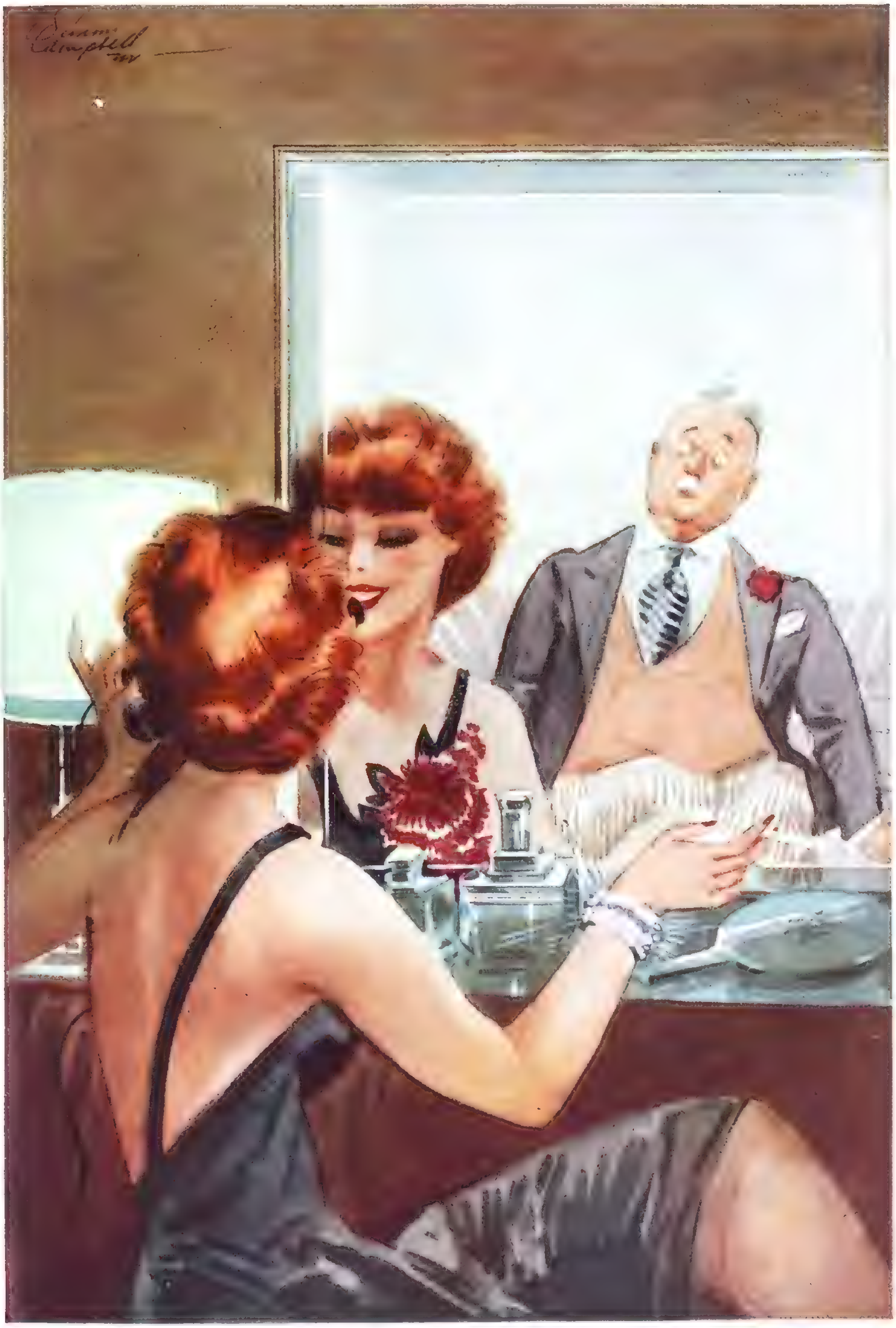
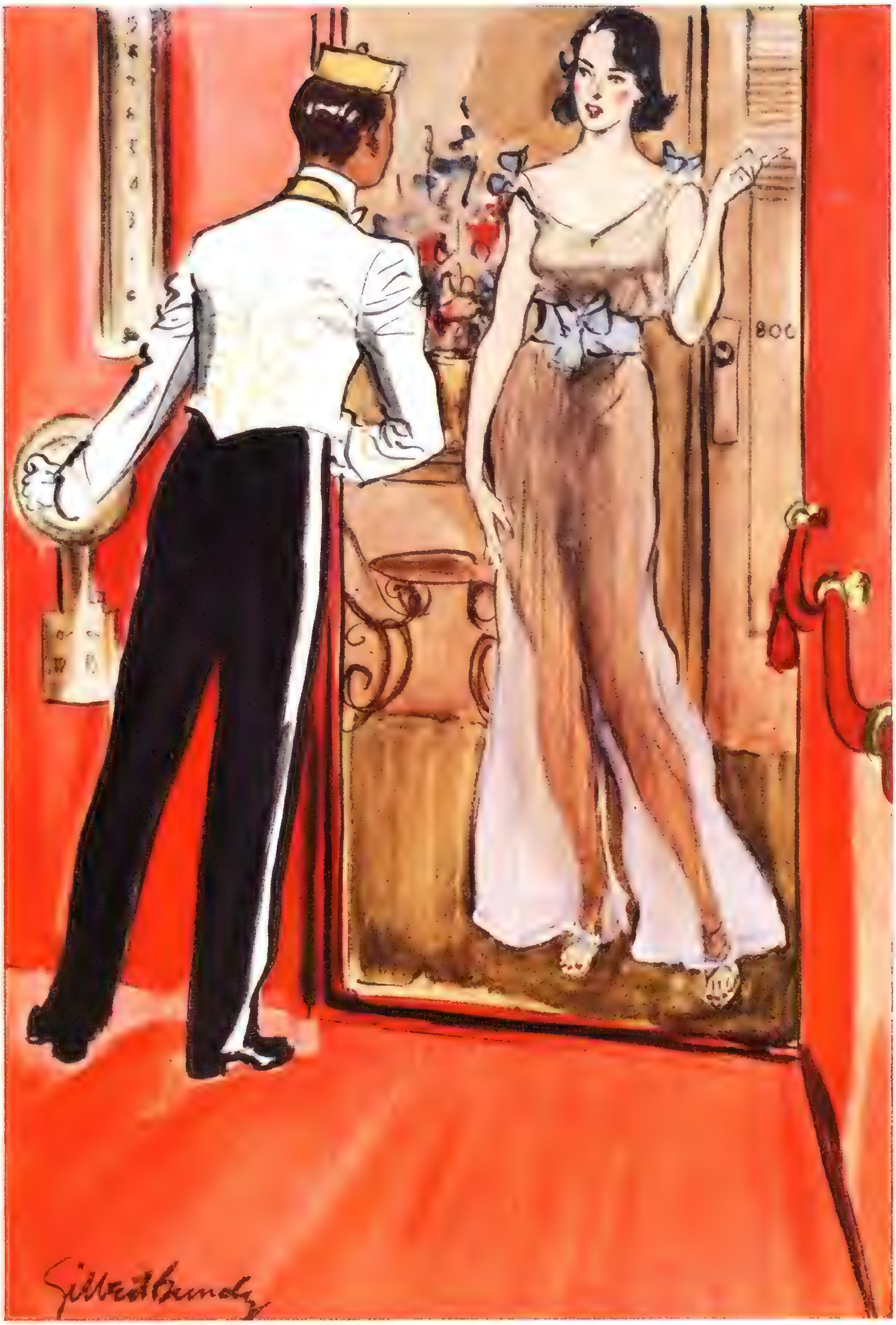


"Guess what? The president of the First National Bank came all the way down here just to straighten out my account."


800
Gilbert Bundy

"I can't get into my room—I came out without my key."

Black Wind and Lightning

It's tough for a bartender who's supposed to die laughing at every wise guy who buys a glass of beer

by MICHAEL FESSIER

FICTION

HE WAS just a little guy—about the size of a clarinet player. His face was all wrinkled up like a California dried peach that hadn't been sulphured enough. He'd bought a nickel's worth of beer and had dunked a quarter's worth of pretzels in it.

"In me," he said, "you observe a man who has seen all things and done all things. You'd probably be dumbfounded if I were to tell you."

I was wiping off the bar and thinking what a hell of a business it was that made you stand the company of a little tomato like that all for a penny profit on a glass of beer.

"I dumbfound very easy," I said, "so if you'd just as soon, don't tell me."

"On the other hand," he said, shaking his beer so's it'd bubble, "you strike me as a peculiarly unenlightened person and perhaps it is my duty to acquaint you with some of the more easily digested facts of the universe."

"All right, kid," I said. "That crack goes with the beer—just like the pretzels. We like our customers to be happy, but there's a limit. The next time you open your duck farm, it's on you. I like to bounce wise guys."

"In your own inimitably obnoxious manner you have arrived at a sound conclusion." he said. "I am—as you ungrammatically state—a wise guy."

"Right," I said, "and wise guys never are very smart and if you were smart you'd drink your beer and go out and look at the stars before I give you a fistful of 'em inside your conk."

"Stars," he sniffed. "Pooh! Verminous bits of light like cigarette butts on a cracked ash tray!"

"I'm sorry you don't like our stars, mister," I said, "but we do our best. Maybe you came from a place where they have bigger and better stars. Colored ones!"

"Comets," he said. "Now you take comets . . ."

"I don't need any comets," I said. "I got a comet."

He looked interested.

"Have you?" he said. "Really?"

I started cleaning out the coils.

"Aw, nuts!" I said.

"There's nothing exceptional about owning comets," he said. "I own several."

"Is that so?" I said. "What color?"

"Purple," he said. "All of them."

"I'll be a sonofagun," I said.

"If you insist," he said, "although it isn't a bit necessary, I assure you. Not necessary in the least."

"What isn't necessary?" I asked.

"Your being a sonofagun," he said. "It strikes me as a perfectly ridiculous procedure."

"Oh, it doesn't bother me," I said. "It's just a state of mind. Where do you keep your comets?"

"In the endless reaches of spaceless eternity," he said. "My purple comets thunder through the limitless void."

"That's nice," I said. "What causes things like that?"

He drank the last of his beer.

"You probably won't understand," he said, *"but there came a time when there was no more light and the dark grey clouds gathered and there was black wind and lightning."*

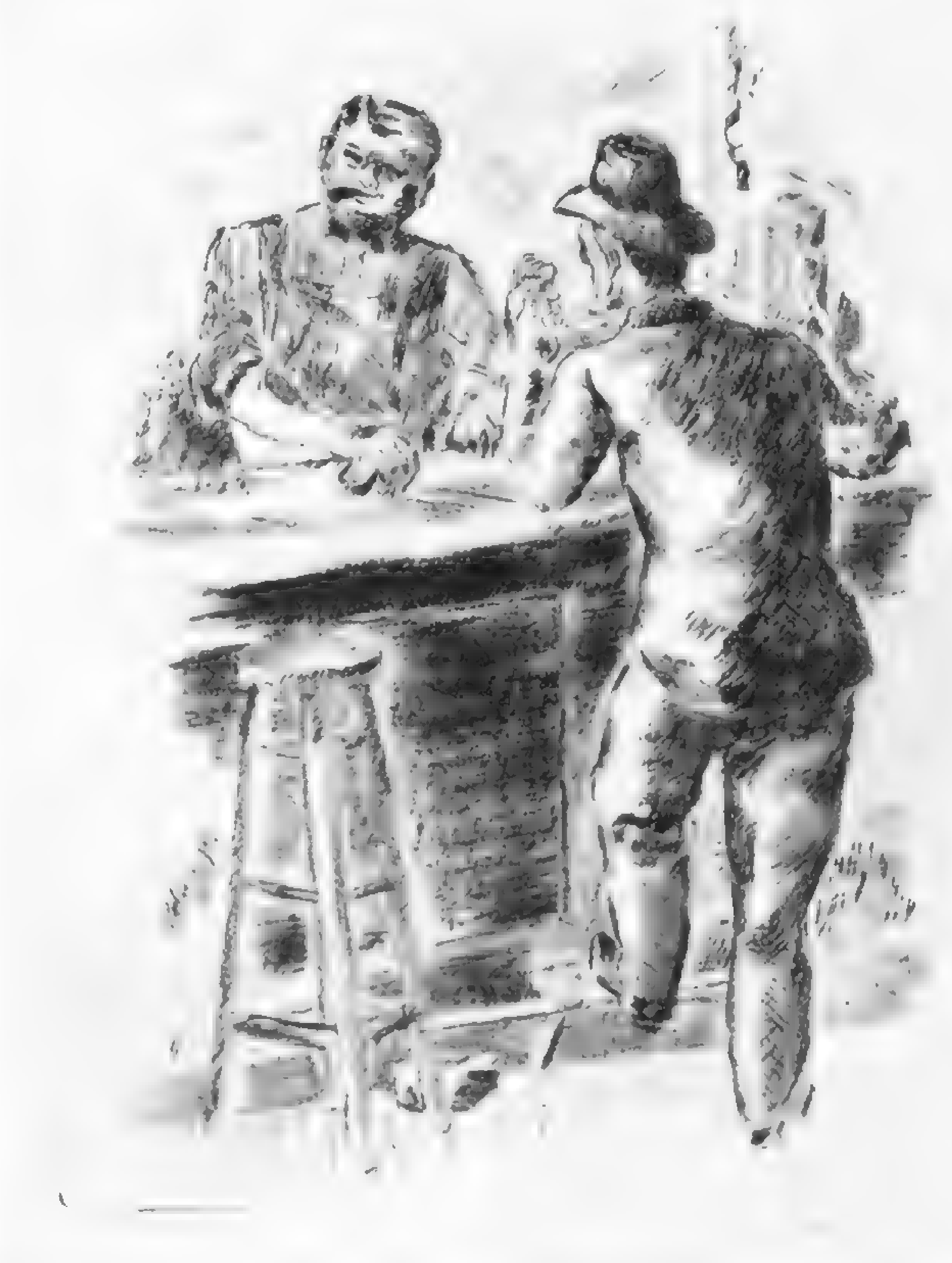
He stared at me a minute.

"Then came catastrophe!" he said.

"Oh," I said. "That's how it is. Another beer?"

"Yes," he said. "That's how it is. No, thanks, I'll have no more beer. You are beginning to bore me. Good-day, sir."

He got off the stool and marched out of the place. After the door swung to behind him I thought of a couple of good cracks I'd liked to have made. It wasn't more'n a half-hour before I looked up and he was coming in again.



[illegible] NY PALAZZ

"Oh, so you're back," I said and tried to remember the wise cracks so's to pull 'em on him.

The guy got onto a stool and reached for a pretzel.

"I've never been in here in my life," he said. "I'll have a beer."

It was the voice that did it. I looked closer at him.

"By golly," I said. "I would of sworn you were the other guy. He must be your brother."

"I haven't got a brother," he said. "I'll have a beer."

I drew a beer and stared at the guy. He did look a little different than the first guy, but not much. The main difference was in the voice.

"Maybe your father got around more'n you think," I said. "There was a guy in here you could of used for a mirror."

"Have it your own way," he said, dunking a pretzel in his beer.

"He was a nut," I said. "Goofy as hell."

"So?" he said.

"Yeah," I said.

I laughed, just thinking of the other guy.

"Says he owns a flock of comets," I said.

The guy looked up.

"Did he?" he asked. "Where?"

I tried to remember what the other guy'd said.

"In the endless reaches of spaceless eternity," I said. "His comets thunder through the limitless void. Purple ones."

The little guy almost spilled his beer.

"He did!" he said. "He said that?"

"Yeah," I said. "But don't get in an uproar about it. He's just a nut."

The little guy pounded his fist on the bar.

"Who was he?" he yelled. "Where is he?"

"I don't know," I said. "What's biting you?"

"I've been robbed!" he said. "Now I know why I have been restless of late!"

"Robbed of what?" I asked.

"My comets!" he screamed. "My beautiful purple comets!"

"Oh, my God!" I said. "Another one! The town's full of 'em! It must be a convention!"

"Don't stand there and dribble nonsense from that foul mouth

Continued in center of page 267

Six Poems of Mountain People

by JESSE STUART

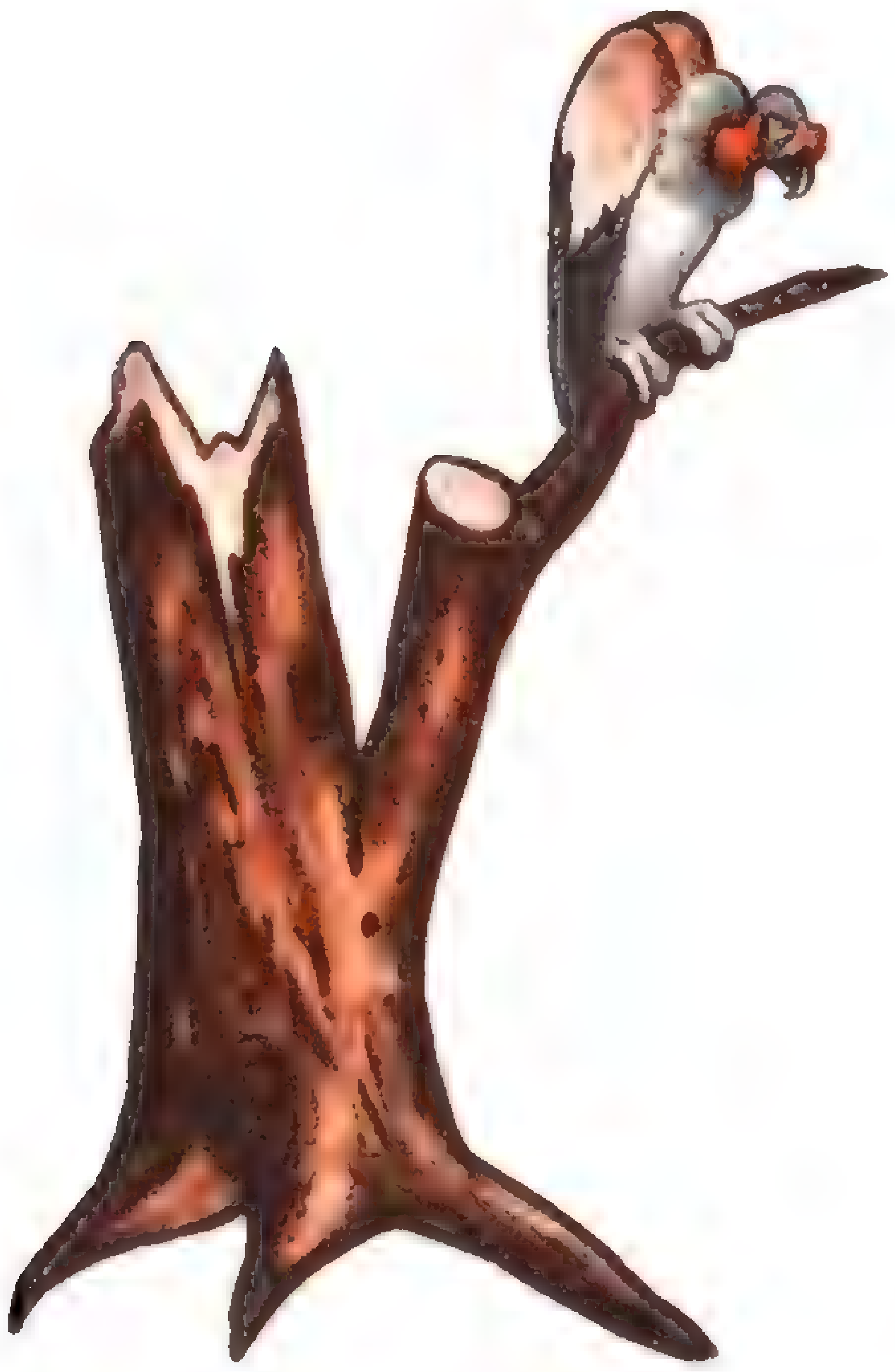
TEMPERA PAINTINGS *by* ERIC LUNDGREN

Ham Lozier

I do not care if she has gone away.
The corn still sprouts from earth—the wild bird calls,
And leaves come to the trees—the light of day
Is silver when serenely evening falls!
She left me with the hills for company,
Her company the far-off stranger faces:
She could not find her kind of life with me
A-listening to the wind in saw-briar patches
And midnight quirting of the whippoorwills.
I shall live here as silent as the stone;
My loves: these rivers, rocks, and woods and hills
And not one sigh for kisses I have known.
The kiss of woman is a futile thing
As futile as the passing wind and brief
As petals bursting through a puff of spring
From will of woman man must find relief.

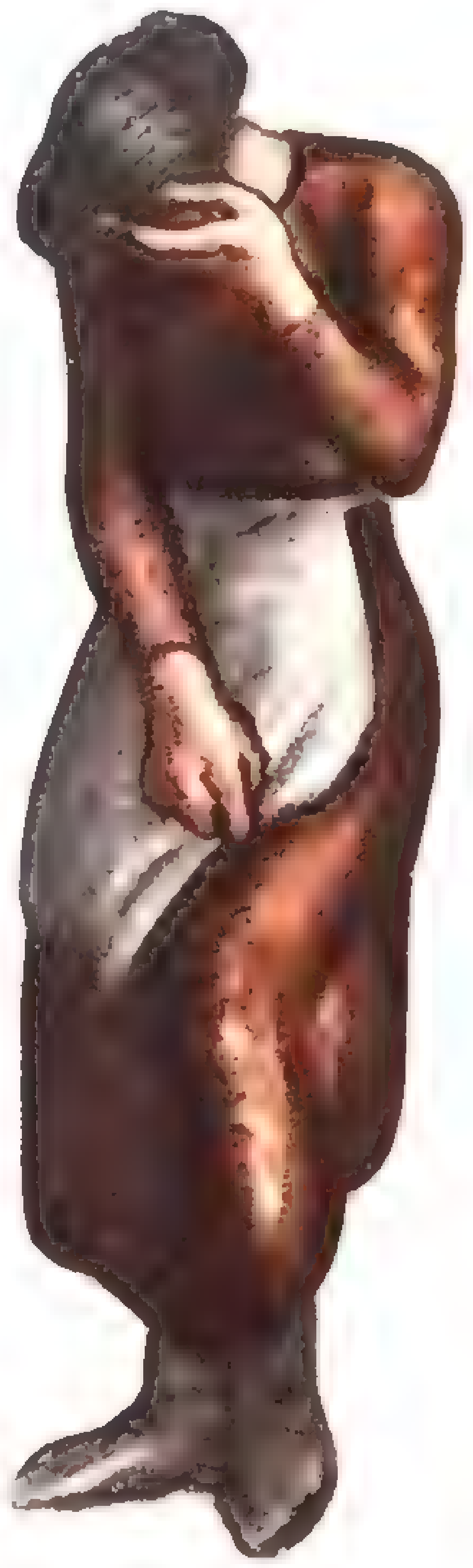
Ella Dover

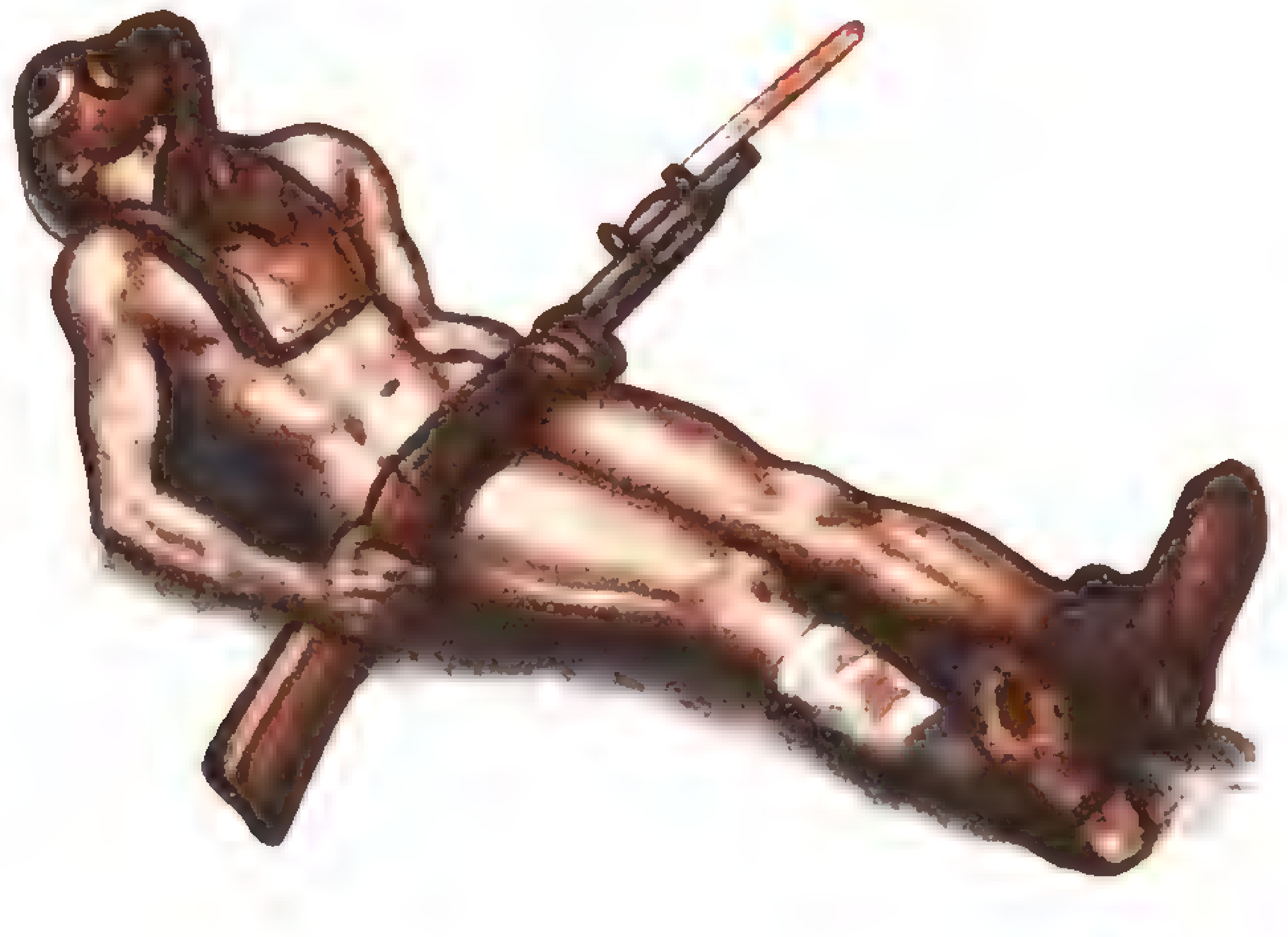
Beloved Cy you have now departed me
When Harvest is ripe bloody on the slope;
Gaunt whickerbills roost on the worm-killed tree,
Where you are planted lengthening shadows grope.
I have with sickle swathed the creamy wheat:
I have with flail beat out the stubborn spears;
I've plowed behind the oxen's cloven feet
And paid our land mortgage in these lean years.
I said Beloved Cy, the day he sent
Your precious body back to Dover-clay
The heart in old Owl Tuley I would rent
With number-three buckshot—that he would pay,
And I would pay if my soul was the price—
The volley whined because I wrung the shell—
There was no need to shoot Owl Tuley twice.
My aim was true and like a dog he fell.



Jad Perkins

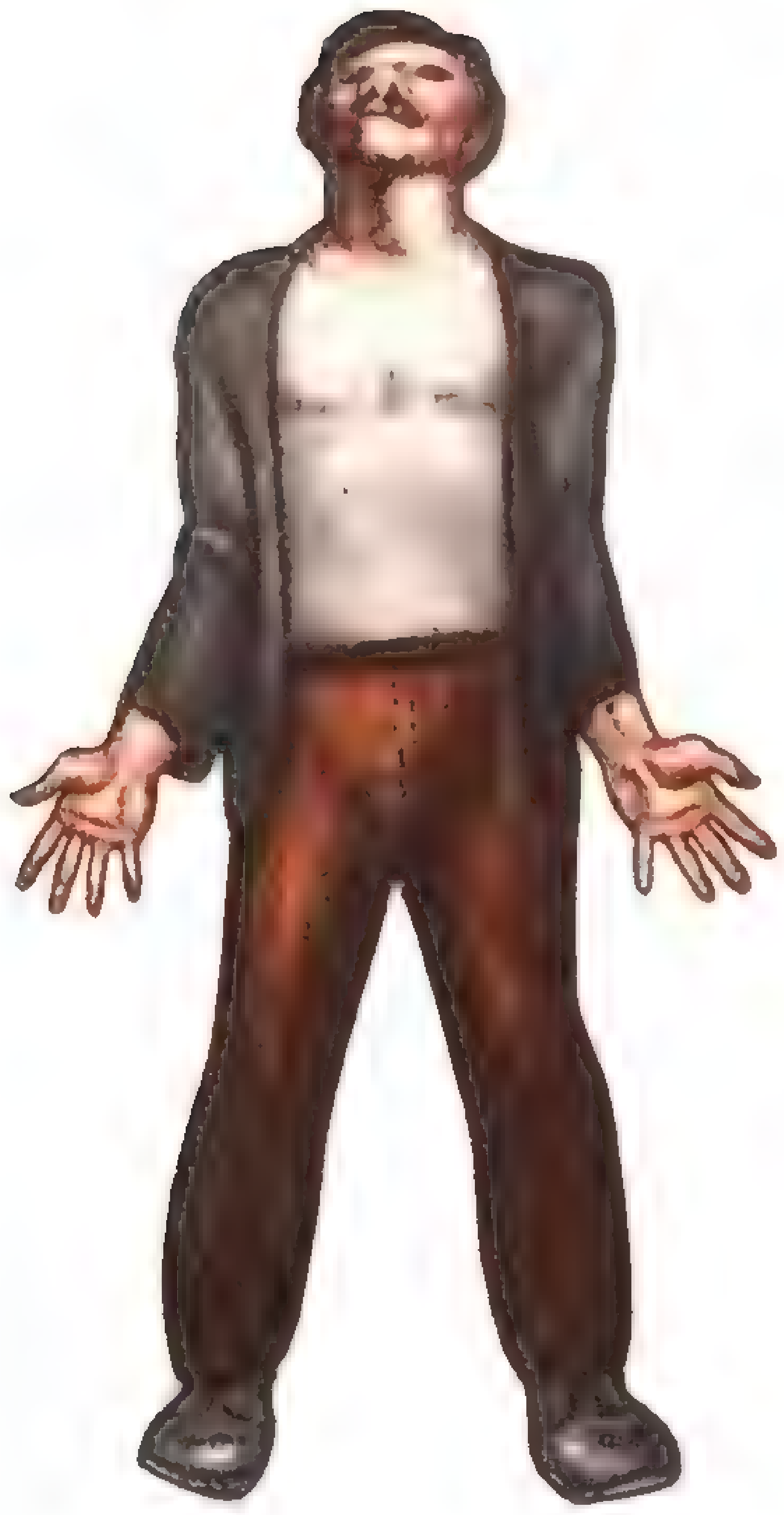
I shall go strangely where no flowers bloom,
I who have killed and whored my life away;
No recompense when I have met my doom,
When I've returned to stinking rotting clay.
If life were here again for me to live
I'd live life clean and live without regret;
I'd marry young and do my best to give
Posterity the world would not forget.
I leave posterity with my lost life.
I lose the things in life my heart desired.
I left the farm to follow drum and fife,
I left life good at home to find life hard.
I took lives in the war—I saw men fall,
I passed them bleeding—saw their death-pale faces;
My heart got harder than our cellar wall
Until I've seen horned Devils in dark places.

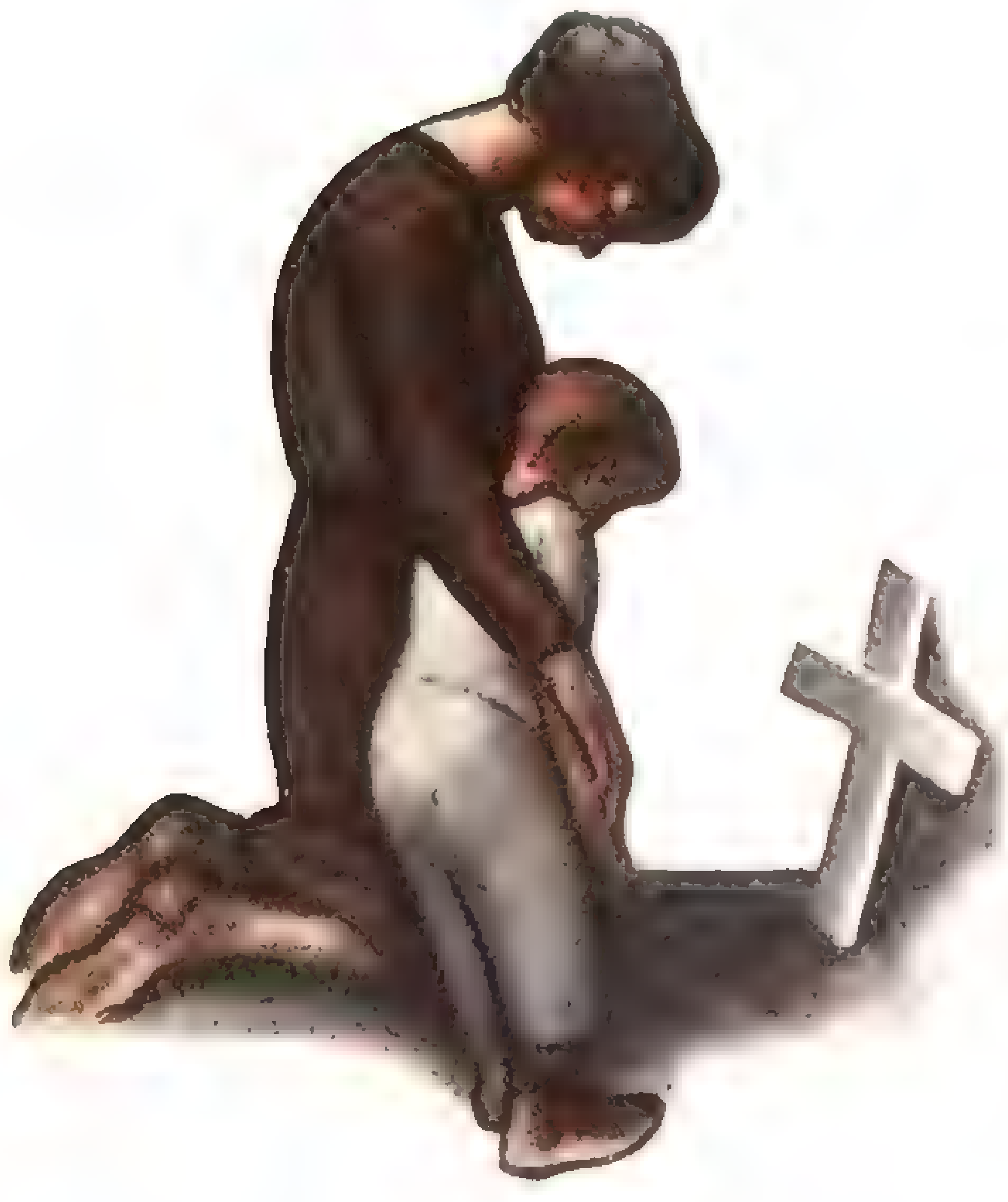




Ossie Cartwheel

Those who sow the wind shall reap the wind
In this inhospitable Earth, O my brother!
And those who sow no kind of fruit shall end
A sun-parched autumn stubble, O my brother!
I planted blood my Brother—blood, swine-red
On mountain craig too rough for bull-tongue furrow.
I planted heads of men on death-stained raid
In cove and craig and glen and walled-in hollow.
These fence-post arms are hairy—hands are calloused,
This sun-parched skin is tough as ground-hog leather;
These elongated eyes are gray as ballast
This body is light as a wild drake's feather.
My deeds shall lie in dark pits under rocks
And in earth grooves for baby-fingered moles;
No one will read but enemy red fox
Carousing in death-gloomy wintry holes!



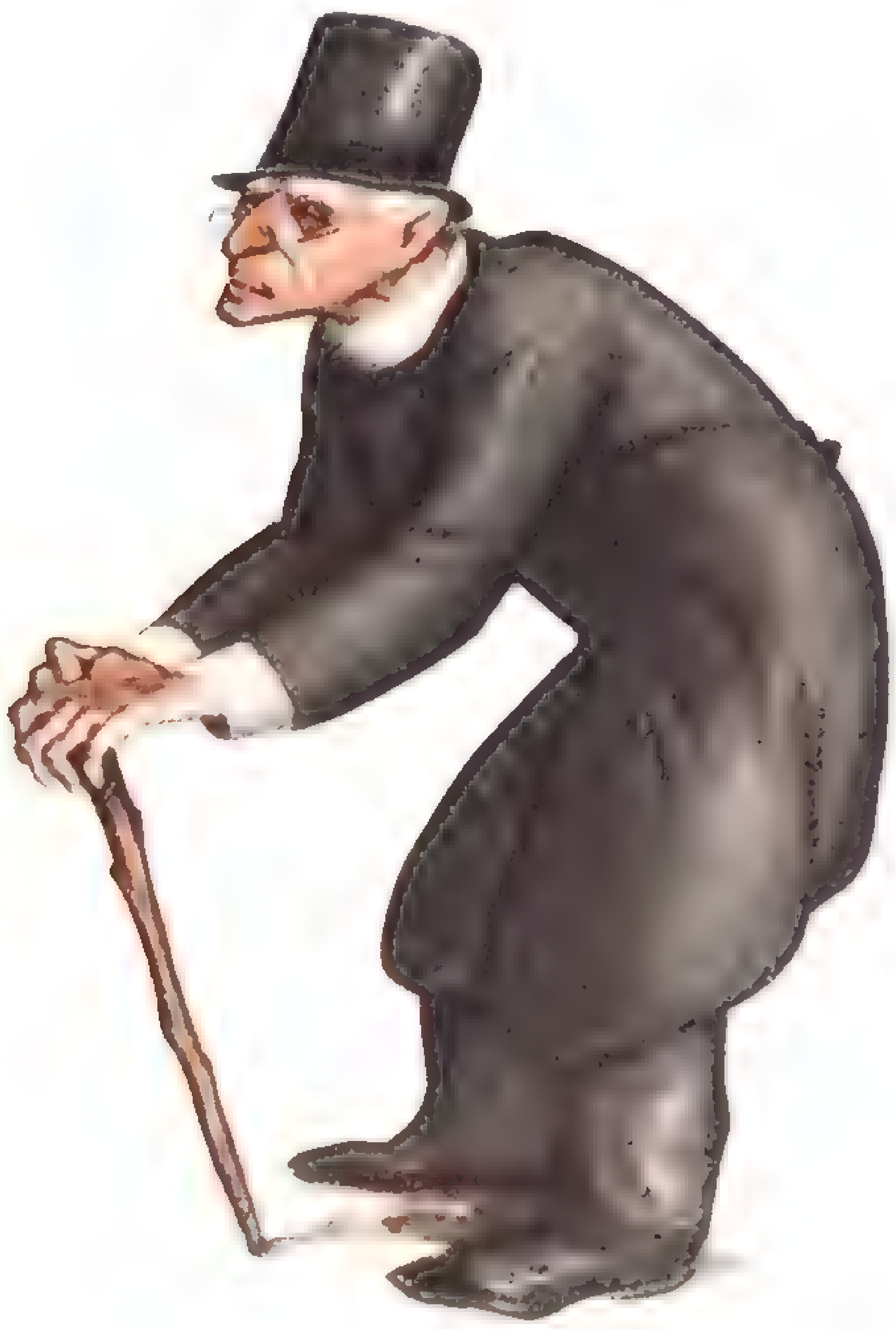


Flow Gently Sandy River

Sandy so glossy-green beneath the willows
Flow gently for it is not peace you carry:
It is the tears of orphans and the widows
As from one dance the twelve dead men we bury.
Lord Jesus surely will bless them in slumber,
Bless them that fell beneath the Patricks' guns
(However, Fraziers thinned the Patricks' number)
But bless them Jesus under moons and suns
That will forever rise, forever set
On mountain dirt that supped their blood thin-hot.
Flow gently Sandy where the fishing net
If undisturbed will drown the fish and rot.
Flow gently River with tears, blood and sorrow,
It is not long that mountain widows wait;
Bull-tongues will snap the newground roots tomorrow
While time plods on through centuries of hate.

Harry Dartmore

Why come to me young Lover young with love?
I, who am old, and tougher than the night
Must stand the winter mountain slow to move,
Frozen in time and strange immeasureable light.
Why come to me? Is it love that you're after?
Hair golden streaming in the wild blue wind!
The music of wild wind and your spring laughter
Can't dent my head bare peeled as onion rind.
My laughter is dark thunder on the sky
And words of my caress are lightning darts;
You need not come to me nor ask me why
The Spring in you will never melt my heart.
Remember, Lass, beneath these dirt-streaked skies
I shall fall from the tree tough-bitter fruit.
But you, young blossom in Spring paradise
Must remain on your unmolested shoot.



In the Holidays

Normally it couldn't have happened in the hospital, but on New Year's Eve the corridors were nearly empty

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

The hospital was thinly populated, for many convalescents had taken risks to get home for the holidays and prospective patients were gritting their teeth until vacation was over. In the private ward one interne took on the duties of three, and six nurses the duties of a dozen. After New Year's it would be different—just now the corridors were long and lonely.

Young Dr. Kamp came into the room of Mr. McKenna, who was not very ill, and snatched rest in the easy chair.

"How's back feel?" he asked.

"Better, Doc. I thought I'd get up and dress tomorrow."

"All right—if you haven't any fever. The X-ray plates didn't show a thing."

"I've got to be out of here day after tomorrow."

"When you get home you better see your own doctor, though I never have felt you were seriously ill—in spite of the pain. We've got a patient downstairs with a dizzy head that we can't find a thing the matter with—there's probably faulty elimination of some kind, but he came through every test sound as a dollar."

"What's his name?" McKenna asked.

"Griffin. So you see sometimes there just isn't any diagnosis to be made. Say, were you in the war?"

"Me? No. I was too young."

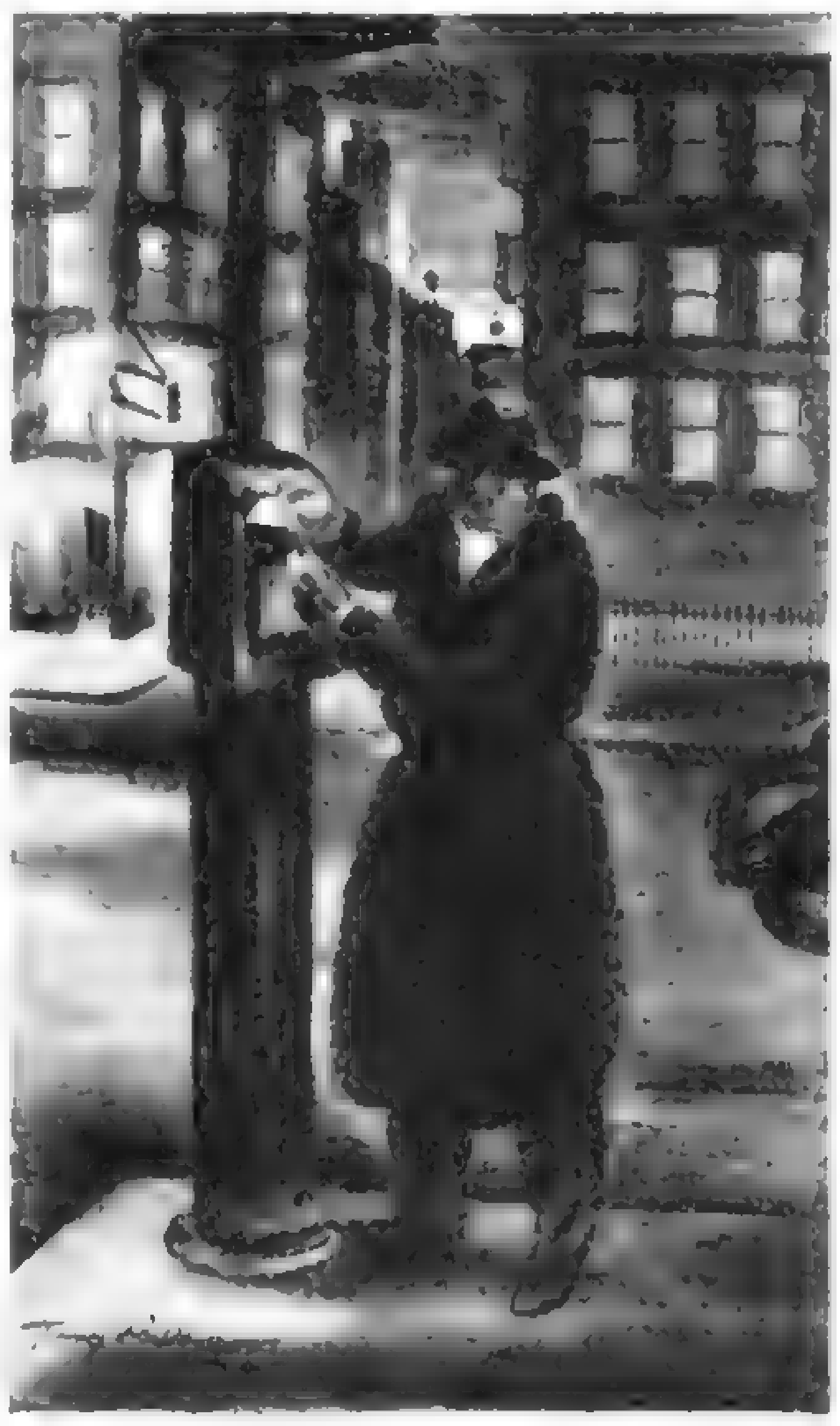
"Did you ever get shot?"

"No."

"That's funny—the X-ray showed a couple of things that looked like slugs in your buttocks."

"Oh, that was a hunting accident," said McKenna.

When the doctor left the nurse came in—she was the wrong one, not the beautiful little student nurse, dark and rosy, with eyes as soft as blue oil. Miss Hunter was plain and talked about the man she was marrying next month.



"That's why I'm here on New Year's Eve. We need the money and a girl gave me five dollars to take her place over the holidays. I can't see him but I write him a whole book every night."

"It certainly is some life in here," said McKenna. "The food makes me sick."

"Aren't you ashamed—it's better than we get. You ought to see that little student nurse go for the dessert you left today."

He brightened momentarily.

"The pretty one?" Maybe this was an angle.

"Miss Collins." She proffered him a vile liquid. "You can drink her health with this cocktail."

"Oh, skip it. This doctor thinks I'm just bluffing—me and some other fellow that's dizzy in the head. Name's Griffin—do you take care of him?"

"He's down on the first floor."

"What does he look like?"

"Well, he wears glasses, about your age."

"Is he handsome like me?"

"He's very pale and he's got a big bald place in his mustache. What's the use of having a mustache if you have a bald place in it."

He shifted in bed restlessly.

"I think I'd sleep better if I got up for awhile—just around the corridors. I could get a paper in the office and all that."

"I'll ask the doctor."

Without waiting for permission McKenna got up and dressed. He was tying his tie when the nurse returned.

"All right," Miss Hunter said, "but come back soon and wear your overcoat. The corridors are cold. And would you please drop this letter in the box for me?"

McKenna went out and downstairs and through many halls to the main office. He stopped at the registry desk and asked a question, afterwards writing down something on the back of an envelope.

Out in the damp, snowless night he inquired the way to a drugstore; he went directly to the phone booth and closeted himself for some minutes. Then he bought a movie magazine and a hip flask of port, and asked for a glass at the fountain.

All around the hospital the streets were quiet and the houses, largely occupied by medical people, were dark and deserted. Across the street the dark fortress of the hospital was blocked out against a pink blur in the downtown sky. There was a mailbox on the corner and after a moment he took out the nurse's letter, tore it slowly into four pieces, and dropped it in the slot. Then he began thinking of the little student nurse, Miss Collins. He had a vague idea about Miss Collins. She had told him yesterday that she was sure to be flunked from her class in February. Why? Because she had stayed out too late with boy friends. Now, if that wasn't a sort of come-on—especially when she added that she wasn't going back to the old homestead and had no plans at all. Tomorrow McKenna was leaving town but in a couple of weeks he could ride down again and keep her out late in a big way, and if he liked her get her some clothes and set her up in Jersey City where he owned an apartment house. She was the double for a girl he once went with at Ohio State.

He looked at his watch—an hour and a half till midnight. Save for several occasions when he had been deterred for reasons contingent on his profession, all his New Year's were opaque memories of whoopee. He never made resolves or thought of the past with nostalgia or regret—he was joyless and fearless, one of the stillborn who manage to use death as a mainspring. When he caused suffering it made his neck swell and glow and yet he had a feeling for it that was akin to sympathy. "Does it hurt, fella?" he had asked once. "Where does it hurt most? Cheer up—you're almost out."

McKenna had intended to leave the hospital before the thing came off, but the interne and nurse had only just spilled what he wanted to know into his lap and it was too late at night to leave without attracting attention. He crossed the street in order to re-enter the hospital by the door of the dispensary.

On the sidewalk a man and a woman, young and poorly dressed, stood hesitating.

"Say, mister," the man said, "can you tell us something—if doctors look to see what's wrong with you is it free? Somebody told me they sting you."

McKenna paused in the doorway and regarded them—the woman watched him breathlessly.

"Sure they sting you," McKenna said. "They charge you twenty bucks or they take it out on your hide."

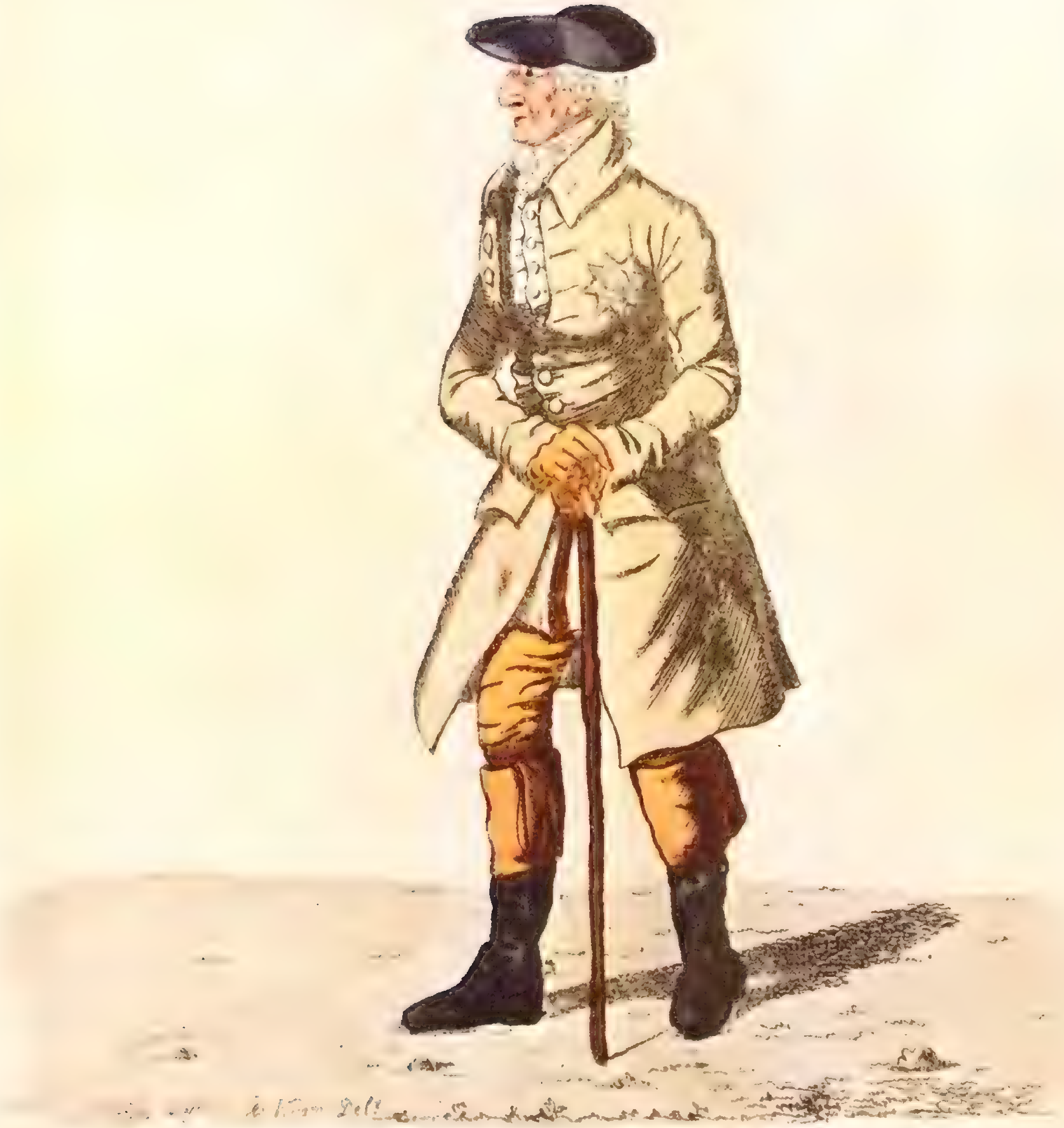
He went on in, past the screen door of the dispensary, past the entrance to the surgical unit where men made repairs that would not wait for the year to turn, past the children's clinic where a single sharp cry of distress came through an open door, past the psychiatric wards, exuding a haunted darkness. A group of probationers in street clothes chattered by him, an orderly with a wheel chair, an old Negress leaning on a grizzled man, a young woman weeping between a doctor and a nurse. Through all that life, protesting but clinging, through all that hope of a better year, moved McKenna, the murderer, looking straight ahead lest they see death in his eyes.

II

In his room he rang for the nurse, had a quick drink and rang again. This time it was Miss Collins.

"It took you long enough," he said. "Say

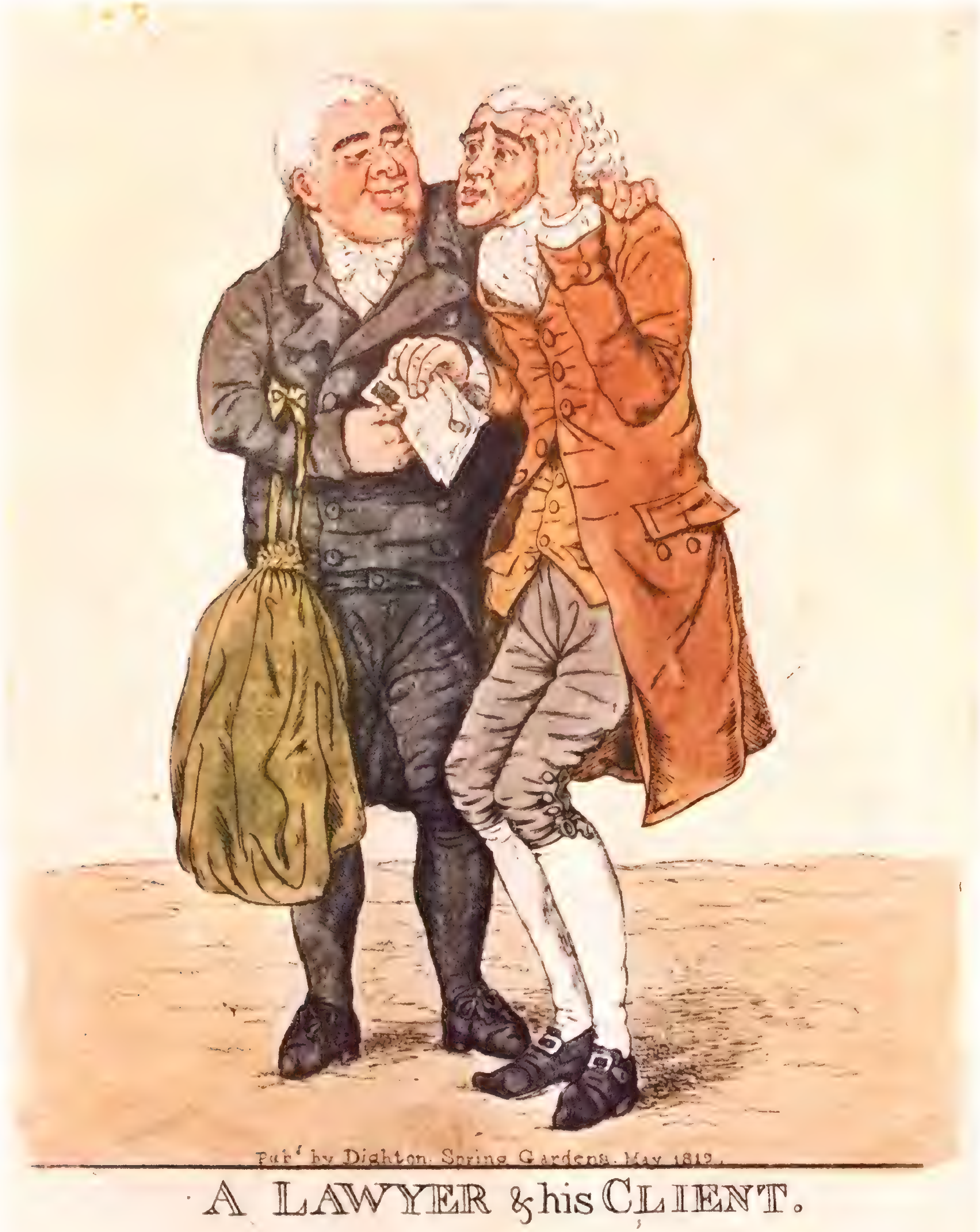
Continued on page 184



A NOBLE DUKE.

taken on the STEYNE at BRIGHTON

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON



Pub^{d} by Dighton. Spring Gardens. May 1812.

A LAWYER & his CLIENT.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

Idea From a Box

Mr. Getney teaches the boys of Getney Belt that inspiration is everywhere if people will use their God-given heads

by EDWARD HORTON

• SATIRE •

At the far end of the table, in the conference room of the Getney Belt Company, four heads were clustered low over a small, square, flat cardboard box.

"I nearly had it that time," said Ralph Traff, advertising manager.

"Nearly your grandmother," said Ira Gruber, sales manager. "Look: you shove this little jigger over, and then—aaa, rats."

"It's my next," said Morton Hamp, credit manager.

"Let a good man try it," said Charley Rizzick, plant manager. His right arm tractored down over Hamp's shoulder. "Let's see. To the left, like this. Then right—hey, it's all fuzzled up."

A blow-out of laughter followed his failure. "Sally Rand, over here, was going to show us," said Hamp. More laughter.

Of the five men in the room, only Homer Biddleport, purchasing agent, had remained aloof. Now, like a windshield wiper after an uphill pull, he moved from his seat. "May I?"

"Gawhead, let him mess around with it a little," said Gruber. So Biddleport was holding the box, when Hubert Getney, president, followed his panatella in.

"Gaffanoon jemon. Glad to see you cooperating," said Getney. Biddleport's movement was not quick enough. "What've you got there?"

To avoid Getney's gaze, Biddleport read the label on the cover of the box. "It's called a U-JOIN-UM. Very ingenious indeed, Mr. Getney."

"*Join What?*" asked Getney, with equally heavy emphasis on both words.

"The red pieces," said Biddleport, surrendering the box. He waited with the demeanor of a traffic violator whose license is being examined by an officer.

"It's a puzzle," said Traff. "We were all working on it."

"It's a puzzle to me that we ever manage to get even one dozen belts sold, with all this frivolity in the organization," said Getney, scrutinizing the contents of the box. "How does this function?"

"You move the pieces around, one at a time," explained Traff. "The object is to get the two red triangles together to form a square."

"It isn't easy," said Gruber.

"But it's becoming easy to see why our sales are where they are," said Getney, putting the puzzle down before him. "I presume you've all found the time to read the quarterly statement and see how we're slipping?"

"Aren't you mistaken?" asked Gruber. "The statement shows a net sales gain of seventeen per cent."

"That's what makes it lousy," said Getney. "In the first place, the whole industry shows a gain of fourteen per cent. Automatically, we should keep pace with the industry. So that leaves a gain of only three per cent. Furthermore, we've gone into the export market, which figures to give us a gain of three per cent as a minimum. Obviously, we are standing still at best."

During the interval of silence, Getney's forefinger strayed to the box—began to move the pieces of wood about. "What we need is a plan," he said. "A big plan—an idea in keeping with our position of leadership in the industry—by the way, how does this U-JOIN-UM thing work?"

Hamp bounced over. "Like this, Mr. Getney. You shove this piece into the space. Then you shove that one into the corner. Now—" Hamp stopped. "Gosh, this is certainly queer. I did it once before."

"If that's the way your mind is functioning, I can understand why collections are so far behind," said Getney. The box went down on the table with a thwack. "Yes, this organization is becoming stagnant. We need new ideas—say, I'd like to see this puzzle worked out. Purely professional interest, you understand."

This time, it was Rizzick who volunteered. After a few jerks, the red triangles were still far apart.

"A fine staff of executives I've got," said Getney, snatching the box from Rizzick. "Sales show no progress, despite improved business conditions. Constructive thinking: that's what we need. Somewhere beyond the horizon, lurks the big idea." His finger was in the box, moving the pieces. "Isn't there one person in this entire office, who can work the damned thing out?"

Traff said, "Hap Feltz, the kid out in the shipping room brought it around." Getney pressed the buzzer: long-short-long. Traff smiled and said: "It's the childish mind—undisturbed by more pressing matters."

So wide was the opening, that Getney thought of four fitting retorts simultaneously. Before he could select one, the door was opened timidly, and a slender boy in a sleeveless sweater stood on the sill. Feltz. Getney pointed to the box. Feltz said, "Honest, Mr. Getney, I wasn't fooling with it, except only during the lunch hour."

"Show me how it works."

With a grin that flared his nostrils, Feltz stuck a practiced finger into the box: zut-woosh-zut-zut-woosh-zut-*bup*. "There y'are, Mr. Getney. Even a dope can do it."

"Thank you. That'll be all."

"Now, can I have my puzzle?"

"How much did it cost?"

"A dime."

"Make out a petty cash slip, and get yourself another one. Also, bring me a white varsity belt."

"Yessir." The door closed behind Feltz.

"I guess he'll have a tough time getting another puzzle," said Traff. "The five-and-dime was selling them, but when I went over to buy one for my kid, they were sold out. This U-JOIN-UM looks like the new rage to me."

"Mind if I inspect it?" asked Rizzick. Hastily, he added, "From the technical angle." He studied the box, sniffed. "A whole dime! Some profit in that!"

"Exactly what I was getting at," said Getney. "What puts it over? The basic idea. A big idea is what *our* business needs right now."

Slowly, the door opened. Feltz with a lavender box, bearing the hallowed Getney trademark.

Getney dismissed him with a nod, opened the box, exposed a coiled belt, smiled sheepishly. "I was going to send this to my boy—he's at the Rondyke School, you know—asked his Daddy for it. I think I'll send along the puzzle, too. He's awfully smart at that sort of thing—mechanically inclined."

Into the empty space, within the coiled belt, Getney dropped the puzzle. He was about to push down the cover, when a hairy hand intervened—Gruber's. "Look, Mr. Getney! There's the big idea you've been looking for! FREE: A PUZZLE WITH EVERY GETNEY BELT!"

Traff followed through: "With this copy angle: '*But the reason why millions of men go for the Getney belt is no puzzle.*' "

Biddleport was close behind: "I'm sure I can buy that puzzle in quantities for no more than four cents—maybe I can hammer the price down to three and one-half."

"Three cents would be still better," said Getney. "Tell them we'll use a million if the promotion goes over." He sat back, lighted a fresh panatella. "The minute I saw that puzzle, I knew we had the idea we needed, provided we could find the right tie-up."

A World Can End

Fantasy of a learned hypochondriac who doubts if the Earth will last until you've had time to read this

by R. B. SULLIVAN

• ARTICLE •

Gamma Cassiopeia is showing signs of breaking up into bits the size of bagatelle balls and showering these upon the helpless human race to the accompaniment of razor-sharp ultra-violet rays. We may have to go about with leaden umbrellas as a safeguard against riddling and shriveling.

The alarming condition of *Gamma*, a member of the *Cassiopeia* constellation, was discovered by Dr. Ernest Hurst Cherrington, Jr. of Perkins Observatory in Ohio. After witnessing the distress of the star through his scrying glass, Dr. Cherrington just threw a few things into a bag and hurried away to Hood University.

"On Christmas Night," he said at a dinner there, "I saw new sodium lines in the spectrum. I had to leave them to come here. I don't know what's been going on up there since."

Did Cherrington really have a dinner date at Frederick, Maryland, as he claims? *Or did he go there because Maryland would be safer than Ohio when it happened?* It is obvious to me that something funny is going on and it smacks of criminal negligence not to wait and find out definitely what it is.

His subterfuge has been a ludicrous failure as far as I am concerned. It is perfectly apparent that he thinks the world is going to end.

I can laugh at Cherrington now, although I must admit it unnerved me at first. In fact, I still cast an occasional sharp glance at *Gamma*, which, if you want to check up for yourself once in a while, is in that W-shaped group southeast of *Stella Polaris*. As I say, I can laugh now, and the only reason I call attention to the phenomenon at all is that there must be a great many frightened people like myself who are afraid the world is going to end and wonder how.

I don't mean people like the man in Seattle who is building an Ark for the next Deluge, or the bimonthly prophets all over the world who get into one-column boxes in the papers by predicting the world's dissolution. Of course, I jot down a note whenever I come across one of these oracles; I am tolerantly amused. I mean the thousands of people who really fear the end. Halley's comet, at its last appearance, was awaited with gooseflesh by most of the known world.

The tails of most comets are composed of soda-water gas, table-salt gas or common kerosene in a vaporized state, but Halley's tail is made of prussic acid gas, the kind they use to execute people with. The time when the Earth would pass through the tail could be set to the minute, because the comet had been keeping regular dates every 76.08 years since its discovery in 200 B. C. It was due at 4:25 a. m., May 20, 1910. The general fear developed into such a mania that in Germany alone sixteen people committed suicide rather than face the impending destruction. Millions stayed awake and, presumably, held their breath for hours to avoid inhaling the deadly gas. The hour (this is German time; I won't bother translating it, because it doesn't matter now) came. Nothing happened.

I have all that on the authority of a man with the improbable name of Desiderius Papp, whose *Zukunft und Ende der Welt* is an astounding document. Herr Papp goes on to say that the next advent of Halley's comet will be met with equanimity. Well, I won't be here to quiver in 1985, but if the human race has any sense at all, it will be just as frightened as ever.

My own fear of the end of the world goes back to 1910, too. The comet was pointed out to me as it was passing over Hughes's Garage in Lansdowne, Pennsylvania. I was only six. What I was doing out so late I can't say. An older cousin was dragging me along. She seems to have resented her duty, because she informed me spitefully that some day a comet would hit the Earth. The number of neuroses attributable to resentful cousins never has been accurately estimated. Anyway, the notion was terrifying to my literal childish mind, and the occasion has left upon me psychic traumata from which I never have recovered.

I have been cringing around for years with one arm raised above my head to ward off the inevitable blow. Not only that, but I have been made acutely aware of all the possible catastrophes that may overtake us. They are all dreadful and completely effective.

A great many of these holocausts involve only the destruction of the human race, but I assume you would accept that as pretty final, for what would the world be if men like gods were not here to people it?

One theory, not very popular since the scientific magazines have been given over to stratosphere flying and television, is that insects at last will overrun the globe. I am still a little leery in this regard. Insects multiply with staggering rapidity and they far outnumber any other faunal life. They also are immeasurably smarter than humans. The Brazilian *cujuco* beetle lights up at night with a cold light, the secret of which chemists have been puzzling over for years. The fly *Cephenomia*, when he really pours on the coal, can do about 900 miles an hour. They have wireless telegraphy and sensory ability that man only dreams of. And man is unable to defeat them. A day may come when New York will sink with a scarcely audible sigh into the filthy waters of its harbor, because its bowels will have been gnawed away by termites. Or how would it be if you were sitting quietly at home some night and a praying mantis as big as a great Dane should come in and crack you between its forelegs. I guess you wouldn't holler, hanh? And consider the ant. Even if you aren't a sluggard, when ants get their growth, you might as well do the Dutch act, because they don't like us and are just waiting for a break.

For that matter, you don't know but that right now some misanthropic entomologist is breeding for size the *Prionidus cristatus*, or wheelbug, which already is large and predacious and might easily be induced to eat men instead of other bugs.

The animals of the sea are not to be ignored either. To die in a flood of crustaceans would be particularly horrible. I have been looking at some pictures of crabs in the *National Geographic* that would give you nervous indigestion. And I remember rowing in a salt marsh once where there must have been billions of them. I can still hear the hissing and the crackling as they scuttled evilly in and out of their holes. So far they eat only nasty things like each other, but they may get a taste of human flesh, and then—

But if insects and marine life are something to lose sleep about, think of germs. I can tell you right now, as an earnest student of the medical dictionary, that you have no idea how many diseases are incurable. I can't even write about them without running a slight fever, so I'll have to leave it to your imagination. If it's anything like mine the result will be horrible.

This habit of keeping close, if excessively discursive, tabs on science causes many of my fears. Scientists are an untrustworthy lot and most of them nurse an enduring hate of humankind, because they wore thick spectacles and took no part in games when young.

I'm afraid some acid-stained chemist may discover a new poison gas which will get out of hand before he can cram it into its bottle.

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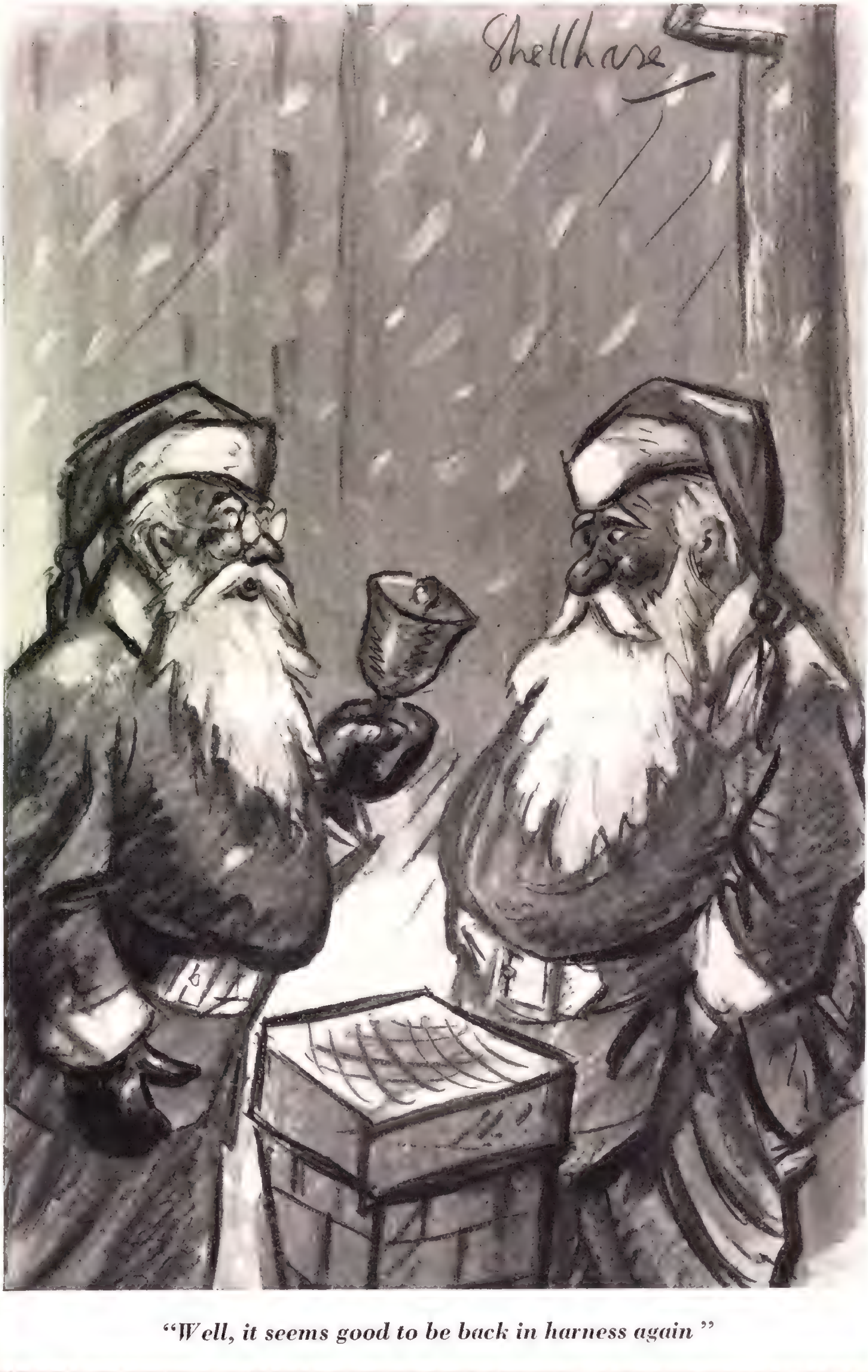


"Well, it seems good to be back in harness again"

A Boy Grows Older

He'd come around again, scared, whenever he got behind in his collections, to borrow more money from his mother

by MORLEY CALLAGHAN

• FICTION •

In the bedroom Mrs. Sloane sat down and folded her hands tight in her lap and swallowed hard and said to her husband, “I've got something to tell you about Jim.”

Holding the shoe he had just taken off in his hand, he said, “Were you talking to him today?”

“He's coming here for money. I've been giving a bit to him from time to time. I know I shouldn't, but he's got me completely distracted.”

“He knows we've got no money to lend,” he said, and as he got up and walked around excitedly with one shoe on she knew he was thinking of their little bit of money disappearing day by day. “He knows we've only got our bit of a pension,” he said. He had worked hard all his life and they had both denied themselves many little comforts and now she could see that look of terror coming into his eyes that she had seen for the first time the day he had to quit work and they had thought they would hardly be able to live. “Why, what'll happen to us?” he said, turning on her suddenly. “Where does he think we get it?”

She only sighed and shook her head, for she had been asking Jim that question for months, yet every time he got behind in his insurance collections he came around, scared, and got a little more money from her.

“There's no use giving me a setting out,” she said. “He'll never believe we won't give it to him till you tell him. If he understands we're through helping him maybe he'll get some sense.”

As they sat there solemnly looking at each other and waiting for Jim she had her old dressing gown wrapped tight around her and he was sitting on the bed with his collar off and his white hair all mussed from rubbing his hands through it. They took turns blurting things out of their thoughts, questions they never tried to answer, questions that worried them more and more and drew them closer together. And when they heard Jim come in and call from the living room, she said, “Remember, I'm going to tell him I told you. I've done all I can. It's up to you now.”

Jim was waiting for her, walking up and down with his hat on and his white scarf hanging out as if the wind had blown it free from his overcoat while he hurried along the street. He looked very unhappy but he tried to smile at his mother. His face was so good-natured it was almost weak.

“What is it this time?” she asked bluntly.

“Oh, gee,” he said, sitting down and starting to rub his shoe on the carpet like an embarrassed small boy, “the same thing, I guess.”

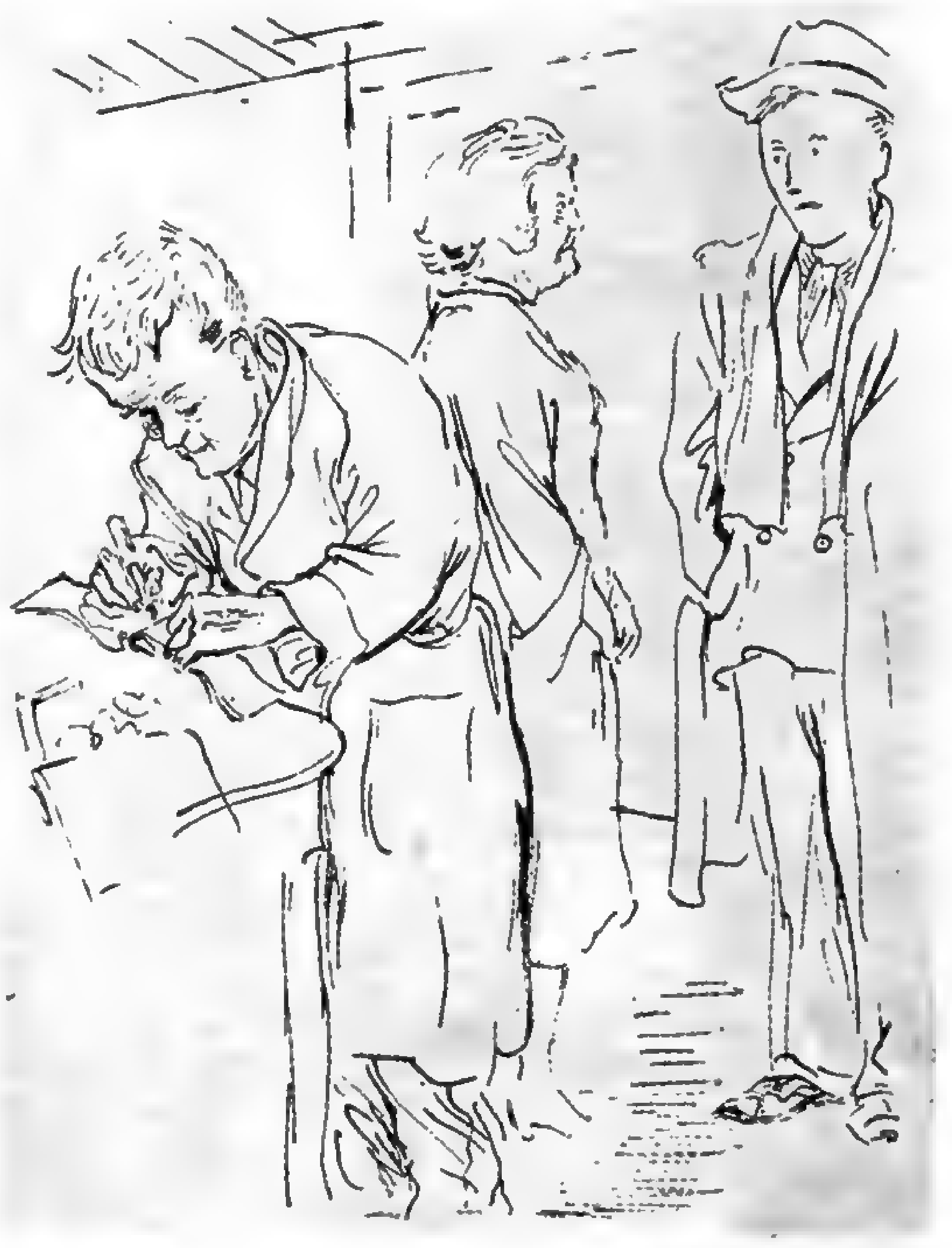
“More money again, you mean,” she said.

“I guess that's it.”

“In God's name, what for this time?”

“The same thing—I'm behind in my collections.”

She had intended to shrug and say coolly, “Speak to your father,” but instead she found herself walking up and down in front of him, wheeling on him and whispering savagely, “You'd take the last cent from us, and then what do you think is going to happen? Who are you going to run to then?” But he got up and took her arm and muttered, “I'll never ask you again—I promise—but I've got to have it. I'll give every cent back to you—I promise.



DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

“Gee, mother, I wouldn't ask you if there was a chance of getting it any place else.” He felt terribly sure of her. “I'll lose my job,” he said.

“Maybe it would teach you to have some respect for yourself,” she said, and then she added calmly, “I've told your father.”

“You told him after all,” he said, terribly hurt. “You promised not to.”

“I'm through,” she said.

He started to work himself up into a temper which didn't fool her at all because he always did it when he was trying to abuse her.

“You're mean,” he said. “Plain mean.” His words had no real anger and she smiled grimly. When he saw her smile he stopped and said helplessly. “Please, mom, please—”

But she said firmly, “Speak to your father. It's his money.”

“Gee, mom, just this once more,” he pleaded, and when she saw how he dreaded facing his father she was puzzled because he had never been afraid of him, they never shouted at each other. “I've got to do it, I've got to do it,” he kept saying to himself as he walked up and down, and then he turned to her, white-faced, and said, “Well, I've got to ask him, I can't help it,” and he went into the bedroom with her following.

His father had got into bed and was reading and you could just see the crown of his white head rising over the edge of the newspaper. When Jim went into the room he stood over under the light on the wall. That was where he always stood when he was in trouble. Years ago when he had been caught in a petty theft at school he had stood there; when he started to work he used to come in late at night and stand under the light and tell them what had happened during the day, and it was where he had stood the night when he was eighteen and had told them he was going to get married. He was tilting back and forth on his heels, waiting for his father to look over at him, but when the paper wasn't lowered, he said at last in a mild, friendly tone, “Pop, could you loan me some money?”

His father put down his paper, folded it, shoved it under his arm and took off his glasses and said, “What do you do with your money, son?”

As his father stared at him steadily a silly half-ashamed grin was on Jim's face. “I don't know, honestly I don't,” he said shaking his head.

“Well, tell me what you think you do with it. You must remember something.”

“Salesmen and collectors are all pretty much alike,” Jim said. “They hang around together and it just slips through their fingers and then they're short at the end of the week.”

“Then a man like you shouldn't have such a job.”

“I guess you're right,” Jim mumbled.

“Why don't you hunt for another job?”

“I will—I'll try hard,” he said eagerly.

“How much do you need this time?”

“It's a lot, thirty-seven dollars,” Jim said, his head down, his voice faint.

“All that?” his father said, and Mrs. Sloane knew by the way he swung his head toward her, startled, that he was thinking of the little bit of money he had saved for himself for his personal expenses such as tobacco, newspapers, a trip to the movies and clothes for himself. As he swung the bedclothes off

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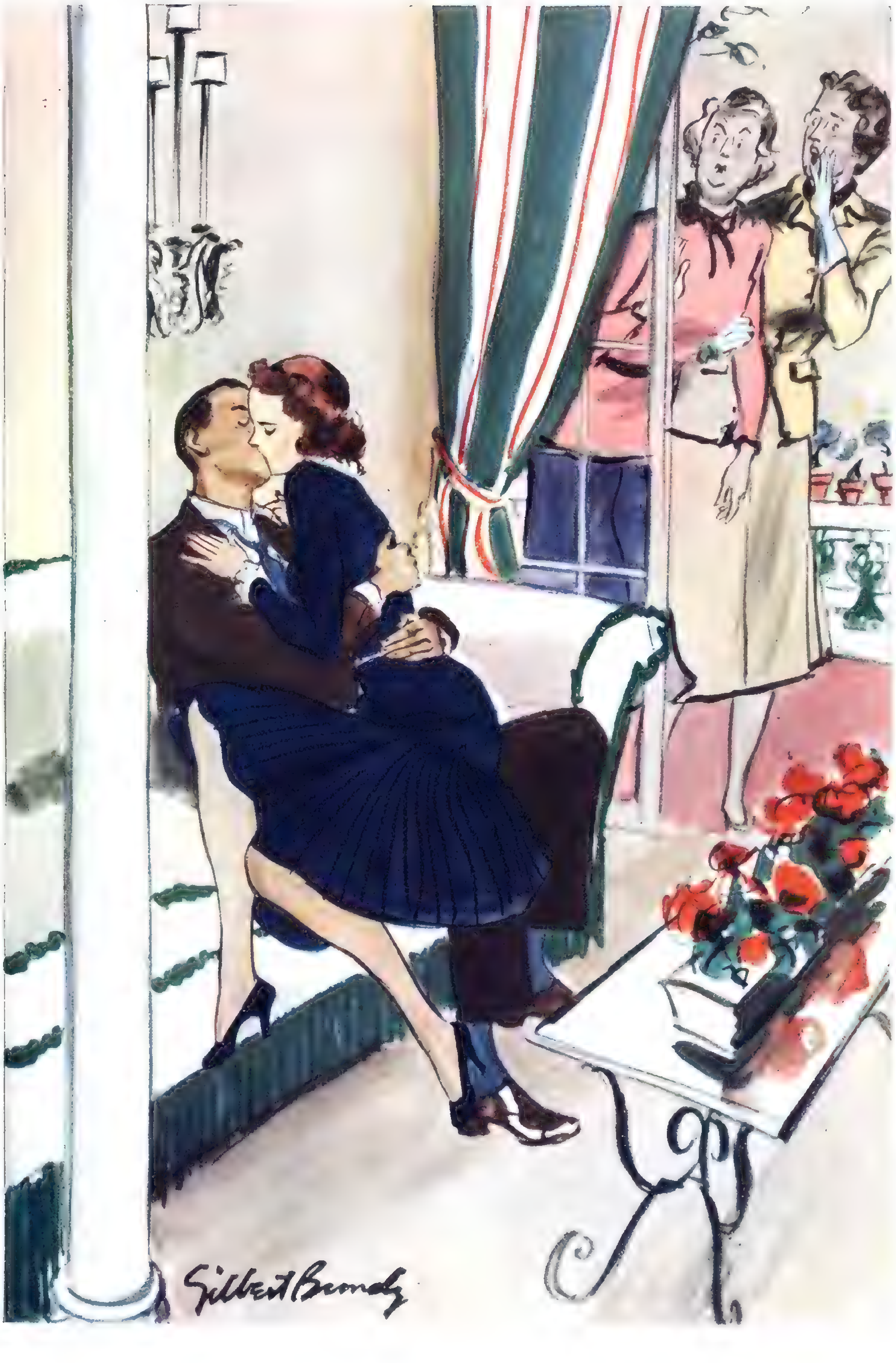
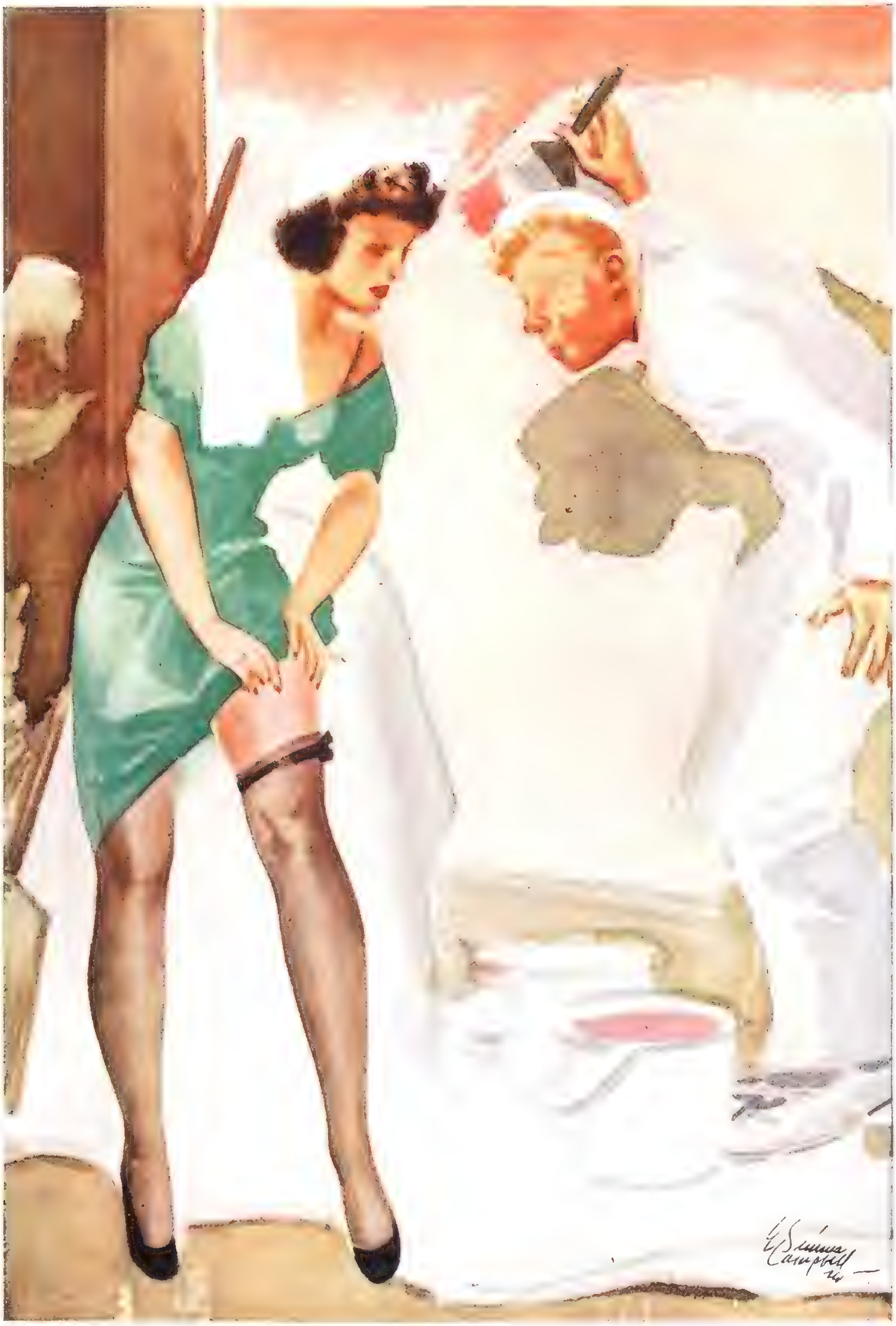

Gilbert Bundy

"Take it from me, Genevieve—don't ever disturb the children once you get them quiet."


E. Simms
Campbell

"No, No! This is the shade of pink I want in here."

Butter, 92 Score

If a reporter's got the stuff in him he can whip a lot of drama into the news about clean candled medium eggs

by ERNEST E. LONSDALE

▪SATIRE▪

HORACE almost dropped Dorothy's hand as the sequence on the movie screen changed.

The wild-haired star reporter, with baggy trousers and baggier eyes, crashed down through a skylight, knocking over half the fifty telephones on the city editor's desk.

"You weasel-brained slime peddler," screamed the star, dodging a quart whiskey bottle hurled at him by an anthropoid city editor, "I'm taking pity on the creampuff crew of your filthy rag! Here's the yarn on that cleaver massacre—with all the killers named! Now it's up to you!"

He dumped half a ton of typed manuscript on the desk, knocking over a ten-pound jar of aspirin tablets.

"What?" screamed the city editor. Grabbing two phones in each hand, he shouted, "Stop the press!" He shoved the phones on the floor and pawed through the manuscript. "Great! Stupendous!" he yowled, grabbing two more phones and yapping into them, "Stop the press!"

He paused to swallow a handful of aspirin tablets, then leaned back in the modified electric-chair in which he sat, regarding the star with low cunning.

"I'm raising your pay two thousand a week," he drooled, "now how about a hot yarn on that chorine slaying the scion to get health bread for her starving grandmother?"

"I quit!" screamed the star. "You can't make me crucify that girl for your moron readers."

"What?" bellowed the cro-magnon city editor, "you're fired!"

"Not from this scummy seed catalog," shrilled the star. "You can take your frowsy ledger and shove it in your ashcan!" He hurled the whiskey bottle at the city editor's head as he ran for the door.

"Why, you amateur body snatcher," raged the editorial pithecanthrope, "I'll have your guts cut out, I'll, I'll—" He grabbed two more phones, shrieking, "Stop the press! What's that?" he raved at the mouthpiece, "Stop 'em anyway! Go ahead, complain to the union!"

He turned to jab a pencil ferociously at the mass of manuscript, stopping as a dozen phones jangled at once.

"What?" he shouted into one. "Dictator slays movie star bride in love nest? Get me Breezy McGurk! What? I don't give a ham if I did just fire him! Kidnap him, handcuff him, do anything, but get him! He's the only real reporter in the whole mucking bunch of you!"

Outside the theatre, one climax and two anti-climaxes later, Horace stopped snapping the knuckles on his dangling hands and bent his random frame close to Dorothy.

"Oh, it's marvelous," he breathed. "To think that I'm starting to work as a reporter tomorrow!"

Outside the city news room of the *Daily Guardian* next morning, Horace patted nervously at the huge bulk on one hip, assuring himself that an encyclopedic note book, with an ithyphallic pencil attached, were in place. Then he followed the reception girl inside. Mentally he braced himself for pandemonium and stepped into—dead silence.

In neat rows across lush carpet rested immaculate green metal desks. At most of them, men in faultless attire thrummed at noiseless typewriters.

The reception girl halted before an elephantine desk at one side.

"Mr. Beamis," she murmured, "here is Mr. Strathmore." A spherical little man cocked a face of underdone meerschaum at Horace.

"Be seated, sir," he invited, shy pinkness attacking the rims of pale blue eyes. One hand nervously manipulated a soft pencil on a buff-colored scratch pad.

"Mr. Strathmore," he began, "I have studied your college record carefully. I will come direct to the point. Circumstances make it advisable to try you on a rather heavy assignment. Do you think you can handle newspaper work of grave importance?"

Horace felt his gravid Adam's apple start throbbing. Frantically, he trod water in a flood of recollections of Psychology 456-B *Selling Yourself*. "Well, sir," he managed, "I should like to try."

"Commendable," beamed Mr. Beamis, and his pencil wrote "commendable" on the scratch pad. From a desk drawer he took a neatly folded copy of the *Guardian*.

"Strathmore," he said gravely, "we are going to entrust you with the daily egg and butter quotations!"

"Oh, I knew it would surprise you," he hurried on as Horace's shoulders slumped from an arc to an acute angle. "Ordinarily, we wouldn't think of entrusting this to a new man. But," he sighed, "it is absolutely imperative that Jankins, our oceanologist, devote his every working moment to our table of tide calculations." He raised sparse eyebrows significantly. "The spring equinox, you know."

"But," Horace smiled hopefully, "I'll be covering regular news, too?"

"News?" Mr. Beamis' tone was puzzled. "Oh, yes." He smiled mechanically, writing "news" in very small letters on the scratch pad. "No, Strathmore, we can't let our staff report news; they're all specialists." Over one shoulder, he indicated a glassed-in room beyond.

"Teletypes," he said. "Eighteen of them, connected directly to typesetting machines in the composing room. Precinct news service, ward news service, city news service, county news service, a dozen world-wide press services and the rest—so why take up the time of our writers with reporting news?"

"Oh," smiled Horace weakly. "It's just a case of your editing and writing headlines, I guess."

"Editing? Headline writing?" Mr. Beamis' polite attempts to avoid looking pained were distinctly embarrassing.

"But then," he smiled, "I am overlooking the fact that you are a newcomer to journalism. No, we've relegated all that. We let the printers do it. We found out years ago that they changed practically every story and headline that we sent out, anyway. Besides," his voice swelled with pride, "we keep that on a very sensible basis."

He touched a button on the desk and two panels swung outward, displaying charts.

"See," he pointed. "Numbered headlines to fit all occasions. Now you take Number 2-A there, 'WORLD MOURNS DEATH OF—.' The printers keep a gross or two of those all set up and just fill in the name as required. And here's a live one we use every day or so, with great success, Number 1-G, 'NEW WAR CRISIS GRIPS EUROPE.' We also have all photographs classified—with a psychologist's rating on the appeal of each."

"I guess," Horace managed weakly, "I've plenty to learn."

"Just a matter of time," consoled Mr. Beamis, "just a matter of time." He peered at his wrist watch and scribbled "10:27 a.m." on the pad.

"Now for serious business." Mr. Beamis laid the folded paper before Horace. "You," he said, pointing to the Produce Section, "will keep us informed on Butter, 90 Score; Butter, 91 Score; and, above all, Butter, 92 Score. In the eggs, you will be held entirely responsible for Large Candled Clean Extras, Medium Candled Dirty Standards and also the Case Counts. Is that clear?"

Continued in center of page 226

Mary Ann and the Duke

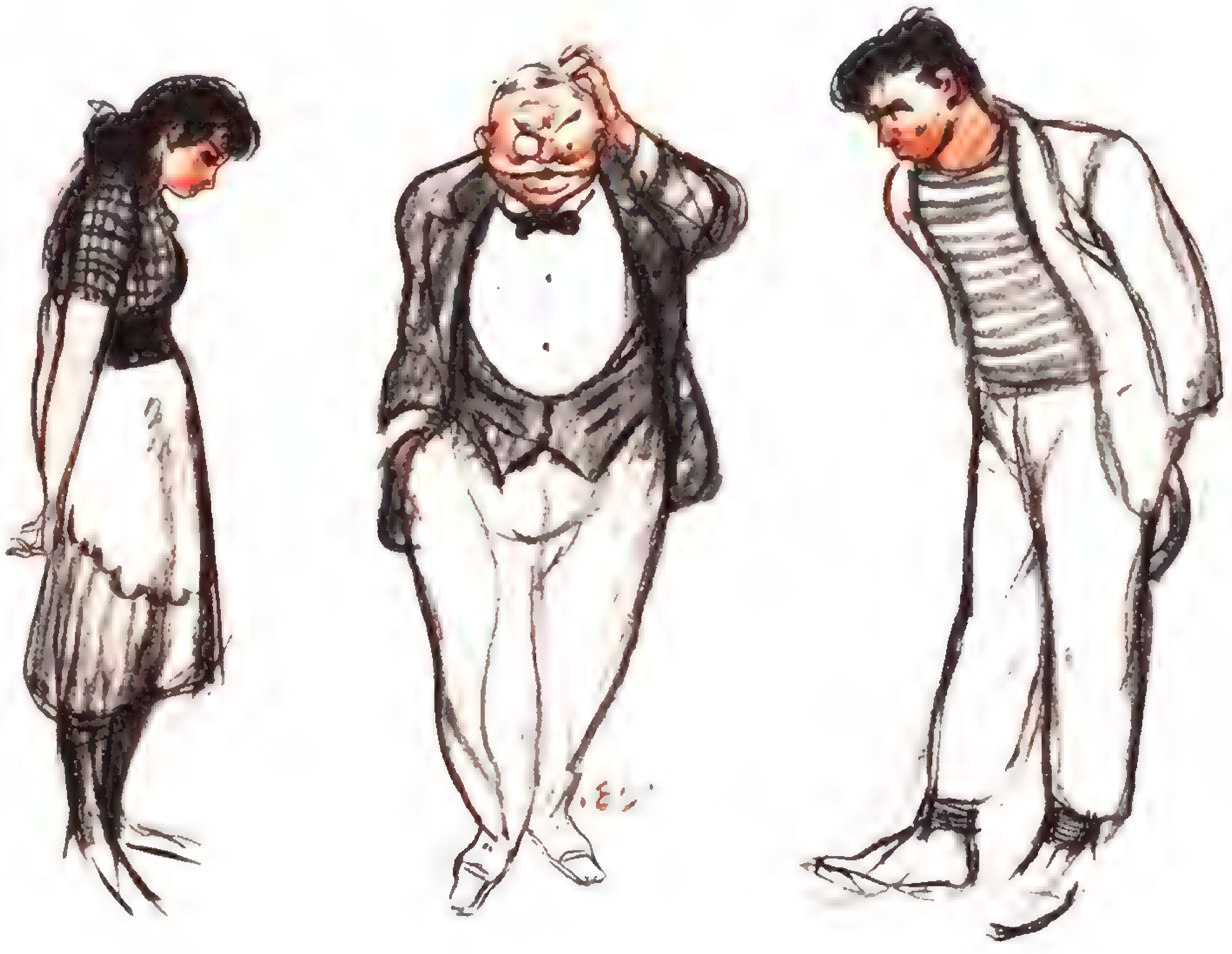
Ian Cawper had never heard on the drawit de saynoor, but he figured that law was law, and the Duke should have his rights

by ERIC KNIGHT

• FICTION •

There's hardly a lad in all Polkingthorpe Bridge that hasn't run a rabbit or two in the Duke of Rudling's woods. This is done mostly at night—preferably a moonlight night. But Ian Cawper has the right to do so, and never a soul to halt him to trespass.

This right of Ian's came about in a most peculiar way. The story starts, where most things start at Polkingthorpe, down at the Spread Eagle. The lads were at the inn one night, giving the international situation a bit of a going over. Sam Small was there, to explain the more knotty problems as they nursed their mugs of ale. Old Capper Wambley was by the fire, reading the paper.



"Eigh, Ah'll be jiggered," the Capper said, suddenly. "That Ah will, indeed, and that's the trewth."

They considered his remark a while, and then asked him what was up.

"Why lads," breathed the Capper, "it says here i' black and white that t'owd Duke o' Rudling's gate t'drewit de segner."

"Tha doan't mean it!" Tichie Helliwell said. "Eigh, now, if Ah'm not reight sorry to hear that."

"Ba gum, and him gating along i' years," Will Braithewaite added, consolingly.

"Indeed he maun be gating along," old Tewksby agreed. "T'last time as Ah seed him—maun ha' been ten, twelve year agoa—big gert strapping chap he were—but gating along even then. Eigh, it does seem a right mawngy shame him cooming down like that."

They clicked their tongues and made sympathetic noises.

"Just what is this here—what tha said?" Will asked suddenly, after a decent pause.

"T'drewit de segner?" Capper said, looking again at the paper. He scratched his head. "Tha knaws, if that ain't what's been bothering me, too. Sammywell, lad, what would t'drewit de segner be?"

"The drewit de segner?" Sam Small cleared his throat. "Well, lads. Ah'll explain it to ye. It's—er—let's see that theer paper, Capper."

The old man passed the paper over. Sam adjusted his glasses and read:

Among the many curious and ancient rights held by the Dukes of Rudling is that of the droit de seigneur throughout the six parishes of the Duchy.

"Oh, now Ah see," Sam said. "Ye mixed me oop by mispronouncing it, Capper. It's the drawit de saynoor. That's what it is."

"Eigh, is that what it is?" the Capper breathed.

"Aye, that's it."

"Well, if it ain't fair amazing," old Tewksby put in, wagging his head.

"Aye, Sam, but what is it?" Will Braithewaite insisted. The others nodded their heads.

"Well, Ah were just off to tell thee, Will," Sam said. "It's Latin—that's what it is."

They wagged their heads and clicked their tongues again.

"But what does it mean, Sam?" Will persisted, stubbornly.

"Well, happen Ah can best explain it this way," Sam said. "Latin, as ye all may have heeard tell, is a varry foony language."

"Aye, that it is," they agreed.

"Now," Sam went on, "one o' t'fooniest things abaht it is that one time it'll mean one thing, in a manner o' speaking; and then another time, it'll mean summat else, as ye maught say. Aye, it's a fair mawngy thing, Latin is."

"Aye, it maun be mawngy, and all," Will said. "But now what would the Latin be meaning in this particular case, for example?"

"Well, it's like Ah were telling ye, Will. It means summat, and then again, as Ah explained, it don't—to all intents and purposes. In this particular case, it would tak' an extra lot o' varry, varry deep study to say whet it really does mean."

"How much stoody?" Will persisted.

"Well," said Sam, feeling he was cornered, "wi' ma references, and all, happen it'd tak' me nigh on twenty-four hours if it were a case. Here, let me hev' t'paper, and Ah'll let ye knaw tomorrer."

So of course, it was up to Sam to find out what it meant. Early the next morning before school, he called on the schoolmaster, who explained to Sam what it meant. That evening Sam waited, triumphantly, in the Spread Eagle for someone to ask him about it. But no one brought the subject up. Finally Sam couldn't hold it any longer.

"Oh, by the way, chaps," he said. "About that theer drawit de saynoor. Ah went into that varry thoroughly today, and i' this case, it's a varry owd law that means, of all things, that ivvery lass that gates married i' any o' t'six parishes o' Rudling duchy, hes to sleep wi't'Duke on t'fust neight of her wedding."

"Sleep wi't'Duke," Will breathed.

"Aye, sleep wi't'Duke," Sam affirmed.

"Well, bless ma back and buttons," Old Capper said. "Ah've heeard tell o' such things on t'quiet, like; but Ah nivver knew before they hed a law compelling it."

"Ah nivver heeard tell on it, nawther," old Tewksby mumbled.

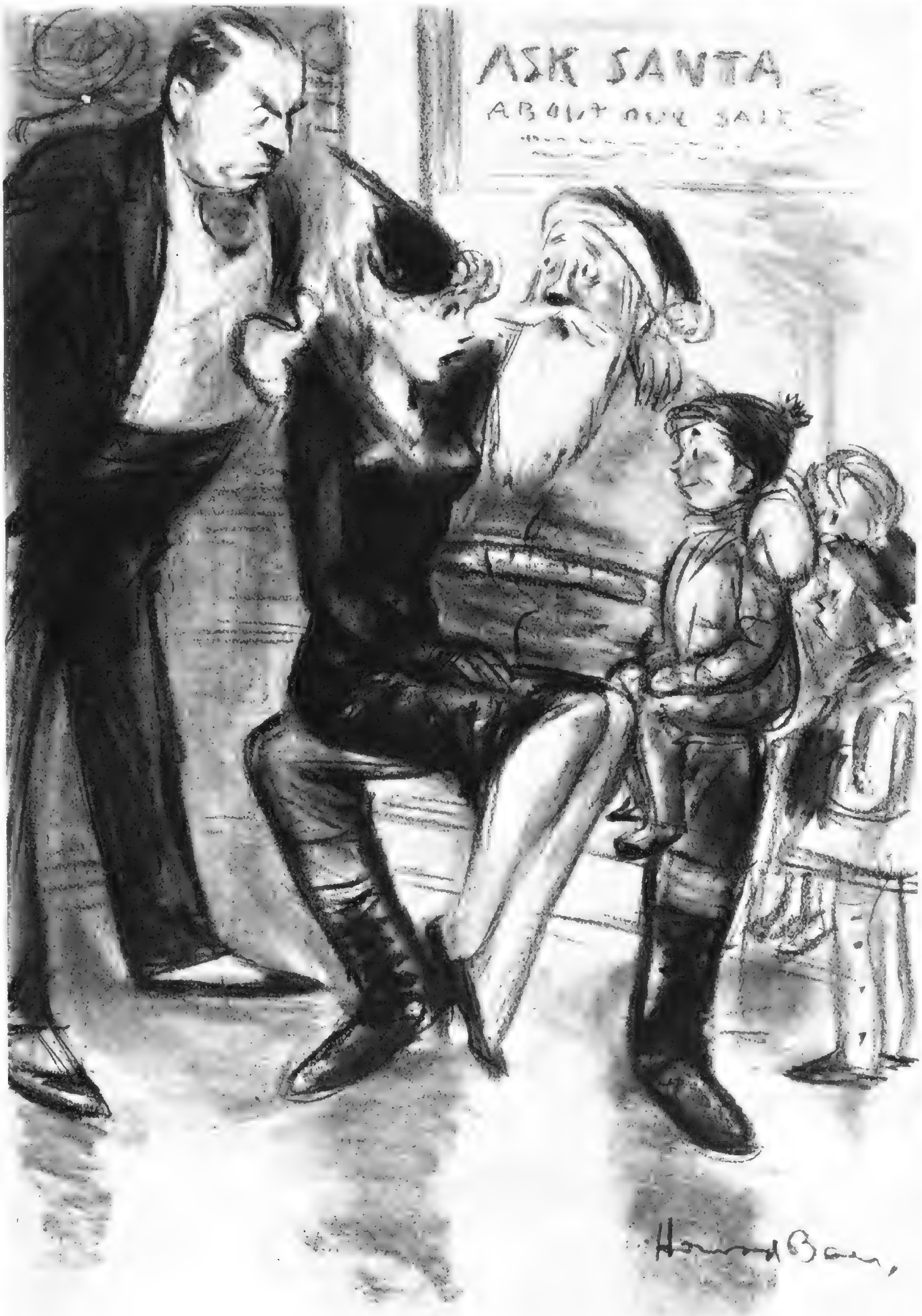
"Well, happen that's because we're i' Powkithorpe Brig," Sam said. "That's not one o't'Rudling parishes. So our lasses can sleep wi' their husbands if they want", he continued.

"They hev to sleep wi't'Duke," Will Braithewaite breathed. "Well, mates, all Ah can say is, soom people seem to hev all the fun i' life."

And they laughed and banged down their mugs of ale.

But there was one lad who did no laugh-

Continued in center of page 214


ASK SANTA
ABOUT OUR SALE

"But she's a kid too. She's only seventeen"

The Roman Coin

Why should a high-born Roman do slave's work when he could stab a prosperous traveller instead?

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

At the time this historian takes interest in his career Vatinius was a young man of some learning and leisure who lived half by his wits and half by his dirk in that part of the city shadowed by the Pincian Hill. He had a miraculous knowledge of the exact ancestry of Falernian by taste, a large acquaintance in gladiatorial circles, knew every lady of worth, if not of quality, by nickname in Rome, was a consistent winner at dicing, and could originate a fair epigram on demand, and full verses on the lyre after the first measure of red wine. He was finely masculine in appearance, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, with naturally wavy hair and a lively gait.

Vatinius had for a boon companion one Marcus Carvilius, a man of mysterious means and a capacity for sour wine which was the envy of all that knew him. Carvilius was as gay a wit as he was talented a drunkard, and at no time were the two lacking in company or the good things that inevitably come to those who can appreciate them most. This Carvilius was a poet of some repute, ever ready with a jest to fit the occasion, a verse turned out on the spur of the moment, the envy of his less gifted friend Vatinius.

Now it so happened that in an unguarded moment of bravado, and not a little urged on by a quantity of wine, Vatinius had scribbled on the base of the huge statue of Tiberius in the Forum the following lines:

We dare not any edict flout
When issued by a stupid lout . . .

supposing, in his drunken state, the figure to be that of the reigning Caligula. When this maligning of his predecessor came to light Caligula necessarily was scandalized by the blasphemy, and inquired the perpetrator of the crime.

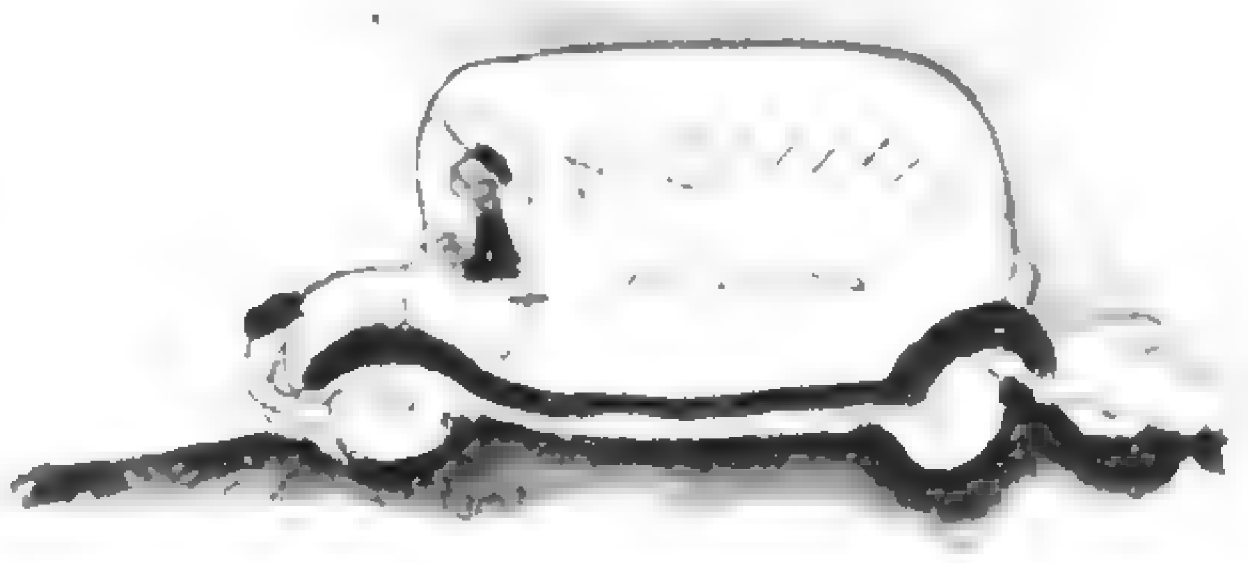
Fearing for his friend, Carvilius gave himself out as the author of the epigram, trusting to his more ready tongue to extricate both himself and Vatinius from the ugly predicament. When the emperor asked him coldly to explain the outrageous affront to the dignity of the state, Carvilius, concealing his apprehensions, smiled and murmured that the verse was a compliment by corollary, and to prove that this was not mere sophistry, finished Vatinius' quatrain then and there with the words:

But freedom reigns, and none to flay us
Who honor our divine lord Gaius.

The dictator was so astonished at this turn of wit and flattery that instead of having him carved up into bits and thrown to the fish in the Tiber, as he had first intended, he offered Carvilius a post in Britain, which the poet declined with much trepidation. It is reported that Caligula laughingly remarked, "Oh, well, we wish no trouble with Britain at the moment," and let the matter drop.

There was naturally wild rejoicing by Vatinius and his companions when Carvilius returned and related his experience. To celebrate his miraculous escape Vatinus gathered together that night in his garret a group of young and lusty blades. A banquet had been spread by one Cluvius, youthful aristocrat with a gift in the preparation of startling and original viands; when the dinner had progressed to the stage of voluntary retching, Cluvius was struck with a sudden inspiration. Filling a huge chafing dish with new Falernian he added a measure of boiled ox-blood, a cup of spiced vinegar, a handful of Egyptian musk, several crushed boars' eyes, a ladle of red-pepperoil, a pinch of raw clove, a good dash of the herb called waxweed, some beetle dust, and a touch of powdered silver. While Cluvius stirred this weird concoction and invoked the name of Bacchus, Carvilius, bemoaning the low estate into which sound verse had fallen, composed and recited a rhymed lay offhand and without vocal hesitation, finally proclaiming, amidst vast applause, that the proper wooing of a maiden had become a lost art with the untimely death of Meleager.

In the meantime none of the guests were far gone enough in their cups to relish the first taste of Cluvius' strange concoction; but Vatinius, challenged as a host and still grateful to the gods of chance at having escaped the ire of the ruler, leapt upon the board and laughingly shouted the whole assembly down as second-rate sons of hypocrites and cowards, draining off two-thirds of the liquid in a single draught. Carvilius, thus shamed, was on the point of lifting the bowl to his own lips when Vatinius suddenly shivered, rolled his glassy eyes toward heaven, gave a single piercing shriek, and swooned, striking his head with a terrible thump on the wooden floor.



The abrupt accident had the effect of sobering the hilarious gathering into startled silence; Vatinius lay motionless in a heap, his face drained of color. The company believed him dead, but Carvilius, lifting him to the couch, cried out that his pulse still beat. Every effort to revive Vatinius, however, proved futile; he remained in a lifeless coma. Carvilius wrung his hands, calling to his friend to speak, in the name of Comus. It was the voice of Carvilius that still echoed in his ears like the vibrations of a distant bell peal when Vatinius awoke; as the indistinct words faded he raised his head and looked about him, puzzled. He was still in a daze, and his head buzzed strangely; a bump had risen where it had struck the floor. It seemed at first that his friends had taken him to the country, left him alone in a wheat field to die.

He staggered to his feet, breathed deeply, and felt a little better. There was a coolish, unfamiliar quality in the air. He made his way somewhat unsteadily to the road. The surface, of some smooth, black, polished material, puzzled him. He cast his eye about and it came to rest upon a huge cryptic tablet of wood, with strange representations painted upon it in colors, a thing the like of which he had never heard of in all Italy. A series of letters in some outlandish language which he was unable to cipher proclaimed: "Rooms With Bath from $2.50 up at the New Modern Summerville Hotel, Summerville, Ohio."

He slung the toga he had been wearing over his arm, tightened the thongs of his sandals, brushed the dust from his embroidered tunic, and trudged off in the direction he believed Rome to lie. In the distance was a white wooden house unlike any he had observed in his journeys. He approached the neat white dwelling and rapped upon the front door. A woman dressed in peculiar fashion came out followed by a bevy of curious children and stared at him in bewilderment.

Vatinius bowed. "Greetings," he said politely. "I am Caius Claudius Vatinius, son of Caius Emilio, citizen of Rome. My friends no doubt have a misguided sense of humor, for it must have been they who carried me as a vast jest into some unfamiliar territory. May I enquire my way on the road that goes to Rome?"

In answer to this gibberish the good woman cried out, "William! Come here at once!

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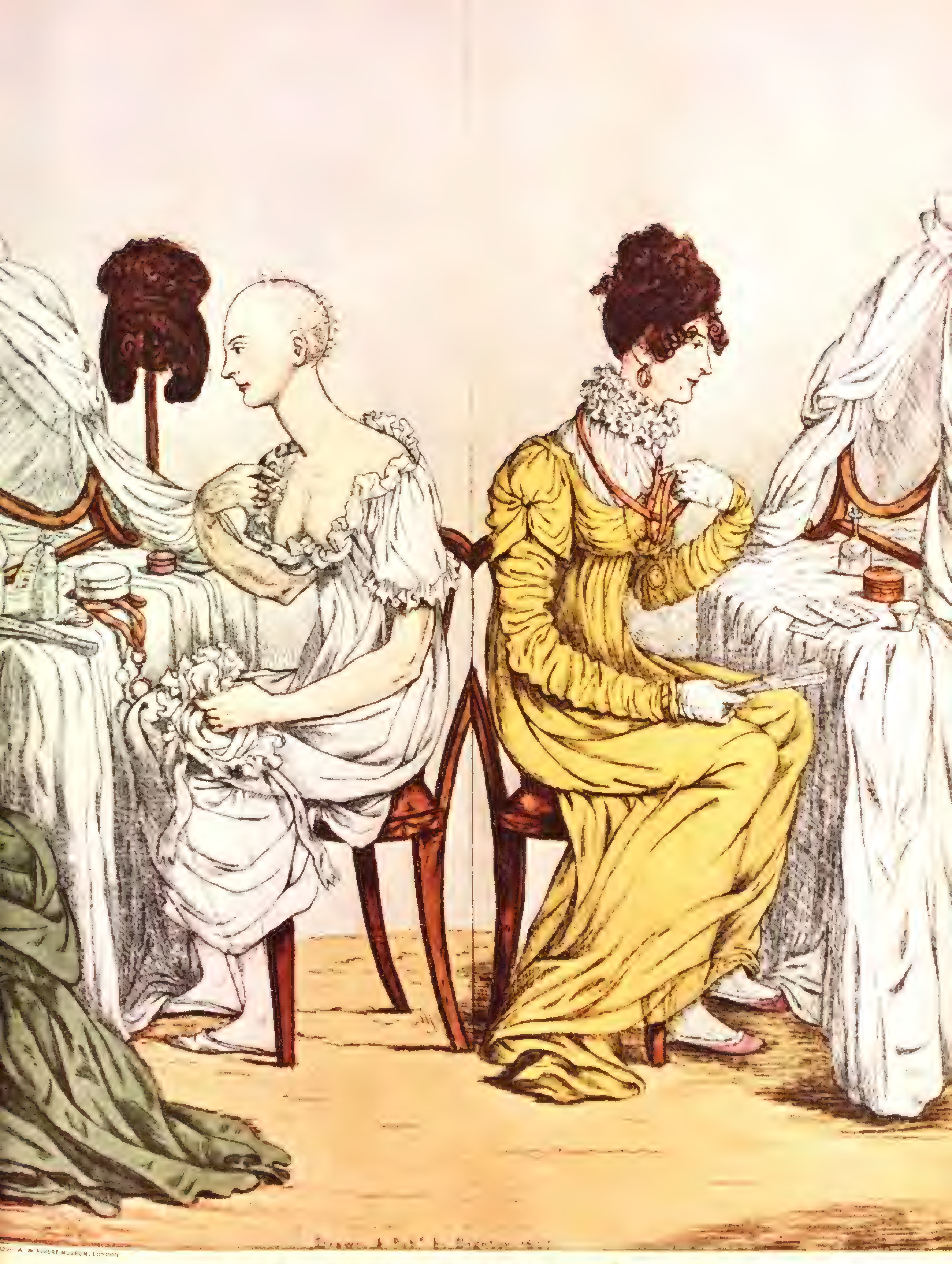
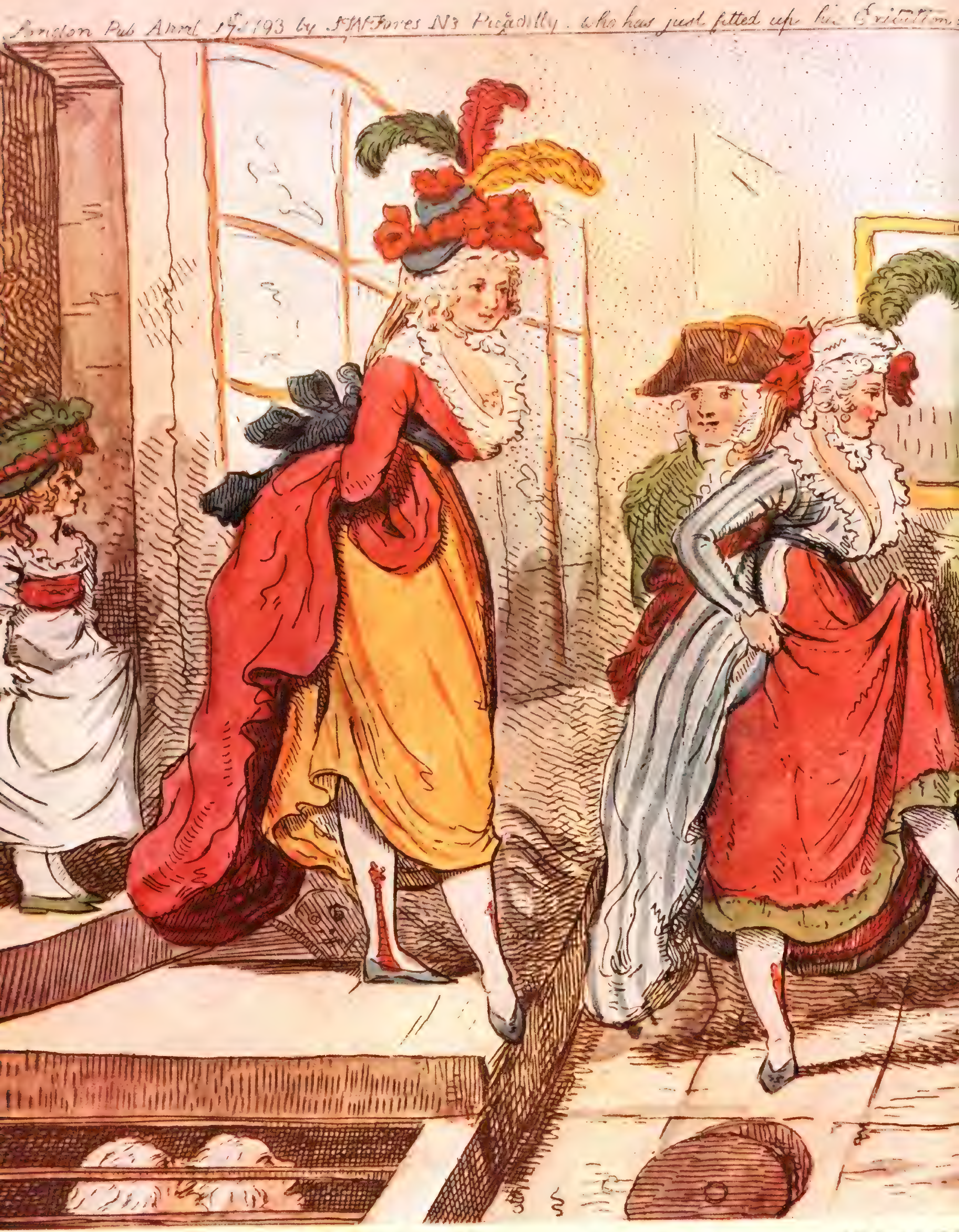


Drawn & Pub.d by Dighton 1811

OR A & ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

A FASHIONABLE LADY
in DRESS & UNDRESS.


London Pub April 17. 1793 by S.W. Fores N3 Piccadilly . who has just fitted up his Exhibition

PEEPERS in BOND ST

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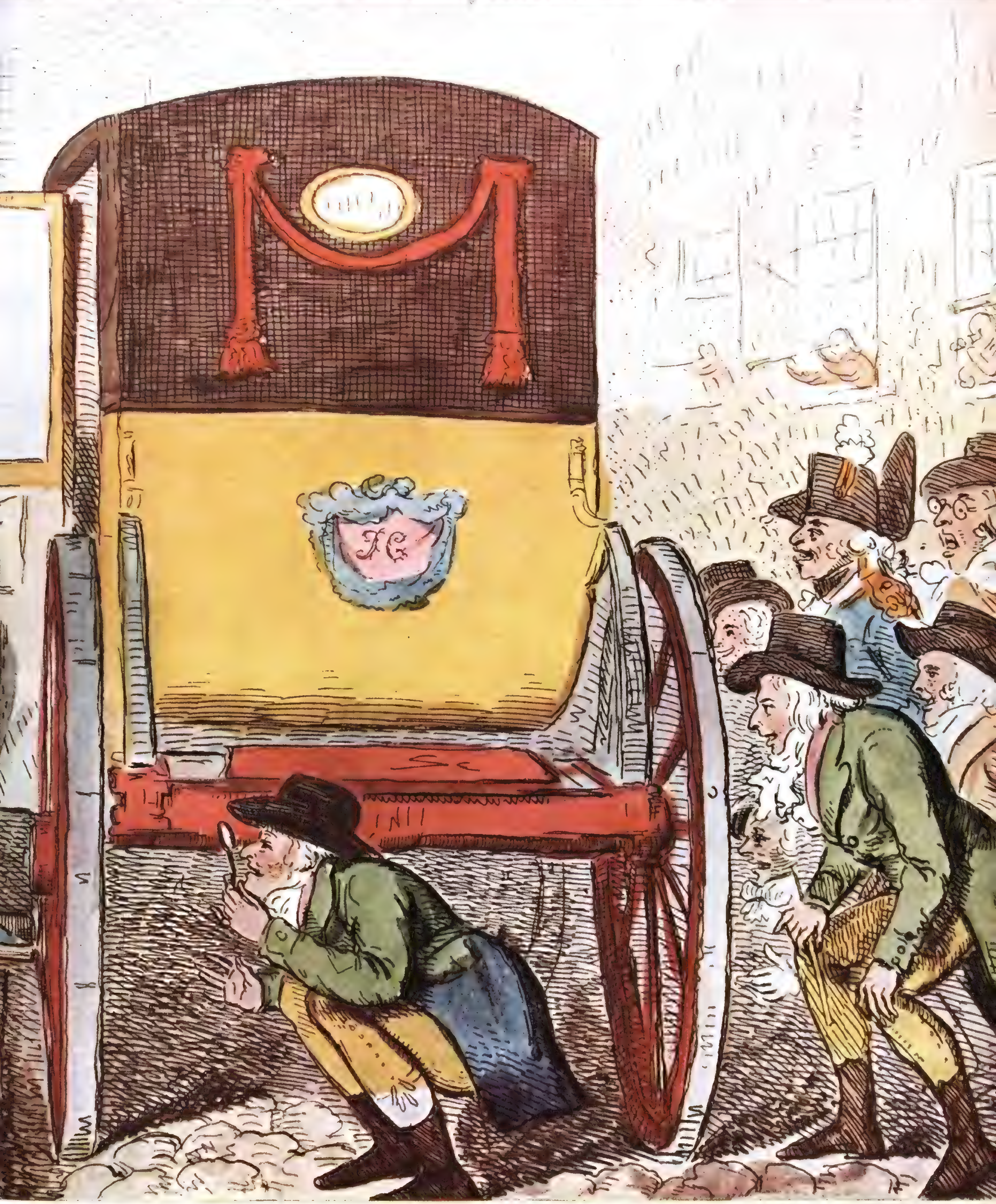
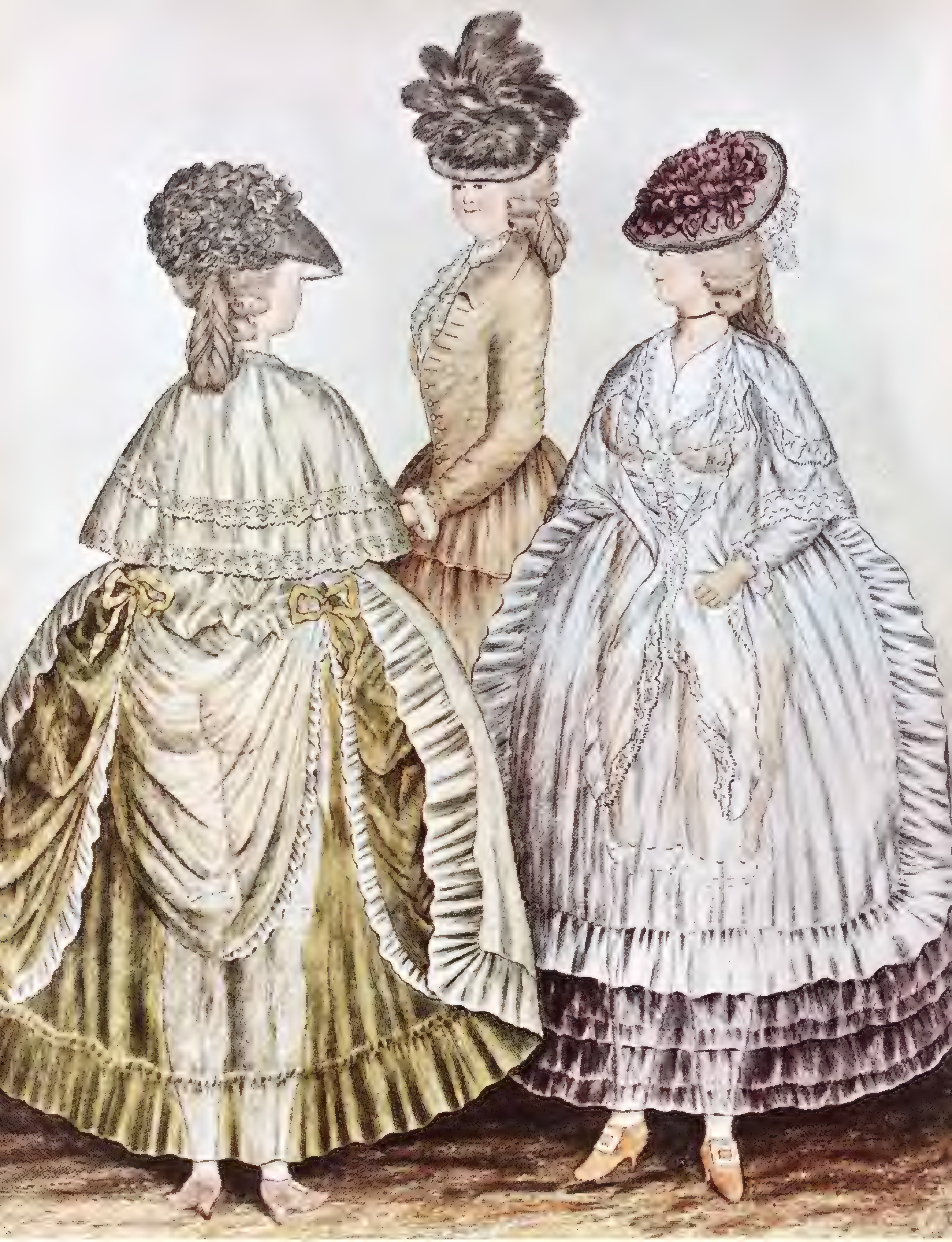


VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM LONDON

E T, or the Cause of the Lounge!!

1793



VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

A CONJECTURE
of FUTURE FASHIONS

1809

The Scent of Fear

When a man or animal is frightened the body exudes a very strong odor that's irritating to other animals

by JACK MELVILLE

• ARTICLE •

FEAR or panic caused by fear is responsible for at least ninety per cent of all accidents. This is particularly true of such accidents as occur in the Great Outdoors. Frequently we pick up a newspaper and read of someone lost in the forest who died of exposure or starvation or both. Do you know—it is very doubtful if one out of a thousand of these people actually died of either exposure or starvation? They died of FEAR that these things would happen to them. There is a vast difference between the actuality and the fear of it. Let us take the case of those people who have presumably starved to death while lost in the woods. In most cases they have passed on in less than two weeks, and yet—how about that great colored heavyweight fighter, Harry Wills?

Years ago Wills was a jockey. Every year he went to Hot Springs and fasted for thirty-one days in March to keep his weight down. Later, when he entered the fight game, he continued his yearly fast to help him keep in condition. Now, retired from the ring, he still does his thirty-one day fast in March JUST BECAUSE IT MAKES HIM FEEL SO GOOD. Or how about the great Irish leader, Terrance McSweeny, Lord Mayor of Cork. In 1924, he fasted for twenty-four days on a hunger strike, and again starting Steptember, 1934, he held a hunger-strike fast for the astounding time of seventy-five days. Everyone has heard of Mahatma Ghandi and the different times he has fasted for almost unbelievable periods of time. These men were NOT AFRAID OF STARVING. People who are lost in the woods become frightened and then panicky because they think they are starving to death. They think this so hard they give up fighting, lose control of themselves and then the dread becomes a reality.

It is strange what people will do when they discover they are lost. Take the first time I was lost as an example. I was about fourteen or fifteen years old at the time and living at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. In November I went hunting deer at a little place called Dollarville, some fifty miles west of the Sault. This particular day I left our hunting camp at the railroad before daylight and headed north. There were a couple of feet of snow on the ground and light snow was falling as I left the railroad. As the morning advanced the snow came faster and faster. A north wind came up that drove the snow before it in great clouds. Before I realized what was happening I was in the middle of a real blizzard. It behooved me to forget deer hunting and find my way back to shelter. Then, to my dismay, I suddenly discovered that in the blinding swirl of the storm I had lost all sense of direction. For a while I was so frightened at what might happen to me that I had a first-class case of panic. Blindly I started to run as fast as I could in the direction I thought might be toward home. The more I ran the more panicky I became. I suddenly stumbled upon a snowshoe trail of someone who was going the same way I was. I rushed along this trail. In a little while I came to a place where the trail I was following joined another very faint trail made by snowshoes. This trail was all but obliterated by windswept snow. Two other men out in this unsettled wilderness ahead of me and going the same way I was? Impossible! I had been traveling in a circle! I dropped in the snow overcome by sheer exhaustion and the horror of my predicament.

As I lay gasping for breath I remembered one of my father's pet warnings. Many times he had said to me, "Son, if you ever get lost, first thing to do is to sit down quietly and *know you're all right*. Then think over where your back trail is, in what direction you were headed when you started out and what you did as you went along. If it all comes back to you in good shape—why, start out quietly and backtrack. If it doesn't seem clear, then stay where you are and build a fire with lots of smoke. You will be found in plenty of time. Above all, Son, remember there is nothing to fear."

I suddenly realized that I had been acting like a perfect fool. I got rather shakily to my feet, adjusted my snowshoes which had become loose, found an old stump, dusted the snow off it and sat down. Quietly I tried to figure out exactly where I was. My wanderings had covered every point of the compass but I knew I was north of the railroad and also that I should be south of the Tehquamenon River. So far so good. It was impossible to backtrack on the snowshoe trail. It was snowing so hard that the trail of an hour ago was completely out of sight. I had no compass and there was no sun. By the time all this had passed through my mind it was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon. Black darkness was less than an hour away. My decision was to stay right where I was for the night. It would be easy to obtain my directions from the sun the next morning.

I dropped a small spruce tree with my belt axe. Quickly I built a lean-to, made a bough bed in its shelter, gathered plenty of firewood and built a good fire. Before dark I was as comfortable as a bug in a rug. In spite of the fact that the temperature was far below zero I had a very decent night's sleep.

Next morning the blizzard had let up considerably. There was no sun but, by placing the point of my knife blade on my thumb nail I could see a faint shadow pointing, I knew at that time in the morning, to the northwest. Knowing my directions, it was not difficult to find my way home. I had carried no food with me on that hunt as I had planned to be away for the day only. If reason had not come to my rescue I could easily have become more and more panic-stricken until all sense left me. Remember, that particular stretch of woods I was in was of dense spruce coverage, without any outstanding landmarks and was at least a hundred miles long by fifty wide. Plenty of room to wander for weeks without finding the way to safety.

So many people who go into places where wild life still abounds are fearful of being attacked by wolves. For a number of years I was an official wolf trapper for Algonquin Park, Ontario. Many times the question has been asked me, "Will wolves attack human beings?" The answer is, "No, they will not." The newspaper, the Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, *Star*, has a standing reward of one hundred dollars for anyone who brings in an authentic story of a human being attacked by wolves. This reward has been in effect for at least thirty years that I personally know about without ever having to be paid. The Canadian Government had a commission, which for a number of years made a careful investigation of all stories of such attacks and has yet to find one that is authentic. Personally, I have had many experiences with wolves under various circumstances. One of the most common fallacies is that it is almost sure death to meet a wolf or wolf pack on the ice of a lake in a storm, but in January, 1929, I had the following experience. That morning I had started across Lake Traverse in a blinding blizzard. My lead dog, Chico, followed close to my heels. My parka hood was pulled far out over my face, leaving a small opening to see through. Suddenly Chico crouched beside me snarling, whining and showing a brave front to real fear. I threw back my hood and found that I had walked into the middle of a large pack of wolves. The closest was not over

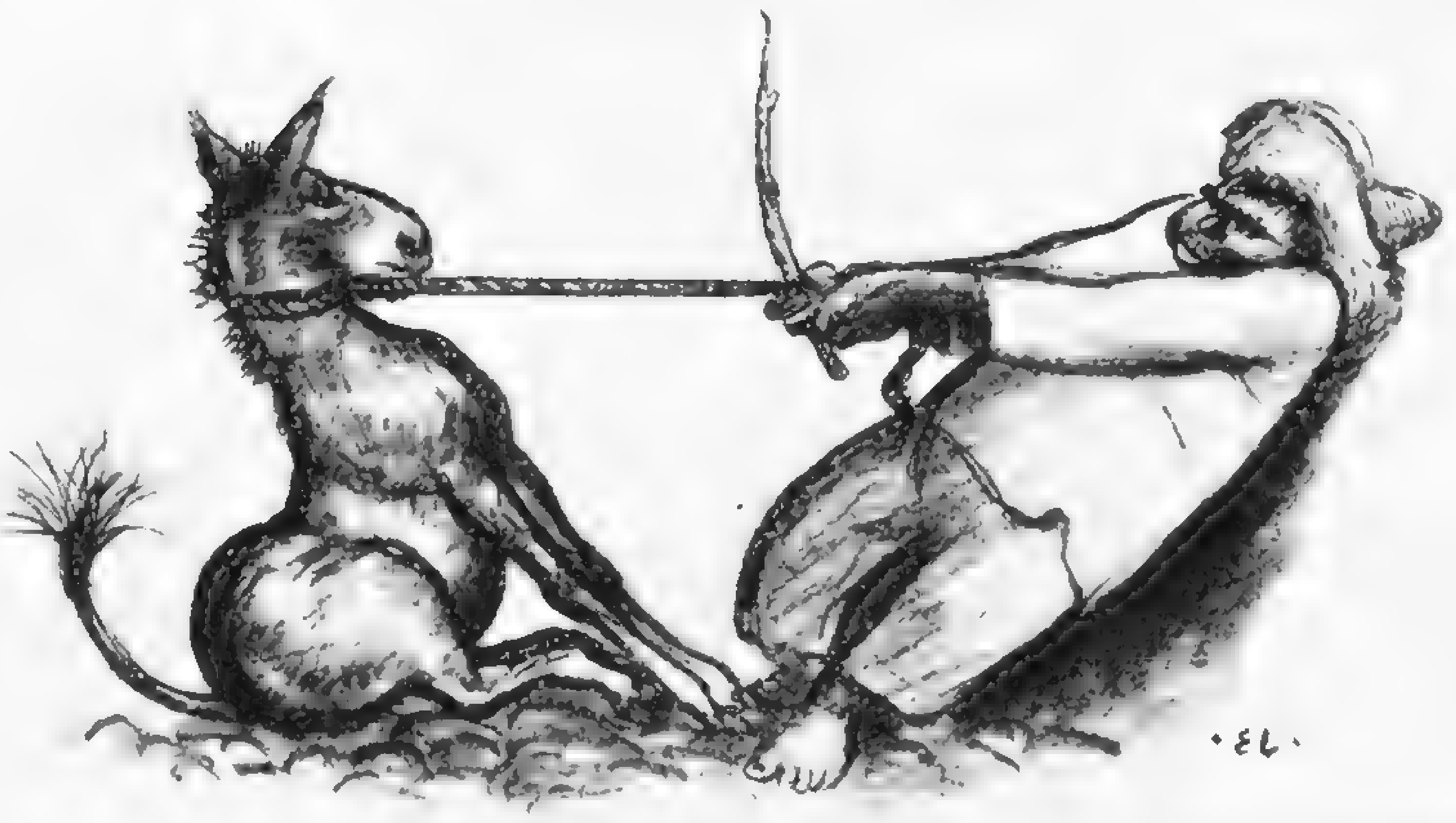
Continued in center of page 206

The Burro of Chapala

How one small burro achieved such fame that he will forever be set apart from all others of his kind

by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

• FICTION •



LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

In the whole of Mexico, one burro only has achieved legendary immortality. He is still alive; but if he should die tomorrow, he would be remembered. And as is often the case with historic personages, his fame would not be due to his own efforts but to the force of circumstances. At present he is known as "The" burro, "The" burro of Chapala.

On the quiet shores of Lake Chapala and in the mysterious surrounding mountains, burros are not rare. They are as common as Ford cars in Chicago. Usually they are treated with kindness; they are humble gentle creatures; their market-value is from fifteen to twenty pesos. They awaken no interest on the part of the spectator. Only this one burro is likely to go down in the annals of history—along with the unforgettable sparrows that were blessed by St. Francis of Assisi, centuries ago.

Many of the natives who live on the shores of Lake Chapala are owners of burros. Every day the patient sad-faced little animals can be seen trudging through the streets of the town, carrying loads of firewood or vegetables or charcoal or earthen pots that are to be offered for sale in the market place. Or sometimes the burro will have a rider—a woman with a black shawl over her head, or a man who wears a straw sombrero—whose saddle is a folded piece of sacking and whose bridle is non-existent: the equestrian guides the small steed by thumping its nose, right or left, with a stick, and then applies the stick to the animal's rump with a loud whack in the hope of getting a little more speed. In Chapala, the lives of burros are obscure, unhonored and unsung.

So it was an unusual event when one burro achieved a degree of fame that set it apart forever from all the others of its race, and became known to the whole village as "The" burro of Chapala.

"See—there comes 'The' burro!" one woman would say to another, pausing in the street and pointing at an insignificant long-eared grey creature that was moving somnolently toward them along the cobbled highway.

"Oh, is that 'The' burro!" her friend would reply giggling. "How do you know he is? He looks just like all the others."

"Because that young fellow who's driving it is Felipe—and I know that Felipe has no burro except 'The' burro!"

"Well, well, so that is 'The' burro! Holy Virgin Mary! Who would have thought it!" And then as the meek animal and its slightly sullen owner passed, the two women would embrace each other with hysterical laughter, and cry out—"Oh, look at his tail! Look at his tail!" They would stare at the tail, with renewed laughter. And the odd thing about their behavior was that there was nothing in the least odd about the burro's tail: it was a perfectly normal tail.

A stranger would have thought that the women had lost their wits. But not so Felipe. His face would darken with disgust and wrath. He knew only too well what the women were laughing at, and why "The" burro was famous, and why its tail was a thing that would be talked of by countless generations.

Felipe knew that the burro had acquired its fame very suddenly, one summer morning a few months ago, as it was trudging along to market. It had come some miles from the countryside, and two large faggots of firewood were tied onto its back. It had a ragged dangling piece of rope around its neck for a halter, and behind it walked Felipe; he kept prodding it with a sharp stick.

On that fateful morning, Felipe was barefooted, as usual; he wore ragged blue trousers, a torn white shirt and a straw sombrero that looked as though it had been discarded by his great-grandfather. It was a warm day, and Felipe's shirt was wet with perspiration; his dark face was cross and tired. The burro's face did not look cross, but it looked tired and sad, and it moved its small hooves reluctantly along the cobbled streets of the village. Felipe swore at it continually and prodded it with his stick. In common with most of the Mexican peasants—whose lives are one long martyrdom of poverty and hardship from birth to death—he had little awareness of the suffering of animals. His youth made him even more insensitive than the average, and the unfortunate burro had many trials to bear.

Just now they were passing the high whitewashed walls of the Villa Colima. Over the top of the wall appeared the green foliage of mango trees, date palms and jacordandas; and beyond them could be seen the red-tiled roof of the house with a great wave of bougainvillias sweeping up the walls. Felipe had often been inside the gates of the enclosure, bringing firewood or charcoal for sale, and he knew the stone-flagged patio and the formal gardens that lay between the terrace of the house and the blue waters of Lake Chapala.

And he knew well the remarkable chatelaine of the Villa Colima—that strange, very old Englishwoman, Mrs. Morton, who had come to Chapala before Felipe was born, and who lived here alone in cheerful peace, tending her garden, and stalking about the village with her walking stick to give charity or scoldings or good advice to anyone who was in need of such things. Everyone knew her, and she knew everyone; she spoke fluent Spanish, and was the friend of the high and the low, the rich and the poor. It was reputed that she had been a close friend of the great President Diaz—the terrific Don Porfirio—in the days when he was at the height of his power and had a summer residence here at Chapala; and it was certain that she was also the friend of the poorest and most miserable of her neighbors.

If anyone had asked Felipe how old he thought Mrs. Morton was, he would have replied quite seriously that she was one hundred and fifty years of age. His ideas of time were not very accurate; and even if he had known that Mrs. Morton was precisely eighty, he would not have regarded that span of years as sufficiently honorable to attribute to her. It was the custom of all the old native women here to boast that they were a hundred; and Felipe believed them. So, because of his respect for Mrs. Morton and because of his slight fear of her clear mind and sharp tongue, he would wish to add a complimentary fifty years to the conventional hundred. One hundred and fifty years, he thought, was surely a respectful enough age to attribute to anybody.

He had known her ever since he was a little boy. In those days, he had always gone to the Christmas parties which she gave each year in her garden and to which she invited all the children of the neighborhood. There had been popcorn and candy and balloons and animal-cookies for everyone—all very strange and very exciting. And there had been a puppet

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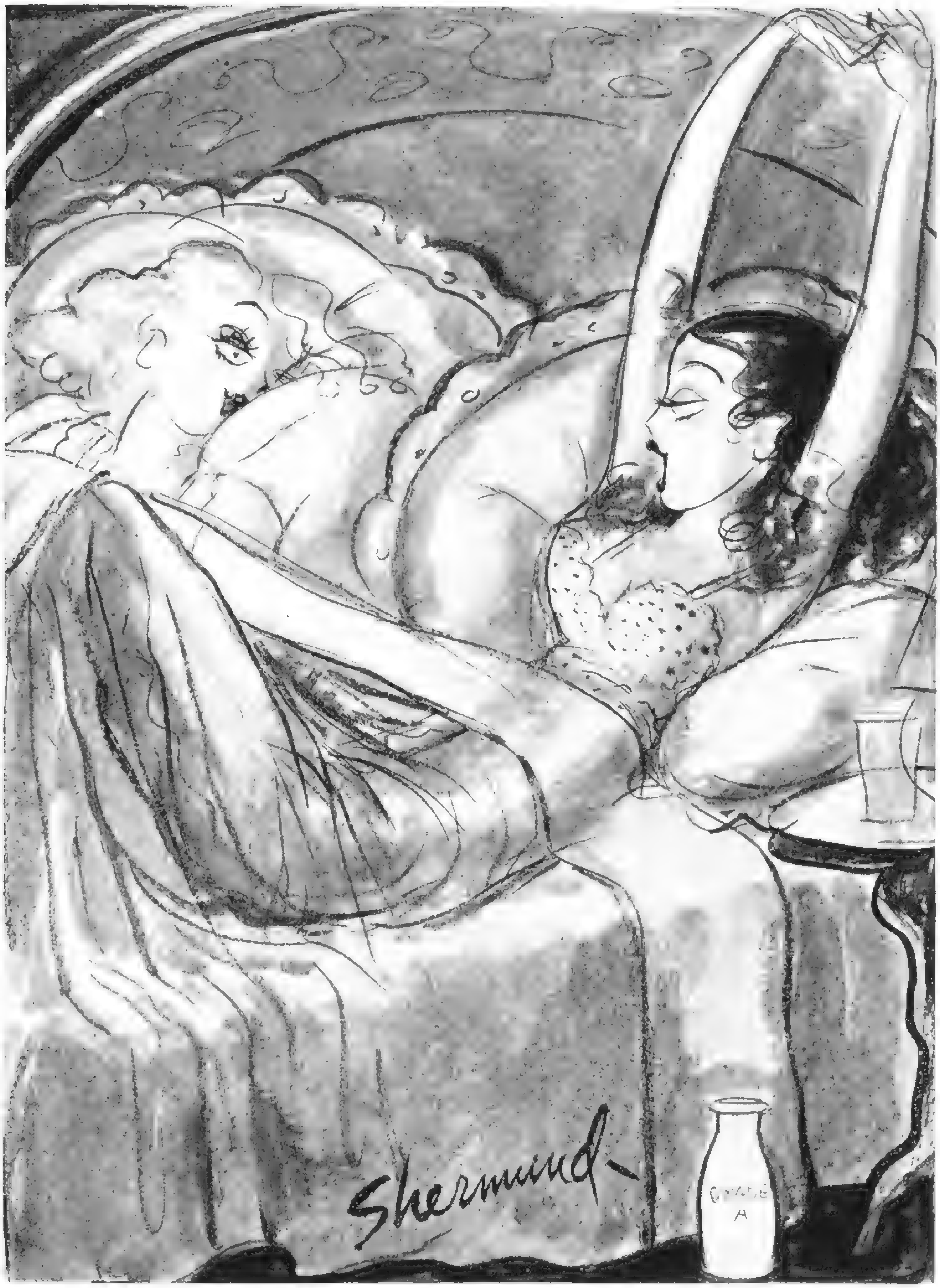

Shermund
GRADE A

"The milkman was early this morning"

The Death of a Fox

It had a diabolical expression, and at night when Jacques dreamed of its barking the bark turned into a laugh

by RONALD MOSHER

SPORTS

J. EDGAR HOSKINS, famous for his stories of hunting and wild-life, had once said to old Jacques Desbarres, the trapper: "Jake, you stink like a fox, and damned if I don't believe you think like one."

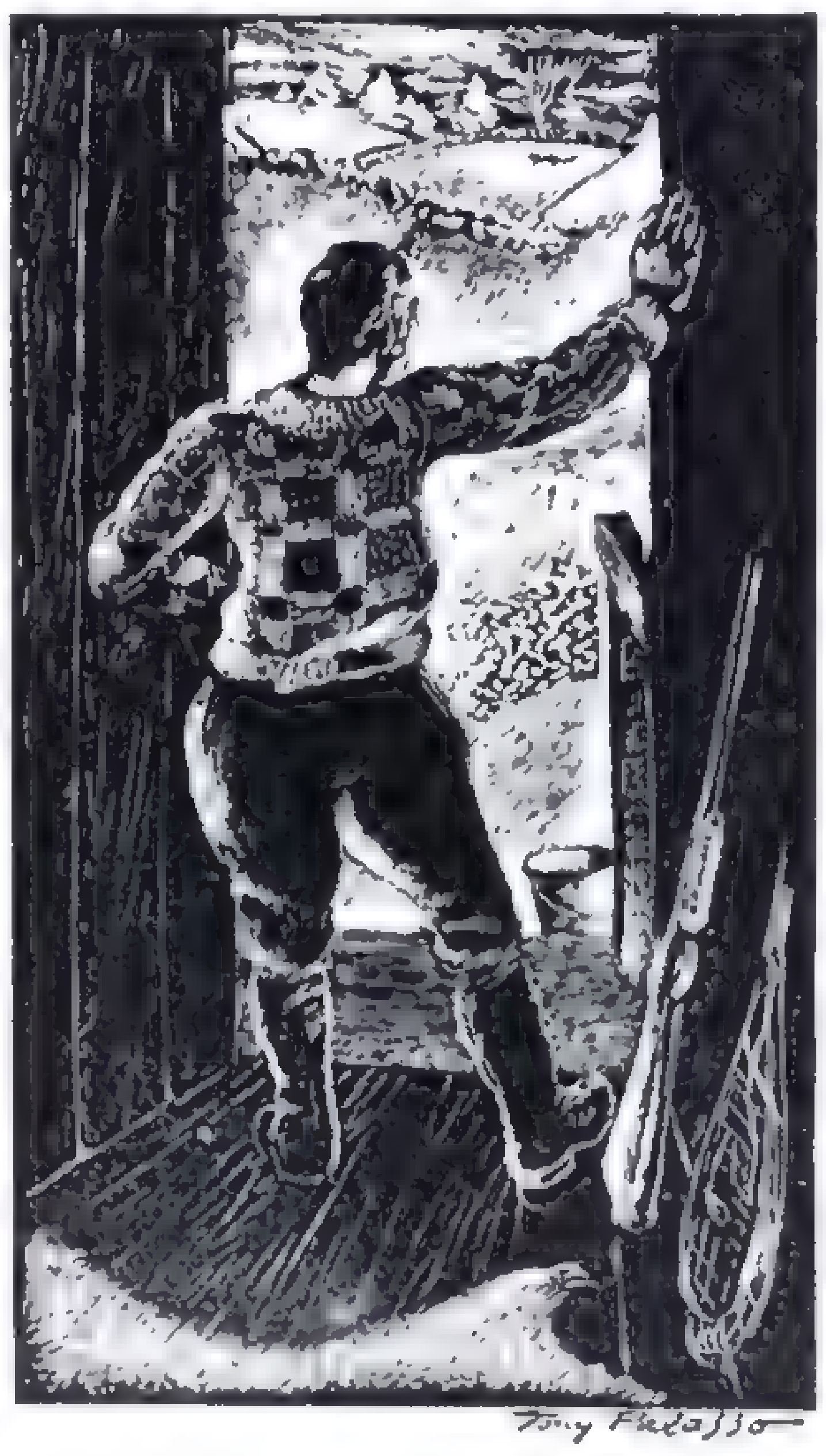
Old Jacques had trapped a great many foxes. One night, in his cabin, he had tried to figure the count, but there were several years during which he had kept no record, so he had not been able to arrive at the number he had trapped, snared or shot.

He didn't like to shoot a fox. No good trapper did; not just because it endangered the pelt, but trapping, particularly the trapping of a fox, was a game of outwitting a clever animal and not at all to be confused with shooting one.

Yesterday was the first time he had seen the tracks of THE fox. Already he called it THE fox because he had never seen tracks so large.

The trapper had suspended a snare from the wire fence where the animal had crossed the road. He knew that when a fox returns it almost invariably doubles back on its tracks.

Jacques claimed that the reynard figured it out. Before crossing a clearing, stream or road the fox would choose the best spot, where there was more concealment. Then, naturally, it would return the same way because (Jacques said the fox thought) it had been safe once therefore it would be safe again. This one peculiar habit of the little creatures had netted the trapper many fine pelts. However, in this case of the big fox, the trick had failed. The animal, by its tracks, had returned, but Jacques could see where it had stopped before the snare and had carefully trotted around it.

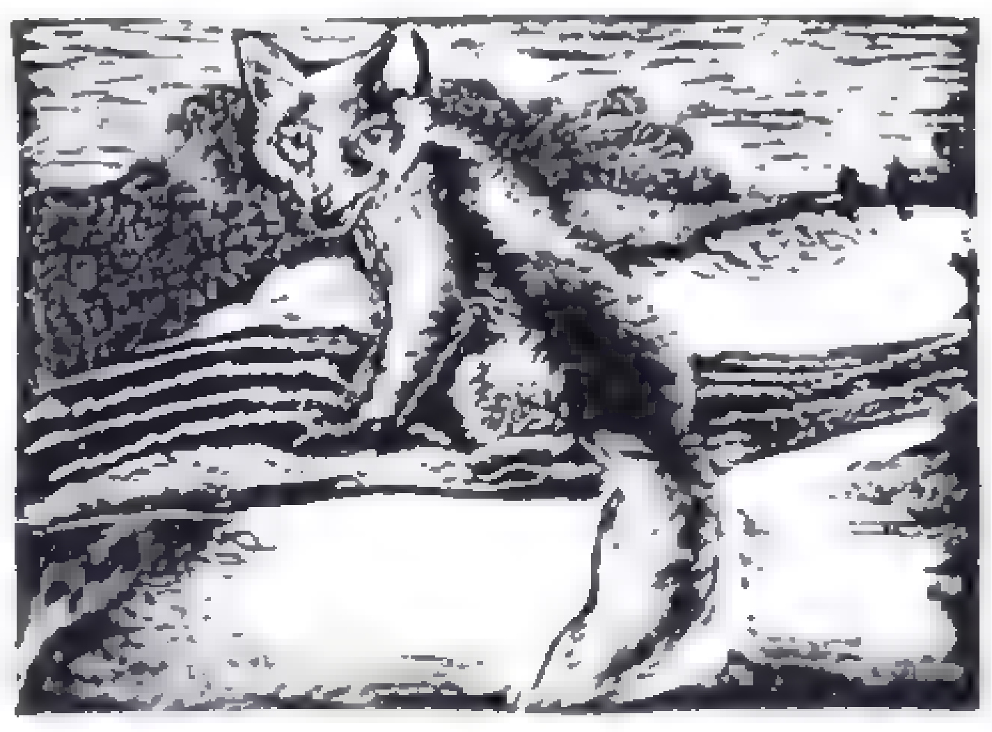


Jacques had detached the snare. It would take more than a loop of wire to catch this wise "Charlie." At the same time the trapper couldn't figure how he had left any man-scent which evidently aroused the suspicions of the fox.

He had handled the snare with the tongs. The snare and tongs had been weathered a month. Not only that, but he had attached the snare to the fence three yards from the crossing. Then, with the aid of a birch sapling spliced to the tongs, he had carefully pushed the loop until it was over the track at the spot between the two hummocks, where the fox was sure to pass on its return trip. Nevertheless, on returning the tracks indicated that the reynard had sensed the snare and had passed it up. Truly a remarkable fox!

That night the old trapper pressed rough-cut tobacco into his charred pipe and planned his next method of attack.

It was after the second pipe that Jacques was startled by a sharp sound from without.



The noise resembled nothing so much as that distinctive sound which results when a keen axe bites into a forsty hardwood tree—it was the bark of a fox.

He reached for his small-bore rifle and quietly opened the door.

A cold moon rode overhead and its light brought the landscape into bold relief. The sharp bark came again. Then he saw the animal.

It was a large, dark-patch fox, with peculiar markings. Jacques had never seen a fox the size of this one. There it was, half way up the hillside and looking at him.

He raised the rifle and slipped off the safety. It was a perfect shot. The thin ivory foresight came to bear on the fox. It barked again.

Slowly, Jacques lowered the weapon, and, as he did so, the animal bounded away.

At the crest of the hill it stopped and once again it barked three times. Its mouth seemed to open after each sharp yelp as if with the joyous pleasure of living. Then, quick as light, it was gone.

Jacques closed the door and put his rifle back on the rack.

This "Charlie" puzzled him. Never had he seen a fox that would run over the crest of a hill. Always they had clung to the levels and sought cover. Jacques figured that the reason they circled a hill was to save effort, or perhaps a fox knew that if it went straight up a hill if offered a perfect target against the skyline.

Then again, why hadn't he shot? Something had held his trigger finger.

Not until he had banked the little iron stove and had stretched himself on his bunk did he come to any conclusion as to why he had held fire. It had been the bark of the fox.

That yelp had a carefree tone; challenging and mocking. It had seemed to say: "Put the rifle down, that's not fair. Try trapping or snaring. I'm going to run up the hill—I know you'll play fair and not shoot!" That is the message the barking of the animal had conveyed to the old trapper Jacques Desbarres.

After all, it was only a yelping fox, thought Jacques, as he rolled over and went to sleep.

During the next two weeks he came across the fresh tracks of the big fox daily.

Each time he would carefully set a snare, taking all precautions, but upon returning he grew to expect no results. The Patch apparently had a sixth sense which protected it from running into snares. In the meantime he caught two small red foxes and some mink. Trapping was good.

It was not until the January thaw that Jacques made the water-set.

Near the edge of the hardwood lands he had come upon a fox crossing, and the track, to his delight, was almost as large as a dog's. It was the big Patch, again.

At one end of the tree, which had fallen across the brook, and over which the fox had crossed, there was a cavity in the ground suited to his purpose.

In the center of this he must place a stake to hold the bait, preferably a fresh partridge. He must not touch either; the faintest trace of man-scent would be fatal. The placing of the stake was an easy matter. Jacques, keeping his feet in the water, broke a limb from a dead fir and drove it into the center of the declivity. He snapped this off a foot from the ground, without touching the lower portion.

The bait was a problem, but after an hour's tramp through the woods to a little clearing, he knew of, Jacques returned with a hen partridge which he had shot through the breast.

He had been careful not to touch the bird, which he impaled upon the stake by the aid of two sticks.

By the bait he set a trap and anchored it to a root, then, with the sticks he picked up moss and covered the pan of the trap.

He dammed the brook just high enough so that the water would flow back and flood the trap, leaving only bait and moss protruding.

Still standing in the brook, Jacques viewed his work.

The water would cover all man-scent and when the fox came it would reach for the bait; but to do this it would have to step in the water or on the moss which hid the steel jaws of the trap. The Patch would step on the moss, of course.

Jacques smiled with satisfaction as he waded down the brook. The water-set, for which he was famous, had never failed him. Tomorrow he would be the winner; he would outwit the fox, but somehow the prospect of

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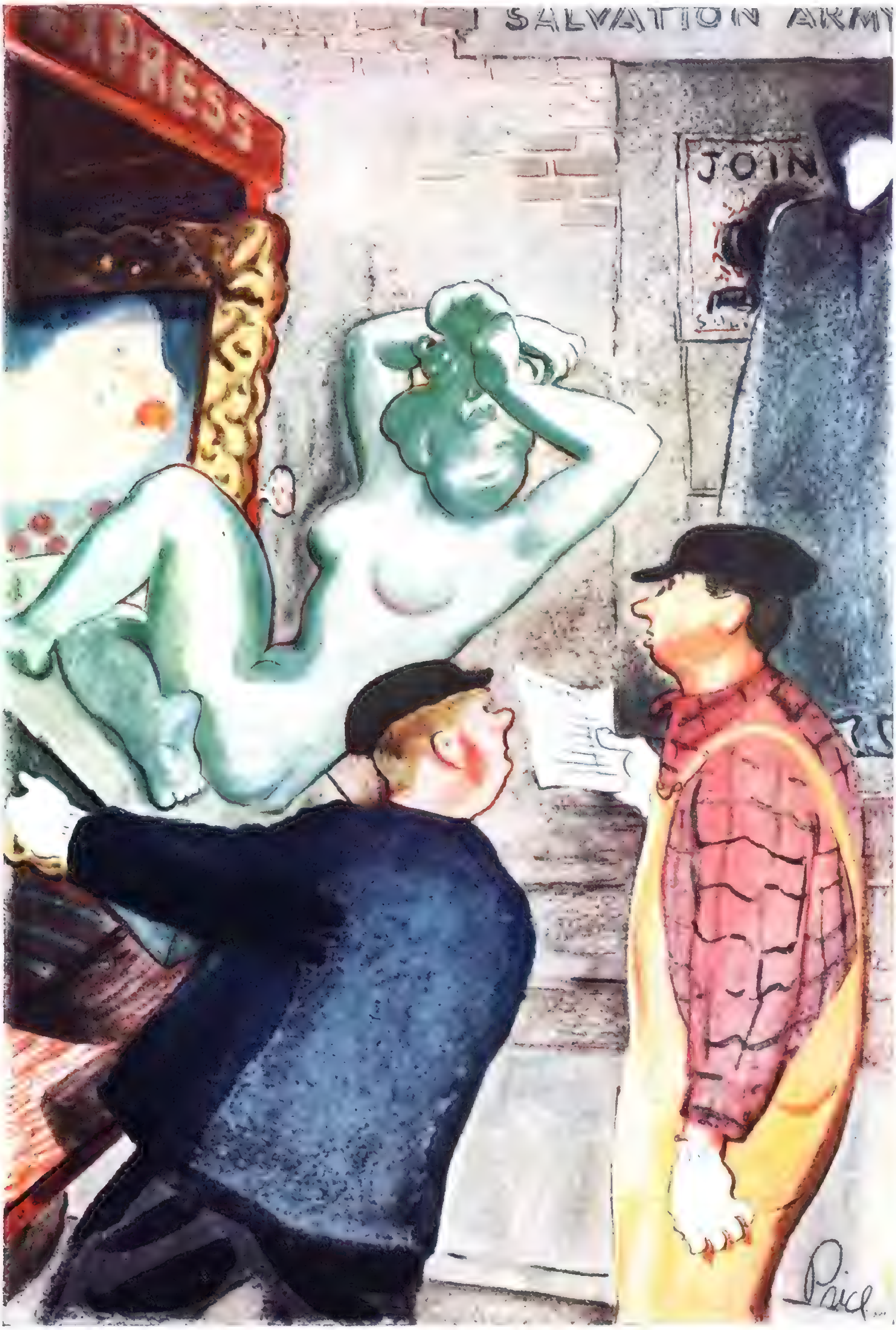
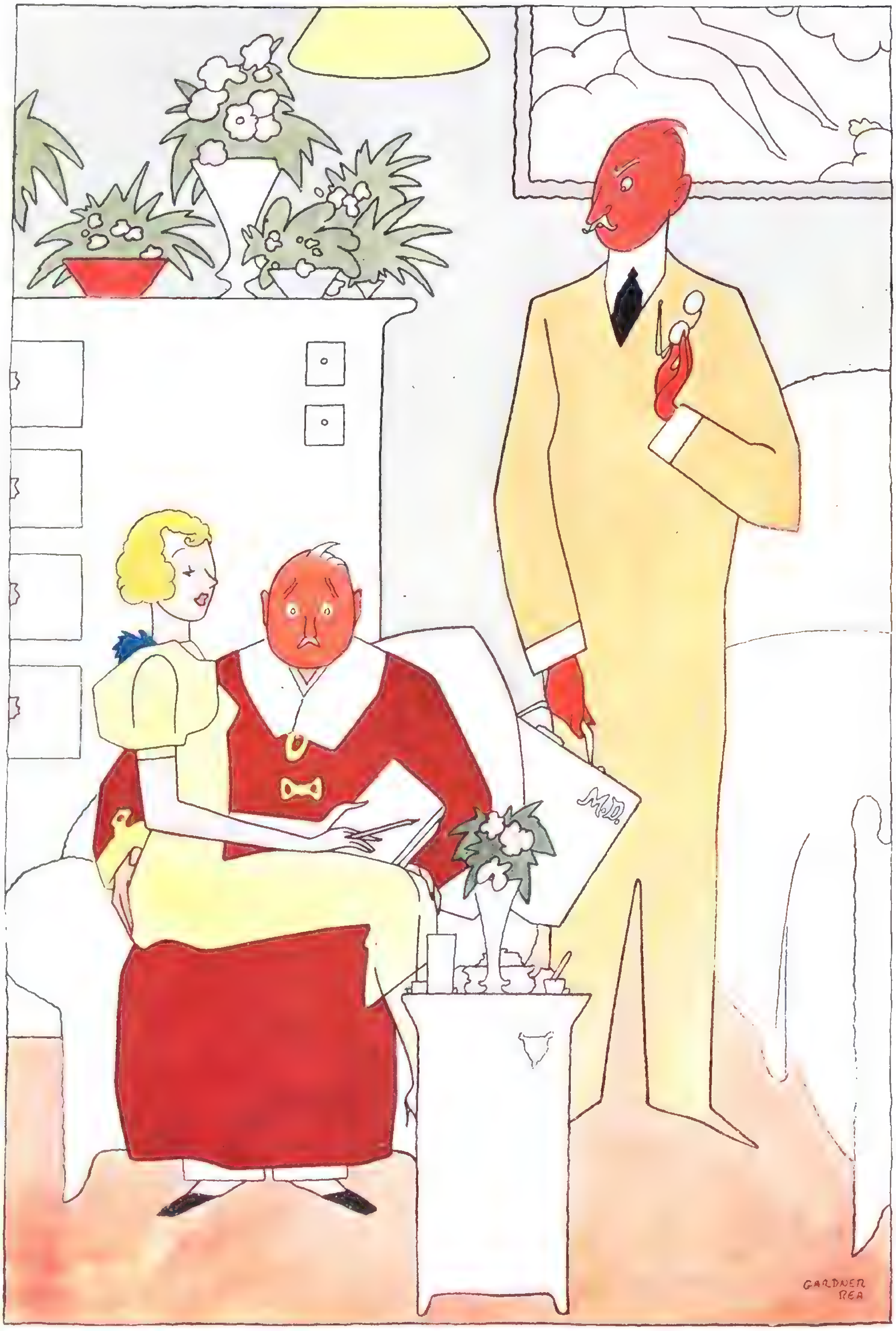

XPRESS
SALVATION ARMY
JOIN
Price

"Better take a look at that address again, Gus."


M.D.
GARDNER REA

"I warn you, Mr. Tooker, you simply must get your mind off business!"

Harps Upon the Willows

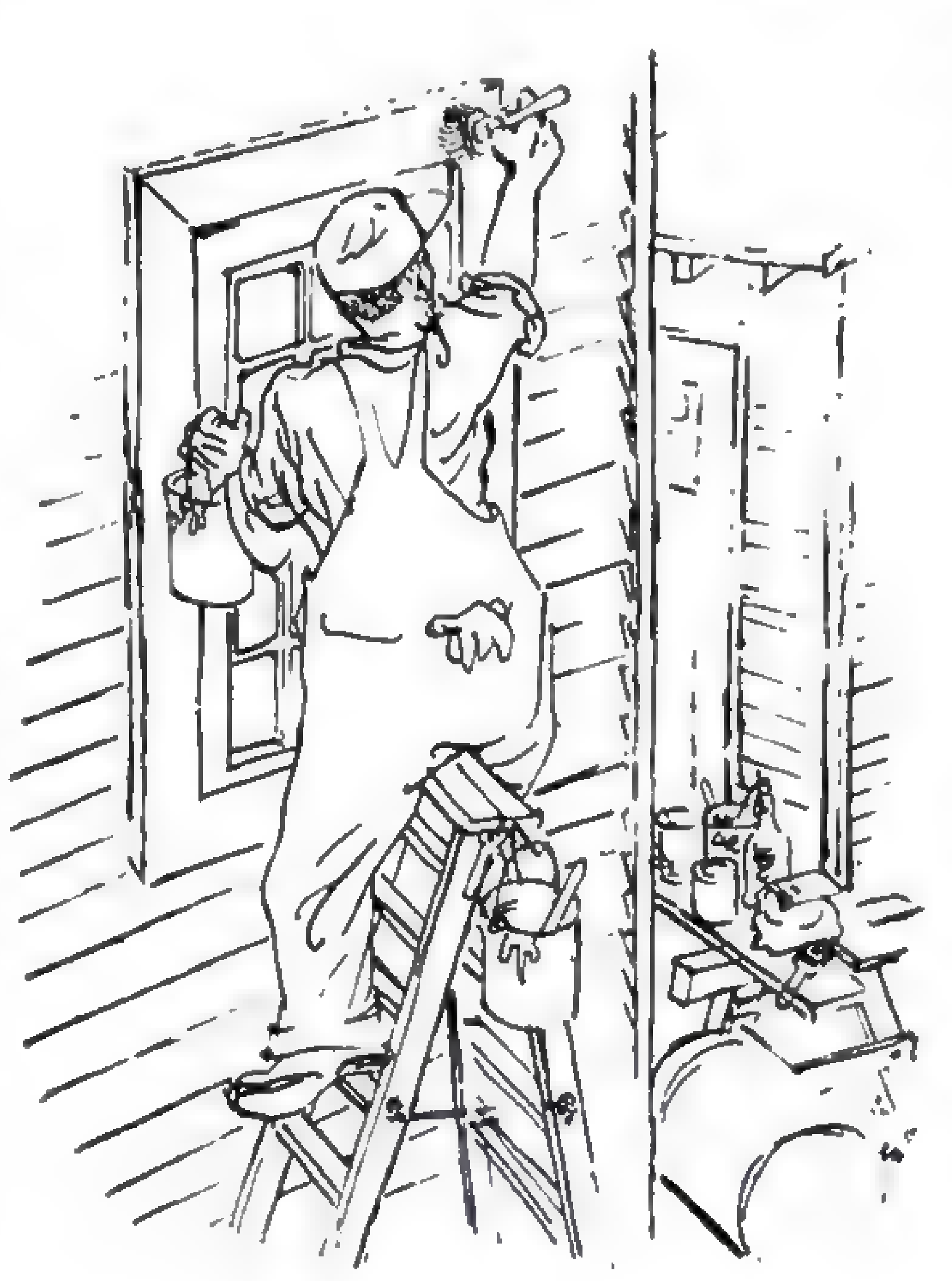
He wasn't content to go on slaving, and Zettela declared that he should not waste his life, he was different

by JOSEPH VOGEL

• FICTION •

I

My father began badly. One day as he tried to lift himself his feet tore through the bottom of his boots. He began as a painter in Poland and all he could look forward to was painter's colic. I need someone to climb with me, he explained. So he married his niece Zettela and they moved into an attic. They had visions. Six weeks later the police entered my father's name and address, with the colorful observation: Arrested selling illegal alcohol, three months' imprisonment.



II

They sought opportunity, but all my father could look forward to in Poland was painter's colic. You are different, said Zettela; I don't want you to waste your life. In 1904 they kissed the dust of Warsaw and sailed in steerage to New York. When they emerged from Castle Garden my father whispered: This is a noisy city, so unlike the noise of Warsaw. It is the noise of opportunity, said Zettela. My father was a realist; he did not believe that the streets of New York were paved with gold. Part of the day he peddled shoelaces and diaper pins, part of the day he pushed a weighing machine. He did not have to talk the new language; the shoelaces and diaper pins spoke for themselves, and attached to the weighing machine was a sign: Your Correct Weight—Only One Penny.

III

Until they could shift for themselves a second cousin Franya took them in. I have no room for you, said Franya; I have no spare table, not even a chair. But I have a spare mattress and if my boarder doesn't mind I'll let you sleep in his room. So in a tenement overlooking the East River my father and Zettela slept on a spare mattress on the floor, in the same room with a boarder. On this mattress I was born.

IV

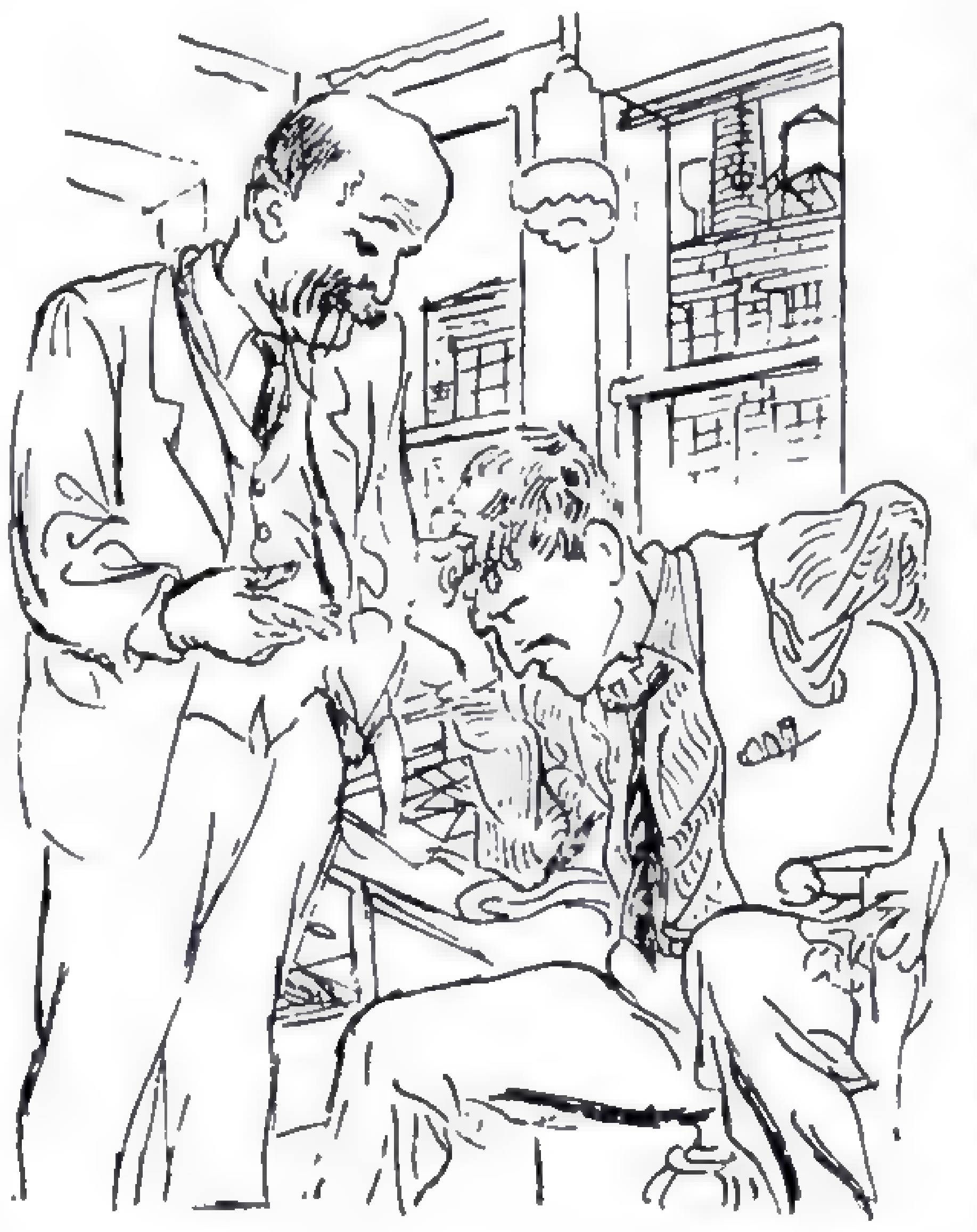
My father and Zettela held hands and danced. The streets are truly paved with gold, sang Zettela. Tomorrow you begin to work, tomorrow we move into our own rooms and I shall have my own stove. We moved into a Third Avenue tenement where I grew up playing with the rattle of the Elevated trains. Every day my father carried milk from door to door. He cried: I am the milkman, here is fresh milk for your babies, have you money to pay? And Zettela bought a table and a chair, but most of all she loved to shake the ashes out of her own stove. She loved to look out of the window when my father said gid-yap to the horse, she loved to listen to the tinkling of milk bottles as the wagon jolted over the cobblestones. One day as my father jumped into the milk wagon he slipped and the wheel ran over his foot.

He lay in bed five weeks, soothed by the moans of Zettela. Woe is me, cried Zettela, my life is dark. Have no fear, said my father, we are now in America; tomorrow I go back to work. He went back and found that another man had been hired in his place.

That evening a collection agent tapped on the door and cried: Have you money to pay? There was no money, so the agent took away Zettela's stove. Woe is me, cried Zettela, my life is dark.

V

Memories stand out . . . my father in painter's overalls, the smell of wet paint. There is the wedding of Mrs. Pessel, with a throne and potted ferns, and there is my father clicking his heels hoo-la! hoo-la! on the polished floor. My father caught a stranger blowing itching powder at the bridegroom, and with flying fists threw himself upon him. The picture of the fight is vibrant: there was some misunderstanding. When the fight was over, a dozen men lay stretched out on the polished floor. Memories stand out . . . Zettela and her son walking down the tenement stairs and meeting my father where the banister turns. Zettela clutches her breast. My father shakes his head up and down, and says: Strike. The word had no meaning for me other than its power to keep Zettela silent for days. One day I heard Zettela speaking to the lady with the curls downstairs. My husband went back to work for higher wages, she said. Her eyes shone with pride.



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

VI

A letter from the city of Flatbush. Thadeus writes to my father: Dear friend, why are you wasting your talents in New York, a city without opportunity? Are you content to slave all your life? Come to Flatbush, here there are many houses and few painters. Here you will be your own boss. Come, friend, you will like this city, it has many trees and a hill to the north. My father looked at Zettela and suddenly he asked: Am I content to slave all my life? You are different, said Zettela; I don't want you to waste your life. Then they crated their bed and table and chair and moved to Flatbush, a city of many trees. They moved into a little grey house at the foot of the hill, near the railroad tracks. Oh, it is different here, cried Zettela, it is so different! The green hill, it is so green! My father raised his fist: That is like Pike's Peak and with me it will be Pike's Peak or bust! A passing locomotive puffed out black clouds.

VII

Thadeus told many people: This man from New York is a good painter, he is a craftsman from the old country. My father painted many houses. He believed that honesty is the best policy; he used the best materials. When I paint a house, said my father, that house stands like new for many years . . . look, every year the green hill is like new and every year this house, if I paint it, will be like new. My father painted little red roses on kitchen walls, and on the ceiling of a widow's parlor he painted a circle of little fishes. The people of Flatbush appreciated art, business flourished. Zettela found an apartment over a pawnshop and bought herself a good fine stove. On the day we moved in the pawnbroker said to my father: Gild my three balls and let me see what a good job you can do. Business flourished. The Flatbush branch of the Workmen's Circle elected my father treasurer. He sent for his struggling friends in New York and put them to work painting houses—he became a boss. On hot nights they sat on boxes in front of the pawnshop and sang songs . . . they sang songs.

VIII

My shoes are too small for me, said my father. Zettela replied: Buy bigger shoes for

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What a Game! What a Game!

You couldn't fool Bill Healey on football, but he had a lot to learn about radio technique

by TRACY PERKINS

• SATIRE •

Bill Healey, the Acme Broadcasting Company's new football announcer, entered President Drake's office. Bill Healey was different from some football announcers you've probably heard. He had played a great deal of football at college about a decade ago, and afterwards he had coached for several years. Bill was a fellow who really knew football inside and out.

"Ah," said Mr. Drake, looking up from his desk. "Sit down, Mr. Healey. I appreciate your coming in. Wanted to have a few words with you about last Saturday's broadcast."

"I hope it was satisfactory," said Bill a trifle nervously. His contract with Acme ran from week to week with cancelation effective at any time. Last Saturday had been his first on the air.

"Yes," replied Mr. Drake slowly. "It was —*in the main*. Technically it was excellent. I heard it myself, and it was obvious to me that you know the fine points of football. Of course that's why we gave you the job."

"Thank you," said Healey, feeling a sense of relief.

Mr. Drake paused. "I noticed," he began finally, "that you said State's tackling was ragged. You mentioned it many times."

"And how!" said Bill with sudden enthusiasm. "I never saw a major college eleven give a worse exhibition in my life. It was a disgrace to the State coaching staff. Of course I have to admit that they've got a bunch of stumble-bums to work with this season, but, no kidding, they ought to have turned out a better job than that—even if they had high school kids to work with."

Mr. Drake looked thoughtful, and cleared his throat. "Mr. Healey," he said. "That's one of the things I wanted to discuss with you. We—we in radio—feel that it isn't good policy for our announcers to be too caustic in their criticisms of sports events. What I mean is that we think that instead of commenting on State's poor tackling, it would have been better to give C. D. U. lots of credit. Emphasize the brilliance of the C. D. U. backs in line plunging and broken field running—play up their power and elusiveness and all that. You see what I mean?"

"Yes," said Bill, a trifle impatiently. "But those backs weren't so good. They were just an ordinary set. Not a star in the bunch. They made most of their gains because the State tackling was so lou— so inefficient."

Mr. Drake nodded. "I know," he conceded. "—or at least I'll take your word for it, but my point is simply that it's better not to comment on the fact. In radio we've learned that you can't tread on people's toes. I'm afraid you don't realize how sensitive lots of listeners are. Lots of State alumni and rooters heard your broadcast, and they've written letters complaining—"

"But if it's the truth," objected Bill, "I don't see what difference it makes. It seems to me that I'm at the mike as a reporter—to give the facts as I see them."

"Yes, but with certain limitations. You must remember that college football players are hardly more than boys, most of them. We don't think that it's good for young men like that to be criticized adversely."

"It seems to me," remarked Healey, "that if a young fellow expects to get lavish praise when he performs well, he ought to be able to take a few knocks when he flivvers. I mean if football is supposed to be a training for life, it ought to be that way. When those fellows get out and get a job, the only comments their bosses make won't be just rosy ones. They've got to expect to take a few on the chin when they don't produce."

"Of course," said Mr. Drake, "I don't mean that you should carry things to extremes—not to the point where you deliberately distort the facts. After all it's simply a matter of degree. You don't have to say that the tackling is marvelous when it isn't. Just don't comment on it when it's bad. That's the point. Now here's another thing: Several times you remarked that the game was uninteresting."

"I'll say it was! The score was 47—0, and State never got inside C. D. U.'s forty-yard-line. By the time the first period was halfway over, everybody in the place could see that it was going to be just a parade for C. D. U. They could have scored three or four more touchdowns if they hadn't put in fourth and fifth stringers in the last half."

President Drake shrugged his shoulders. "I've no doubt you're right," he said, "but we feel it's a mistake to comment that the game is uninteresting. People don't want to tune in and be told that they're listening to a stupid game. Most of them are very much interested in the result—especially the alumni. The game their own team is playing is a mighty important thing to them."

"But why," demanded Healey bluntly, "tell them it's an exciting game when it isn't?"

"That's just the point I'm driving at," replied Drake quickly. "—Because they *want* to be told it's exciting. It adds to their enjoyment. In radio you've got to tell people what they want to hear."

"State fans would love to hear me say that one of their backs had run ninety-five yards for a touchdown, but you wouldn't want me to say that if he hadn't done it, would you?"

Mr. Drake laughed. "It's simply a matter of being reasonable about the whole affair. Now it's the same way with the attendance. I heard you remark that the stadium was only one-quarter full. That's bad. —Not good radio. I don't claim that you should have said it was packed. You could merely have remarked that there was a large crowd."

"It was the smallest crowd at a State-C. D. U. game in over twenty years," said Bill.

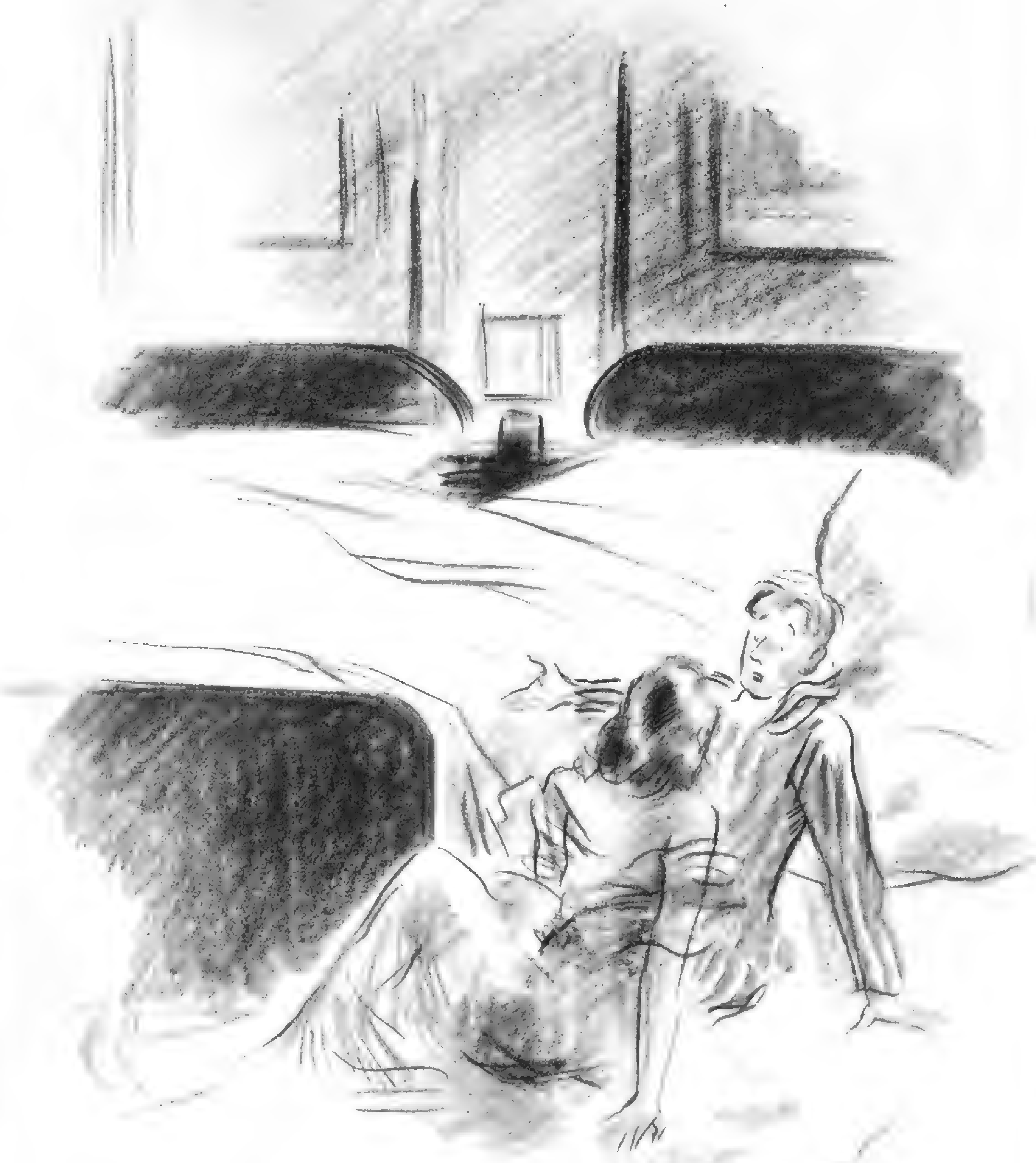
"Well, I'm glad you didn't say that. Naturally the radio listener likes to feel that he's tuned in on a big event—something a huge crowd is witnessing, and something millions of other radio listeners are interested in. Now let me see. What else did I want to speak to you about? Oh yes. The punting. If I recall correctly you expressed considerable disapproval of it—even of C. D. U.'s punting. I think I even heard you say it was high school stuff."

Bill Healey nodded. "It was awful," he said.

"Well, I don't think I need elaborate on that," said Drake. "It's just the same principle as with the tackling and the attendance. We simply want you to show enthusiasm when you see features of the game you like, and to soft-pedal the adverse criticism. I think that's all I need to say. I want to repeat that you did a fine job technically. You've got a good delivery and a fine command of words. If you just get more enthusiasm—more color—in your broadcasts I see no reason why you shouldn't develop into a splendid sports broadcaster. I think that's all."

"All right," said Healey. "I think I get what you're driving at. I'll try to do better next Saturday."

On the following Saturday President Drake of the Acme Broadcasting Company listened with extreme satisfaction to Bill Healey's play-by-play description of that epic gridiron encounter between Fulton and Albans Universities. It was a game—you could tell from Healey's almost incoherent excitement—between two evenly matched, splendidly coached, powerful and crafty teams. A game replete with hair-raising runs, jarring tackles, spectacular kicking and passing, and thrills, thrills, thrills! Fulton won 53—0. ⌗



"Oh Hell—Let's forget it and just be conventional"

Knights in Armor

There was room at the top for an up-and-coming squire, who knew when to put his foot on the neck of a knight

by FLETCHER PRATT

• ARTICLE •

Go to a museum some time and take a close look at some of the suits of armor. You'll get a surprise.

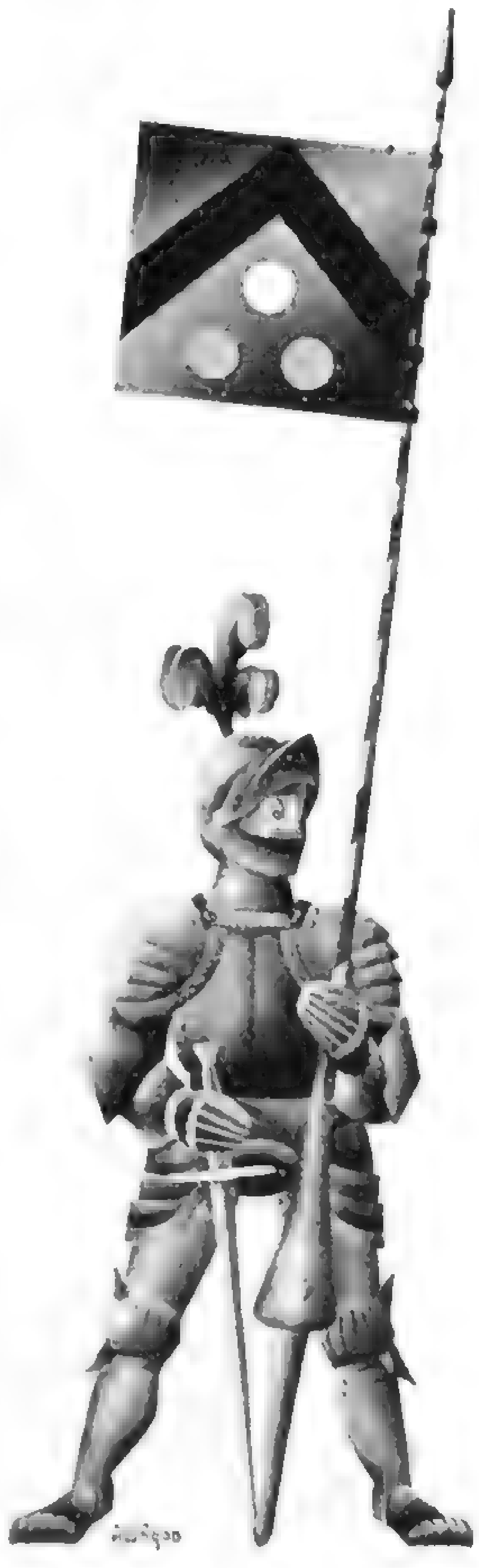
That is, unless you are already enough of an expert to know that you, a person of ordinary size and sedentary habits, can't get into the tin suits robber barons used to wear. There may have been giants in those days, but if there were they didn't wear armor—or else the armor they wore has not been kept. For the Metropolitan Museum in New York, which has about the finest collection in the world, boasts of only one suit of mail that would fit a six-footer, and the Invalides in Paris, which has the next best collection, is without a single suit of this size. Henry VIII of England and Francis I of France were, the chroniclers tell us, big men, the heavyweight champions of their day; their armor is still in existence, and would be a neat fit for Tony Canzoneri—except that he probably couldn't get into the leg-pieces.

Most of the clothes those old boys wore were of iron, and so have not shown much shrinkage in the five hundred years since they had them on. We can see today that the men who wore them were built on the lines of a spindle-shanked Canzoneri, or if you like that better, a Bob Fitzsimmons. They had heavy, powerful shoulders, thick necks, short muscular arms like a penguin's flippers and nothing much below the waist.

You would probably look much the same (though a little taller, for the doctors say human height is on the increase), if you had gone through the long course of education that it took to make a medieval knight. For the fact is that the knight, who has suffered more bunking and debunking than any other group character in history, was nothing more than the business man of his time, engaged in the only business that would give him a decent return on a large investment of cash and time—the business of fighting.

To become a knight, or rather a "sergeant"—for "knight" was a title of nobility, which meant that the holder was a landowner—a man had to go through a course of education that would make Harvard Law or M.I.T. look like a soft snap. He didn't bother much with book-learning, but he had to develop a sense of balance keener than a tight-rope walker's, a sense of aim like an expert rifleman, reflexes like Jack Dempsey's and the endurance of an Alaskan dog-racer. It took him about fifteen years to reach the peak—and then some palooka from the sticks was liable to get ginned up, yell "Ha, thou runagate rogue!" and stick a dagger into him when he didn't have his fighting clothes on.

When he did get into his shell, however, there was nothing much to stop him but more knights. In fact, nothing did stop them for six hundred years, or until the day when Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden invented cannon that would move around on a battlefield. Medieval knights were sometimes beaten in battles—by the English at Crécy and the Swiss at Morgarten, for example. But it was always because of the failure of the high command rather than of the knights themselves. At Crécy they were put in a few at a time down a long alley with archers shooting from both flanks, and at Morgarten they were made to charge across a marsh that took all the zip out of their rush. When they had a ghost of a chance the knights and sergeants rode right over everything they met. It is not hard to figure out why.



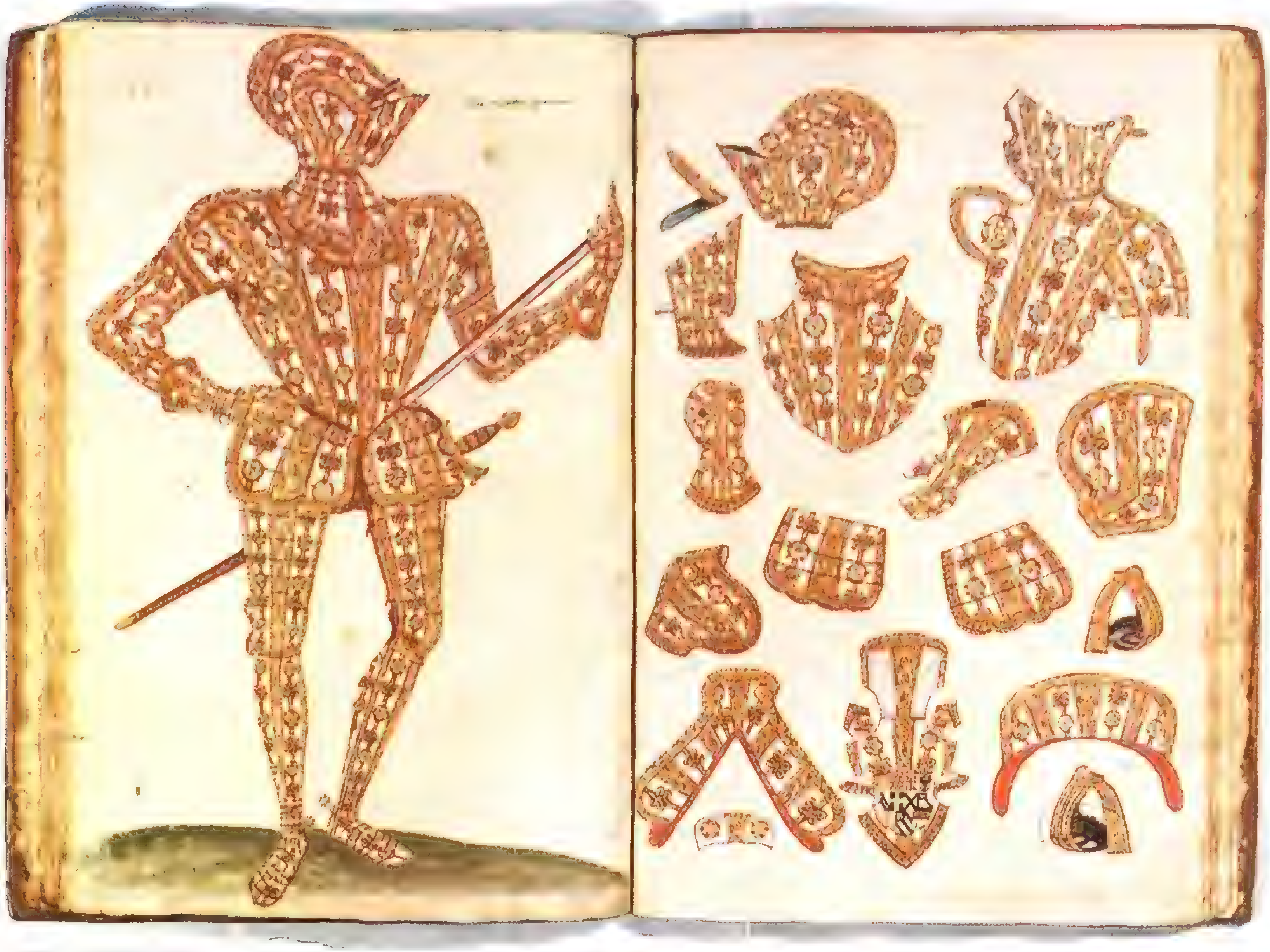
One of these armored cavalrymen, mounted and with his lance in rest, became in effect a kind of human projectile, who distributed the reaction of the shock he delivered through the lance, its rest, his armor and saddle to the horse's legs and the ground, in a perfect architectural unit having about the general form of an Eiffel Tower lying on its side and delivering a blow with its peak. The force of the punch at the lance-point can be figured out, and it is something prodigious, in the neighborhood of sixty-nine thousand joules, or just about twenty-five times the kick given by an express bullet from a modern army rifle. Anything this punch hit was run through or went down, as a matter of course. At the battle of Marignano, the Swiss pikemen, then the best in the world, stood up against such a charge, in square blocks, twenty men deep, with long spears held so their butts rested on the ground. They were wiped out.

But before you could ride in such a charge came the fifteen or more years of training, starting at the age of twelve or fourteen. A boy intending a career in this direction became a page if he belonged in the social register or a kitchen-boy if he did not. Either way he had to get up at dawn and start the day by hearing Mass and taking a course in law, for the knights and sergeants, though they need not know how to read, had to be able to argue a case before a court at any time. Most of their business came through the courts except when there was a war on, combats between knights being the ordinary method of handling appeals. When a decision went against you, you could, in most cases, challenge your opponent to an ordeal by battle, and then hire a sergeant to do the fighting. Incidentally, the last case in which such an appeal was taken happened in England in 1886, when some smart lawyer discovered that the rules for ordeal by battle had never been taken off the books.

After breakfast on bread, sour wine, and cold meat with cinnamon dressing, the intending knight went out to the tilt-yard and put in about five or six hours of practice at the hacking-post. This gadget was a solid pillar of some wood like oak or ironwood, roughly shaped to the form of a man. You whacked and cut at it with a mace or sword under the tuition of some old broken-down warrior. There was a trick to it, though. The hacking-post had a long arm with a heavy knob at one end, and the whole business was fixed on an eccentric pivot, so that unless you hit it dead center it came around and fetched you a sock on the skull. Many a page and kitchen-boy went to bed with his scalp laid open as a result of forgetting to duck the return smack from a hacking-post he had not hit quite square.

At noon the kitchen-boys worked in the kitchen while the pages waited on table, both filling their bellies on whatever scraps were left when their betters got through. In the afternoon there would be more practice, this time in pairs, each lad being provided with a leather cap like a football helmet, a small round shield and a wooden wand about the length and weight of a sword. They whaled away at each other with a lot of enthusiasm and no science, learning the tricks of fence by experience. Incidentally, this is a form of exercise which survived in the American and British navies to 1900 under the name of "single-stick practice," and it is not at all a bad sport if you don't mind taking a chance on a broken wrist.

Continued on page 204



VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

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ELIZABETHAN ARMORER'S ORDER BOOK

A Suit for Sir Christopher Hatton . . . *Joseph Topf-Armorer*

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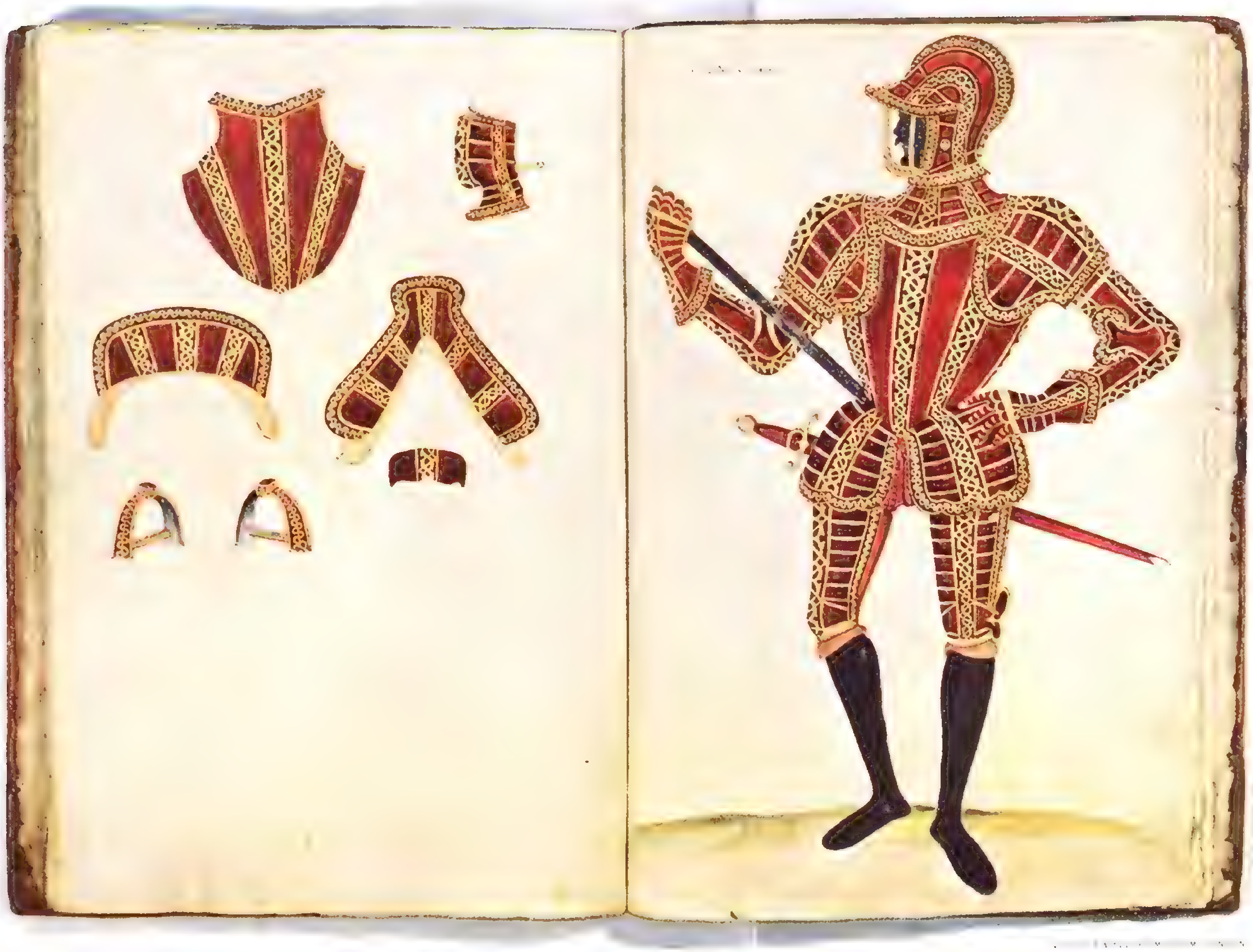

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ELIZABETHAN ARMORER'S ORDER BOOK

A Suit for My Lord Compton . . . *Joseph Topf-Armorer*

⚜

Hot Air Off the Gridiron

Ten to one you'll be hearing some of these tales wherever there's a meeting of the mashed potato league

by LEO FISCHER

▪ SPORTS ▪

A football player once met an untimely end, ultimately arriving at the pearly gates, where St. Peter began giving him the customary check-up. Everything went along swimmingly until near the end of the quiz, when old St. Pete finally asked:

"And now young man, have you ever taken the name of the Lord in vain?"

The football player thought a moment. Then he stammered a bit and replied:

"Yes, I'm sorry to say I have."

"When was it?" sternly asked the guardian of the gate.

"Well, it was this way," the lad began. "We were playing Notre Dame. It was late in the fourth quarter and they were ahead of us 6 to 0. I was in the backfield. The ball was on our own five-yard line. Suddenly my signal was called. I crashed through tackle. Then I cleared the secondary defense. An open field lay ahead of me. One chalk line after another slipped past my feet. I eluded the safety man and there was nothing between me and the goal line except five easy yards. Then I looked down and I said to myself:

"Well, for Christ sake, where's the ball?"

St. Peter stared at him speechlessly. Finally he found his voice, and in loud tones cried:

"Well, for Christ sake, where WAS the ball?"

That, so far as we know, is the first of the 1937 crop of football yarns. Before the snow flies, it will be told with variations at alumni gatherings, at athletic stags, coaches' meetings, and finally in barrooms, cocktail lounges and parlors. The progress of a risqué story is as molasses in January compared to the speed with which anecdotes of the gridiron flash across the country. It is one of the most peculiar phenomena of this great American sport and the strange thing about most of the stories is that they are pretty good and usually quite tellable in even the most sedate company.

Who starts all these football yarns and how do they get around? It's difficult to say. Sometimes they spring spontaneously from the mind of some well-known coach or some anonymous humorist, sometimes they are based on actual happenings on the football field, sometimes an anecdote which has no original connection with football is changed around to make a good grid story.

It's easier to explain how they spread. Most of them make the rounds from September to December when the traditional "thud of the pigskin" is sounding in the ears of the sports-loving public. A lot of them get country-wide circulation in the good old summer time, when coaches gather in the various vacation schools which are now so common during the hot-weather period. Here they meet fellow college and high school coaches, and we have yet to see the man who can hear a good story and not repeat it—provided he can remember it.

Regardless of how or why these stories get around, the fact remains that the football anecdote industry is a flourishing one—through good seasons and bad, through depressions and prosperity. New tales are constantly springing up—like the one about St. Peter—while old ones seem to be filled with that elixir of youth which apparently keeps them sprightly and entertaining forever.

No one can delve very deeply into the anthology of the gridiron anecdote without mentioning, even at the risk of repetition, that the greatest story teller ever connected with the game was Knute Rockne. So adept and so famous did he become as a speaker before his tragic death that almost every good yarn still making the rounds is credited with more or less truth to his remarkable repertoire. As a matter of fact, however, he probably did not originate a tenth of the stories credited to him, although his flow of anecdotes was almost inexhaustible.

With such a master setting them an example, it is no wonder that many of his former pupils today are just as active in the story-telling line as they are in coaching. Look them over . . . Jim Crowley at Fordham, Jimmy Phelan at Washington, Harry Stuhldreher at Wisconsin, Elmer Layden at Notre Dame, Noble Kizer at Purdue, Charley Bachman at Michigan State, Slip Madigan at St. Mary's—all of them carrying on the Rockne tradition that a good football coach must be able to tell a good story when the occasion demands or no one will hear much about him or his team.

One of the most famous of the Rockne stories was the one about the time he tried to introduce soccer to his squad for conditioning purposes. The game was rather new to the boys and so he explained it as best he could. Finally he wound up with this brief summary:

"The idea of the game is to kick the ball or kick the other guy's shins."

Sides were chosen and play was about to begin when it was discovered that no ball had been provided. There was a brief delay and finally one of his big, tough linemen exclaimed:

"Hell with the ball, coach! Let's start the game!"

Jimmy Crowley, who of all the former Notre Dame grid greats can come closer to Rockne in tone and expression—to say nothing of humor—makes frequent use of Rockne's anecdote about the former high school star who came to Notre Dame with half a dozen scrapbooks filled with stories of his exploits which he proudly displayed to all comers. The youngster was given a trial in an early practice game and received a terrific pushing-around from a lineman on the other side. Between halves he mentioned to Rockne that he hadn't been able to get any place.

"Listen, son," said the coach, "maybe he doesn't know how good you are. Why don't you show him your clippings?"

"Rosin on the pants to keep from sliding off the bench" probably was his best yarn about the hapless substitutes who always were getting the worst of the deal, but he had another in which John Law, one of his great centers, was the principal character. At the time John was a sophomore, and even as now, sophomores seldom got into Notre Dame varsity games. One day a "skull session" was being held in the dressing room with the coach putting up hypothetical problems to various members of the squad. Finally he outlined a particularly tough situation and turned to Law. "John," he asked, "what would you do under those circumstances?"

Law thought a moment and replied: "Coach, I'd move down to the end of the bench to get a better look."

Lynn Waldorf, Northwestern's rising young coach, also has a somewhat similar anecdote which he likewise says actually happened. On this occasion, Lynn declares, he was drilling quarterbacks in calling plays, and finally he got around to one of his fifth-string boys. "Here's the situation," he explained.

Continued on page 288

Christmas at the Royal Inn

He kept wondering what she would do next that would be unlike any woman that he'd ever known before

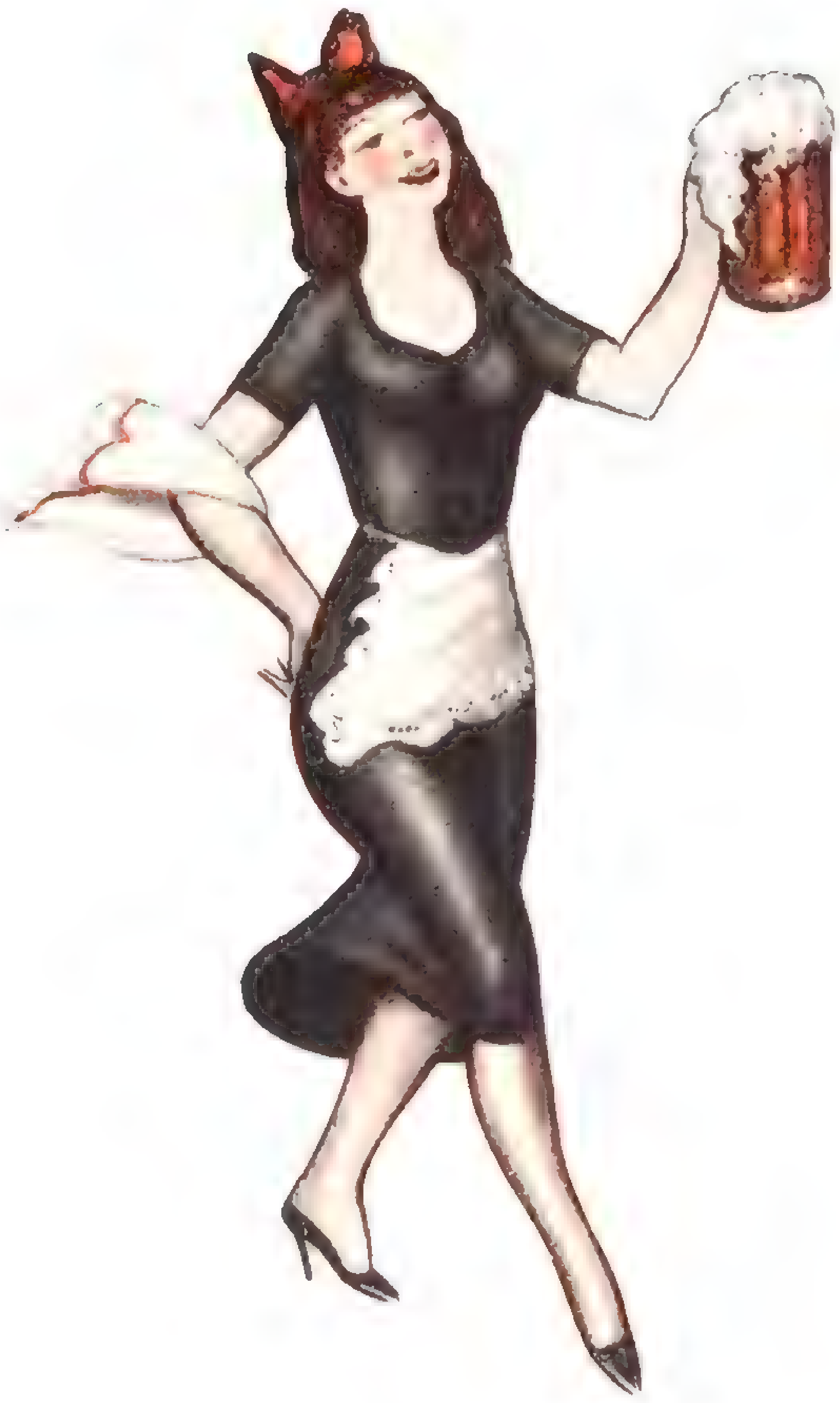
by RONALD ELWY MITCHELL

FICTION

When Chuck Olson found himself in Swansea after a voyage of seventeen days he was far from undecided as to what he most wanted, but now that he was on dry land, within a few minutes of accomplishment just as soon as he could find the right woman, a curious reaction set in, a reaction he had noticed before. After seventeen days of a bunk, the sound of harsh male voices, and the warm smell of men's bodies, he wanted to dwell a little longer on the sweet prospect of a bed in which there was room to sprawl, a voice that was as soft as the lips from which it came, and the miraculous coolness of rounded flesh. To take them too soon would be to cheat himself of the anticipatory pleasure which was half, albeit the less ecstatic half, of the fun.

He walked the length of the rambling town, inspected the market, which was fulminating with Christmas trade, and stood for a while inside the Great Western Railway station, watching the funny little trains that were as different from the ones to which he was accustomed as bustling centipedes from important caterpillars.

As the afternoon ripened into evening and the street lights made yellow circles against the smoke colored sky, Chuck walked back towards the docks, but before he turned down the street that led to them he sought out a brown, comfortably proportioned restaurant he had noticed on his way upstairs. Here he satisfied himself with hot soup, sausages that were thicker than his thumb, a mountain of mashed potatoes and some kind of a steamed suet pudding, part of which coagulated behind his teeth and annoyed him; but the meal was a good one and warmed every inch of him so that the chilly damp of South Wales made no further progress into his marrow as he had distinctly felt it when he first landed. He made the mistake of ordering coffee, but spat back the first pale mouthful into the cup and ventured no further.



Out in the street, firmly upholstered as he was with suet, he made for the darkened area to the south. First he would sample a bottle or two of ale and see how it compared with the products of Milwaukee and St. Louis. After that he would look around. Judging from the friendly glances he had already received it seemed that he would not have to look around very long, maybe not at all; his experience of seaport taverns was brief but thorough. With the accuracy of a keen observer he spotted the winking lights of a small alehouse that squatted a dozen yards from the waterfront and on the scabby, peeling wall of which he had seen that afternoon in red paint—Royal Inn.

It was a compact, cozy little building that looked as if it had always been there, even before the iron bridge or the road to the docks. It seemed as old and set in its ways as the oily water that lapped the green piles on one side of it and the lumpy rock, half covered with grass, that snuggled close to the other.

Another moment and Chuck was inside, his eyes admiring the flicker of a carefree fire and his bare hands sensing its caresses. He had expected to find the place half full, but it was empty except for the girl behind the bar.

Not that there was room for many more than these two, together with the crowding furniture and tinny decorations that occupied half the available space between the outside door and the laden, glittering mantelpiece. There was enough light from the fire to fill the room with a rosy glow but over the bar hung an old-fashioned incandescent gas globe and its pale illumination encroached upon the inviting mellowness of the hearth and dissipated its radiance. Around the wall hung musty pictures of fruit, Venetian canals, and Saint Christopher, a shoe repairer's calendar, a grocer's calendar, advertisements of ale and stout, and a quarter card displaying the week's local motion picture attraction.

But Chuck spent no time gazing at these decorative features of the room. He wanted yellow ale and the warmth of the fire, and after that it would be time to go out and see what he could find in the line of womanflesh.

As he felt around vaguely in his mind considering the chances of finding exactly what he would most appreciate, and enjoyed the self-imposed delay, he was suddenly startled to observe that he was being closely watched by a pair of steady eyes from behind the bar. He turned his head, and the eyes flashed shyly down and there was a scurry and a tinkle as if the girl were confused at being discovered by him but determined to sound as if she were not. Now he waited for her to appear around the corner of the bar so that he might look at her more carefully. He had been so busy with his thoughts and plans that all he had noticed was a little barmaid dressed in black and a soft voice with the same up and down lilt that all these people in Swansea seemed to use.

She walked towards him with a mug of ale and he looked at her fully. She was seventeen or eighteen, rather pale and thin, but with bright eyes and small red lips. Her hair was a nondescript dark brown but her eyebrows of the same color slanted attractively and were long, so that her expression was one of smiling expectation. Her eyes were brown and timid looking and her hands small and slight. She moved with a quick, light grace. The line of her eyebrows and the movement of her body were what interested Chuck Olson and as his eyes followed her return to the bar the lavish bosoms and contorting limbs that had titillated his imagination receded into a vague background and he concentrated his attention on the slim little barmaid with the pale face.

The ale was not cold but to his suet warmed throat and in the warmth of the fire it had the refreshing sparkle of a mountain spring and he finished it in a few gulps, smacking his lips and feeling the slight headiness about his eyes. The girl peeked over at him, but less obviously this time.

"Another?" she queried.

Chuck laid down the mug and nodded. "Yeah. I guess I'll take another."

The girl walked around the corner of the bar with the same swinging motion and the small white hand reached out for the handle of the mug. Chuck wanted to touch the delicate whiteness, wanted to know whether it was as soft as it looked, but the girl's back was turned and she was three-fourths out of sight again before he could raise his arm. She was so demure looking, she would probably scream or slap his face and refuse to speak. As she drew the ale he wondered idly who would come if she screamed or called aloud. The house seemed very quiet.

As the girl brought him his second ale she glanced at the uncurtained window.

"Looks like snow," she observed, though she could see nothing from where she stood and the square of glass was as black as the inside of a cow. Chuck accepted her comment in the spirit of friendly conversation and knowing nothing of South Wales weather agreed with her sagely.

"Sure does."

"First snow it will be this winter," said the girl.

"Is that so?"

"Yes. We didn't have no snow last Christmas. I like Christmas to have snow, don't you?"

The sing-song lilt of her voice pleased him. No one in the Middle West spoke like that. Up and down, up and down, almost like a bird. And soft her voice was, too, like an evening whistle in the woods, and the little sprightly figure that hopped in and out of the bar—a bobolink, that's what she reminded him of. He smiled at her and she hesitated, her proud nose tilted and a puzzlement in the eyes as if she suspected him of laughing at her.

"I bin places where it was that hot you coulda melted, Christmas Day."

The girl looked incredulous but she politely widened her eyes and emitted a gentle "Oo!"

Chuck waved a hand at his mug of ale.

"Have one with me," he invited.

"No, thanks," said the girl, shaking her head.

She must need persuading, since though she shook her head she made no attempt to move away.

"Aw, c'mon, honey," he pressed.

"I'm teetotal" explained the girl, and then added hastily and with a burst of confidence, "And if my mother knew I was down here serving out beer I don't know what she'd say, I don't indeed."

With which words she drew back a little and twisted her hands nervously as if she felt she should not have said them. But she stayed within range and Chuck was flattered that she had burst out with this little confession during the first minute or so of their acquaintance. It seemed to augur a speedy intimacy and a good deal more co-operation than her appearance would at first sight suggest. "Say, where's your home town?" he asked.

"About an hour from here in the train."

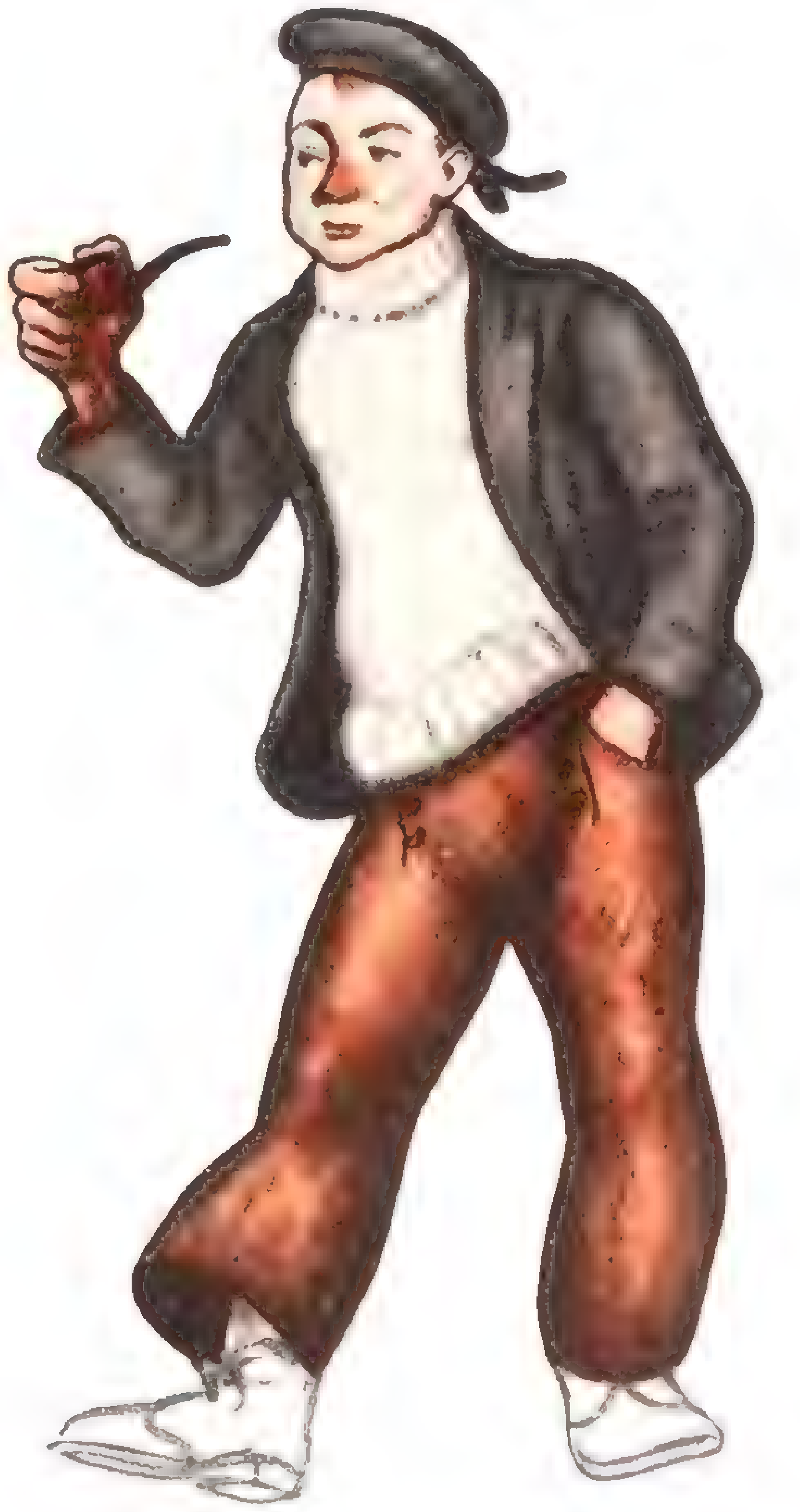
"Don't your ma know what you're doin'?"

The girl shook her head and then explained elaborately:

"You see, I only came here last week on account of Mrs. Burke, you know, passing away."

Chuck gave an understanding click of the tongue. He knew what passing away was about, though he generally phrased it less euphemistically, but he had yet to learn who Mrs. Burke was. The girl went on:

"She's the landlord's wife, that is, she was until she went. You see, I was in a job near, and Mrs. Thomas and me got on awful and she gave me the sack and I was afraid to go home."



TEMPERA PAINTINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"So you stepped in here."

"That's right."

Chuck smiled an encouraging smile.

"Good for you," he said, and added, "Have a drink. I won't tell your ma."

This time she drew back as if his insistence scared her, such a timid, fluttering little bird as she was.

"Okay," he said quickly, "Don't do anything you don't wanna."

He lounged back in the overstuffed chair which was the only one of its kind in the room and pretended to forget about her. The flames in the fireplace darted and danced and flickered and the bed of embers radiated a drowsy warmth that urged him to stay there and go no further for his hunting. The fawn was stepping delicately not half a dozen yards from where he sat, but in the manner of a wily hunter he took an eager interest in everything else but the slim little animal on which he had set his heart. Glancing around he caught sight of his own reflection in a low mirror that hung on the wall opposite the window and for a moment he stopped to appraise his appearance. By the side of the small, dark, sallow faced Welshmen he had met in the street that day he looked a god indeed and he could see why the barmaid stole glances at him. His farming days in Minnesota had given his hulking body a broad pair of shoulders and a spare but solid waist. His straight, neatly brushed hair was the color of straw, commonplace among the Swedes at home but outstanding here in a town of dark people. His skin, too, was bronzed by the sun and the salt air, and his light eyes, not half as beautiful as the flashing brown ones of the Welsh, stood out by contrast and gave him a curiously boyish, well washed expression.

"What's your name?" asked the girl suddenly.

"Chuck. What's yours?"

"Yours isn't Chuck."

She stood with her hands on her hips, a teasing smile beginning to play about her lips.

"That's what they all call me."

"What a funny name!"

"What's yours?"

"Lily."

"Chuck's no funnier than Lily."

"It is."

They mocked each other with their eyes, caring nothing for the silly things they were saying but feeling each other's desire and for the moment quelling their own.

Chuck knew from her steady look that he had misjudged her. Lily was not the screaming, slapping the face kind. But neither was she the lid dropping, hip pushing kind. She fitted into none of his pigeonholes for the womenfolk. In fact, there was no telling what she would do next.

He nodded to the chair beside him.

"Say, why don't you come here by the fire?"

Lily hesitated.

"Mr. Burke wouldn't like it."

"Mr. Burke isn't here."

Lily toyed with one foot against the floor in front of her, but hung back.

"I know," she said, "but he might come in sudden like."

"We can hear him," urged Chuck.

Lily stopped her markings with her toe and set her lips defiantly.

"All right."

She came to him with a quick movement and sat on the wooden chair, close enough for him to touch her, but he bided his time and was content for a while to have her near him. Lily seemed content, too, and sat with folded hands, her legs outstretched and her ankles crossed so that the redness of the fire gleamed on the thin silk that covered her shins.

"Where do you come from?" she asked, after a moment or two of silence.

"America."

"Do you really? I have a cousin in Cincinnati."

Chuck laughed softly.

"I wouldn't know him. I'm from St. Paul."

Continued on page 223

I Love the Engines

The engineer finds his conception of beauty in the whirring of the ship's turbines, and the chugging of pumps

by COMDR. REUBEN R. SMITH

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Give me the engines every time. Familiar songs of the sea are sung about the bridge and the decks, but give me the symphony of purring turbines and the rhythmic beat of pumps.

From the composition of the sound he hears, an experienced engineer can stand far above the operating platform and tell within a knot of speed what the engines are making.

Each speed has a different tempo. When the ship is loafing along at ten knots, the pumps are doing a lazy stroke, ending with a soft thump at each end. The turbines are so quiet you can barely hear them. As the speeds increase, you can tell it by the faster pump beats, the drum-like sound of the whirring turbines, the heavy chugging of the mighty air pumps and the whining song of the smaller turbines. After a little experience you know at once which pump is operating too fast or too slowly, and the officer on watch is not a little surprised when you tell him about it as you reach the floor plates.

It's the first hour after getting underway that is the hardest. Maybe the ship is fighting a head wind or is being helped by a following sea. It makes a lot of difference. If you are bucking the weather, everything has to work a little harder to make the required engine revolutions, and the gauge readings that you used on the last trip for the same speed are too low. They must be boosted up. Or maybe the ship has been lying at anchor for a week and the oil in the tanks is cold. If a piece of machinery has been overhauled, it may give a little trouble until it is adjusted.

But finally everything is set. The burners at the boilers have been adjusted so that they are generating the right amount of steam and the pressure on the main steam line is steady. The big salt water circulators are running at the right speed to condense the steam back to water. If they run too fast, the water is over-cooled, and that is wasteful because the water must go back to the boilers and require additional fuel to heat it. Once things are adjusted, the going is easy and it is just a question of watching the hundreds of gauges and thermometers.

There is satisfaction in watching just the right wisp of steam floating over the steam sealed ends of the big turbines or looking into the illuminated oil wells, where the lubricating oil discharges from the bearings for inspection. When the discharge is too clear, the oil has not been working, but if it's cloudy like a well whipped salad oil you know that the bearings have been properly lubricated. If the oil is streaky with water something is amiss and you search for trouble.

There are thermometers along the different stages of the turbines, and while you believe them, you touch the inspection plates with the palm of your open hand as you pass along. The last one is always cold, or it should be, because at that point the steam is only seventy degrees Fahrenheit. It is actually cooler inside the turbine at this stage than it is outside in the engine room!

Strange as it may seem, no one has ever seen steam. What you really see of course, is the condensed vapor. It is amazing how much "steam" can come from even the smallest steam pipe. If a little pipe to a heating system breaks, the entire compartment is at once a blind spot. The noise is terrifying and you think that the main steam line has carried away. You never know what has happened and you never know what valve to twist closed. The problem is usually settled by cutting out the entire section from a master valve. One of the compensating things about casualties is to find out how really splendid the men act during an emergency. There is always one fellow from whom you expected least who is the whole show.

Gone are the old fireroom scenes where men, stripped to the waist, threw shovels of coal into the roaring fireboxes and leaped away from the withering blast of hot air and gases. It was no uncommon thing for a new man to be dragged from the floor plates where he had passed out, and on hot days in the tropics half a dozen casualties a watch could be expected. Drinking much water caused cramps, but oatmeal water was supposed to be all right, and a bucket of it could be found in every fireroom.

The blower platforms on the gratings overhead were the worst place. It was impossible to oil them with any care, because the men could not stand the steam laden temperature of one hundred and forty degrees long enough to do a proper job. The oiler would solve the problem by wrapping a towel around his face, dash up the hot iron ladder and throw a half a bucket of oil over the blower engine. Even then, half of the blowers would be out of commission before returning to port.

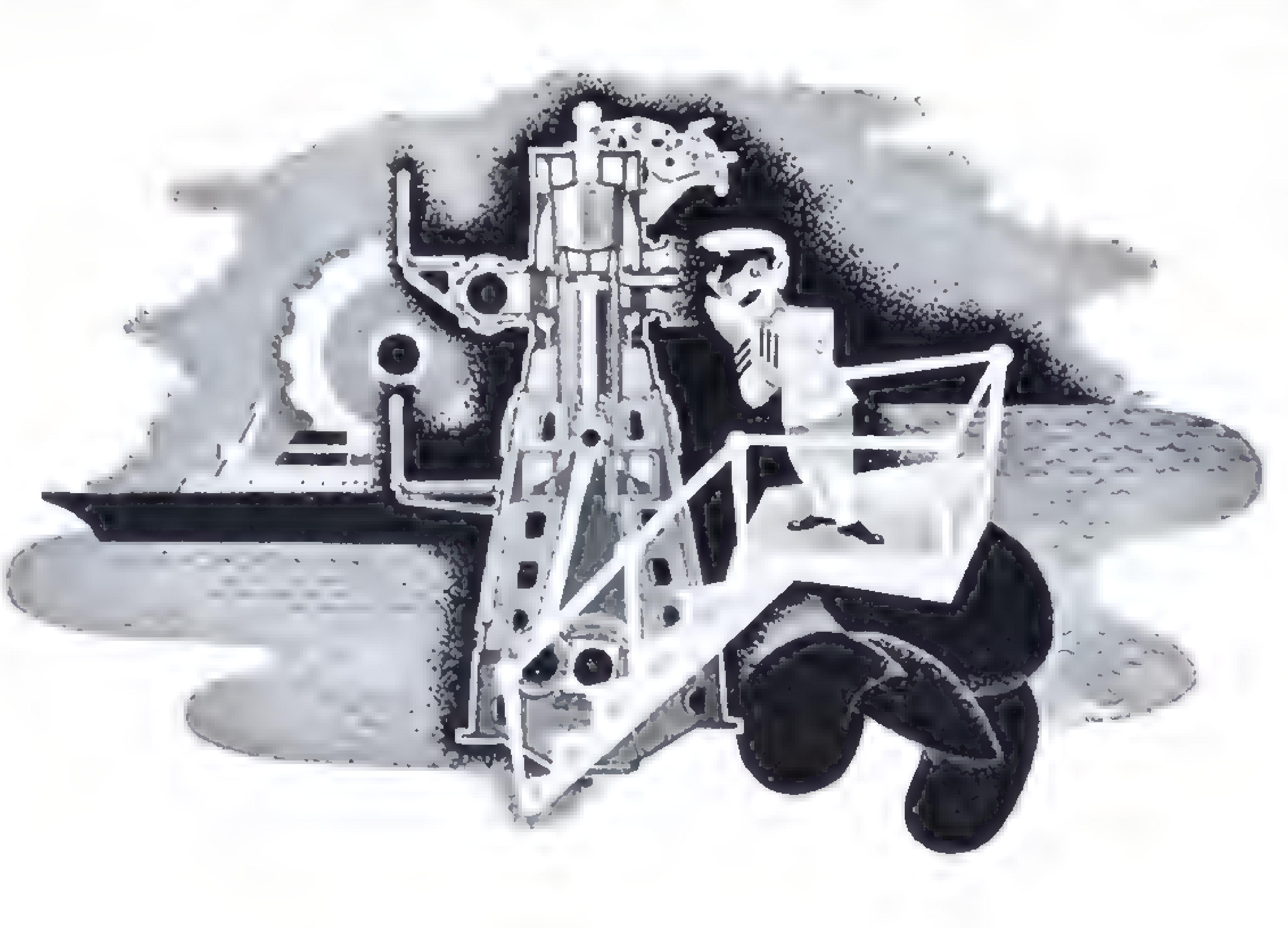
Nowadays things are different. Before you go into one of the compartmented firerooms you must pause at the head of an air lock. If the bell is ringing and the red light is on, you know that the bottom door is open and you wait. When the signals are clear you enter the air lock, being careful to lock the door behind you. If you get no signal from above as you reach the fireroom door you may open it.

You walk into five inches of air pressure, more or less, depending on the speed of the ship. The crew is standing about in apparent idleness. It is the coolest place in the ship. Their clothes are neat and clean and the fireroom is spotless. But there is a mighty roar from the burners and the blowers and you must shout a little to be heard.

While he talks to you, the water tender in charge scarcely takes his eyes off the gauge glass. It would be fatal for the water in the lighted glass to get out of sight even for a few seconds. These are not Scotch boilers with fifty tons of water in them. They are modern small tube fast express boilers that will burn up in no time. If the water is out of sight you do not know where it is or how many tubes have been uncovered. It would be dangerous to put water into hot naked tubes. If the water gets out of sight there isn't time to spin the ordinary valve wheel half a dozen turns. So they have big knife edge valves that close with one throw of the arm to cut off the fuel.

The firemen constantly watch a battery of gauges. Should the steam drop, fuel pressures must go up or more burners cut in. If a shift is made to a cooler oil tank the heater must have more steam. Each oil burner with a hole at its tip no bigger than the point of a pencil is watched for streaks of black. If a burner shows black streaks, another is quickly cut in and the dirty one is shifted before the bridge calls down to tell them that they are making smoke. There is no fuss or excitement here.

A bell rings from the engine room to tell them that when the annunciator is rung up the speed will be increased five knots. That means that the whole set-up must be changed. Blowers are speeded up, water feed pumps stroke faster, more burners are cut in and the oil pressure is boosted. Everything is then closely adjusted for the new speed. To make



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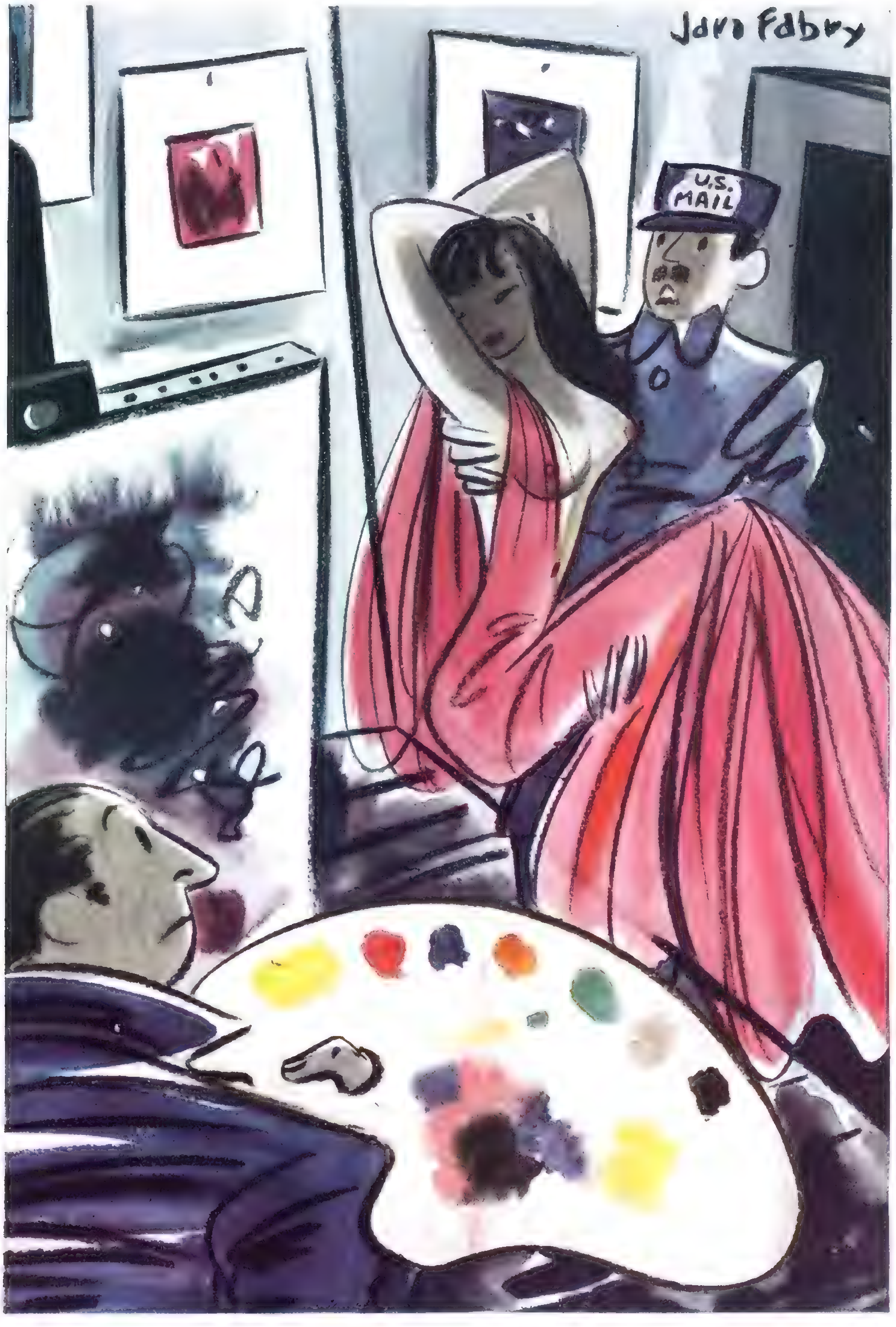
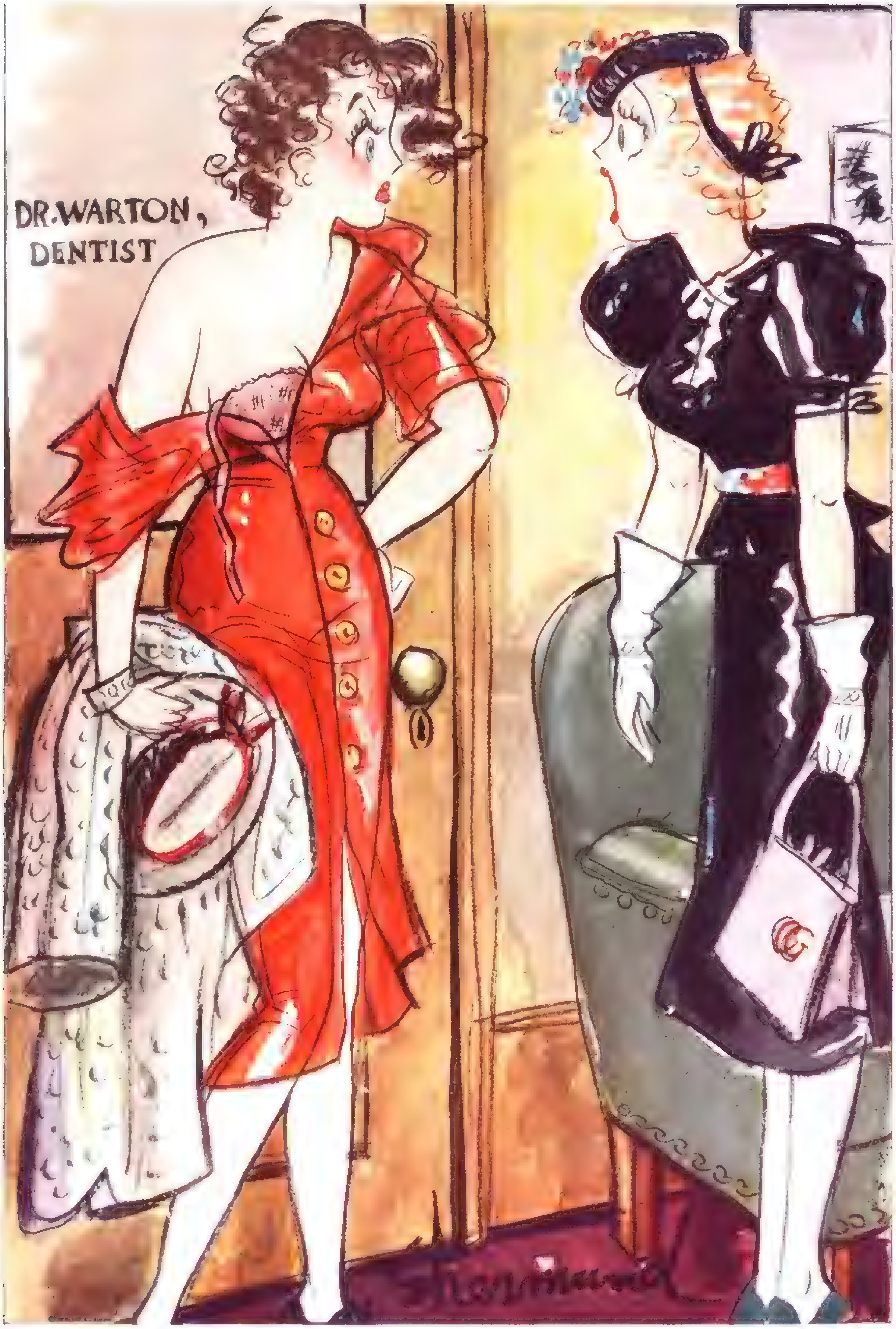

Jaro Fabry
U.S. MAIL

"Here's your art school correspondence course—lesson number seven."


DR. WARTON,
DENTIST

"Oh I heard you scream, but I took it for granted he was pulling your tooth."

After the Altitude Record

Lieutenant Crecy was a level-headed young man, and he knew all the precautions one must take in the upper strata of the air

by LION FEUCHTWANGER

• FICTION •

At 10:30 a.m., July 2nd—an extremely hot day—Lieutenant Victor Crecy took off in an attempt to break the world's altitude record of 11,702 meters. The maximum altitude attainable for airplanes had been mathematically computed. But no one knew how high the human body could go with physiological safety. Man represented an unknown quantity, and despite many laboratory experiments, no reliable equation had been worked out.

Slowly Lieutenant Crecy's plane, *Marie Lemaire* (S A III 26), spiraled upwards into the rarefied upper strata of the atmosphere, a windy, tempestuous region churned constantly by a violent east gale which sweeps along the lower rim of the stratosphere. The horizon climbed upwards at the same gradual rate as the plane until at length it faded from sight.

Lieutenant Crecy took the ascent with deliberate slowness, aware that somewhere along his route lay that dread point where the human body, its pressure greater than that of the area surrounding it, must burst—literally burst. This area was the stratosphere. Like a gigantic vampire it lay in wait, menacing and inevitable. It was ready to draw every particle of air from the cells of the human body and to suck the last drop of blood through the skin.

Although it seemed to take an eternity, Lieutenant Crecy reached the icy void of extreme altitude before long. A few clouds rushed past the solitary aviator; a driving blizzard, coming from nowhere and going nowhere, swept by. The controls quivered from the strain of ascent. Save for the tiny indicators on his instruments, the aviator saw nothing. Long before this, cities had shrunk to pin-points and vanished; rivers had diminished to the size of wires and had disappeared. There was no sound except for the motors. There was nothing in that void except Lieutenant Crecy and his plane.

Lieutenant Crecy was thirty-eight years old; twice he had been cited for valor in the World War by the French War Department. He had his heart set on breaking the altitude record and expected to bring back as trophies the instruments that filled the cockpit. These instruments had been sealed up at Paris headquarters to preclude possible skepticism as to the authenticity of the readings. The young lieutenant knew his business. He was well-prepared for the stratosphere as a result of twelve previous high-altitude flights and much laboratory work. He knew all about the dazzling white mid-summer sun which beats down upon one so mercilessly because the rarefied air affords no protection against it. He knew all about the fearsome winter that prevails when it is summertime upon the earth.

Lieutenant Crecy was bundled from head to foot in furs and had on heavy fur gloves. A protective coat of grease was spread thickly over his face. He had a monocle pinched in his left eye and both eyes were covered by a pair of goggles.

Despite these precautions the wind cut him to the bone like a saw. Blisters cropped out on his face under the fierce blaze of the sun. The intense cold contracted the metal parts of his plane and several pieces snapped off like brittle slate. Breathing through the little tube in his mouth that led to the oxygen supply, he looked as if he were puffing away at a pipe.

At an altitude of 9,000 to 9,500 meters, a feeling of elation came over Lieutenant Crecy. Was he not one of the first living creatures to push so far out into the universe? Lieutenant Crecy was a brave young man. There had been savage hand-to-hand fights in the war and once he had crashed into No Man's Land and lain there helpless between trenches and barb-wire entanglements with shrapnel kicking up the dirt around him. But all that was a thing of the past. He was on a fresh adventure.

His lean, immobile face—friends were wont to call him "hatchet face"—was the kind photographers like to take; to millions of folks it symbolized the courage and daredeviltry of the younger generation.

But then, at an altitude of 10,300 meters, this face suddenly convulsed. Spasmodically it began twitching under the layer of grease. The mouth opened and shut, helpless and uncontrolled, again and again.

Lieutenant Crecy heard the drone of the motors no longer; the sun became a blur; his tongue and gums were parched and burned fiercely. Darkness closed in—soon it would be night. The young man started talking to himself—which he had never done before in his life.

"10,982 meters above sea level . . ." he said. "Why . . . my mother never used to have black hair . . . it was brown. I've been up 2900 hours already and here I'm only 11 meters . . . A steak, please! Funny how the time flies . . . just a minute ago it was 29 and now it's 92 . . . funny . . ."

Then he could think no more. Just as the last bit of consciousness was ebbing away, just as an overwhelming blaze of sunlight was flooding over him in curious, writhing convulsions, his bedimmed eyes saw a gauge. His oxygen tank was empty! Automatically he reached for the reserve tank. Pulling himself together with all his might, he repeated over and over again an intense command: "Keep your head . . . keep your head . . ." The engulfing sunshine receded. The sun came back into focus. The motors purred as they had before. The hunger pangs were gone.

Lieutenant Crecy looked at his altimeter. It registered 11,404 meters. The Lieutenant took the next 100 meters boldly.

Then, apparently for no reason whatsoever, the *Marie Lemaire* started balking. It jumped its course, it lurched and it plunged as if it had lost its rudder.

A cold shudder—colder than the chill of the icy vacuum about him—went through Lieutenant Crecy. For a ghastly thought had struck him. What if the oxygen gave out and he could not beat John Macready's 11,702 meter mark!

A minute seemed like another eternity now. Before long he was again gasping. He could feel his heart pounding. He was fighting for air. He told himself that he really could not be in serious danger yet. But there were so many fish swimming all around with such glassy staring eyes.

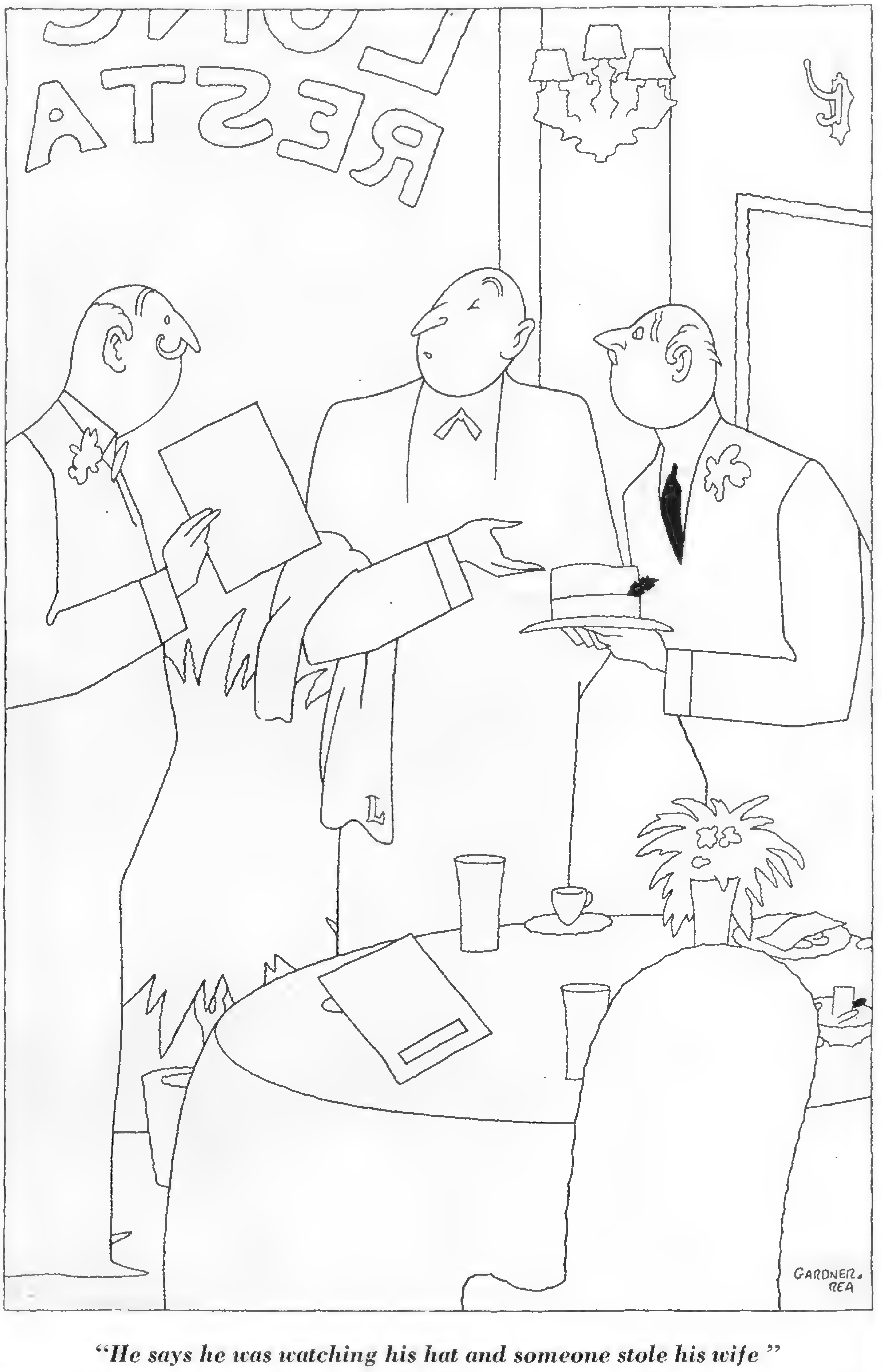
Meanwhile he was conscious that his plane was flying at an extremely high altitude and that there was something definitely wrong. He was certain though, that whatever was wrong, it would not be hard to adjust. Just pressing a button or something like that would do the trick.

But he couldn't quite figure out what to do. There were so many fish swimming around getting in the way.

There—he had it! Something ought to be done about that middle lever. Vaguely he raised his hand. Away darted the stick, spinning madly about. Where was the damned thing anyhow? Lieutenant Crecy could not find it. Apparently to drive away those pesky fish he pushed up his goggles.

Then he felt a twisting stab in his brain—nothing more after that. The same day the *Marie Lemaire* (S A III 26) was found drifting on a body of water. Strange to say, it was hardly damaged. The dead Lieutenant was found sitting upright, his hand frozen to the steering gear. One of his eyes was frozen shut, the other held open by a monocle.

The altimeter, its seal unbroken, showed that Lieutenant Crecy had reached an altitude of 12,149 meters, thus breaking the previous record by 447 meters. ##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"He says he was watching his hat and someone stole his wife"

I Am a Police Officer

Police work, which isn't strictly confined to arrests and convictions in court, sometimes requires more common sense than brawn

by A. STANLEY MOREAU

• ARTICLE •

I APOLOGIZE now for the number of times the word "I" will appear in this article. It is of necessity. As a police officer, writing about police officers, I would like to assemble a typical police officer, set him up on a pedestal and turn the spotlight on him. After that, I would like to dismember this typical policeman and show the public what makes him tick. If I did that, every officer who varied from the norm, would protest that I had not presented a true picture of him. Hence I am forced to write about myself, and let the reader decide how much I vary from the norm.

Why am I a peace officer? What is my background? Is my job an easy one? Is it a dangerous one? What are my ambitions, if any? These are questions I am often asked, and usually the inquirer has a preconceived answer in his mind when I reply.

I am a private, U. S. Park Police, National Capital Parks, National Park Service, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., for two reasons; the one idealistic and impractical and the other realistic and very practical.

During eight years of my childhood, I had a nodding acquaintance with New York State Troopers. Probably I hero-worshiped them a little. Later I read too many detective stories wherein the detective is glorified. To be a detective one had to join a police force as a uniform officer. At the time I made my choice, my brother-in-law was a police officer and he had a nice home. The appeal of the uniform was very strong. After four years of high school, I had enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps and served four years. The duty there was a kind of police duty and it was natural that I should want to continue in the kind of work I knew. Only those who have worn a military uniform will know how strongly the blue uniform appealed to me.

The second reason is as simple as life. I have to work to live. The maximum pay of a private, not on a motorcycle, is $2400 per year. In thirty years that will amount to approximately $72,000 and I have only collected part of it.

Now, I am serving my sixth year as an officer, I am married and have two children. I am not buying a house. I don't own a car. My civilian clothes are from four to six years old, and I am well acquainted with that old man of the sea, debt. When I see an officer who lives in a fine apartment, dresses well, and who drives a fine car, I know his wife works. Possessing fine things and rearing a family do not go hand in hand for the police officer any more than they do for any other working man.

When I was in Massachusetts, filling out the application blank for the examination for this job, I didn't think it was going to be quite what it is. I thought $50.00 per week would buy a great many things, but it doesn't. I didn't know then that the average Washington family "spends $2,177 annually as compared with the next highest, New York of $1,592, while the average for the United States, per capita, is $929.50." The Washington per capita is two and one-half times greater. In other words, I believe $30.00 a week in Massachusetts, where I lived before coming here, would buy as much for my family as $50.00 a week does here.

I remember the first year at $1900 per year, less 3½ per cent for pension. I remember the 15 per cent pay cut, while the cost of living remained on the high level. I remember the terrible struggle to keep creditors from "going to the captain" and causing me to be discharged for non-payment of debts. Those were little things that had no part in police work, but played an important part in my own life.

I remember the day I was appointed. My captain rocked back in his swivel chair and lectured for an hour. The most important words he said were these:

"There are three things that will get you off the force. Keep your nose clean and remember these three things. They are: too much liquor, too many women, and too much mouth."

There was the order—keep your mouth shut. Whatever you have to say, don't say it.

I was ordered to work with another officer in order to "Learn the ropes." He happened to be an ex-marine who had served on the *U. S. S. Mayflower*, the former president's yacht, just before I did.

During the first week, we locked up a dozen drunkards. The parks we patrolled were in the down-town section of Washington and the drunks seemed able to stagger as far as a park bench before they passed out cold. At first it seemed a pity to arrest a man for being drunk. I thought that what a drunken man needed was to be placed in a taxi and sent home.

After the first two weeks, I was "on my own" patrolling the same beat as my instructor, on the opposite shift. I tried sending drunks home in cabs. The drivers would come back to complain that they had not been paid and the cab had been fouled by the sick drunk.

Much later I learned that many drunks go to jail for ten, twenty-five, or sixty days, only to return for a two-day drunken spree and to be arrested all over again. Some of them are so well known at the jail that they have regular jobs to which they return as soon as their drunk is over and they are re-sentenced. I locked up one drunk who had pulled so many false fire alarms that he did not remember them all. It was late in the fall. He said he wanted at least a three months sentence because he had a regular job as fireman of the boiler at the reformatory.

During my first week, we found a dead man in a dingy apartment. I thought I was faced with my first murder and started looking for clues. I drew a diagram of the room showing the position of the body and of the furniture with relation to the body.

When the Emergency Hospital ambulance arrived, the intern said, "Heart failure. He had it coming. I've been here before." I learned from that not to be too imaginative. Such happenings are a part of routine duty.

Is my job an easy one? Most emphatically it is not easy. It is hard from the first plodding footstep of the day until the last one. The hardest thing in the world to do, I believe, is to do nothing. By way of illustration, I'd like to remind you how pleasant it is to lie in bed fifteen minutes after you should get up in the morning. But to have to lie in bed all day every day—that would be hard. Most of the time, I do nothing. Notice I say most of the time, not all of the time. And by doing nothing, I do not mean that I am leaning against a tree. I am

Continued on page 196

The Human Squirrel Cage

Broken collar bones don't mean a thing to those fools for punishment who earn their living in six-day bicycle races

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

SPORTS

On an elliptical, pine-board track flanked on all sides by tiers of seats, a dozen men in colored jerseys pedal an unbroken line of bicycles, wheel to wheel. Brilliant lights glare down upon them through the smoke-laden atmosphere; the blare of a band hardly drowns out the humming hubbub of 15,000 spectators, some of whom are eternally coming or going. The raucous voices of pop and hot dog vendors cry imperatively for trade, and the general din is punctuated by hoarse bellows from enthusiasts thirsting for action.

"Come on, Crossley! Show 'em sumpthin'," rings through the haze from the west side of the arena.

And back from the opposite balcony booms the admonition, "Si' down, ya bum! . . Down in front!"

Nothing serious: just the mating call of the bike fan, as it were. For one of the inherent privileges of attending this lusty lunacy, be it in a cloth cap or an opera hat, is the right to lift your voice to the rafters at any time about anything.

Flanking the track are a dozen bunks just big enough to hold a cot and just high enough for a man to sit on his bed without hitting his head. Small end shelves hold rows of liniment bottles, ointment jars, thermos bottles, glasses, oranges and sundry tidbits of food; numerous extra jerseys, trunks and socks hang on lines in the back; spare wheels and extra bikes stand in racks at the sides where helpers busily test tires, blow up soft ones, oil wheels, tighten chains, and whatnot. In the bunk lies a rider, legs blanketed against the stiffening chill, dozing or inspecting his latest wounds or having his muscles gently rubbed or perhaps just reclining idly as he scans the spectators peering unabashed into the privacy of the only apartment he will know for six days and nights. Here he and his partner live for the duration of the grind, never leaving the building. And while he relaxes, his team mate plods around the nine-lap track with the rest of the field.

Just now they are riding on the flat, taking it easy. Some sit erect on their saddles for a hundred feet or more, easing a tired neck; one bends his arm in circles behind him as a welcome change from leaning on the handle bars; others chat over their shoulders to the man behind, riding as straight as if they were looking in the right direction. Then suddenly a roar from the crowd and pandemonium breaks loose.

Idle riders tumble out of their bunks, craning to see what's up while helpers snatch frail-looking wheels from racks and roll them into position. Quickly the relief men mount, have their toe clips strapped and with a running shove from their handlers, are off into the whirlpool of sparkling spokes and humming rubber. Above them fifteen thousand people jump to their feet as one maniac to cheer and yell and whistle in an ecstatic frenzy of excitement; around them as they gather speed whizz a dozen frantic dervishes, legs pumping like pistons in the wild effort to catch the scurrying leader who pulled a surprise jump on the field and is now streaking like a scared rabbit a third of a lap ahead.

More or less bunched, the original riders pound around the wooden saucer at 40 to 50 miles an hour and then after about two laps of this gruelling pace their partners begin to filter in to relieve them. Riding high on the bank, the alternate watches over his shoulder for his partner to approach. And at precisely the right moment he zooms down into the maelstrom in a position which enables his team mate to ride up alongside and give the push required in the perfect pick-up.

Off goes the fresh man, pedaling like fury to keep up with the speeding field if not to catch the leader. And as twenty-four riders weave in and out making pick-ups, darting like dragon flies out of each other's paths; shooting high up on the bank to get the added momentum of the down grade on the turn or cutting perilously around the curves on the inside to seize an opening, the frenzy of the crowd suddenly changes to a unanimous "O-o-o!"

Two wheels brush accidentally on the turn and their riders go down. Two, three, four others, too close to swerve, plough into them and a tangled mass of men and machines slither helplessly down the steep incline to the infield. *Bong—bong—bong—bong—bong* goes the judges' bell and the remaining riders slow down while handlers and track attendants dart into the heap to unfasten feet from pedals and unravel the human knot. The track physician and his four aides take care of the injured; the lucky ones depart for their bunks or resume their wheels; and presently the bell rings again to say that once more it's every man for himself.

This, from 9 p. m. Sunday until 11 p. m. the following Saturday, is the incessant whirligig of the six-day race—the most unique of American sporting events. Beginning back in the high wheel days of 1891 as a New York innovation, it is now not only country-wide but international with between fifty and sixty races every season in scores of American and European cities.

For "the grind"—which must not be confused with dance marathons, bunion derbies and other such tawdry vulgarities—is a legitimate contest combining the four elements any sport must have to hold crowds: skill, speed, slaughter and suspense. And the greatest of these, from the time of the Roman amphitheatre until now, is slaughter.

On that score the six-day race is tops for it is the toughest of sports. Football or hockey are girls' games by comparison for in those the play is stopped when a man gets hurt and a substitute tossed in if need be. But in six-day racing there are no substitutes and the race never stops for those who fall by the wayside. The "spill bell" doesn't halt the riding: it merely outlaws any lap stealing in the brief period the doctors have to find all the important parts of the injured and stick them together again. Meanwhile, their team mates must be on the track keeping up with the parade. And if it happens that a rider is so badly injured that he can't continue, both he and his partner are out of the money unless the survivor can get another mate from some other disrupted team within four hours. Until then, he rides alone—and heaven help him if the others start jamming.

The upshot is that men have to be really incapacitated before they quit, and that's a large order among this valiant tribe. Dr. Henry O. Clauss, attending physician at Madison Square Garden who has handled every type of athlete for years, is firm in his conviction that the bike rider is the gamest of them all without exception. His main difficulty as a doctor is not to keep them in the race but to get them out and make them stay out when they're hurt.

Last year, for example, Gustave Killian, of the crack German team, not only rode the whole race with a badly infected leg against the urgent advice of three physicians but, with his partner Vopel, won it. Two weeks later he was riding in the next grind in Chicago. In another race two riders were hurt the first night, one breaking a shoulder and the other a collar bone. Both rode out the week. In 1934 Charlie Winters fractured his shoulder in the first hour yet finished in second place the following Saturday night.

Continued in center of page 308

VIRGINIA WALKER
Hurrell Photograph

MARGO
Hurrell Photograph

Conquered, Aviation's Greatest Peril

The interference formerly caused by snow static made pilots so helpless that safe landings were largely a question of luck

by MARTIN D. & FRED D. STEVERS

•ARTICLE•

Late last summer the world of aviation emitted ecstatic paeans over a new triumph—the conquest, no less, of that old dread emergency, the blind landing in fog or storm. The essence of the method is an ingenious beam of radio signals, which shoots out almost level over a runway, then curves upward into the region where the airplanes fly. By getting onto the upper part of this beam and watching special instruments which tell whether or not a ship is on the beam, a pilot can follow the curve down, flatten out just over the runway, and land as safely as though he could see every inch of the way in daylight.

Well and good—such a triumph of science deserves all the praise which has been heaped upon it. But even while this triumph was being celebrated, an even greater victory was being won—a victory over a dread peril which could nullify the finest blind-landing system in an instant, and set at naught all our vaunted radio aids to flying, as thoroughly as though they never had been invented. And yet nothing was told the general public about this victory, even though it was as important to the success of the blind-landing method as the method itself.

What was this victory, and why the silence concerning it?

These questions can best be answered by first confronting this peril ourselves, just as pilots have been forced to do. From this we shall learn how helpless pilots were when the menace struck, and we can sympathize with the desire of the aviation industry not to mention the nightmare, even now when it stands whipped. Then we can look into the new technique, with full appreciation of its importance. And all this we can do, by a most simple expedient. We need only take an imaginary flight, as flights were made last year, and see how the peril strikes. Then, when our flight has been completed, we can look into the method which conquers the peril, with a full appreciation of its importance.

Suppose, then, we accompany pilot Larson and co-pilot Smith in a modern transport, on a night flight in winter. To avoid involvement with any actual run or specific make of ship, let us say that the trip is west from Denver, to an intermediate landing at the imaginary town of Midvale.

The night is overcast, meaning that more than ninety per cent of the sky is clouded. Mountains along the route will keep the ship forced up into the overcast, or cloud layer; not even beacon lights, let alone the ground, will be visible until we come down to land at the Midvale field. The pilots must fly the big ship entirely by instruments.

However, this so-called "blind flying" is far safer than it may sound, thanks to the elaborate instrumental equipment provided.

First, Larson and Smith have two altimeters, which tell their height above sea level at every given instant they are in the air. They know the altitude of every mountain along the route; and by adding, say, two thousand feet to each altitude and flying at the resulting levels, they can keep safely above all obstacles.

For direction, they have a magnetic compass and a gyro compass. These instruments tell direction in degrees, from 0 for north, through 90 for east, 180 for south, and 270 for west, around to north again. Naturally, these compasses will not tell how far they may be blown off course by cross winds: but they overcome this difficulty by using their best guide of all, the directional radio beacons.

Each beacon continually sends out telegraphic signals in four quadrants—the letter "N" (dash dot) in two of the quadrants, and the letter "A" (dot dash) in the other two. Where the quadrants meet, the two signals blend to form long dashes—the "On Course" signal. These "dash zones" are the so-called radio beams. When a pilot hears dashes only in his radio headphones, he knows that he is "on the beam" and heading straight for, or away from, the beacon. If he hears "A" or "N," he knows that he is "off the beam" to one side or the other.

Finally, the course is dotted with marker beacons—little radio stations which send identifying signals upward in well-limited cones. Whenever a pilot hears a marker signal, he knows that he is in the cone above the marked location.

These aids provide all the guidance needed; and many additional safeguards are thrown around the flight. Weather reports show that over every landing field, the "ceiling" is at or above the height required by Department of Commerce safety regulations. That is, the base of the cloud level is high enough to give all the view needed for safe landing. The ship carries a sixty-five-gallon, or one-hundred-fifty mile, reserve of gasoline.

The one ticklish job will be landing at Midvale, two-hundred-seven miles west of Epiphany Pass. The Midvale field is in a small valley, five miles wide and fifteen miles long; and it must be approached over mountains ten thousand feet high. But the ceiling is ample over this field, and the pilots expect no trouble whatever here. In the future, their confidence will be even greater, for the new blind-landing beam will be available; but we are flying under conditions as they were, and cannot have this aid. Incidentally, we shall see why this aid would be worthless, if the greater victory we are investigating had not been won last summer. But that is getting ahead of our story; let us get back to our pilots and flying without benefit of these new aids.

At the appointed hour the pilots take off, get on their first beam, and start grinding along through the overcast for Epiphany Pass, at cruising speed of one-hundred-seventy-five miles an hour. For perhaps half an hour they sit silently in the darkened cockpit, watching the ghostly phosphorescent glow on the dozens of instrument indicators that register every detail, mechanical and navigational, of the ship's performance. Co-pilot Smith is at the controls; and not until after he gives his first position report over the radio to the operator at Midvale, does he sense impending trouble.

Rime, or frosty ice, has been forming on the windshield. This usually happens in winter overcasts, and Smith has thought nothing of it. But now glaze, or clear ice, begins to form. This is serious. If the conditions which cause such icing are severe, in from five to twenty minutes the wings may have an ice load sufficient to destroy most of their lift. Then the ship will lose altitude, even when using full power.

Even as Smith realizes the change in conditions, bam! A mass of flinty ice, flung loose from the right propeller, crashes against the nose of the transport.

Freed from this load, the right motor speeds up far out of synchronization with its mate. The usual purring engine note becomes a throbbing, wracking beat. The ship shivers, while the instrument indicators go into a furious dance over their dials.

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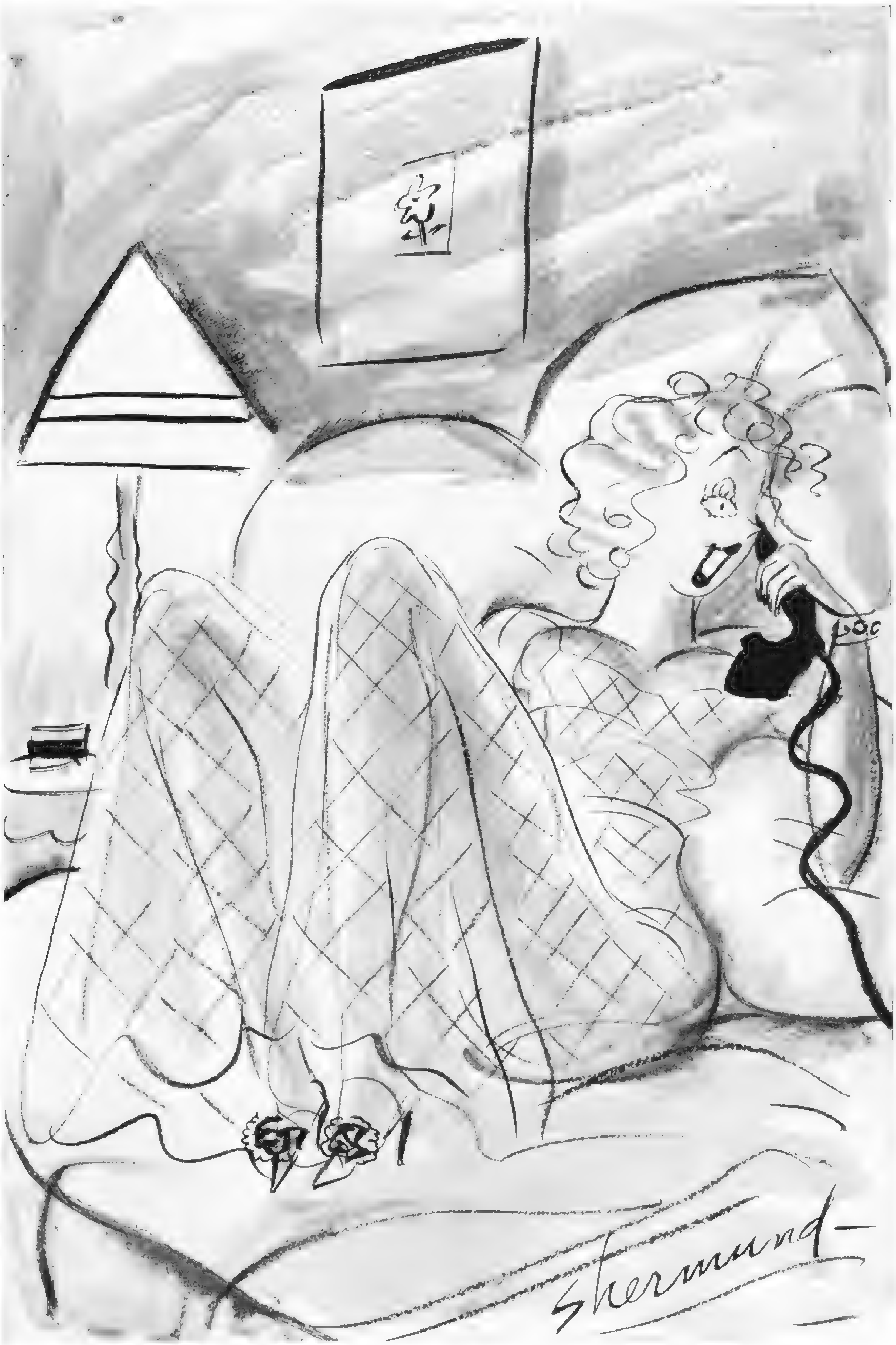


"Send me up a bicarbonate of soda and make it with Scotch"

The Friendly Little Tavern

When he was in his rooming house, he thought of the tavern, as a man will think of his home town when he's away

by EUGENE JOFFE

▪ FICTION ▪

BENSON was working then as a station agent on a New York subway line. He worked the night shift on that station, from four in the afternoon till twelve midnight.

He was living in Brooklyn, near the Brooklyn end of the line, in a four-story rooming house. He had a married sister in Cleveland and sometimes there would be a letter from her and he would answer her. He had a pen, and ink, in a drawer in his dresser, and standing beside the dresser was a small table to write at. He usually wrote his sister at night after coming home from work.

He had worked in many cities, mainly between New York and Chicago. He ate his breakfasts in a cafeteria on the same block as his rooming house, while he lived in Brooklyn, and bought his cigarettes at the candy store on the corner.

One night that spring on his way home from work, he rode past his station by mistake and got out of the subway at the next station and started to walk back. The streets were dark and he was not acquainted with them. Then he came to a corner from which he knew exactly how to go. There was a tavern on that corner, and he stood in the light from the windows. He saw the bartender, holding a towel and a whisky glass, singing with a few men and a woman leaning against the bar. Benson stood in the light from the windows, for a minute, and lit a cigarette and dropped the match on the sidewalk; then he went into the tavern. He had a glass of beer, and a sandwich, and then he drank beer and smoked. Everybody else in the tavern seemed to know each other; but he didn't intrude, and the next night, when he came home from work, he went into the tavern again. He preferred whisky to beer, but beer was less expensive and also took more time to drink. He went into that tavern again and again, nights, and every time he came in he saw the same people he had seen the time before.

The electrical phonograph, that played a record for every nickel that was dropped into it, played. The woman standing at the bar with the men around her, entreated the men to dance with her. Sometimes one of them danced with her for a few minutes. Her name was Babe, and she was a big woman, but light on her feet. She drank whisky and beer and whatever the men bought her. Sometimes when she began to dance with one of the men, the bartender said to her, "Cut it out now, Babe," irritably shaking his head. Then Babe stopped dancing with the man and put her hands on her hips and pursed her lips and shook her head slowly at the bartender and said, "Jesus, Paddy, ain't you the killjoy, though."

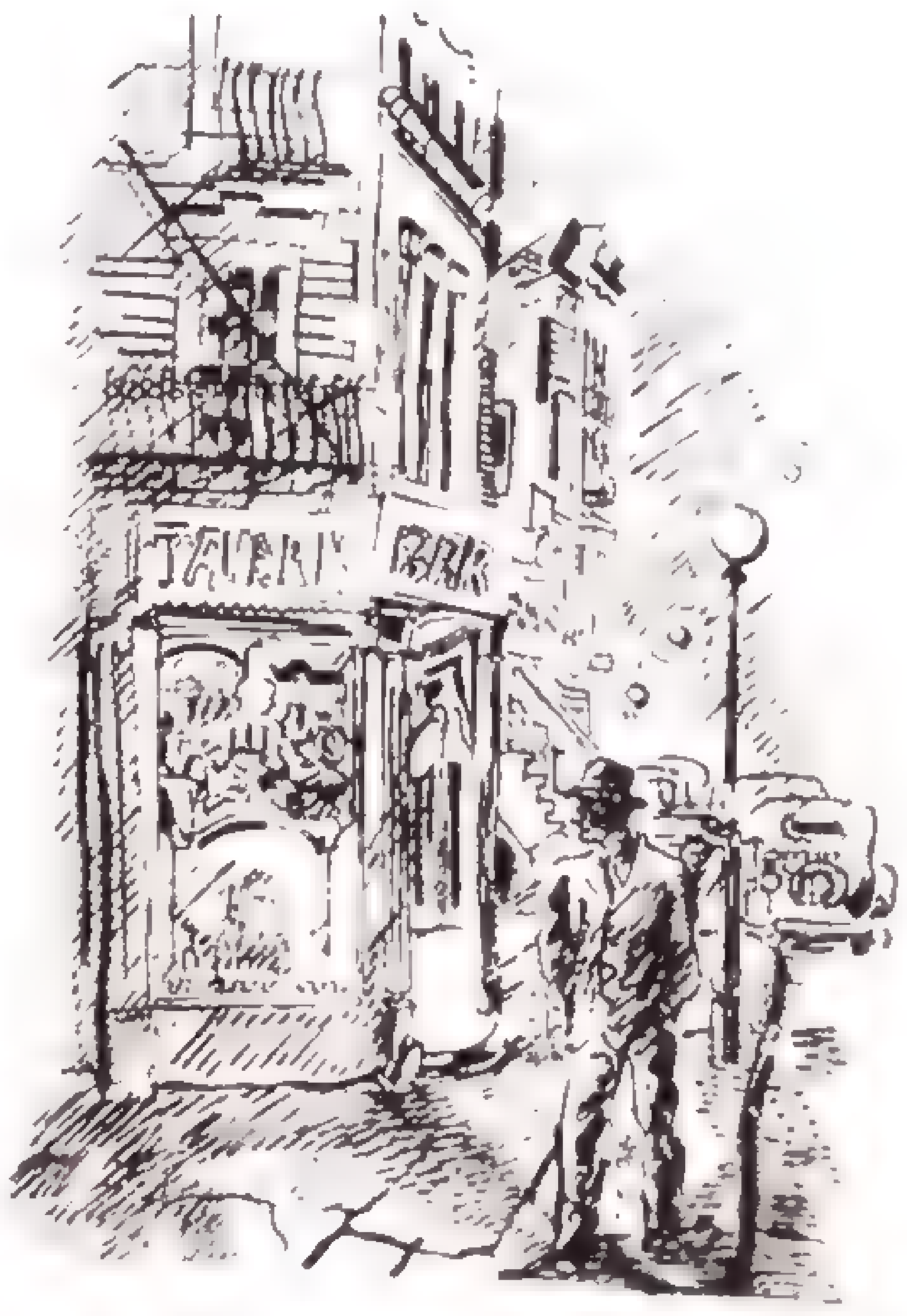
"Ah, what's the matter with you, Babe," the bartender said, frowning, wiping a whisky glass with a towel and keeping his eye on the glass. "You know I ain't got a cabaret license yet. What do you want to do, make trouble for me?"

"Well, you just wait till my boy friend comes back," Babe said, coming up to the bar and leaning toward the bartender, "and then we'll see if I'll dance or not. You know what my boy friend'll do to you?"

"All right, Babe," the bartender said, breaking into a grin, "when your boy friend comes back you can dance till that phonograph wears out."

"Yaay!" Babe shouted, leaning back from the bar. The bartender grinned. One of the men standing around Babe a little drunkenly tried to kiss her, and she burst into a laugh and pushed him away from her and said, "Say, what is this, anyway?" Then she looked at the glasses standing on the bar and said, "Which one of these is my drink?" and one of the men picked up a glass and handed it to her and said, "Here, Babe, this one is yours."

There were two girls always sitting at one of the tables in the rear. Often one of the girls walked over to the bar and said, "Paddy, make it two more, will you?" She smiled and talked for a minute with Babe and the men standing at the bar, and then she went back to the table where the other girl had remained sitting. Sometimes when the bartender brought the girls their drinks, he sat down with them and took a cigarette out of the pack they always kept on their table and sat talking with them until someone at the bar called him. Sometimes the girls' laughter could be heard above the music from the phonograph. Benson could usually only see one from where he sat at the end of the bar near the door. When they went out, he saw them both in the big mirror behind the bar. They were tall, slender, fairly attractive and they both carried their pocketbooks under their arms in the same way. They might have been telephone operators, or waitresses. As they walked past Babe they stopped for a minute and said good night, and Babe turned around and said, "Oh, going home already?" and the girls would stand talking to Babe and the men for a minute.



DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

There was a fellow who always stood at the other end of the bar from Benson. He always had a small pad, and the stub of a pencil, and he chewed the stub of a dead cigar; he had a newspaper opened beside him to the comic section, and he drew the characters in the comic strips on his sheets of paper. Now and then, when the glass before him was empty, he said without looking up, "Hey, Paddy, give me another one." The bartender might be busy; the fellow repeated in a few seconds, "Give me another one, Paddy." If the bartender didn't answer him he called him again. Benson felt relieved when the bartender said to the fellow, "All right, all right, all right, you're not dying of thirst, are you? Good God, man." And the bartender would make his drink.

A man used to come into the tavern, sometimes after Benson had already had a few beers there, who always needed a shave and who always gave the impression of coming into the tavern not for the first or second or the third time that evening but of having walked in and out all night. He wore a battered gray hat, thick rimless glasses, and no tie, and he usually kicked the door shut with his foot. He cadged drinks whenever he could. Babe always said hello to him heartily, to brace him up, and he nodded and grinned a little, and then one of the men standing around Babe beckoned to the bartender and said, "What the hell, Paddy, give him another drink." The man drank the whiskey down in a swallow, drank a few mouthfuls of water after it; later he would sit at a table, dozing, his chin on his chest, his hands on the table and his hat on the floor.

At one of the tables near the door, there were always two middle-aged couples. They drank beer and smoked and talked, and after a while one of the men began to get unmanageable. He was a short, lean, gray-haired man. When he got drunk his wife tried to quiet him, but she could not, and the husband of the second woman could not quiet him. The gray-haired man began to pound the table. His wife tried to make him go home with her. "Do you want to lose your job again?" she said, gripping him by the shoulder and shaking him: "Do you? You've got to get up at seven o'clock tomorrow morning, do you know that?"

"It's my job," he said, trying to get his shoulder free: "I can handle it. Hey Paddy," he called to the bartender, "give us a little attention over here, will you? Give us four beers. And don't let me sit here all night

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So Let's All Go Native

The Zulus would die laughing if they saw our meek subjection to telephones and alarm clocks, monogamy and taxes

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

• ARTICLE •

THIRTEEN years spent among many different tribes of primitive African natives have brought me to the conclusion that when it comes to happiness the simple savage beats us all along the line.

Compared to the peace and freedom of primitive man and his serene possession of everything necessary for his uncomplicated existence, what can civilization offer me? What compensation of happiness does it give to balance the struggle it imposes?

Take for example the pleasures of civilization as I found them during the past twenty-four hours.

Early this morning a fiendish peal from the telephone startled me out of deep sleep. I reached for the instrument, only to hear a furious voice shouting at me: "Sorry, wrong number," as if it had been my fault.

I was just falling asleep again when the sirens began to scream beneath my window—hysterically, maddeningly, as if all the city of New York were going up in flames.

I needed sleep, having tarried until three o'clock this morning in a smart dancing place. It was supposed to be enjoyable, that five hours spent in a crowded night club, as beautiful as to décor as one wants, but underground, hot, full of smoke; in which every now and then I was obliged to execute some stupid little steps when I succeeded in forcing my way between the scores of couples panting in that little square between tables. And suffering meanwhile all the tortures of a stiff shirt front and a collar which seemed to have been invented only in order to work loose from its moorings!

Ten times more intelligent and practical are my good friends the Zulus who, when they want to dance, gather by the hundreds in a beautiful, fresh clearing and, naked but for the indispensable, abandon themselves to the joy of their harmonious, aesthetic dances with space, air, light and spontaneous laughter in abundance. The old ones, men and women, do not try to look more or less bad copies of what they were fifty years before. They look their age and are contented with it, sitting down there, in the shade, in a great semicircle from which they can comfortably enjoy every development of the elaborate pantomime which takes place to the accompaniment of a never ceasing chorus of songs and chants. Then at evening appear huge platters of carved wood piled high with pieces of boiled oxen and mounds of mealie-mealie cakes, together with innumerable calabashes of homemade beer, the taste of which is not embittered by any tax.

And the feasting continues until late in the night when all the guests drop down around the big camp fires and fall into a deep, peaceful sleep which nothing in the world can disturb.

I, instead, could not even linger to meditate upon the beauties of native life. I had to get up and begin my toilet. My first achievement was to half scald myself, the cold water tap of the shower having a tendency to turn around and stage a sit-down strike on its own initiative. Then, due to the reorganizing mania of my chambermaid, I was unable to find a single new razor blade, and had to scratch my face with an old one. And when I finally sat down to breakfast I was greeted with a pile of letters, most of which I knew would entail interviews and correspondence equally boring to both parties concerned.

Now, take a native. What would I be doing were I in his place? I would have snored contentedly until I had had my fill of sleep and rest. No telephone, no siren, no noise of traffic to disturb me. When I arose I would refresh myself somewhat at the nearby spring, which knows nothing of the diabolical tricks of pressure, pipes and taps. My face would not be irritated, for it would never even have occurred to me to condemn myself to that bothering, as well as futile, daily fight with Mother Nature which is, if one thinks well, shaving. The hair grows? Then let it grow, and be proud of it, too.

Then one of my various wives would bring me breakfast. Another great advantage, that of having several wives; for having only one, normally, in the morning she is temperamental, while he who has several may hope to find at least one in good humor. Only mealie-mealies on the menu, with perhaps a piece of dried fish, but no letters on the tray, and the prospect of a day of infinite leisure ahead in a world filled with clean, limpid atmosphere freshly washed by the dew of the night.

The thought of this last blessing returned to me with poignancy as I entered the subway at Grand Central and a gust of warm odorous air smote me. Running down the platform, in company with some dozens of other individuals who felt compelled at any cost of jostling and bumping to surpass each other in speed, I wedged myself into the compartment of a train. Compressed on every side like a sardine, I turned my thoughts again longingly to Africa.

About this time of the morning, were I that native, I would probably go to visit some friend at a *kraal* not far away. A mile or two of pleasant, solitary promenade, with the spectacle of smiling Nature as my only preoccupation, and the satisfaction of well-trained, well-rested muscles moving with elastic ease.

Arrived at my friends' huts, I would join the other males present and sitting on my heels take my turn at making a long eloquent speech to which my companions would listen with a flattering attention one certainly could not find in the whole of New York. Cattle, women and dances—the only three things worth the consideration of real men—would be the subject of our chattering, with a little sprinkling of magic and witchcraft to spice the conversation. Around us buxom women and respectful virgins would busy themselves to serve us a light collation of sweet potatoes and beer.

And my pleasure would be my only limit of time, I thought bitterly, as I tried a series of acrobatics to consult my wrist watch and see how late I already was for my appointment.

The first good perfume of the morning reached my nostrils. I saw that it came from a letter which the man on my right was reading with deep concentration. I could not help noticing the wedding ring on his hand and the very feminine handwriting of the letter. Even too feminine, of that elaborate type which, who knows why, is more common among "other women" than among wives. Poor devil, I thought, he is forced to read that highly reprehensible missive now in this rush, for at home he has not dared, and in his office he will not dare.

If he were a Zulu, he would *wear* that letter, together with all the others he would receive from his sweethearts. For his love letters would be necklaces, bracelets, bandoliers, woven with

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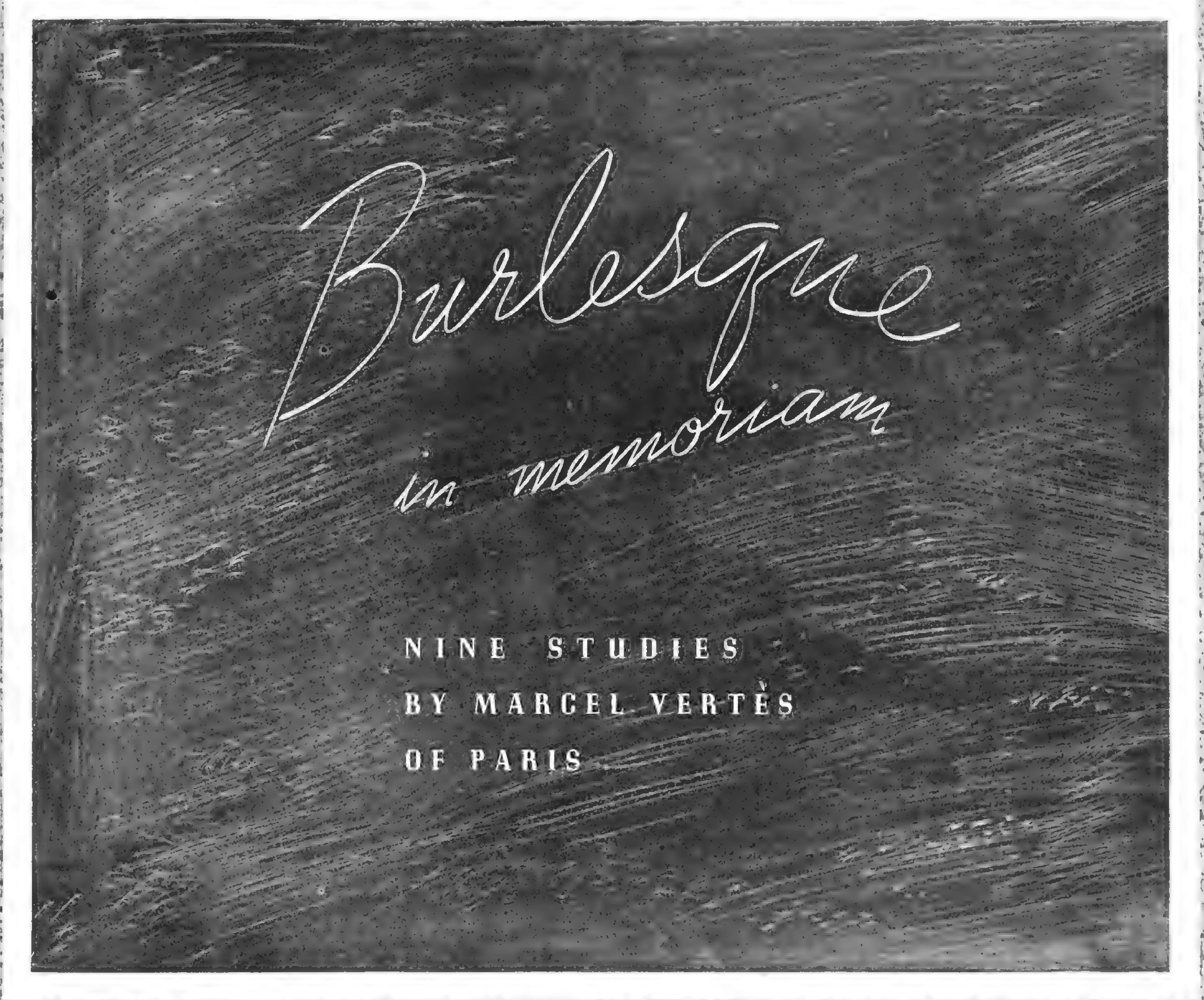
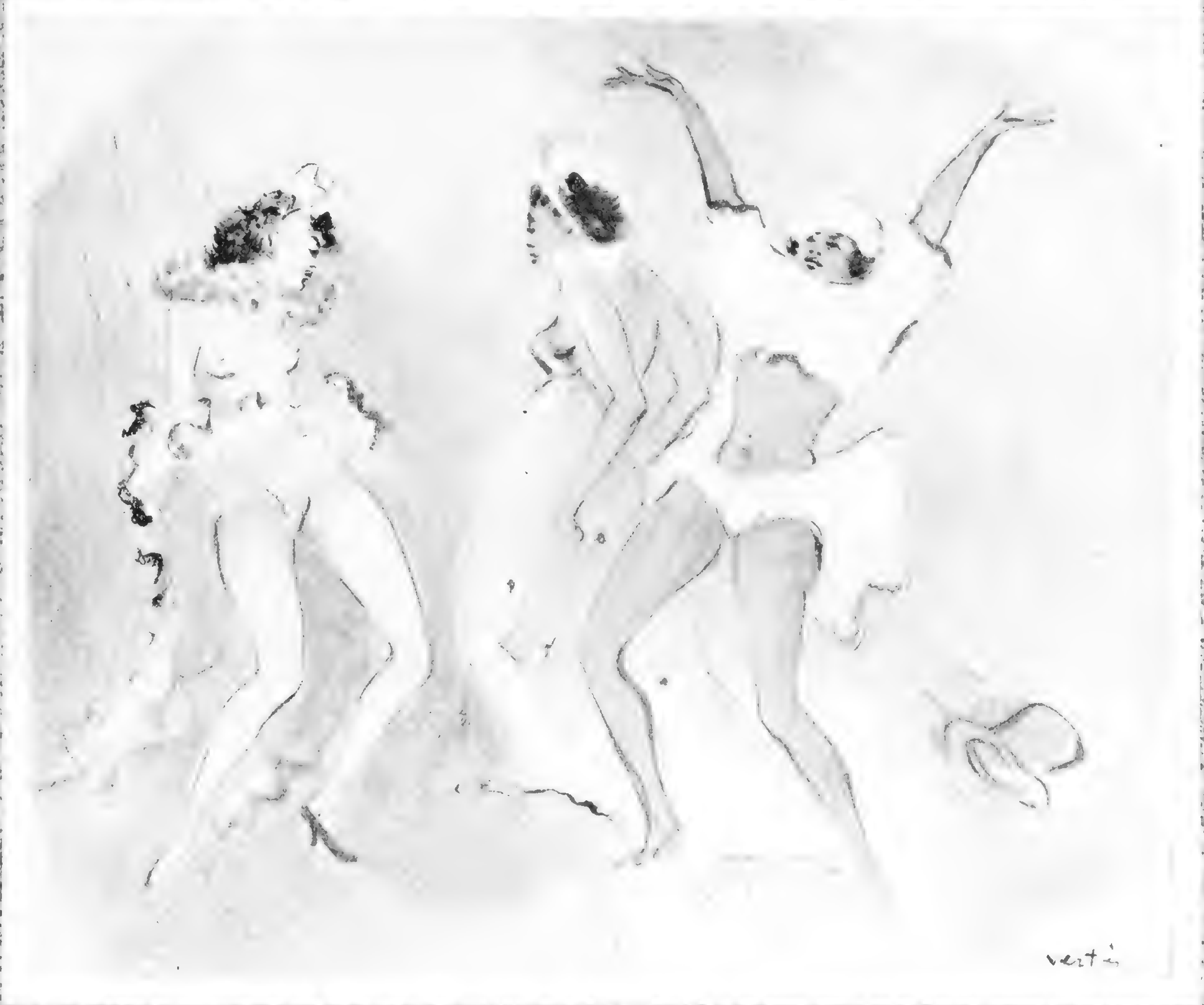


Burlesque
in memoriam

NINE STUDIES
BY MARCEL VERTÈS
OF PARIS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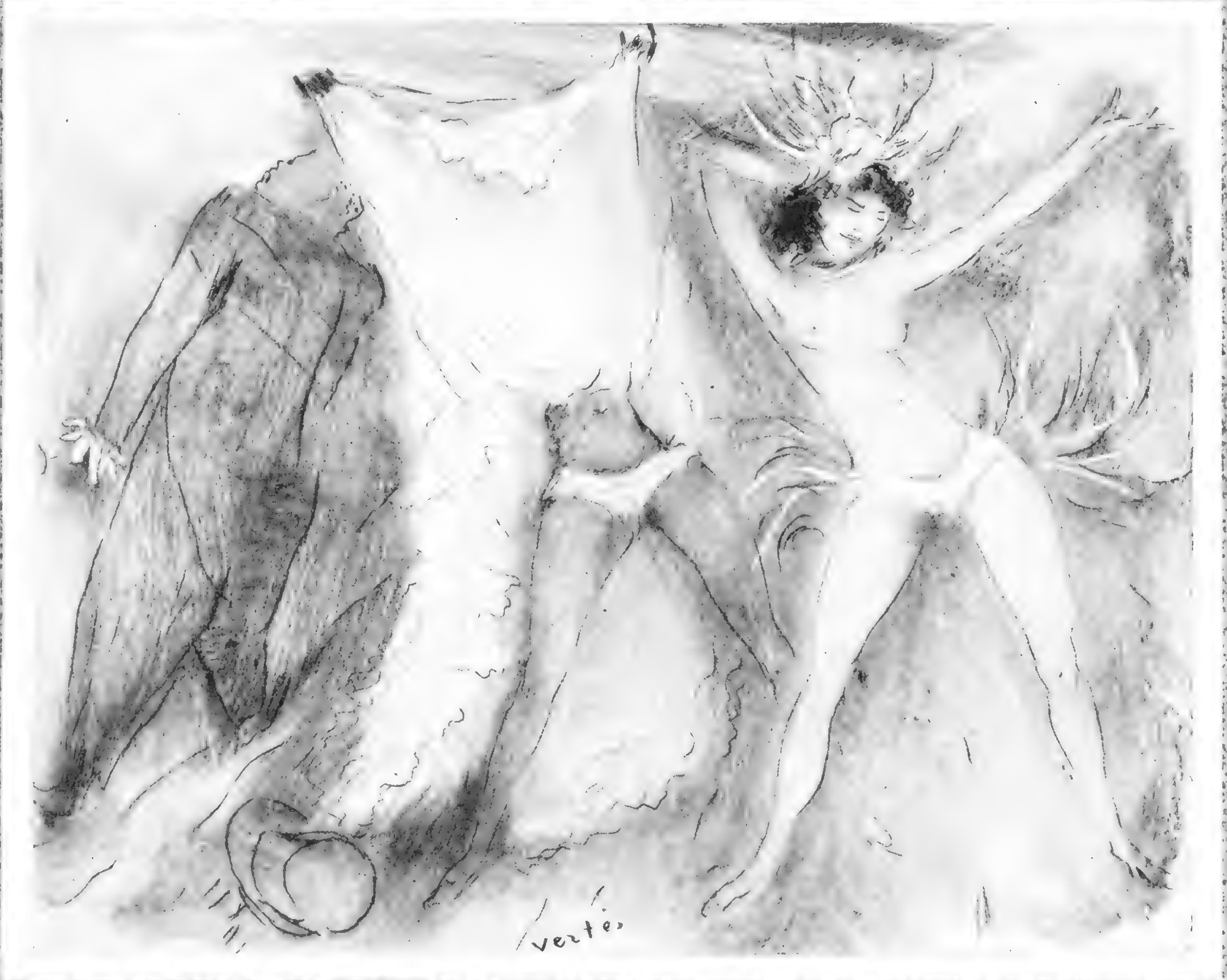
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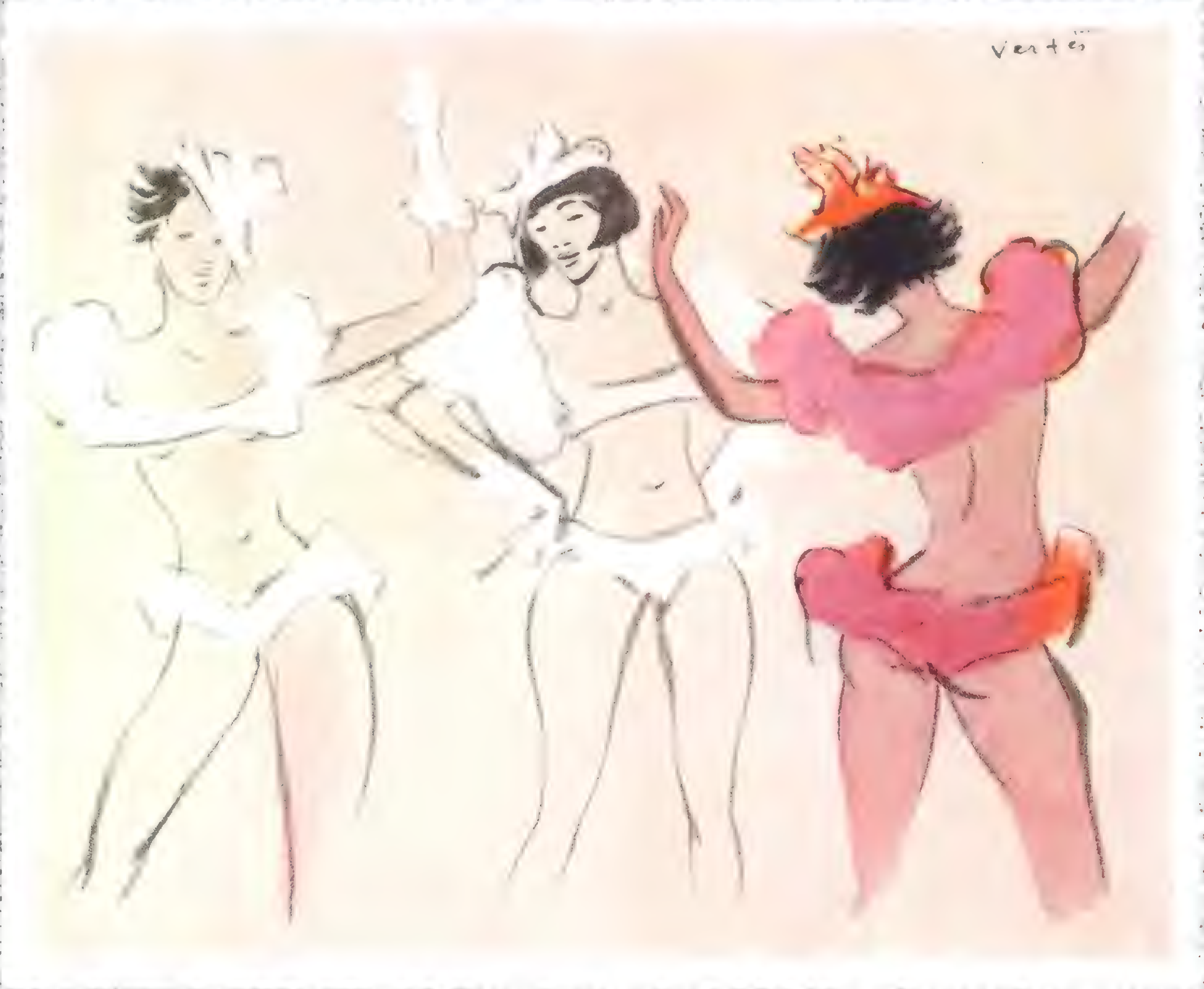
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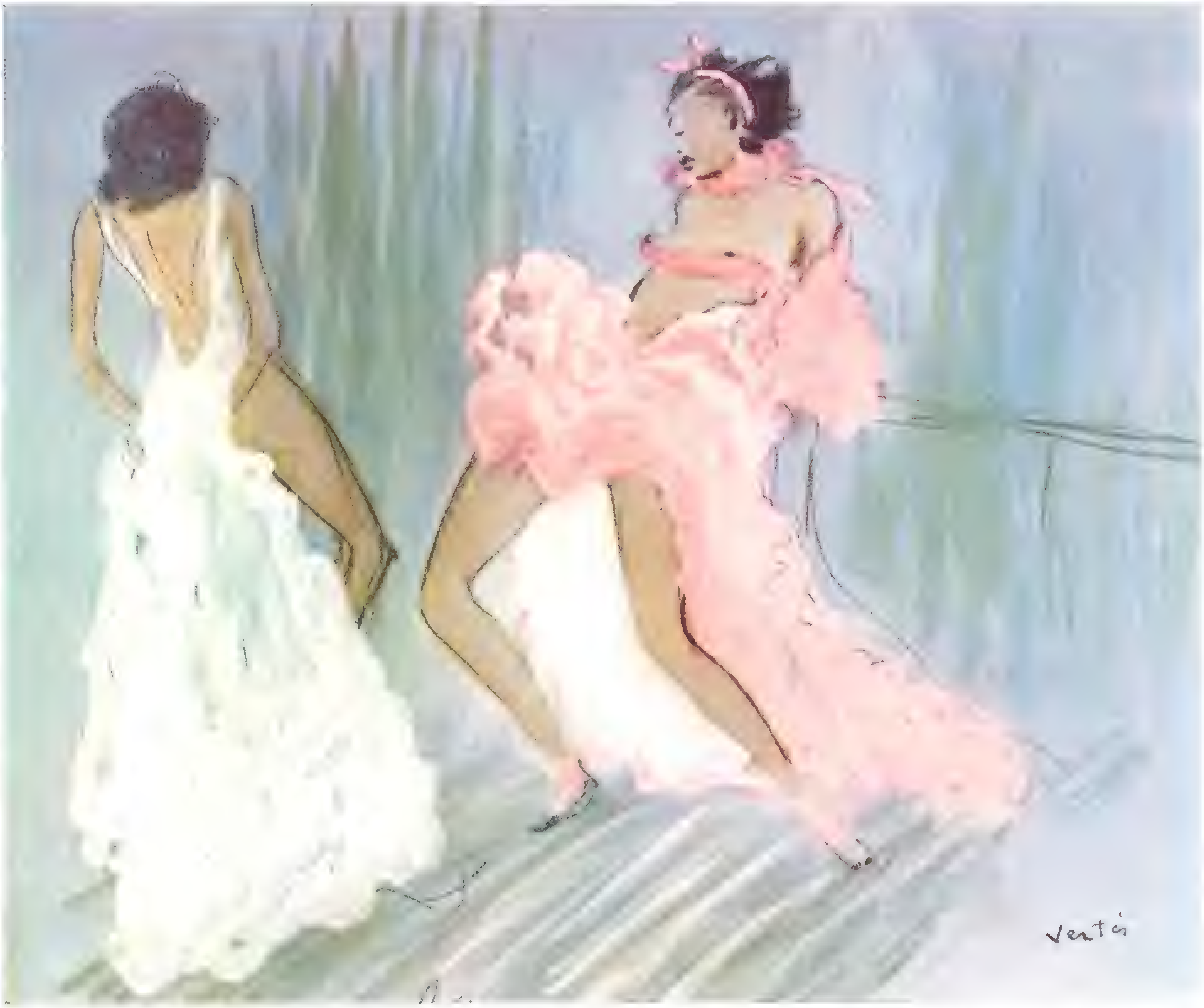
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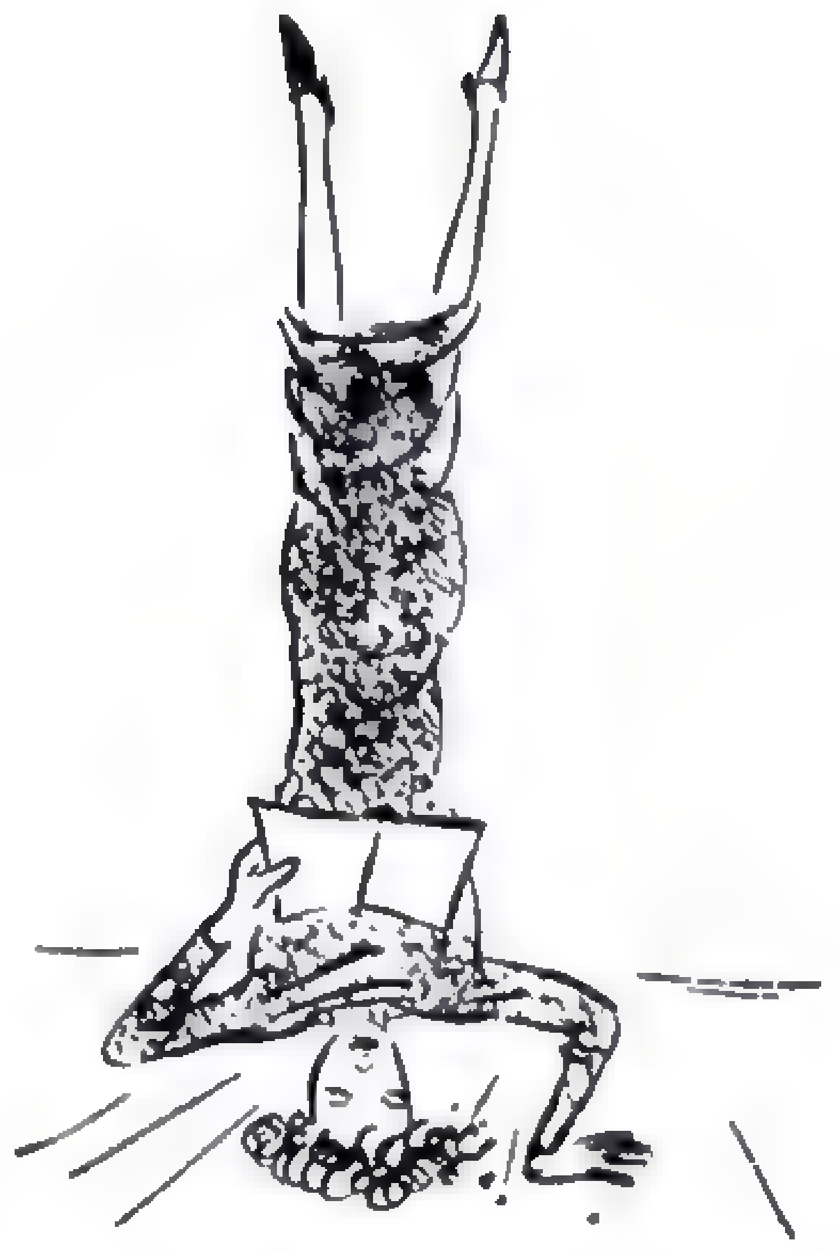
Phony Takes All

Reproaching the ad boys who seem to think there's no limit to what the American public will swallow



by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

Edmund Wilson is not only a great critic and a good reporter, but one of the most refreshing human beings alive. I think the reason for his excellence in these three separate fields is that he is a moralist. This means that he has a clear and human idea of what is worthwhile and what is ignoble. I mention this because in a recent book review in *The New Republic* he was, like Queen Victoria, not amused. He quoted some lines from Alva Johnston's little book on Samuel Goldwyn as follows:

"Last year was Sam's twenty-third in the movie business; his press department at that time spotted him two years and celebrated the completion of his quarter century in the business. Next year is Sam's real silver jubilee. It is something for everybody to feel patriotic about. The U. S. A. leads the world by a wider margin in pictures than anything else, and one of the chief reasons is the Great Goldwyn."

Wilson added: "Well I for one will be damned if I will feel patriotic about Sam Goldwyn's silver jubilee, which his agents have already celebrated two years before it was due."

The enterprising boys in the Goldwyn press department might have pointed out that the Mikado of Japan has a birthday whenever it is necessary for political effect. If I am not mistaken, the recent Coronation was set for such a time as would bring in the heaviest commercial returns. I even seem to recall that the birthday of the present King of England has been transferred to a more propitious season. If they can do these things, why shouldn't Mr. Goldwyn anticipate an anniversary? Perhaps two years ago Mr. Goldwyn needed a celebration. It was about that time that he was just getting through with his million dollar tribute to Miss Anna Sten and incidentally was blaming everybody but himself for this expensive disaster. Perhaps the silver jubilee was needed to buck up himself or his exhibitors. It was a trifling deception. It was hardly worth noting. Yet Mr. Alva Johnston noted it and certainly expressed no indignation over it. Perhaps he felt that in comparison with the supercolossal fakes which are perpetrated in Hollywood that this one was legitimate enough. But Edmund Wilson spotted a phony. It seems to me that he spotted a tendency to the phony which is becoming definitely a pest.

I think that I am not as strict a moralist as Mr. Wilson is. I know that my private catalogue of phonies does not depress me with a sense that America is losing its integrity or that our whole social life is being based on lies. These things may be true, but I will worry about them some other time. What annoys me now is the transparent falsehood of these phonies—the attitude behind them that you can put anything over on the American people, the assurance that no one is going to call you on a silly fake, the damnable insult to your intelligence. I have a sort of resentment against them when I see through them.

For instance, in the *Personal* column of one of the most respected of New York dailies there appeared an advertisement like this:

> Mary.—Although I am fond of you, I must confess that I enjoy dining with Sally in the air-cooled Swiss Room of the Lapland Restaurant on Route 9-A, where Chip's orchestra plays delightful music, the cuisine is perfect, and the company always good.
>
> —Harry.

That is a phony. Again it is utterly unimportant. Turn on your radio late in the afternoon (Eastern Standard Time) and you will get a baseball report, given out breathlessly, strike by strike and hit by hit and run by run as if the speaker were witnessing the game itself—only much faster and far more interesting. This is on the edge of being phony because the audience knows that the game was played about an hour ago. Only the use of the present tense is artificial and I must say that the total result is far more interesting than certain broadcasts of the Wimbledon tennis matches which were legitimate and terribly dull.

However, the business of faking on the air has to be watched at every point. Last winter a famous reporter announced that he was broadcasting from the scene of a flood by candle light because all the power was shut off. (How he got power for the transmission of his voice was not explained.) And then, as I recall it, he shifted to a rescue worker who broadcast from the rising waters themselves and, I think, at times from under the water by virtue of a diving helmet. Every single item of this was a fake. The broadcast was done in the studio under usual studio conditions and the diver stood right beside the speaker. No one was injured by this broadcast financially; only another phony was laid down on the foundation of falsifying the facts.

Several years ago Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie started a feud on the air. The boys kidded each other and their feud became popular. The fact that some people thought Winchell and Bernie actually detested one another did not make this act a phony. The boys were playing it straight. After that, synthetic feuds developed and they were phonies of the first water. At this moment, the popular thing in radio is to bring a master of ceremonies and a band leader, or two famous Hollywood stars, together at the microphone and have each razz the other. The results are almost passionately uninteresting, not only because the script writers provide nothing witty, but because the atmosphere of a fake hangs over the entire thing.

It also hangs over recent attempts to brighten up commercial plugs in which comedians beg for the privilege of taking the announcer's part just for once. There seems to be an evil conscience about the commercial announcements on the part of the sponsors, so instead of making them simple and honest, they add a pretentious false frankness and the plugs become intolerable.

Perhaps my ancient fondness for the comic strip makes me resent the advertising strip —which is far from comic—more than I should. The only thing phony about them is the rapture in the last picture when the right soap or the right breakfast food has been bought and has worked its miracle of social regeneration. No one gets as glad as that over anything in this world. The thing is a phony.

I don't know where you would draw the line in the movies. The movies are an illusion and the mechanical means by which they achieve their ends are unimportant.

It doesn't matter a bit to me that James Cagney, who is often seen at the controls of an airplane, does not even like to fly as a passenger. This does not matter to me because the fact that Cagney does like to drive rapidly from his home to his studio is also unimportant even when Cagney is shown doing a desperate drive in a truck or a car.

But when it is perfectly obvious that acrobatic substitutes have been used in the dangerous sequences of a picture, it becomes

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The Uncrowned George

Why George Chaney, after scoring over a hundred knockouts, didn't win the lightweight championship

by EDWARD JEROME VOGELER

• SPORTS •

THE last time we saw George Chaney, he pointed a crooked finger at our nose and said: "If you don't get a story about me in print, don't you never let me see you no more!"

Now, we happen to stand six feet flat, very flat in fact, while George Chaney measures very little if any over five feet, so you might think our natural reaction to a threatening crack like that (unless one might assume we are one hundred per cent rabbit) would be to tell George to go take a double dose of snake oil for himself and he would feel better. But, we did no such thing. For the crooked finger he pointed at our nose extended from a broken left hand which has put to sleep one hundred two men in the prize ring—quite a few of whom we have seen stretched out in more or less picturesque poses upon the canvas. So, instead of obeying a furtive impulse to tell him where to get off, which in our case would have been definitely more foolhardy than brave, we replied in most dulcet tones:

"Okay, George."

Accordingly, we are beginning this piece handicapped by a certain mental hazard, but fortified by the thought that however left-handedly we undertake this self-defense assignment it must carry a wallop—or else. For it is to be a chronicle of the greatest left-handed walloper, pound for pound, in all ring history.

Back in 1922, two lightweights crawled through the ropes of a Philadelphia ring. One was the aforementioned George Chaney, of Baltimore, the other Danny Kramer of the Quaker town. Both carried high explosives, Chaney in his left hand, Kramer in his right.

Leon Rains, promoting the bout, had seen Kramer train and thought him just about invincible. Turning to a sport who liked a little action for his money, he asked:

"Who do you like?"

"Chaney!"

"Hundred bucks says you're nuts."

"'At's a bet!"

Not a particularly lengthy conversation, but before Rains had time to develop a ripe grin of satisfaction at this easy scratch and turn around to watch the show, Chaney's left had smashed through Kramer's guard and the home town boy was out for keeps. The referee's counting was a model of mathematical accuracy and precision, but entirely meaningless. Nobody heard him, least of all Kramer, who came to half an hour later in his dressing room and began to sing the Seventeenth Psalm. And Rains, who had caught one fleeting glimpse of the men as they had squared off, and a second as Kramer lay peacefully sleeping upon his blossoming ear, paid off with an expression that had changed from confident satisfaction to blank bewilderment.

Once upon a time we heard a very original guy say lightning never strikes twice in the same place. That stuck in our mind, but in George Chaney we found the well known exception for the lightning of his amazing left hand struck again and again. In the course of fifteen years, during which he engaged in one hundred eighty-three bouts, Chaney built up his string of one hundred two knockouts—a record for Joe Louis and other current masters of the art of anesthesia to shoot at for a long time. Fifty-seven of his recorded brawls were no-decision affairs, nineteen were won and eight lost by decision—and Chaney himself was jolted into a state of more or less sustained coma on six occasions.

A glance at this record will show that of those fracases which were brought to a definite, if more or less illogical conclusion, only about one in four of Chaney's opponents succeeded in escaping the sleep-producing magic of his left—and this, of course, takes into no consideration the innumerable unfortunates who were rash enough to volunteer as his sparring partners.

Baltimore has produced three world champion fighters—Joe Gans, Joe Dundee and Kid Williams. As it has been our rare good fortune to see all three abuse their victims upon a number of occasions, we venture the opinion that Gans, fistically educated in the fish markets, was, at his peak, floating ribs above the other two. But it is also our belief that Chaney, who put to sleep more wide-awake and alert young men than any other fighter of ring history, who fought three champions and never became champ, was actually more colorful than any of the three prides of the Monumental City who rose to the top while he failed.

At the trembling risk of this bit of fistic history being declared "No contest" on the grounds of our being entirely too damned opinionated, we must venture one more firm conviction—and that is that the only thing that kept George Chaney from wearing a very becoming crown upon the black thatch of his Irish head, was the fact that he left the best fight of his life in Doyle's gymnasium on Madison Avenue in Baltimore in 1914 during the weeks before he met Johnny Kilbane for the featherweight belt. And this is the actual crux of our story at which we will arrive in due course—a tale of a zealous, but none too experienced manager who attempted to paint the lily.

There is an axiom that fighters show to best advantage when cold and hungry. Desperation adds snap to their punches. But in the fall of 1910, George Chaney, age seventeen, was neither cold nor hungry. He had had plenty of proteins at the farm on which he had toiled all summer and the hot Irish blood that flowed through his veins laughed at the chill breeze that whistled through his wool and cotton. He was, however, broke and desperately in need of a dime with which to take his girl to the movies—the price of the cinema at that time being a nickel a head at more than a few spots.

Strolling dejectedly down Baltimore Street with this problem on his mind, he met one Henry Bletzer, a youth of the same age, to whom he confided his predicament.

Bletzer was also broke, but he was a downtown youngster to whom this didn't mean anything. The need of money merely inspired a method of getting it. From the time he was ten, he had been selling papers and doing other odd chores in lively spots where action abounded and now at seventeen, he could think up more ways of trapping a bit of loose change than there are formulas for hair tonic. Quickly, he thought of one for Chaney.

"George, how about fighting for it?"

Chaney grinned. Nobody his weight had ever licked him and he possessed a complete

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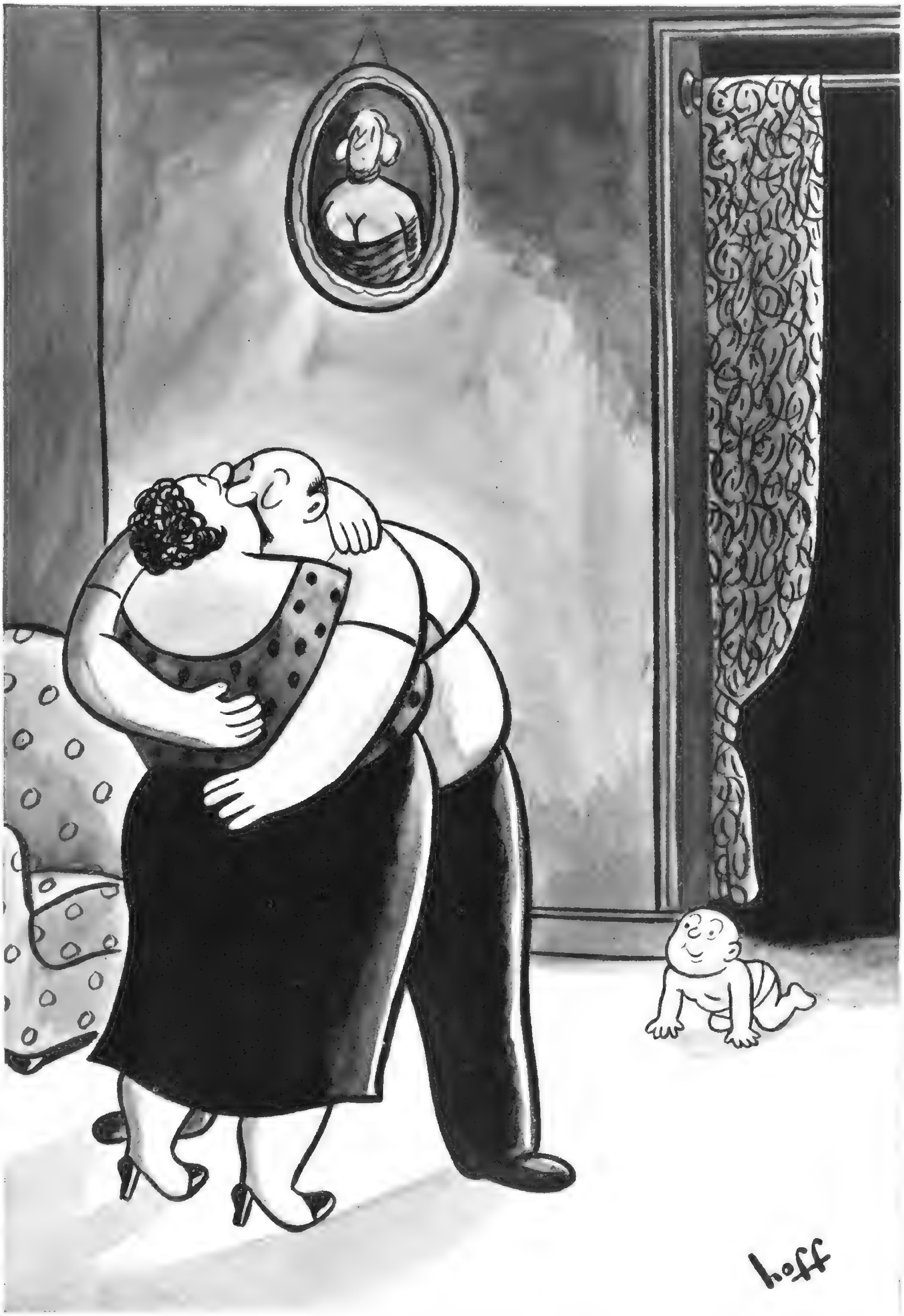
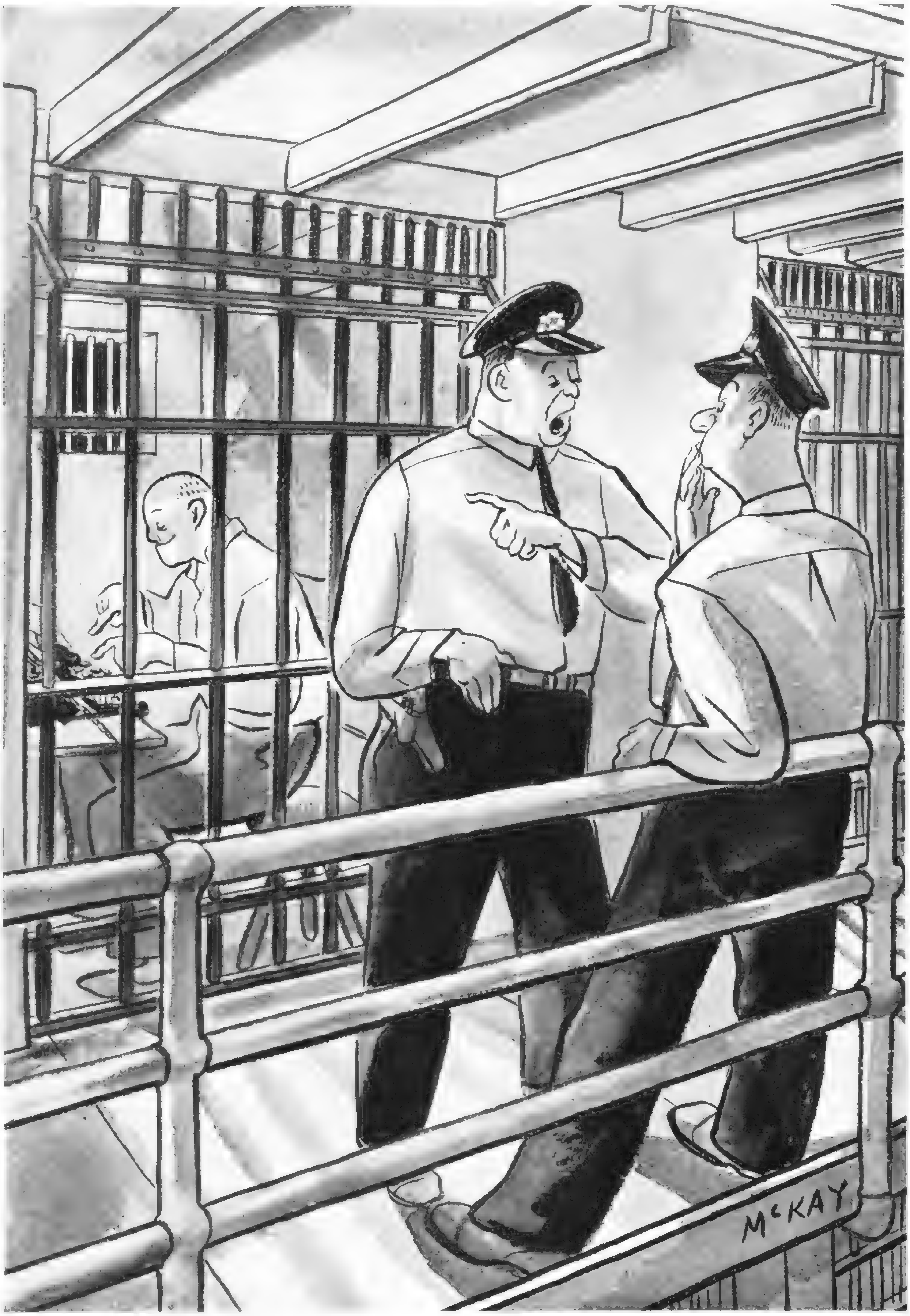


"With my eyes shut, Meyer, I wouldn't know you from Gable"



" 'Fortune' bought his last story!"

Fun in Prison

Banker's account of those tragi-comic events that seem hilariously humorous to the fellows in the stir as told to

FRED C. KELLY

• ARTICLE •

When I mention funny happenings in prison I don't mean that being in a penitentiary is a lark. Many of the funny things are not so droll while you're there. I didn't always laugh about them. Yet certain events then almost tragic seemed funny to some of us as a bit of relief from the dismal routine.

On my arrival to begin my five-year sentence in a Federal penitentiary I couldn't imagine myself ever having a good laugh. The first few days are the worst. Prison smells are then most noticeable. You wonder how you can ever endure the food. Other contrasts to life outside bear down more then than after you have somehow managed to make adjustments. Yet before I had been there a week I found myself chuckling along with others over a bit of local news that went the rounds and probably gave everybody that heard it a fleeting moment of escape. It was good to know that there are pranks and practical jokes even in prison.

The warden had given permission to Jewish prisoners to celebrate a feast day—provided they would collect enough money among themselves to pay for all extra food and special delicacies. Their meal was to include four dozen roast chickens. Two or three prisoners had discovered that it was possible to conceal themselves in a little-used passageway near the kitchen, remove a few bricks from the back of the big oven and thus gain access to the chickens. These were to be roasted a dozen at a time. A few minutes before the chickens were ready to be taken from the oven, the prisoners in on the scheme pulled out the bricks and hastily snatched away one chicken, and then replaced the bricks. A confederate in the kitchen later told them what happened there. The cook, himself a prisoner, finding only eleven chickens was upset, not so much about one chicken missing as because he wondered if anything could be wrong with *him*. Everybody in prison is secretly afraid of going insane.

"I'd have sworn I put in twelve chickens," he muttered. "How could I have made a miscount? I'll make sure this time."

Carefully he counted his chickens one at a time. Again when he took them out there were only eleven. Now the cook was genuinely alarmed.

"If I can't count up to twelve," he exclaimed, "I *must* be getting a little nutty." He called another prisoner to check the count on the third batch. Once more twelve chickens went in and only eleven came out.

The cook now began to upbraid the man who had counted the chickens with him. "You must be as crazy as I am," he said.

This time he called two more men to watch him as he slowly counted a dozen chickens into a heap. Then they all counted them over again as he slid them into the oven. But when he next opened the oven door, what do you suppose had happened? The entire dozen had disappeared! So far as the cook was concerned, the mystery was never solved.

I soon learned that this problem of getting extra food is one of the most important in prison life. Food in the dining hall is probably no worse than might be expected. But the lack of variety wears one down. You can't always eat enough of what is set before you to satisfy your appetite, and there is no running to the pantry after you are locked in your cell at five o'clock to stay until seven the next morning. We had plenty of starchy food, but almost never was there any fresh fruit or vegetables and only once a week eggs, served invariably the same way—hard-boiled.

I had always preferred my eggs in an omelet and until my arrest had employed a high-priced cook whose omelets were as light as a feather; but now I found myself counting the days until we should have hard-boiled eggs. Even though they were never strictly fresh I kept thinking what a luxury it would be if I could have an extra hard-boiled egg or two in my cell to eat later. I had that on my mind one day when the eggs were being passed by a fellow prisoner who doled them out from a big tin bucket while a guard watched closely to make sure nobody got more than his allotted two. I knew it was considered a serious breach of prison discipline to carry food from the table, yet I kept wondering if there might be any possible way to get an extra egg or two. At breakfast one day, as if reading my thoughts the prisoner at my left said to me in an undertone: "Watch me get four eggs instead of two. I've made an egg contact. Don't look around or let on, but watch me get 'em."

I knew what he meant in prison phrasing by egg contact. He had become acquainted with the man who distributed the eggs and would do him a favor—maybe get him extra cigarettes—in return for extra eggs. As the guard appeared to be observing everything closely I wondered how this man would get his extra eggs undetected. As watching out of the tail of my eye I saw only two eggs laid at his place, the same as for the rest of us, I assumed that the waiter had not dared to take any chances. But a moment later the man at my left nudged me and whispered: "See! I have two more eggs in my pocket." The prisoner acting as waiter had acquired the skill of a sleight-of-hand performer and concealed one egg in his hand, palm downward, while holding another in his fingers. Each time he reached to place an egg on the table in front of my neighbor he dropped another into his lap. Inasmuch as all eggs used had to be checked over in the kitchen, it had been necessary also to make a miscount there. Everybody at the table knew of the one prisoner's egg connection and had the fun of noting whether delivery was successful. Such moments of excitement are precious in prison life.

Prisoners develop great skill in concealing contraband food about their clothing. By leaving one's blouse a little full and leaning over to hide the bulge, it was possible to carry away a loaf of bread under the blouse. Likewise prisoners are clever at passing articles quickly from one to another when there is danger of being searched. Once a man

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Doing the Mud Dance

Proving if the Navajo Indians have acquired a dislike for you, it's the better part of valor to leave town

by EDWIN CORLE

• FICTION •

THE-MAN-WHO-HAS-A-FACE-LIKE-A-GOAT told me this story in order to prove the fallacy of the white man's platitude, "a little learning is a dangerous thing." His story only proved the point of the platitude, but the proof detracted not at all from the telling.

The-Man-Who-Has-A-Face-Like-A-Goat was the literal translation of a Navajo Indian name. A string of words like that was too much for a trader's books and among the white residents of the reservation the name was abbreviated to Goat Face. As Goat Face became more familiar with white living he evinced a fondness for mister, and the Face was dropped and he became Mister Goat. Jim Robertson who likes to hand out names over the counter, added Billy. Today the Navajo in question is Mr. Billy Goat, but as I heard this story of his when he was Goat Face and I was a trader I usually think of him by that name.

Goat Face had been to school—perhaps for six or eight weeks, but not consecutive weeks, in his thirty-some years. He liked school, or perhaps I should say he did not dislike it, but he was invariably too busy going somewhere, or sitting still in one spot not going somewhere, to get to the classroom with any regularity. He knew a fair amount of rough English, having lived near one of the railroad towns as a boy, and he could speak the white man's language from hearsay if he felt so moved.

One day he came to my trading post in the morning and sat on the floor for an hour or more without so much as a cough. I knew he had come for some reason and that he would make that reason known in time, or else he would change his mind and get up and go away without saying anything. I appreciated his quiet behavior for there had been times in the past when he was an infernal nuisance. Just three days previous he had come to my post, and either he was full of bootleg beer or else full of plain cussedness, for suddenly, for no reason at all, he had begun grabbing everything that was loose and throwing it on the floor. I put a quick stop to that but it was necessary to use physical force and after a brief tussle I ejected Goat Face head first out the door with a well planted kick in the seat of his pants. I presumed that his quiet return and decorous behavior was a peace offering and I congratulated myself on knowing how to handle Indians, particularly these Navajos.

The morning wore on and I read a newspaper. Finally I saw Mrs. Has-Four-Black-Horses, who lived a mile away out on the mesa with Mr. Has-Four-Black-Horses and their seven kids, riding leisurely toward my post. It was a relief to have some activity and I put the newspaper aside. But when the lady came to the door and dismounted she only looked in and smiled. Goat Face smiled back and stretched. Then Mrs. Has-Four-Black-Horses mounted her animal and rode on. I dismissed the incident, but some time later, perhaps two hours, I saw her riding home with a sackful of groceries—coffee, bread, canned stuff, and a watermelon—and I knew that she must have ridden all the way to Robertson's and traded there. Goat Face continued to sit on the floor, and, I suppose, ruminate on the strange mutabilities of the affairs of mankind.

About noon a forlorn tourist, who had driven out of his way into the reservation, came in asking directions about finding the highway fifty miles to the south. I set him to rights and he went on his way. But before he left he said he wanted some gasoline. I went out of the post, leaving Goat Face still sitting on the floor in a deep study of space. Outside I unlocked the gas pump and the tourist asked me the price of gasoline. When I told him it was thirty-five cents a gallon he said lightly, "Oh well, I'll wait and get it when I hit the highway. Your price is too high." And off he drove, following my directions, while I stood with a hand on the crank of the gas pump and his dust settling around me.

I thought a few things about tourists and locked the pump and went back into my trading post, half afraid of what I'd find. Goat Face hadn't moved from his place.

I stepped over him and went behind the counter. Some time later Goat Face asked me a question in his peculiar English.

"Did that man go to school?" he asked.

"O'o," I said—meaning "yes" in Navajo.

"What for he go?" asked Goat Face.

"Learn something."

"Maybe I go to school again some day," said Goat Face.

"Sure," I said. "Go ahead."

"And maybe no," said Goat Face.

I suppose I was still irritated by the tourist and I threw a surly remark at my guest.

"Look here, Goat Face. You don't know anything. School hasn't done you any good. It's no good. Dotah! Savvy?"

Goat Face looked pained.

"Short tail missionary man said school Goddam good place," he said.

"Sure," I said. "It's all right. But you have to keep on going. You got to go for a long time or stay away. Savvy?"

"No," said Goat Face.

"No learning at all is better than a little bit. A little bit is no good. Get a lot or don't get any. Listen, you son of a coyote, a little learning is a dangerous thing. Now say that: a little learning is a dangerous thing."

"No," said Goat Face.

"Go to hell, Goat Face," I said, cheerfully.

"No," said Goat Face, seriously.

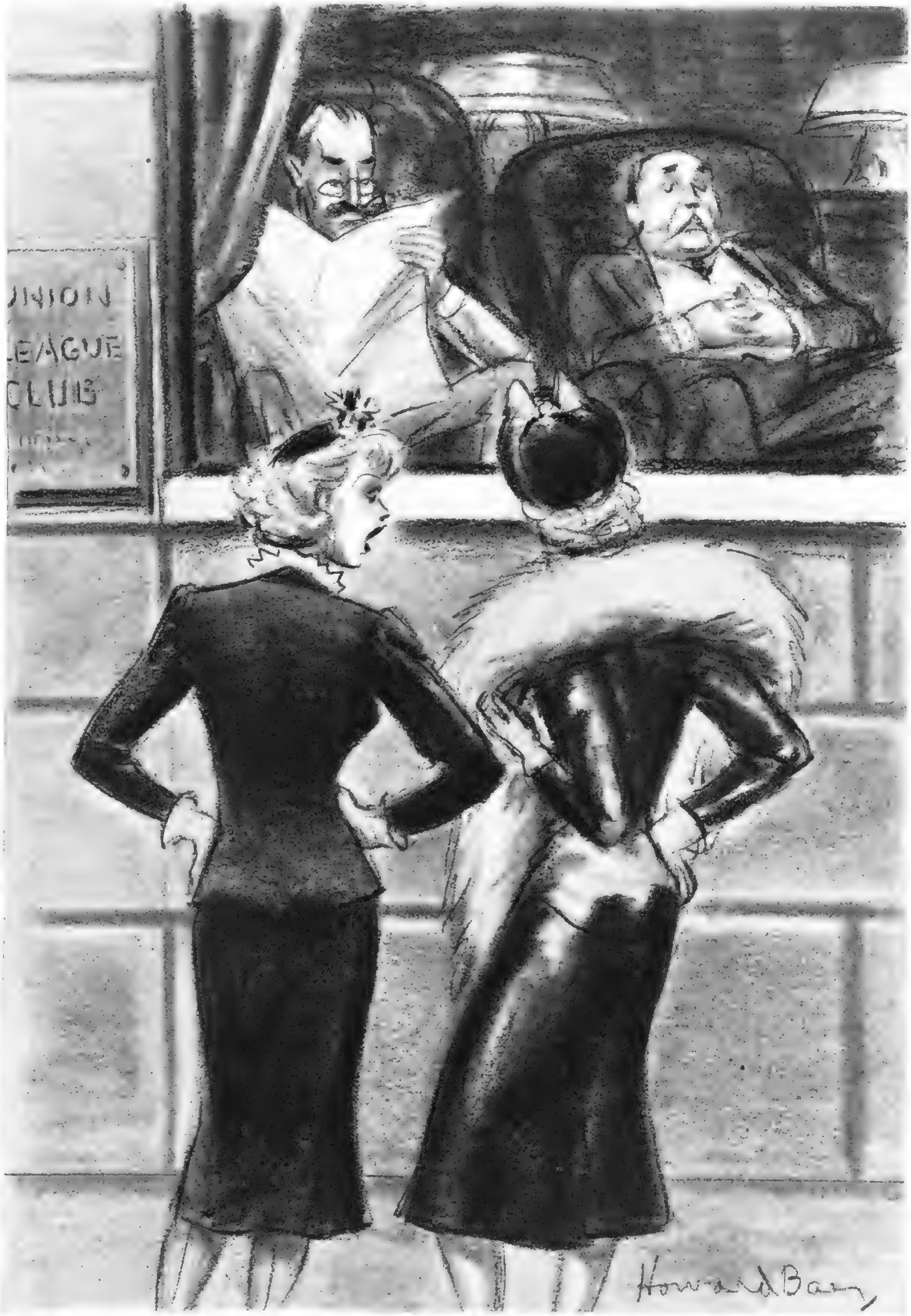
I was through with the subject and I picked up the newspaper, but Goat Face was only beginning to advance his ideas.

"Little learning do a lot of good work because I know. I see it do it," he said. "See a little learning make it fine where it was only pretty good. Only pretty good, then damn fine because a little learning got thrown in."

"What was it?" I asked.

Goat Face didn't say anything for a moment. I gathered that he was recalling the example that he had in mind so I kept quiet,

Continued on page 326


UNION
LEAGUE
CLUB
Howard Baer

"Sometimes I think we've set our goal too high"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Maintaining it's silly to coddle inferior plays in the fatuous hope that better ones will follow

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

▪ THEATRE ▪

There are several possible approaches to the business of drama criticism. First, you can review plays solely with the standards of the immediate local popular theatre in view. This is the easiest, most personally convenient and generally most acceptable way, inasmuch as its standards are not particularly exalted and as you may, accordingly, let down easily any number of otherwise negligible plays. Secondly, you can review plays with the standards of the present world theatre and its functioning dramatists in view. This is a little more difficult and somewhat less acceptable to the parties of the existing local theatre, inasmuch as it results in demanding of the plays considerably more than the first procedure. Thirdly, you can criticize plays from the point of view of the very highest and proudest standards of all drama in a like category. This is deemed a very nasty practice indeed, is waspishly denounced as rank and wanton destructive criticism, causes its practitioner to be looked down upon as an arbitrarily contrary and contumacious puppy and brings one-half of the local producers, three-fourths of the local playwrights and all of the local actors to decline to so much as recognize him when they pass him on the street.

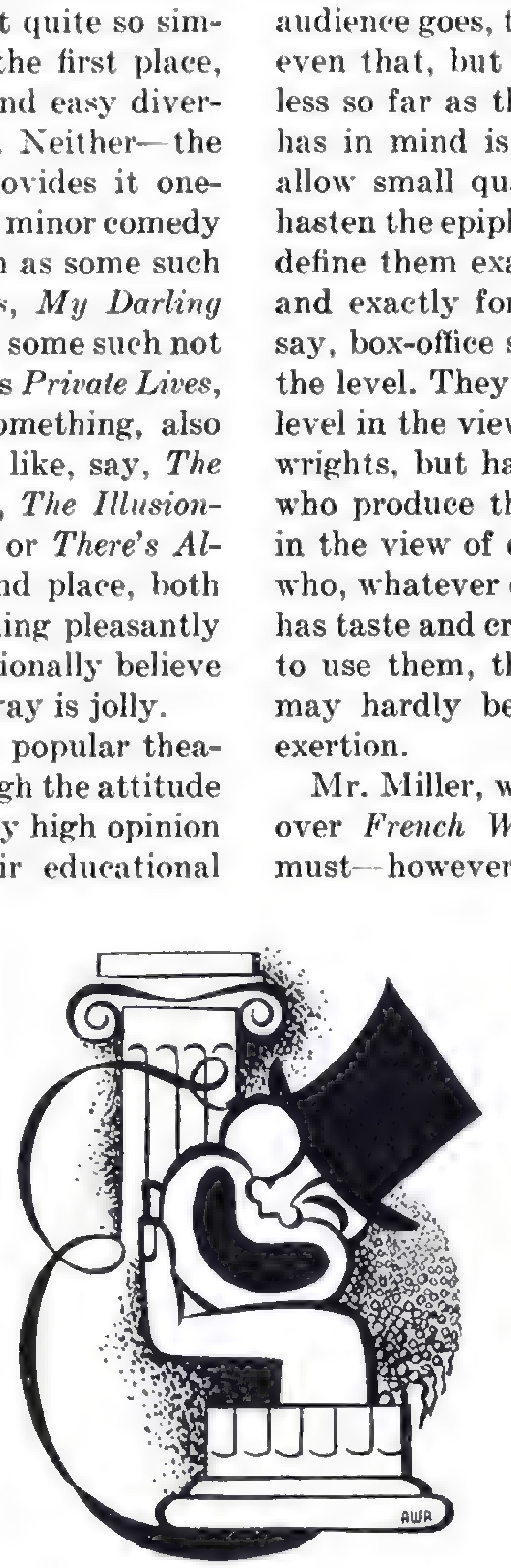
It is the great social misfortune of some of us bounders to find ourselves in the third category. It must be very nice to be in the critical business and at the same time to get cigars from managers at Christmas, effusive "H'ya, Georgie, old boy's?" from playwrights, and invitations to tea, cocktails, etc., from fair ladies of the footlights. But it requires a technique that is either born in one from the cradle or that is no go. As some of us were haplessly created to see it, there is one and only one justification for the trade of drama criticism and that is to criticize drama and not merely apologize for it. And the only way to judge and criticize drama is to do the job from the top down rather than from the bottom up. Any man who thinks and acts otherwise has no right to offer himself to the craft of criticism. He is a parasite not only on the craft of criticism itself, but on the theatre. He is a sheep in wolf's clothing, and his ba-bas and howls are equally gratuitous and insulting to the theatre and to the art of the drama. He is getting money under false pretences. He is the bunco-steerer of the critical profession.

These somewhat saucy and magisterial remarks may serve as an extenuation of one critic's contemplation of such exhibits as Terence Rattigan's *French Without Tears* and Gerald Savory's *George and Margaret*, among others. Both are, I suppose, agreeable enough little comedies to the agreeable little theatregoers and agreeable little critics who go to constitute the agreeable little popular theatre of the moment. But agreeably to allow even that is to be much less a justified critic of drama than a member of the peculiar profession within a profession that operates in the first of the three groups mentioned. For such a one it is conciliatorily lief to allow that, though neither of the plays is "important," both nevertheless provide light and easy diversion and serve to pass an evening pleasantly.

But for one who operates in the second or third groups, the thing isn't quite so simple, nor half so gracious. In the first place, both comedies provide light and easy diversion, if at all, only relatively. Neither—the first named in particular—provides it one-half so much as even some such minor comedy as *Tovarich*, one-third so much as some such equally minor comedy as *Yes, My Darling Daughter*, one-sixth so much as some such not particularly superior comedy as *Private Lives*, or one-twelfth so much as something, also hardly a minor masterpiece, like, say, *The Grand Duchess and the Waiter*, *The Illusionist*, *Husband, Wife and Lover*, or *There's Always Juliet*. And, in the second place, both exhibits serve to pass an evening pleasantly only for such critics as professionally believe that to pass an evening that way is jolly.

Whatever one thinks of the popular theatre, indulgently favorable though the attitude may be, one cannot have a very high opinion of critics who surrender their educational assets and dignity to the point where they are willing to engage in an amiable osculatory dalliance with what may be delicately designated as its backward design. For though the sound and reputable theatre and the popular theatre are occasionally, when circumstances and fortune are happy, found to be one and the same, very much more often are they found to be at opposite poles. And it is thus that a critical endorsement of the average wares of the popular theatre only further discourages and delays the day when the finer theatre may come into its own. Your true critic is the one who sacrifices everything within shooting distance to the latter desired end; your quack critic, one who charitably coddles the other and baser theatre in the hope that some day out of that coddling the finer theatre will miraculously emerge.

This finer theatre that so many of us bores have our hearts set upon will never emerge from the critical encouragement of things like *French Without Tears*, *George and Margaret*, and other such contemporary Piccadilly knick-knacks. When you try to tell that to the critics who permit themselves to praise them, or at least to let them down politely, it is their habit to tell you that you are taking such things too seriously and that plays like these are, to quote their much employed word, after all "harmless." But they are not harmless. They may be harmless so far as the average, lazy, stupid, perfunctory, popular audience goes, though in the long run I doubt even that, but they are certainly not harmless so far as the theatre that true criticism has in mind is concerned. Criticism should allow small quarter to them if it wishes to hasten the epiphany of that theatre. It should define them exactly for what they represent and exactly for what they are, which is to say, box-office slot-machines that are not on the level. They may, true enough, be on the level in the view of their own mediocre playwrights, but hardly in the view of the men who produce them, and most assuredly not in the view of one such, Mr. Gilbert Miller, who, whatever else may be held against him, has taste and critical judgment when he cares to use them, though his use of them lately may hardly be said to border upon over-exertion.



Mr. Miller, who is responsible for bringing over *French Without Tears* from England, must—however much it may gall his other self—deeply and honestly sympathize with those critics who take him to task for retarding the better American theatre through the importation and production of such shrimpish contributions to the art of the drama. For hasn't he stated, in a letter not long ago addressed to me as well as to a number of my fellows, "I would ask you to kindly remember that I have never been one of the managers who claim that the critics are killing the theatre; on the contrary, at every meeting where this matter has been broached, I have always protested that the critical faculty has been as great a force in promoting the growth of the New York stage as the New York public itself"? He must, accordingly, appreciate that any summary critical execution performed upon one of his productions like this one is designed only further to promote the growth of that stage, and he must, if his letter truthfully reflects his attitude, fully and even enthusiastically en-

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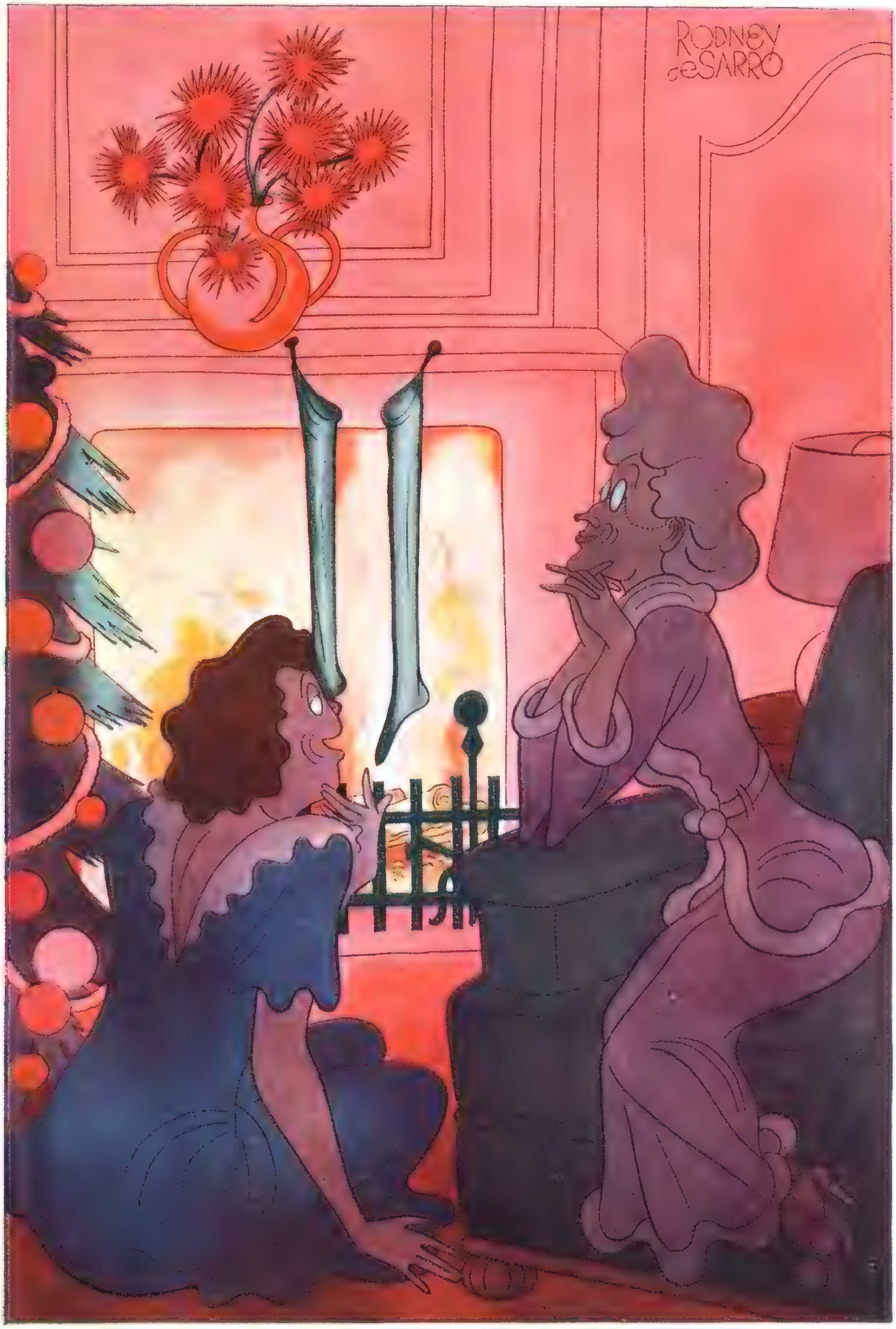
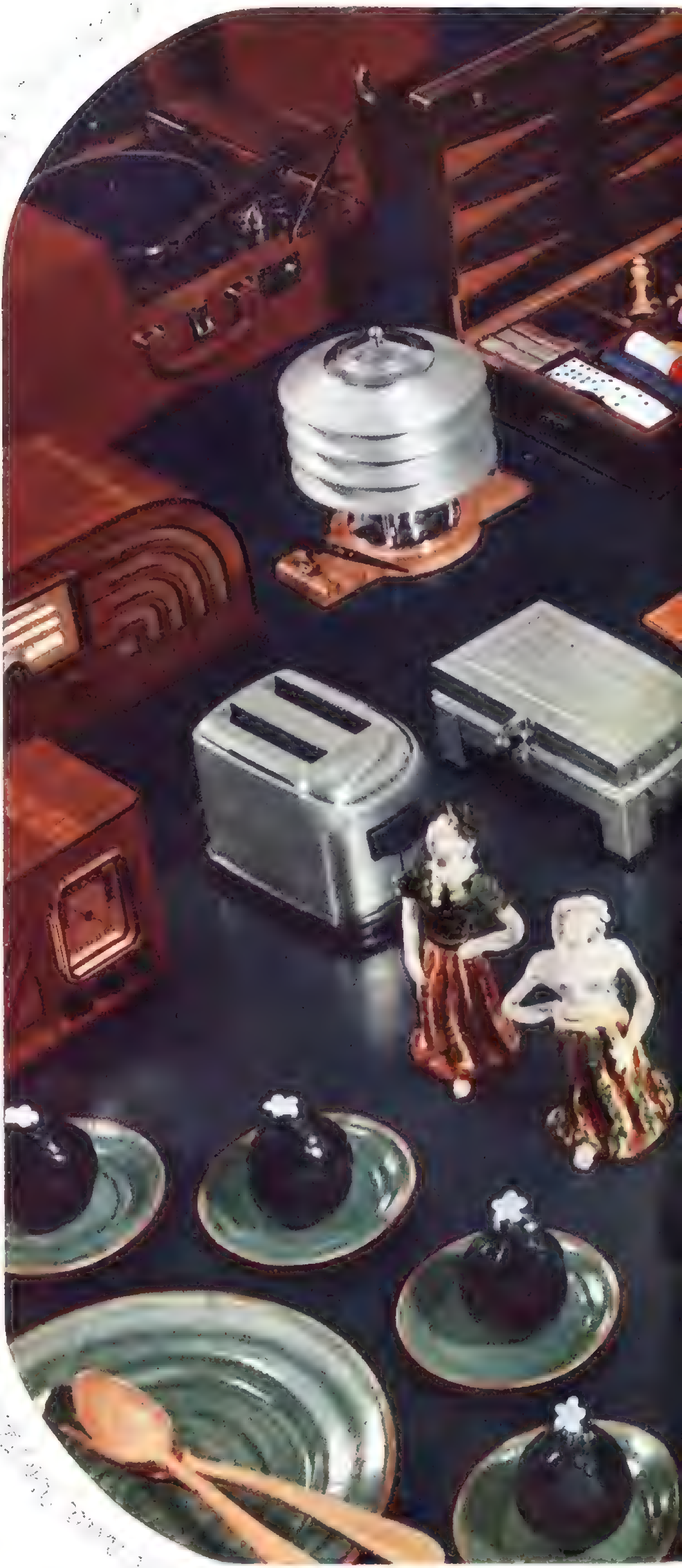

RODNEY deSARRO

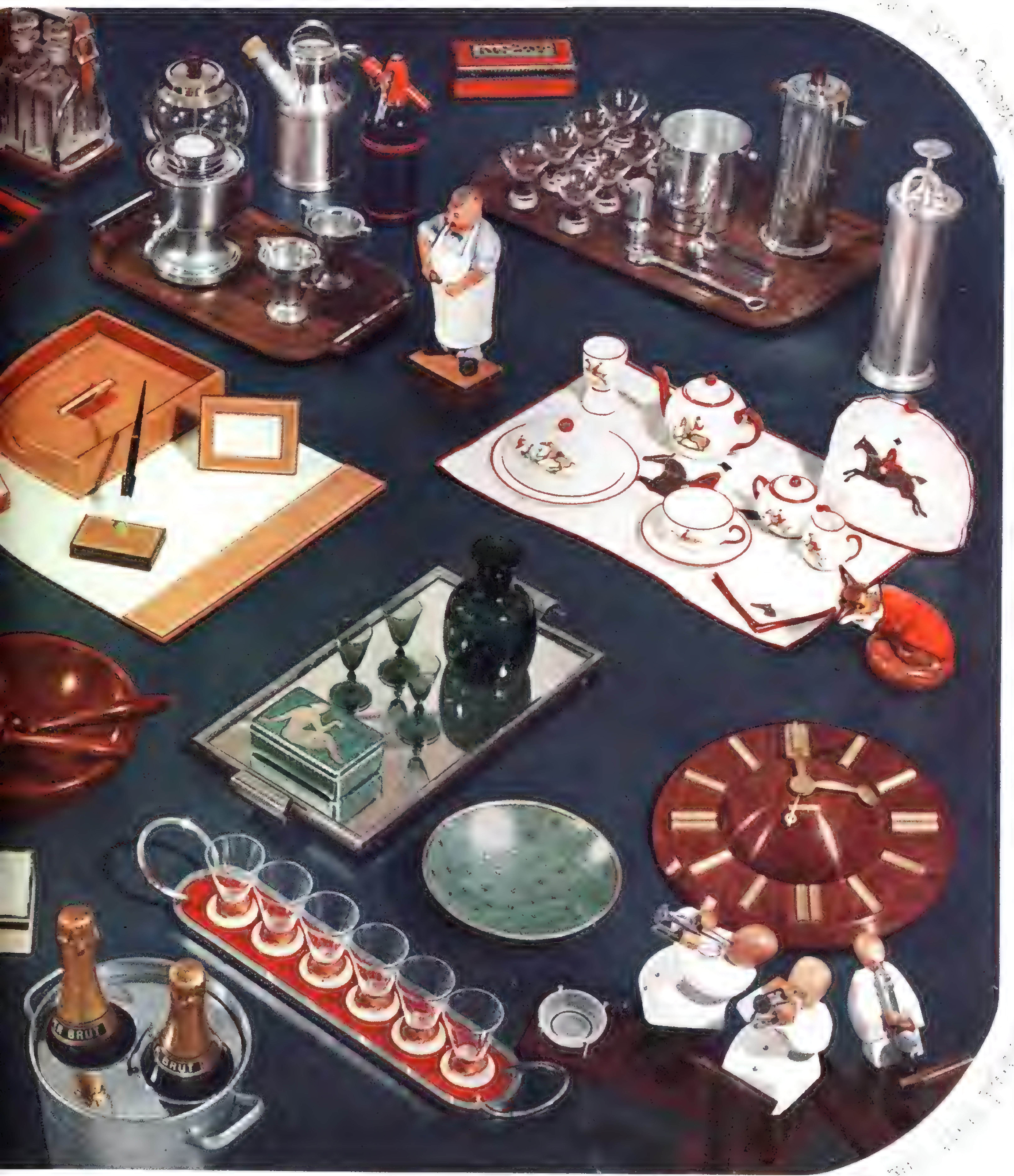
"I hope Santa brings a friend."

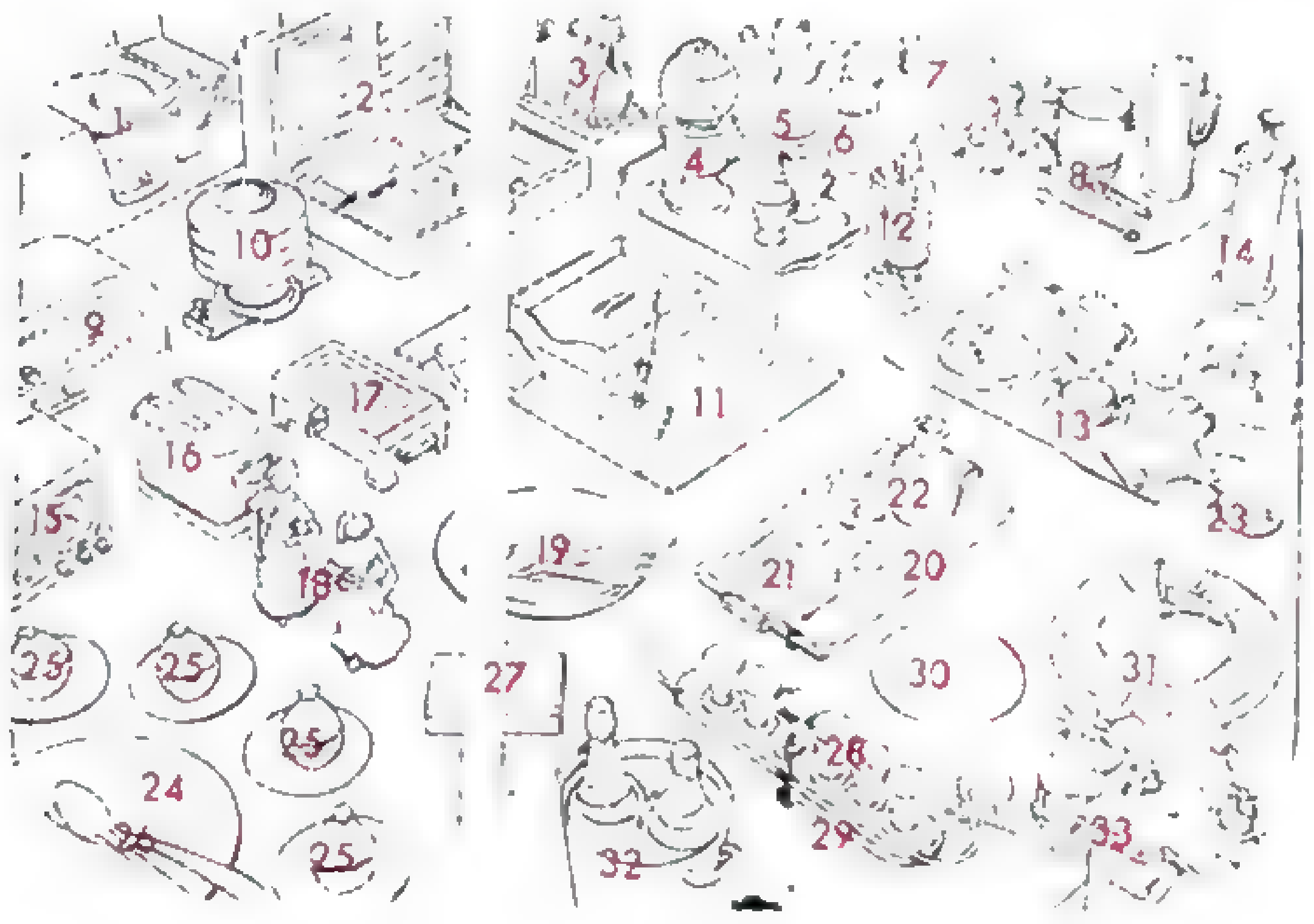
for some hopeful host and hostess

Maybe you like to go to the parties they throw. Any of these gifts will rank you No. 1 man on their list. 1. Calfskin portable radio-phonograph; radio AC or DC current, phonograph plays 8 records automatically . . 2. Handsome tooled leather game set, cards, dice, chips, chess men, dominoes, cribbage, backgammon and chess board . . 3. Cut glass two bottle tantalus set with chromium stirrup, saddle leather frame. Swell for "horsy" hosts . . 4. Streamline coffee set, interesting wood composition tray, electric percolator, chromium sugar and creamer . . 5. Shades of prohibition when we drank cocktails from tea-cups—this chromium cocktail shaker in the innocuous shape of a milk can . . 6. A sprightly red and black bottle whence comes charged water . . 7. For the boss's wife—red tooled leather box with plaque of multi-colored jade flowers . . 8. Cocktail set consisting of (a) composition wood tray (b) chromium shaker (c) ice pail (d) double end jigger (e) ice tongs (f) measuring spoon (g) 8 glasses . . 9. Table model long and short wave radio . . 10. Ultra-modern desk set with metal lamp, pen and pencil set . . 11. He-man desk set of saddle-stitched calf, 5 pieces including fountain pen . . 12. Carved wooden prankster, who, when you push a button in his vertebra, turns his head and whistles *Hot time in the old town tonight* . . 13. England contributes this hunt breakfast set, beige linen with red and white hunt china . . 14. Metal cocktail shaker with a pump which mixes the beverages and shoots them out of the spigot . . 15. Small table radio set, long or short wave, inlaid cabinet . . 16. Automatic ejector toaster, makes two pieces at once . . 17. Electric table cooker, toasts, bakes, broils or frys . . 18. Pair of colored Italian figurines . . 19. Polished wood salad bowl, fork and spoon . . 20. Chromium and glass cocktail tray . . 21. Swedish argental pottery cigarette box inlaid with silver leaf . . 22. Emerald green crystal sherry decanter and glasses . . 23. Yoicks! A Royal Doulton porcelain statuette of the elusive fox . . 24. From Italy a green peasant pottery salad set . . 25. Salad containers of pottery . . 26. Wooden salad spoon and fork . . 27. One of those precious gifts, cigarette box of white onyx and malachite . . 28. Six cocktail glasses. At their bases are sleeping foxes . . 29. Gay red glass and chromium cocktail tray . . 30. What-have-you bowl in argental pottery, green and silver leaf . . 31. Very modern walnut clock with large gilt numerals . . 32. Chromium 2-bottle ice bucket (magnums *not* included) . . 33. Three carved wood and chromium musicians—just a whimsy, just a whimsy.

(If you are unable to obtain locally the articles illustrated in these gift pages a stamped self-addressed envelope sent to Fashion Staff, Esquire Bldg., 300 Madison Ave., New York City, will bring full information.)



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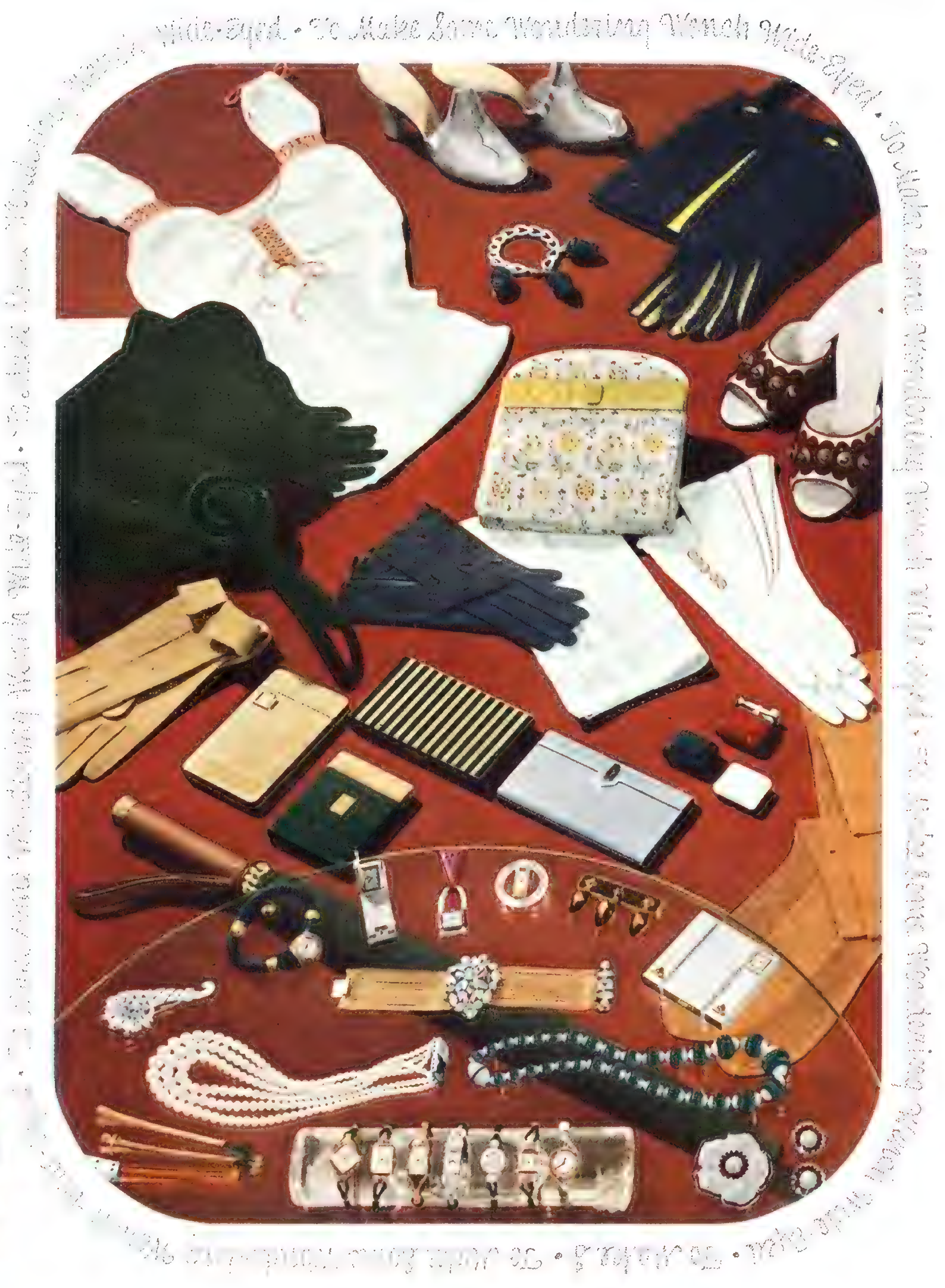
to make some wondering wench wide-eyed


To Make Some Wondering Wench Wide-Eyed • To Make Some Wondering Wench Wide-Eyed • To Make Some Wondering Wench Wide-Eyed

You've probably received some broad hints, but in case you are still in a pre-Christmas daze, study these: 1. Nightie of sheer white chiffon . . 2. Silver mesh mules . . 3. Handbag and gloves, black suede with gold kid trim . . 4. African bracelet, silver links, carved black heads . . 5. Green suede bag and gloves . . 6. Evening bag with engraved band . . 7. Tinkling bells on mules of red velvet and gold . . 8. Gloves of donkey-hide . . 9. Black suede gloves gayly embroidered in red and green cherries . . 10. White chiffon gold-striped hanky . . 11. White kid gloves, gold buttons and trim . . 12. Gold cigarette case, lighter and tiny watch . . 13. Zebra cigarette case, black and gold striped . . 14. Silver cigarette case and lighter, jeweled clasp . . 15. Cigarette lighter, interchangeable colored covers . . 16. Silken mesh hose . . 17. Green and gold cigarette case and lighter . . 18. Green silk umbrella with pigskin handle . . 19. Cornucopia rhinestone pin . . 20. Black lizard bracelet, gold ball watch . . 21. Gold lipstick and tiny watch . . 22. Red alligator and stainless steel fob watch . . 23. Crystal ring with gold clip watch . . 24. Heart locket on enameled brooch . . 25. Silver vanity with watch . . 26. Gold chain bracelet, crystal cut plaque . . 27. Pearl necklace, square cut ruby and diamond clasp . . 28. Green bead and rhinestone necklace . . 29. Cigarette holders, gold with tortoise, gold with jewels, amber with dice . . 30. Simulated ruby and rhinestone flower clip and earrings . . 31. Diamond-shaped gold watch . . 32. Rectangular gold watch . . 33. Gold watch with curved back . . 34. Diamond wrist-watch . . 35. Rhinestone-set watch . . 36. Modern square-shaped gold watch . . 37. Unusual gold watch, dull silver setting.

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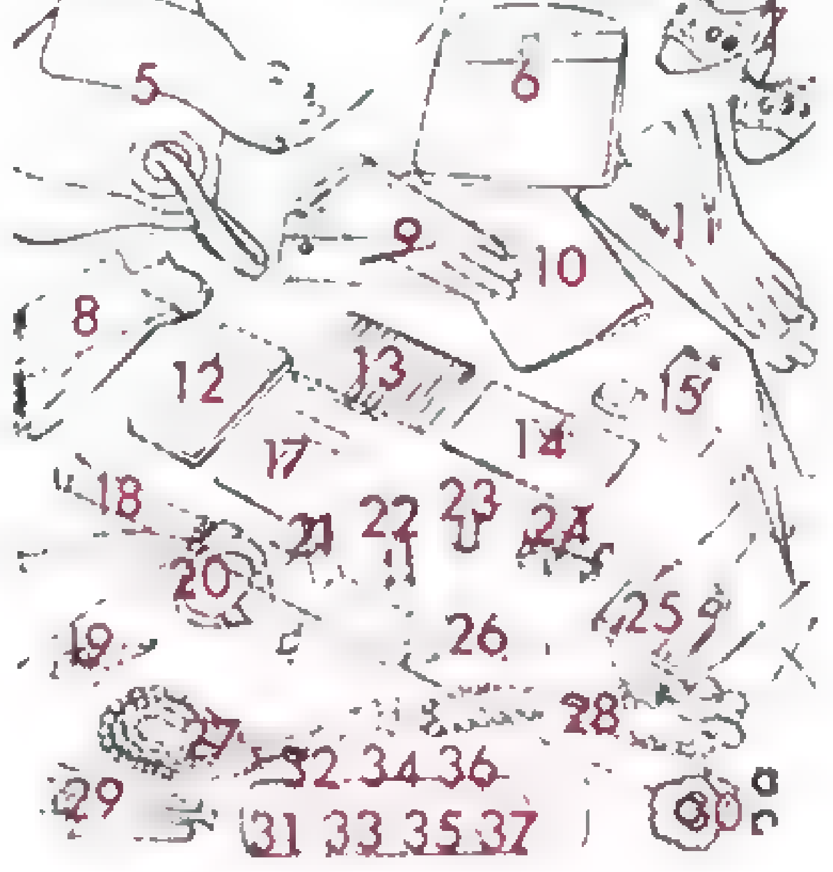
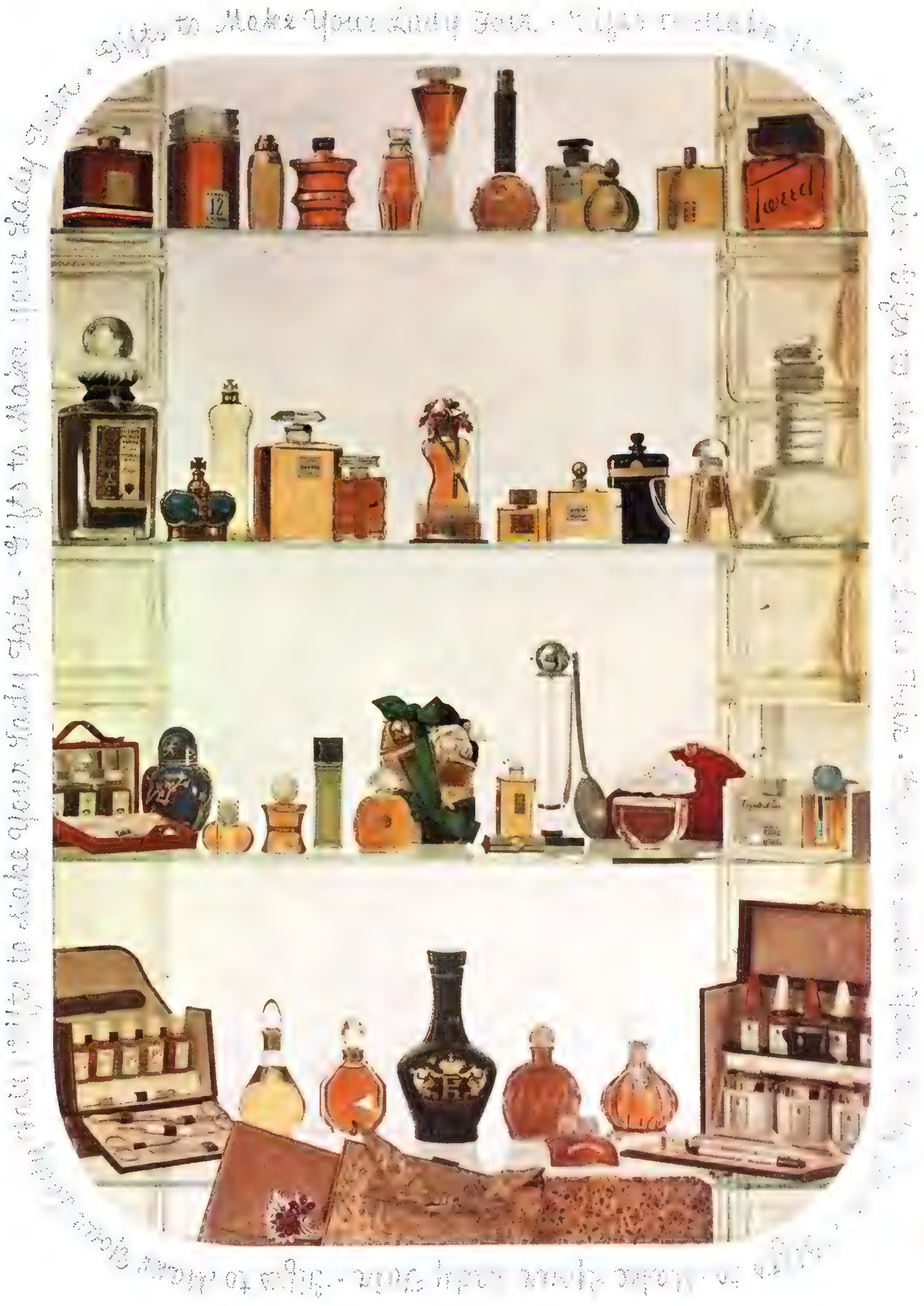
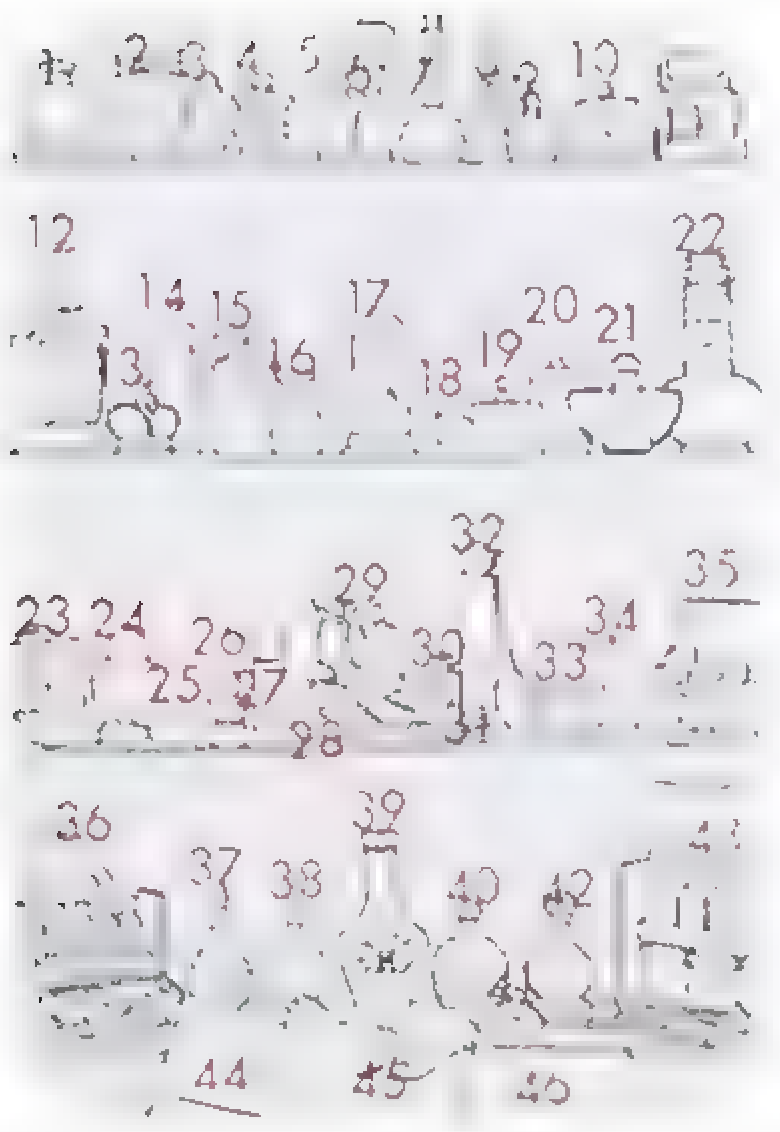



gifts to Make Your Lady Fair · gifts to make your lady fair · gifts to make your lady fair · gifts to make your lady fair · gifts to make your lady fair

gifts to make your lady fair

"That's just it! I know what he wants for Xmas!"



When in doubt, it's always wise to give perfume, but for heaven's sake, use discretion in selecting your scents—don't, for instance, give a delicate floral odor to an erotic lady from the rhumba region, nor yet a potion of passion to the clean-cut, clear-eyed outdoor gal whose idea of stimulation is a cold shower followed by breathing exercises. May your instinct serve you well and your proboscis be your guide—assisted by some of the indicative titles listed on this page.

1. De Toi je Chante . . 2. Numero 12 . . 3. Bond Street . . 4. Sous le Vent . . 5. Presence . . 6. Impromptu . . 7. Opening Night . . 8. Pretexte . . 9. Pretexte . . 10. Emeraude . 11. Tweed . . 12. Essence Imperial Russe . . 13. Katherine the Great . . 14. Sceptre talcum . . 15. No. 5 . . 16. Egoiste . . 17. Shocking . . 18. Joy . . 19. R. S. V. P. . . 20. Nuit de Noël . . 21. Tornade . . 22. Eau Pour le Bain . . 23. Red alligator nail polish set . . 24. Blue with gold trim perfume atomizer . . 25. Elation . . 26. Cassandra . . 27. Crêpe de Chine . . 28. Kobako . . 29. Gift basket containing lipstick and two bottles of perfume . . 30. Fleurs d'Amour . . 31. Bamboo lipstick . . 32. Chrome and glass atomizer . . 33. Fleurs de Rocaille . . 34. In the evening she carries a red velvet bag with jewelled top . . 35. Blue Grass perfume and atomizer, an invincible alliance . . 36. When she travels, a brown calf nail polish set . . 37. Numero 12 . . 38. Surrender . . 39. Elixir Prince George of Russia . . 40. Bacchantes . . 41. Trophée . . 42. L'Ardente Nuit . . 43. Maroon alligator nail poiish set . . 44. Rhinestone and ruby jeweled clasp evening bag . . 45. Beautiful brocaded evening bag completely fitted with cosmetics . . 46. This brocade bag is fitted with lipstick, compact, perfume, etc.

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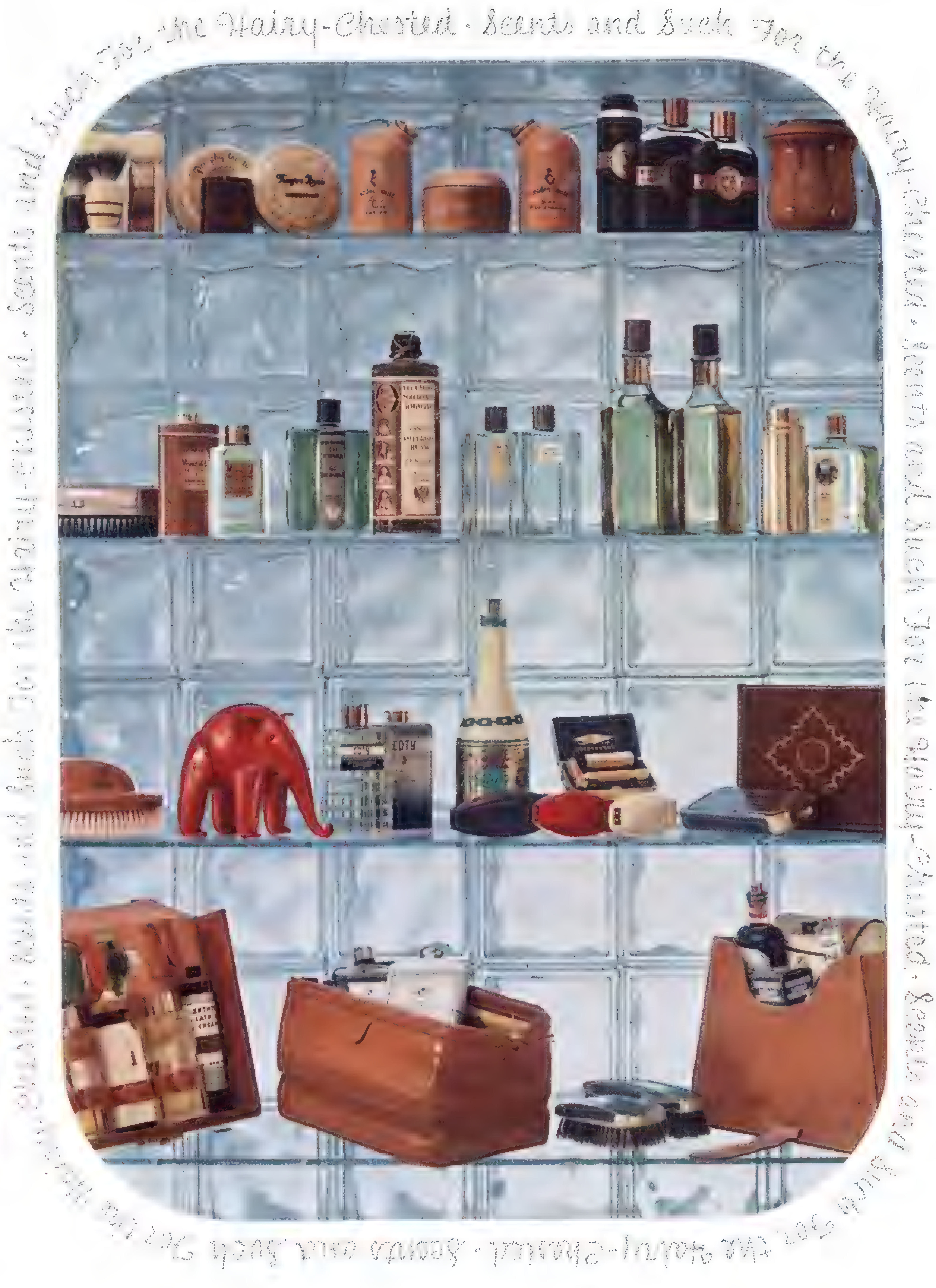
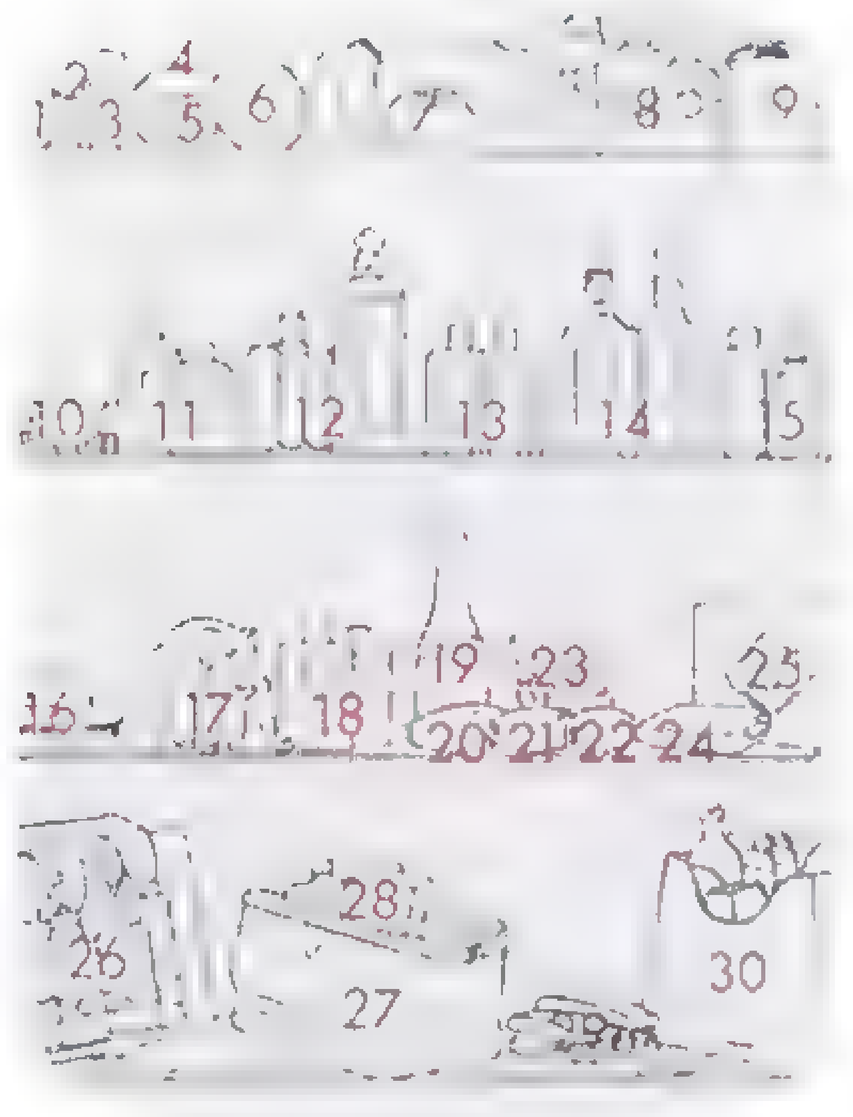
scents and such for the hairy-chested


Scents and Such For the Hairy-Chested · Scents and Such For the Hairy-Chested · Scents and Such For the Hairy-Chested · Scents and Such For the Hairy-Chested

"What he really needs is a cold shower!"

We're afraid there's truth in that old bromide that "men are a lot vainer than women." A man has to be well groomed, doesn't he? So here are the tools.

1. Black handled shaving brush . . 2. Cheery red and blue striped ivory handled shaving brush . . 3. Rubberized handle shaving brush in stand . . 4. Wooden bowl of shaving soap . . 5. Large size stick of shaving soap in mottled dark red container . . 6. Wooden shaving soap bowl . . 7. Toiletries set consisting of hair dressing, shaving bowl and after-shave lotion . . 8. Toiletries set in black leather—talc, eau de Cologne, after-shaving lotion . . 9. Large wooden shaving bowl—known for its fragrance and longevity . . 10. Metal backed hair brush containing comb, shaving brush, soap and razor . . 11. Set of talc and after-shaving lotion . . 12. Set of eau de Cologne and perfume essence Imperial Russe . . 13. After-shave lotion and hair dressing . . 14. Large bottles of eau de Cologne and after-shave lotion . . 15. Talc and after-shave lotion . . 16. Military brush set . . 17. Venetian ceramic, gold-flecked red elephant . . 18. After-shave lotion and talc . . 19. Wicker-covered bottle of eau de Cologne . . 20-21-22. Electric razors . . 23. Gold-plated safety razor . . 24. Chromium-boxed safety razor . . 25. Tooled leather gift box containing tooth paste, shaving cream, antiseptic and safety razor . . 26. Brown cowhide toilet kit containing after-shaving lotion, hair dressing, eau de Cologne, talc and shaving cream . . 27. Tan cowhide Talon closing utility kit lined with oil silk . . 28. Toiletries set of after-shaving lotion and talc . . 29. Cloth and hair brush set with brown and gold backings . . 30. Ultra compact pigskin saddlebag with after-shave lotion, hair dressing, shave soap, talc.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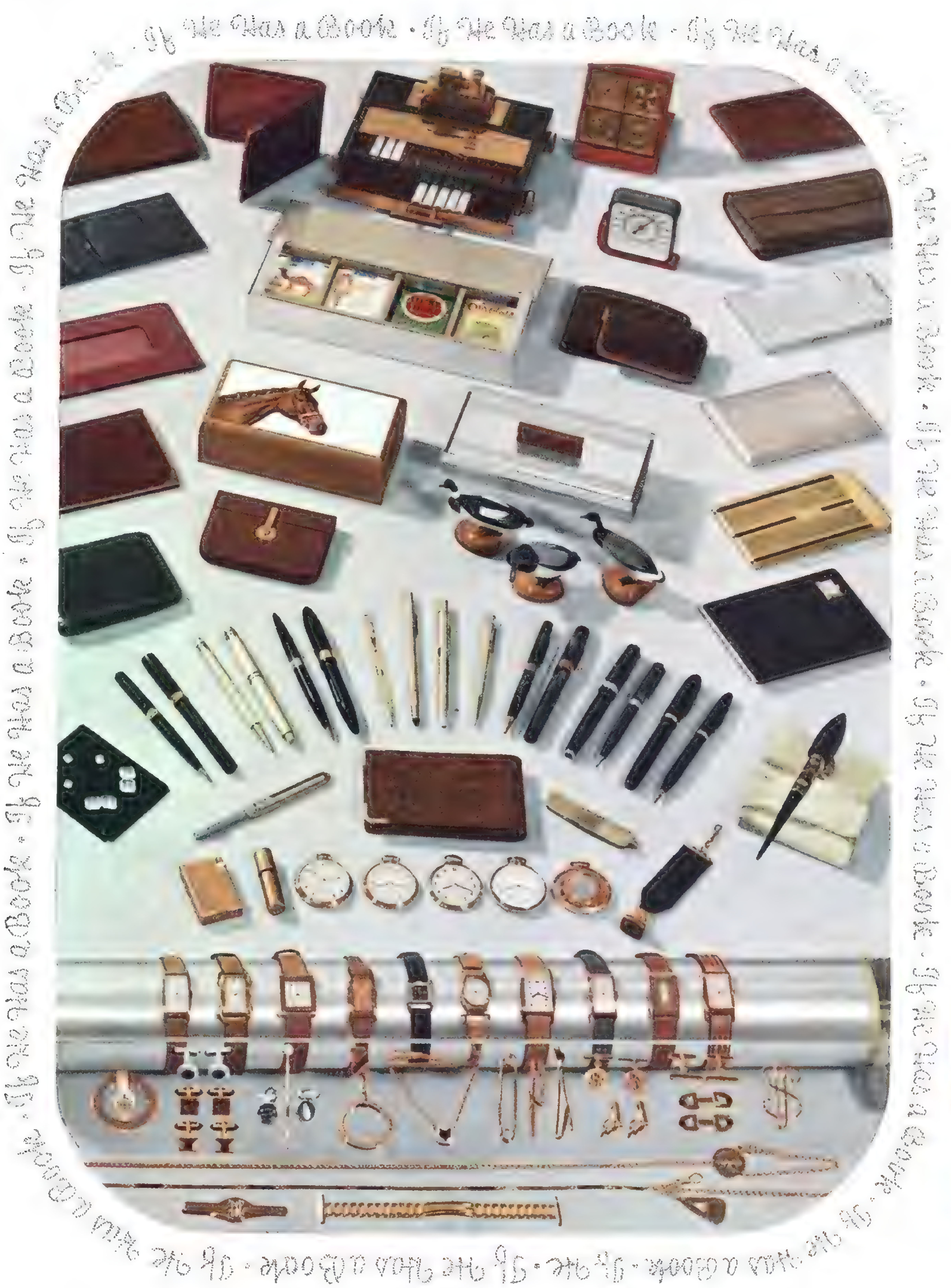
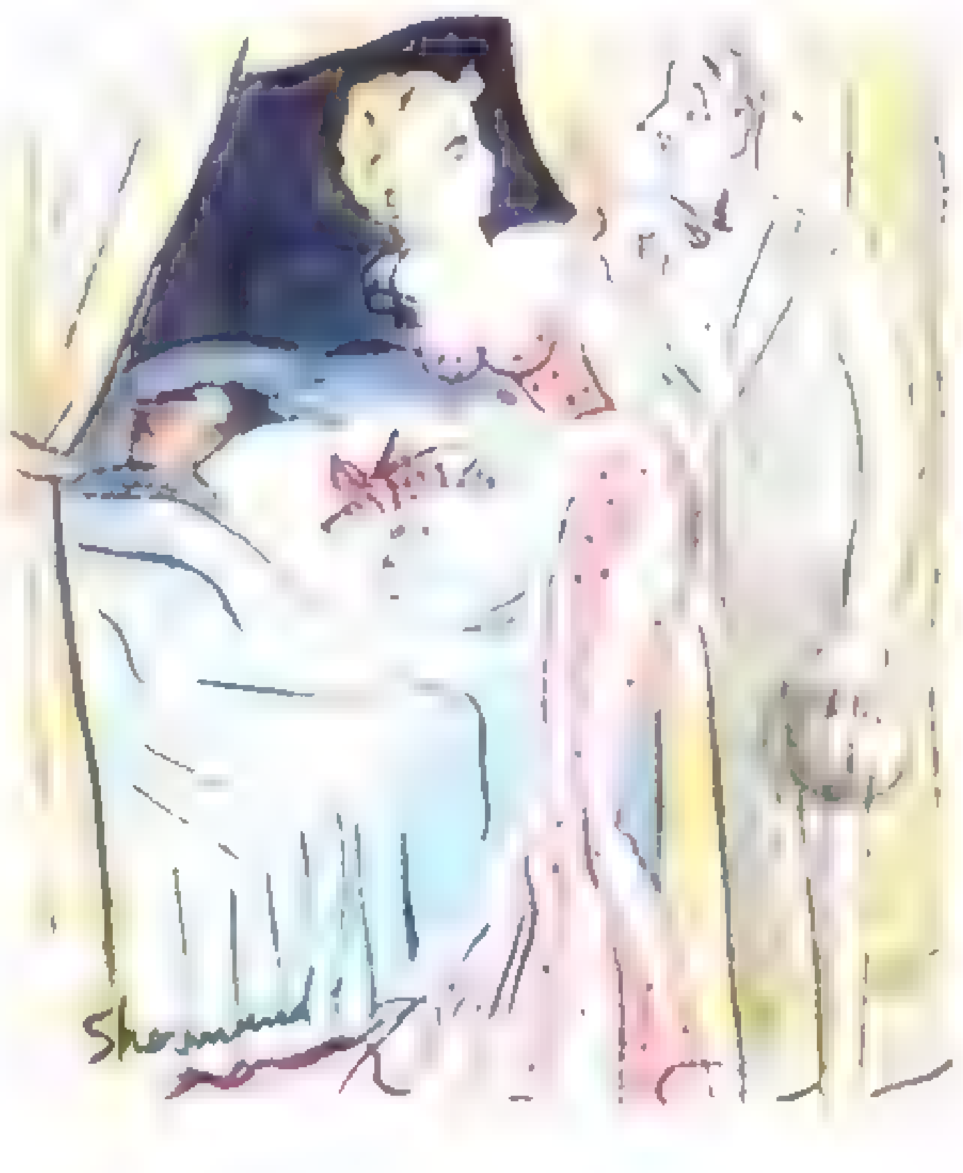
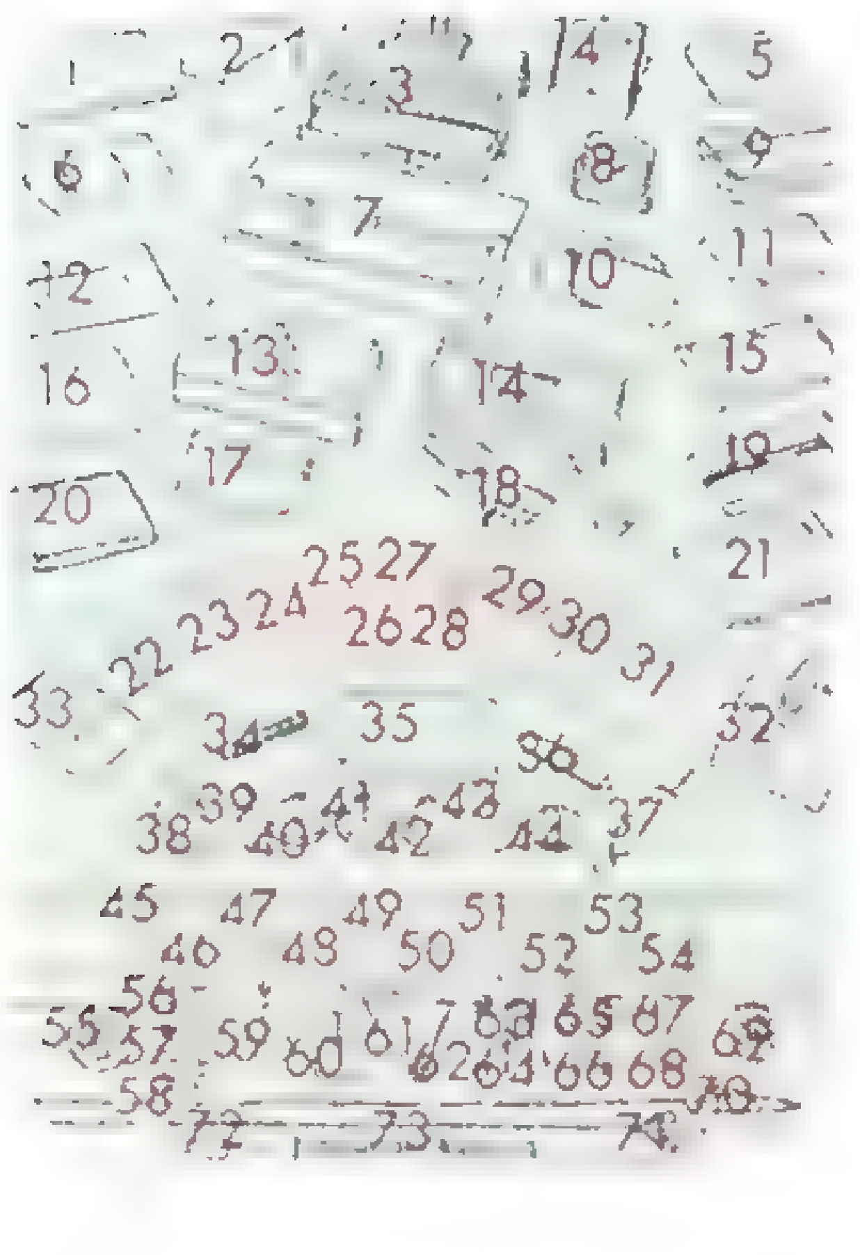


if he has a book



"I don't know why, but he always wanted a gun!"



Or even if he has a wallet, don't let that stop you. 1. Wallet of polished alligator . . 2. Baby shark wallet . . 3. Cigarette box, automatic lighter . . 4. Travel case with clock, calendar, barometer, thermometer . . 5. Alligator cigarette case . . 6. Black pin seal wallet . . 7. "Preference" cigarette box, untarnishable metal . . 8. Table barometer . . 9. Pigskin cigarette case holds 60 . . 10. Alligator key case, talon closing billfold . . 11. Chromium cigarette case and lighter . . 12. Wallet and card case . . 13. Cigarette box, hand-painted cover . . 14. Metal cigarette box . . 15. Sterling silver cigarette case . . 16. Red Morocco billfold . . 17. Pigskin cigarette case . . 18. Carved wood ducks . . 19. Metal cigarette case and lighter . . 20. Leather wallet . . 21. Cigarette case with watch . . 22-24. Pen and pencil sets . . 25-28. Gold pencils . . 29-31. Pen and pencil sets . . 32. Onyx base pen set . . 33. Crystal link and stud set . . 34. Pocket knife . . 35. Memo pad . . 36. Gold pocket knife and perpetual calendar . . 37. Watch fob with gold seal . . 38. Gold pocket lighter . . 39. Flameless pocket lighter . . 40-44. Gold pocket watches . . 45-48, 50-54. Leather strap gold watches . . 49. Stainless steel strap watch . . 55. Gold initial bill clip . . 56. Blue stone cuff links . . 57. Gold and red stone links . . 58. Square gold cuff links set . . 59. Formal daytime cuff links, pearl stickpin . . 60. Gold-plated key ring . . 61. Sports crystal chain tie clip . . 62. Real gold safety collar pin . . 63. Flat bar tie clip . . 64. Golf club tie clip . . 65. Gold initial cuff links . . 66. Knotted gold cuff links . . 67. Gold-plated initial cuff links . . 68. Gold cuff links . . 69. Money clip . . 70. Twisted gold initialed key chain . . 71. Gold and black key chain . . 72. Initialed gold tie clip . . 73. Gold watch strap.

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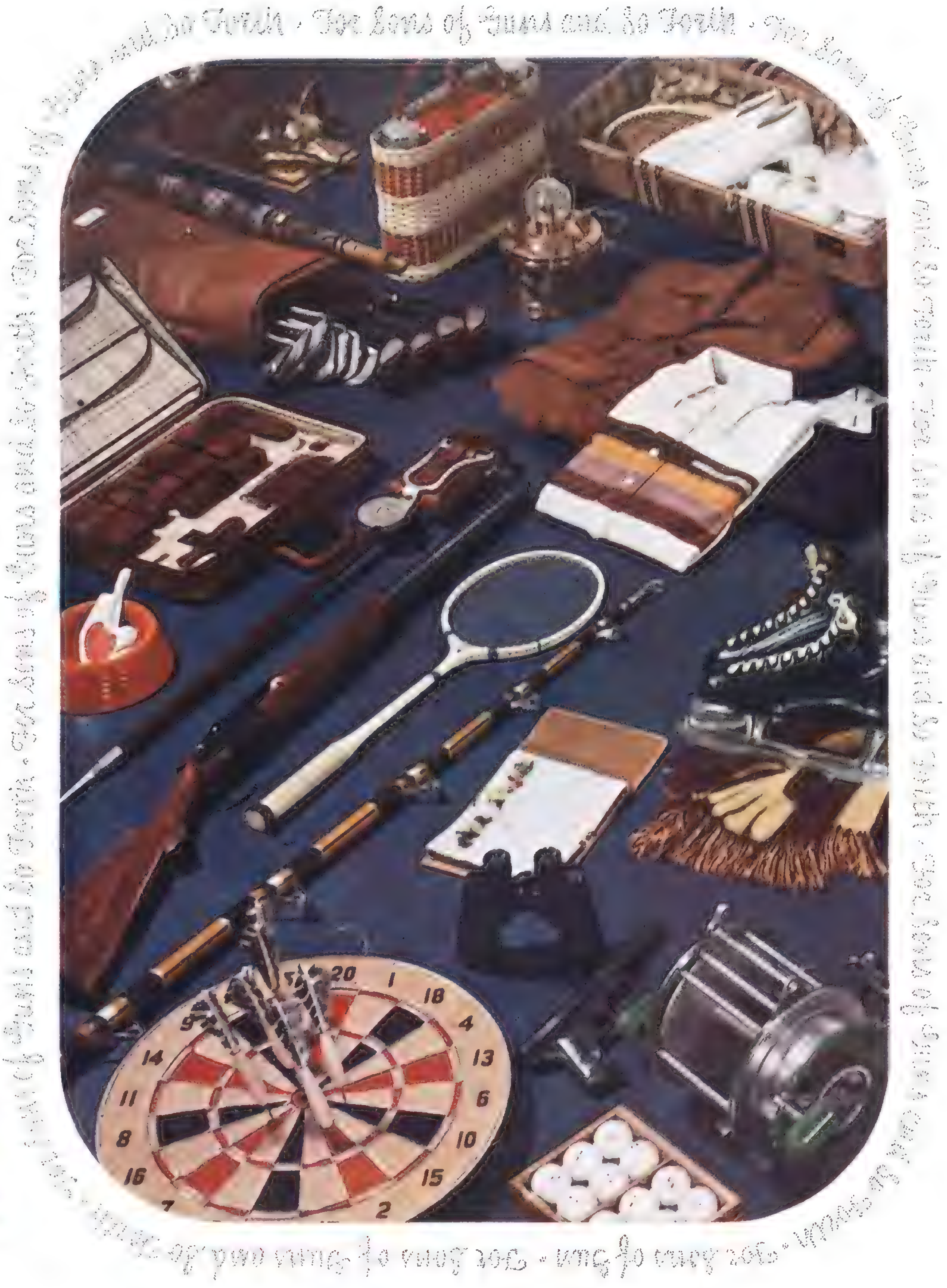
for sons of guns and so forth


For Sons of Guns and So Forth · For Sons of Guns and So Forth · For Sons of Guns and So Forth
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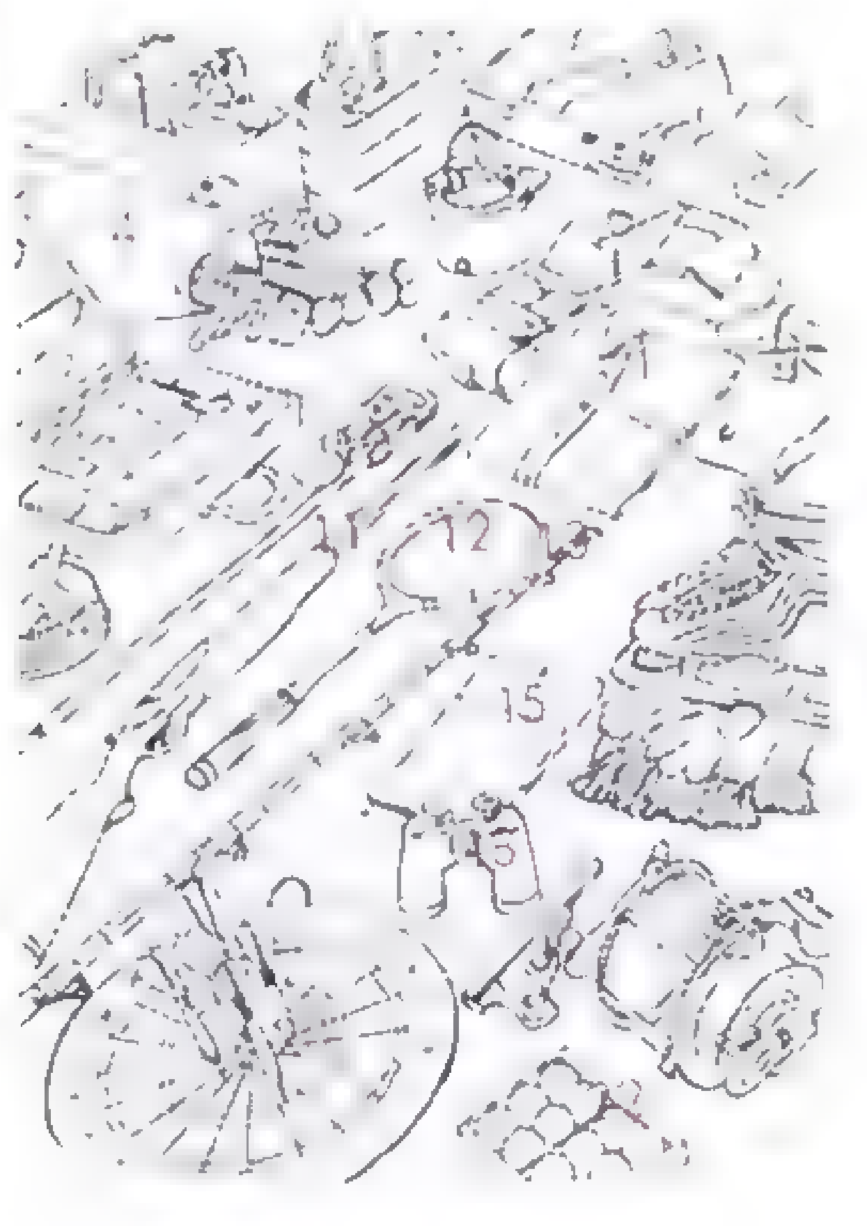
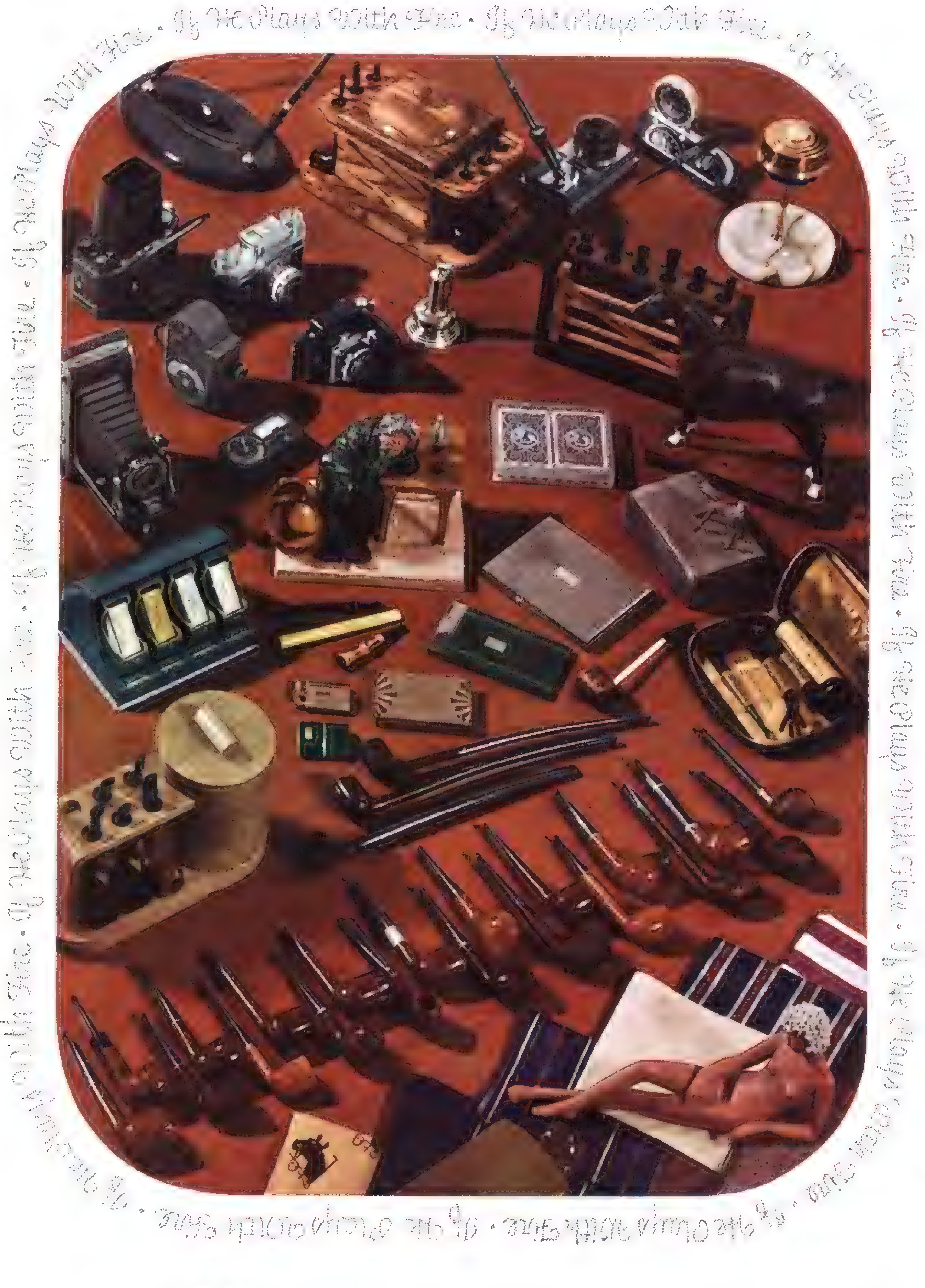
"It's your turn, Willie—I opened 'em last Christmas"

You are bound like the rest of God's children, to have several out-and-out sportsmen on your list. These athletically inclined gentlemen make gift giving an easy matter. Just find out their particular hobbies, take a look at this page, and you're all set.

1. Brass foxhead boot scraper fitted with brushes . . 2. For the gypsy in him, a red decorated wicker lunch basket containing 2 thermos bottles, a sandwich box and 2 accessory bottles . . 3. Tennis carrying case in striped canvas containing 2 racquets, 1 pair of tennis shoes, a white tennis cap, one dozen tennis balls . . 4. Brown calfskin golf bag, complete set of clubs and plaid golf umbrella . . 5. 30-day brass anchor light, for use on small sail boats . . 6. Brown suede leather jacket . . 7. White wool shirt with horizontal colored stripes and talon closing pocket . . 8. Blue and grey ski jacket . . 9. Good looking brown marbleized calfskin week-end case, efficiently fitted . . 10. Plenty of times when he'll welcome a shooting stick . . 11. Sure to make a hit, double barrel shotgun . . 12. A squash racquet will keep his chassis in trim . . 13. Deep sea fishing rod. He'd buy this one for himself . . 14. On the love me, love my dog theory, remember the pooch at Christmas—feeding bowl and rubber chop . . 15. Pigskin fly book, a neat way of storing your collection . . 16. Tubular hockey skates, complete with shoes . . 17. Cuts a nice figure on the ice, this red and yellow wool scarf and glove set . . 18. Dear to every sportsman's heart, binoculars . . 19. Aimed to please, this air pistol . . 20. Old English custom, darts and dart target . . 21. He's probably been angling for a deep sea fishing reel . . 22. Always acceptable to the divot-digger, a gift box of one dozen golf balls.

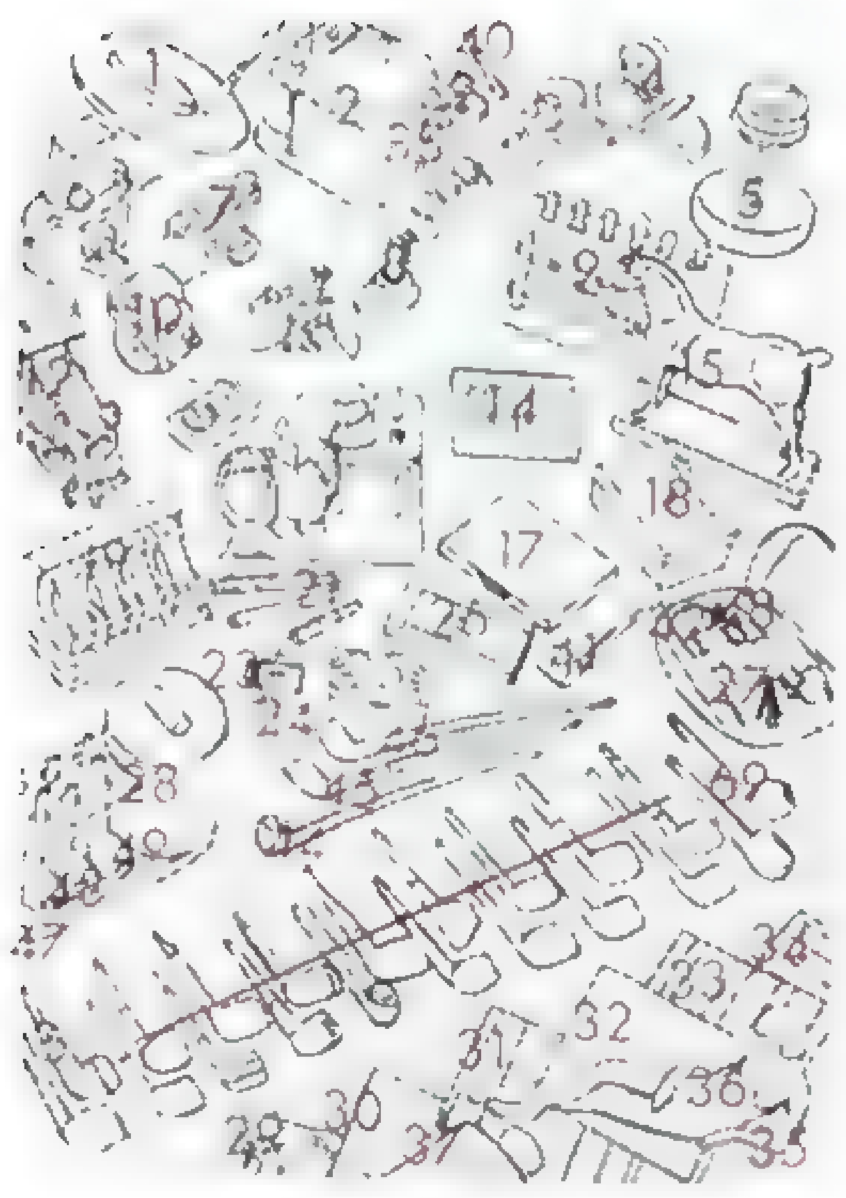
(If you can't obtain these articles locally, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., for information)




If He Plays With Fire • If He Plays With Fire • If He Plays With Fire

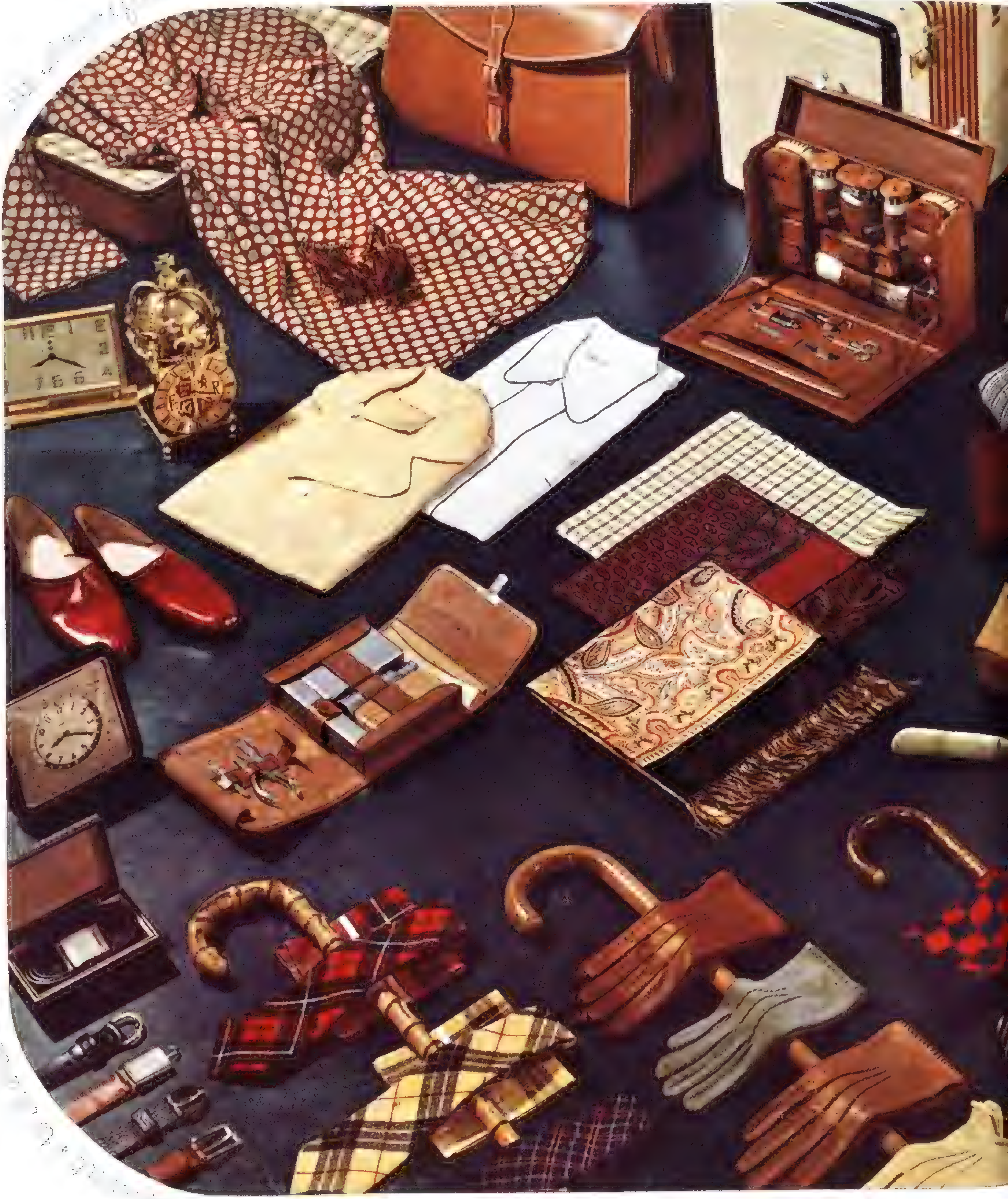
if he plays with fire

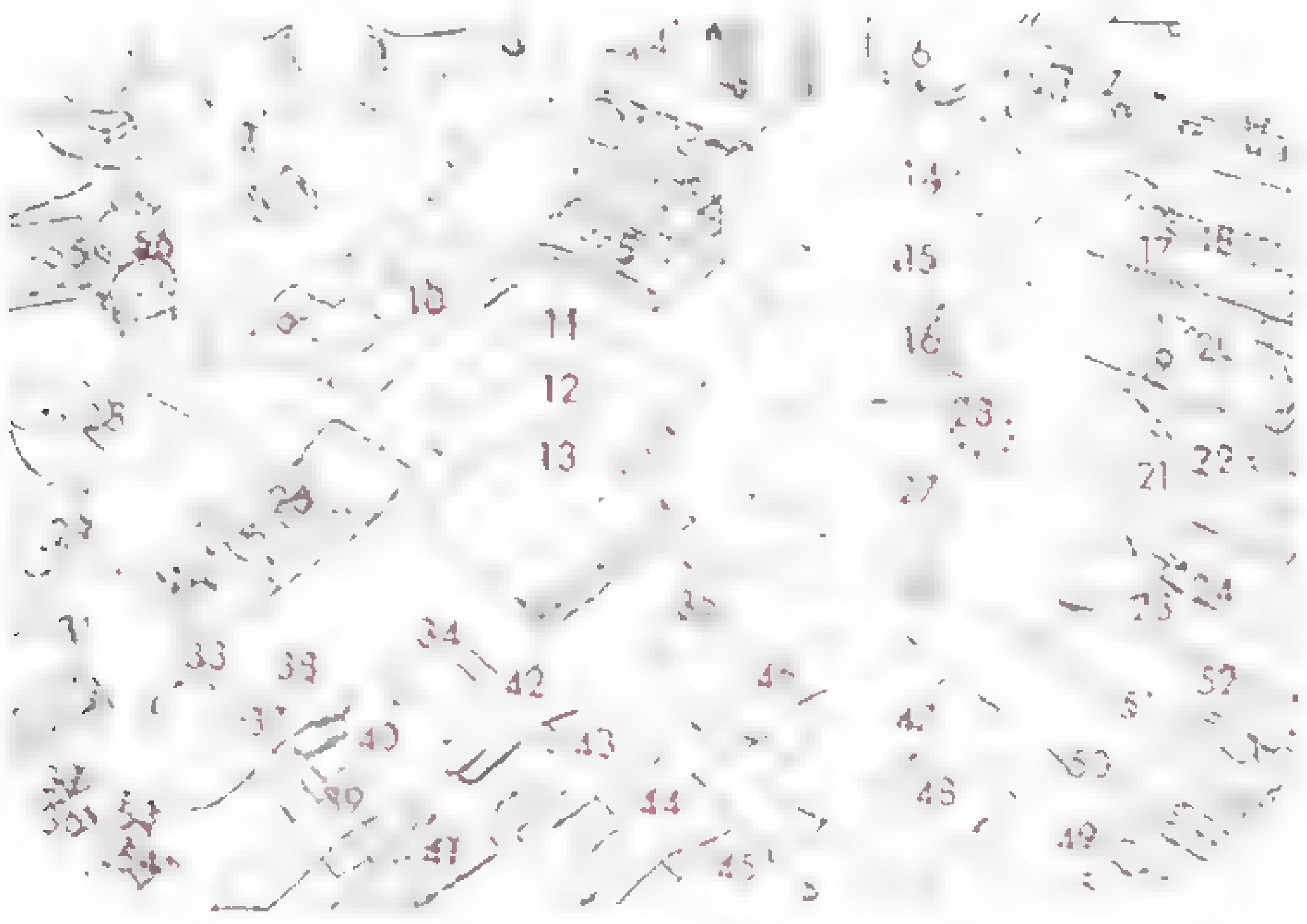
"He sent this instead of a mink coat, you think he could be getting serious?"



It's not carrying coals to Newcastle when you give a confirmed smoker smoking equipment. Because he'd probably rather have it than anything else. 1. Black glass base pen and pencil set . . 2. Cheerful zebra wood humidor and pipe rack . . 3. Green and chrome pen set . . 4. Black, chrome and ivory clock and pen set . . 5. Onyx base table match holder . . 6. For the amateur news-photographer, this camera . . 7. Or here's a candid camera . . 8. Chromium table lighter . . 9. Fence gate pipe rack . . 10. Home movie camera . . 11. Small folding camera . . 12. Larger sized folding camera . . 13. Exposure meter . . 14. Transparent 2-deck card case and washable cards . . 15. Carved wooden horse . . 16. Unusual figurine . . 17. Sterling silver cigarette box . . 18. Ceramic figure cigarette box . . 19. Blue leather preference cigarette box . . 20. Black cigarette holder, catches nicotine . . 21. Gold tipped, amber cigarette holder . . 22. Whangee cigarette holder . . 23. Gold cigarette pocket lighter . . 24. Green and gold pocket lighter . . 25. Gold and sapphire cigarette case and lighter . . 26. Green and chrome cigarette case and lighter . . 27. Leather pipe and tobacco case . . 28. Wood humidor and pipe rack . . 29. Flannel tobacco pouch, sporting motifs . . 30. Dark green rough leather tobacco pouch . . 31. Striped silk tobacco pouch . . 32. White silk shantung tobacco pouch, green oil silk lining . . 33. Striped silk tobacco pouch . . 34. More of same . . 35. Plaid tweed tobacco pouch for the country . . 36. Ceramic nude . . 37. Pigskin tobacco pouch . . 38-40. Briar pipes . . 41. Cherrywood pipe . . 42-43. Briar pipes . . 44-46 Churchwarden briars . . 47-68. More briars . . 69. Pipe with Brazil nut bowl.

(If you can't obtain these articles locally, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., for information)

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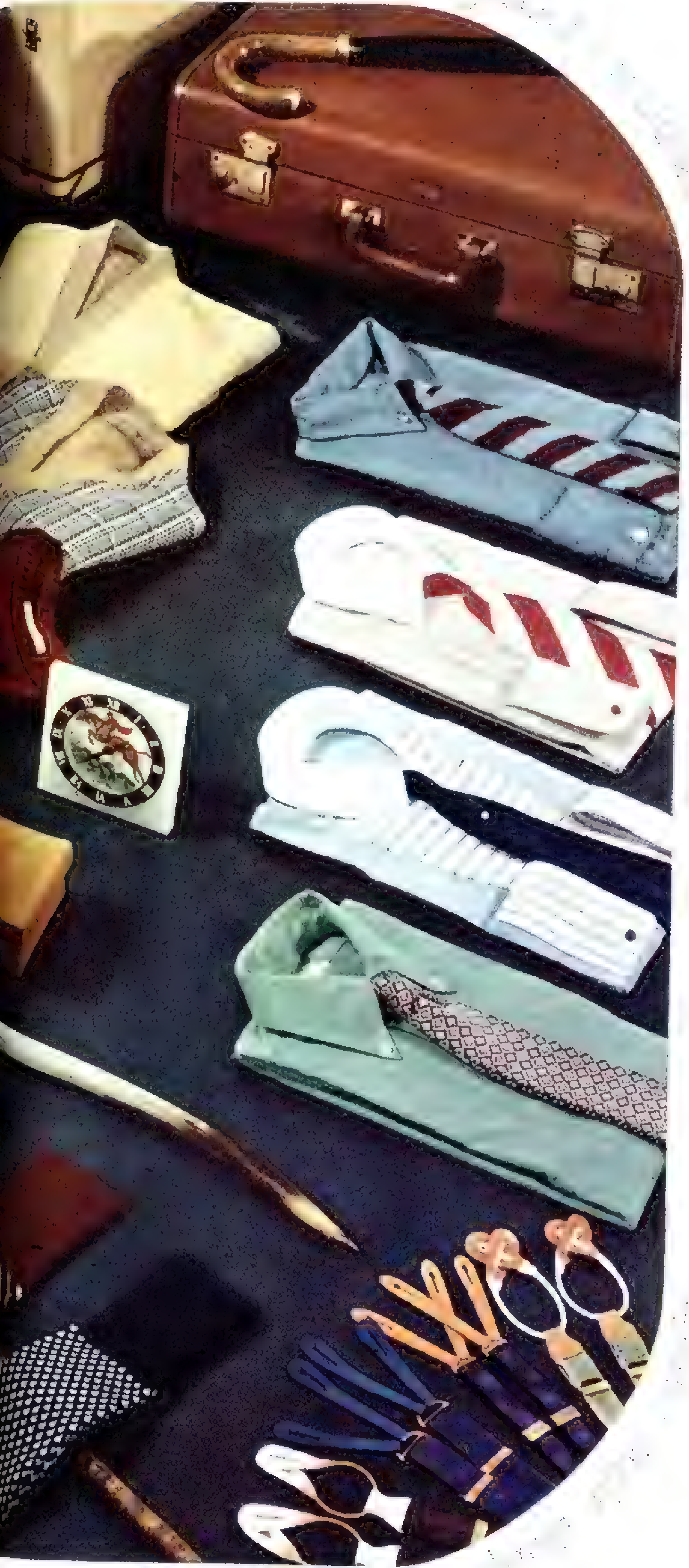


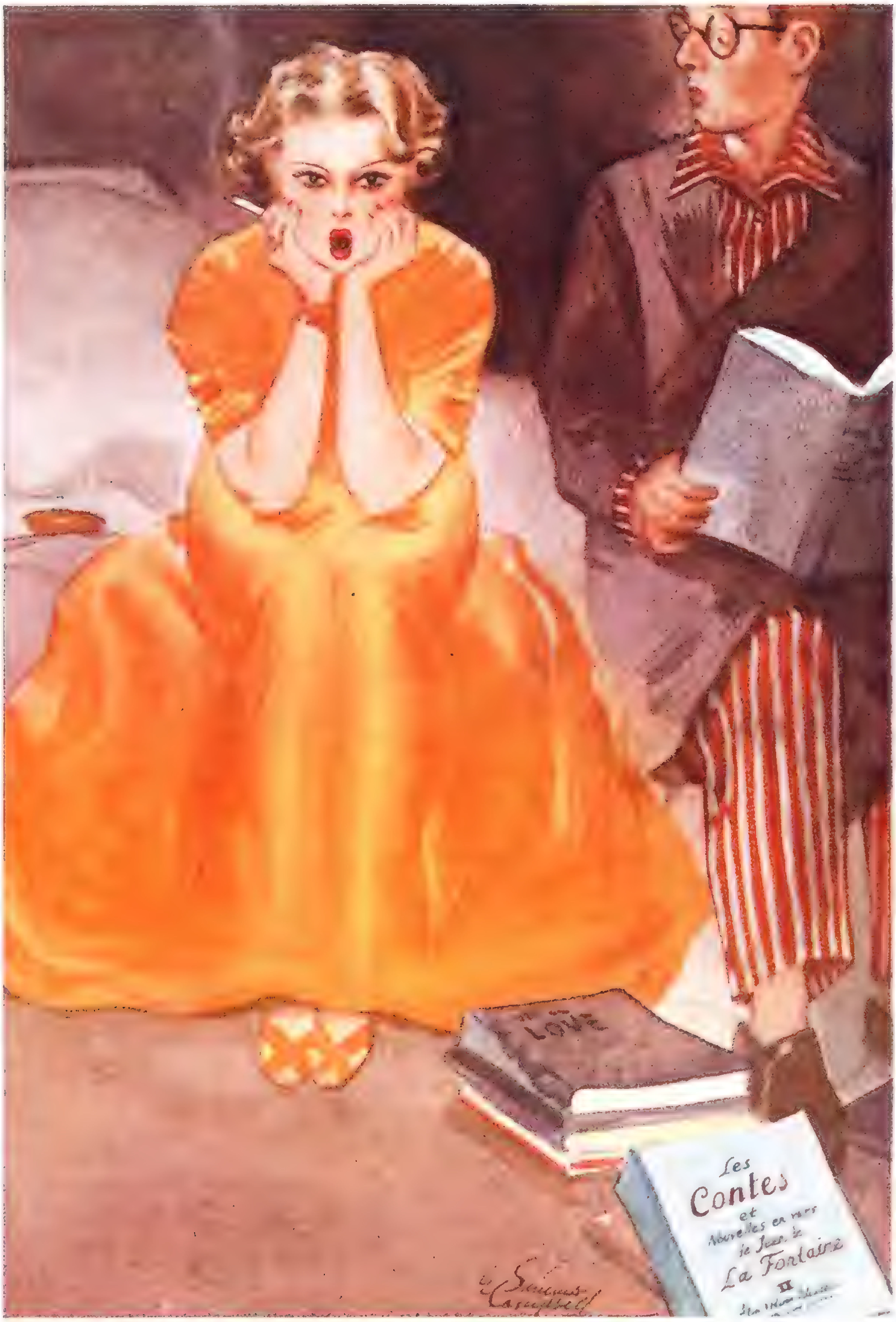
ALL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-FELLOWS

to make some magnetic male magnificent

It's a good idea to buy him extras in the way of something to wear . . extras he'd like to buy himself. These are so impeccably styled, so diversified, that whether he's eighteen or eighty, there'll probably be no come-back.

1. Brown calf wardrobe suitcase does a good job in keeping suits in press . . 2. If he gets a robe, he only hopes it's as good looking as this foulard pattern red challis . . 3. Suntan cowhide grip bag . . 4. Striped canvas hat and shoe case, holds 6 pairs of shoes and 3 hats . . 5. Fitted toilet case in brown calf . . 6. Porter impresser—this rawhide suitcase with chromium reinforcements . . 7. Handsomely polished mahogany calfskin suitcase . . 8. Black silk umbrella with malacca handle . . 9. Quieting to the nerves, pongee colored silk pajamas . . 10. White broadcloth pajamas with blue pipings . . 11. Wrapped to the teeth in a wool plaid muffler . . 12-13. Silk mufflers in attractive paisley patterns . . 14. Sweater with suede leather front and wool sleeves and back . . 15. Always a safe bet—the button front cardigan in wool . . 16. Another classic, the boatneck wool pullover . . 17. Blue and white basket weave shirt . . 18. Knitted ties are "in" again . . 19. Grey pleated bosom shirt with detachable white collar . . 20. Striped silk tie . . 21. Demi-bosom collarband shirt . . 22. Solid colored silk tie . . 23. Oxford cloth shirt, collar attached . . 24. Another knit four-in-hand . . 25. Home and fireside models . . red leather house slippers . . 26. Fitted pigskin toilet case . . 27. Leather utility kit—let him supply his own fittings . . 28. Modern clock in colored glass . . 29. Bronze-faced clock that tells time in all parts of the world . . 30. If his embonpoint keeps him from stooping over, here's a long-handled shoe horn of genuine horn . . 31. Initialed belt and buckle set . . 32. Another leather belt . . 33. Had you thought of a whangee cane? . . 34. Or a Malacca stick . . 35. Or a hazelwood walking stick . . 36. Sturdy belt of brown cowhide . . 37. Wool tie of lively tartan . . 38. Linen handkerchief to match tie . . 39. Another wool plaid tie . . 40. Handkerchief to harmonize . . 41. Wool plaids in optimistic colorings . . 42. Capeskin gloves, a good gift . . 43. Brown buck gloves . . 44. Whiphand pigskin gloves . . 45. Goatskin slip-on gloves . . 46. Red and blue checkerboard socks in wool . . 47. Diagonal striped wool socks . . 48. Fine checked wool socks . . 49. Regimental striped braces . . 50. Solid color braces . . 51. Patterned braces . . 52. Light, solid color braces . . 53. Leather belt with leather covered buckle . . 54. Tan cowhide belt with silver buckle . . 55. Electric clock of pleasant design . . 56. Brass electric clock, Coronation design.

(If you are unable to obtain locally the articles illustrated in these gift pages, a stamped self-addressed envelope sent to Fashion Staff, Esquire Bldg., 366 Madison Ave., New York City, will bring full information.)


LOVE
Les Contes et Nouvelles en vers de Jean de La Fontaine
II

"My God—quit reading about it!"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

According to Gatti, the Watussis can beat any Olympic champion at the high or broad jump, hands down, and wearing their togas

by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

Author's Note: *At the end of this article will be found a list of new books which I offer as suggestions in your Christmas buying. This list includes only those books which I have found time to read or to sample with care at the time of going to press. It is, therefore, not an all-inclusive one; nor does it contain books which will be published between the time this is written and the time the magazine goes on the stands, books whose titles and publishers' catalogue descriptions sound promising but unavailable to me now.*

Those who read this department with any degree of regularity will have noticed that I rarely comment upon a book of exploration. I read plenty of them, God knows, but so many of them seem alike to me that they leave me devoid of any impulse to comment. The passion for climbing mountains and for attempting to scale Mount Everest is inexplicable to me even when its practitioners explain to me that it is the great exhilaration they get, the supreme effort toward a supreme achievement that gives them the kick. But for every tremendous book like Sir Ernest Shackleton's *South* or Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* there are thousands of undistinguished tall yarns about plunges into the jungles, of desert treks and side-saddle safari which are about as enlightening and as entertaining as an account of an Elks' picnic. I read Fritz Bectold's *Nanga Parbat Adventure*, an account of the attempt to scale the highest peak of the Western Himalayas in 1934 with excited attention, but it was the excitement of horror and it all seemed so senseless with the gruesome story of Drexel's death and the excruciating mutilation by the ice and wind of the loyal Darjeeling porters. I can read and treasure a book like Margaret Mead's *Coming of Age in Samoa* where the author lived long enough and was observant and patient enough to bring back something of psychological and anthropological interest. Or I can greatly enjoy a book like Max Miller's *Mexico Around Me* which is not a routine travel book nor a book of routine exploration but an odd and humorous reflection of aspects of human nature from the unique slant Miller has on life and people.

Nevertheless I have just read with a great deal of interest, *Great Mother Forest* (Scribner's $3.75) by Commander Attilio Gatti. It is the story of an expedition into the tabu forest of Kibali-Ituri in the Belgian Congo, a region hitherto unexplored because no native porters could be found who would go into it, for it is a superstition with them that the matted jungle is infested not only with ferocious animals of a kind never seen by a white man but also by demons and evil spirits. Commander Gatti penetrated it largely because he wanted to bring back alive an animal long held by many naturalists to be mythical—an okwapi, a species of the giraffide, striped like a zebra, with a head like a tapir, with a sixteen-inch prehensile tongue and four stomachs. One or two had been captured but they did not survive captivity. Commander Gatti brought one back which lived and thereby swore that nothing in heaven or earth would ever again tempt him to go into that inferno of insects and reptiles again or even to the Congo, or even to Africa.

The now daunted undaunted explorer on this job also satisfied himself on two points: in the face of an almost universal belief of naturalists to the contrary, there is a race of pigmy elephants; and contrary to the propaganda of the game wardens of the Parc National Albert and reports of inexperienced and credulous explorers, the giant gorilla is not a peaceful animal which would never attack a human being unless seriously menaced or badly wounded and very few in number, but a plentiful race of Mammalia of which some are ferocious bad actors and some are gentle, as is true also of human beings.

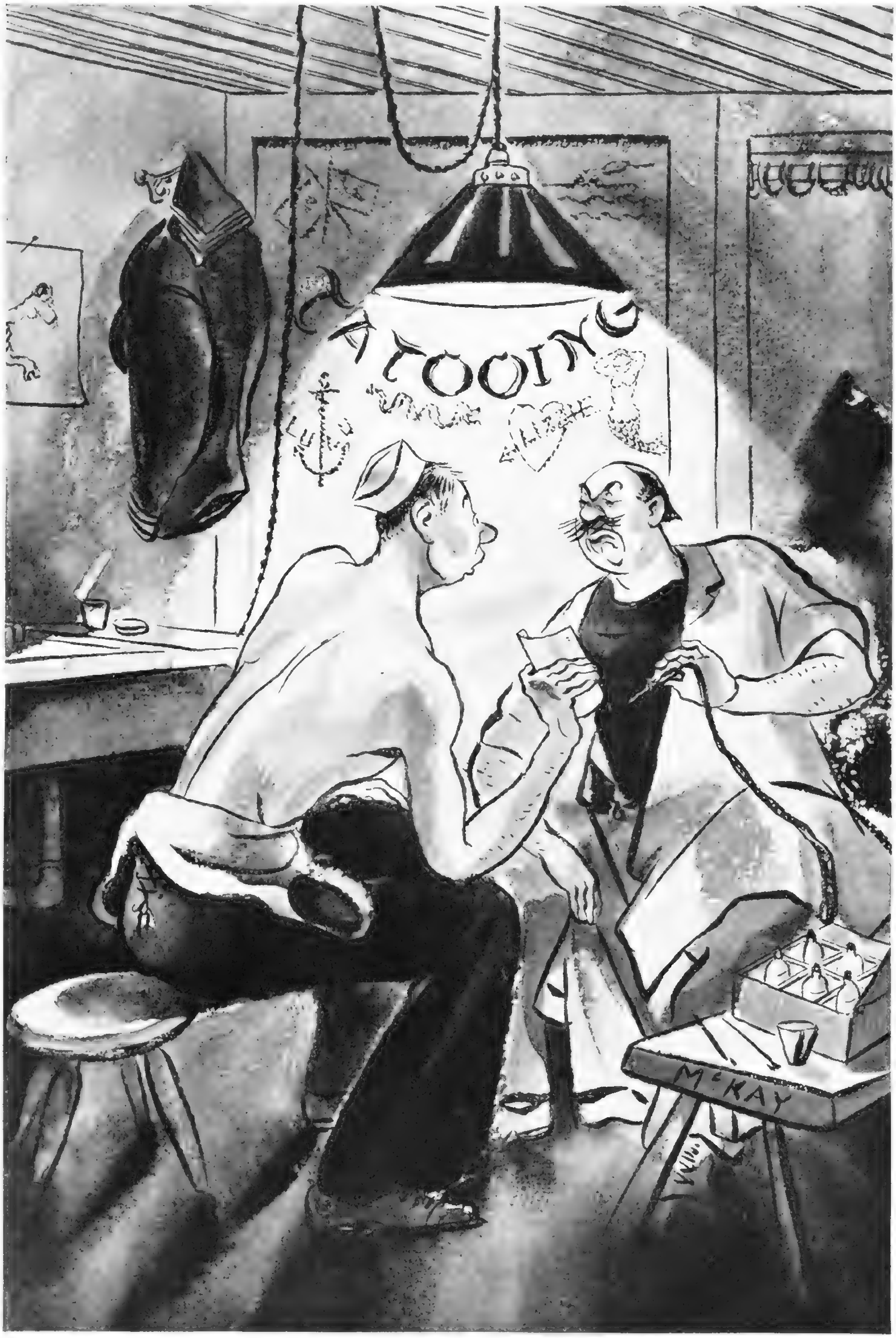
These matters so interesting to naturalists, however, are less interesting to me than Commander Gatti's accounts and pictures of the Watussi tribe in Rwanda-Urundi. It would seem that our Olympic champion high jumpers are about as much entitled to their honors as Joe Louis is entitled to call himself the heavyweight champion of the world. The running high jump record, as I recall it, is Marty's leap of 6 feet 9⅛ inches. There are dozens of Watussi leapers who waft themselves over bars eight feet high, while wrapped in their flowing togas, just for the fun of it. They performed for the Gatti's and the Gatti's have pictures to substantiate their story. They are all Watussi princes who do this jumping, fine featured but rather emaciated looking fellows, one of whom, just to show the Gatti's that an eight-foot jump wasn't anything, leaped an eight-foot bar and out over their heads in the same movement, thereby probably achieving a running high jump and a running broad jump record at the same time.

Commander Gatti's pictures bear out his assertion that the Watussi maidens are beautiful, tall, slim and beautifully proportioned. The Watussi are a chaste race with rigid conventions which are both charming and amusing. The fiction is maintained that the husband and father is the absolute ruler of the household. The father of a son exercises the privilege of selecting a bride for the latter. So when a boy and girl fall in love the son asks his father's consent to the marriage. The father blusters that he never heard of such impudence, the very idea of such a thing as a son's presuming to interfere with the father's right and privilege to use his mature wisdom and judgment as to what hussy shall be brought into his family! He bids the lad begone and hereafter to show the proper respect; he tells the lad he has been giving his mind to the choice of a proper mate for him for quite a while and that he has not made up his mind as to a choice among four or five girls he has been observing. He pretends to meditate upon the subject and finally chooses the girl the boy has mentioned but his announcement of his choice is in the form of a command that he marry the girl just as though the lad had never thought of the girl at all.

The whole etiquette of that which follows—the ceremony of the announcement to the father of the girl, the elaborate ritual of dowry arrangements in the conduct of which the two fathers get drunk every night of the week, the marriage ceremony and the ritual of the bridegroom's conquest and the bride's surrender, which may go on for three or four days after the marriage—all this is quite charming.

It seems to me, after reading the eighty-two contributions to *T. E. Lawrence By His Friends* (Doubleday, Doran, $4), edited by A. W. Lawrence, that Lowell Thomas got a pretty rotten deal from a whole bunch of British writers. More than any one else Lowell Thomas created the Lawrence legend. When Thomas was filling Madison Square Garden in New York City night after night with talks on the exploits of Lawrence of Arabia and illustrating them with motion pictures he had taken of Lawrence at the scene of Lawrence's adventures, Percy Burton, an English impresario, happened to drop into the Garden one night and heard for the first time that Great Britain had any such hero as Lawrence. Burton was so hepped up by the performance that he tried to sign Thomas up and ended by promising to stage the show at the Royal Opera House, a stipulation Thomas had made as a joke. Up to that time very few Britishers had ever heard of Lawrence, outside of the officers under Allenby and some members of the foreign office to whom he was an irritation. For weeks on end Thomas filled the Royal Opera House until the opening of the opera could be delayed no longer and afterwards for months he

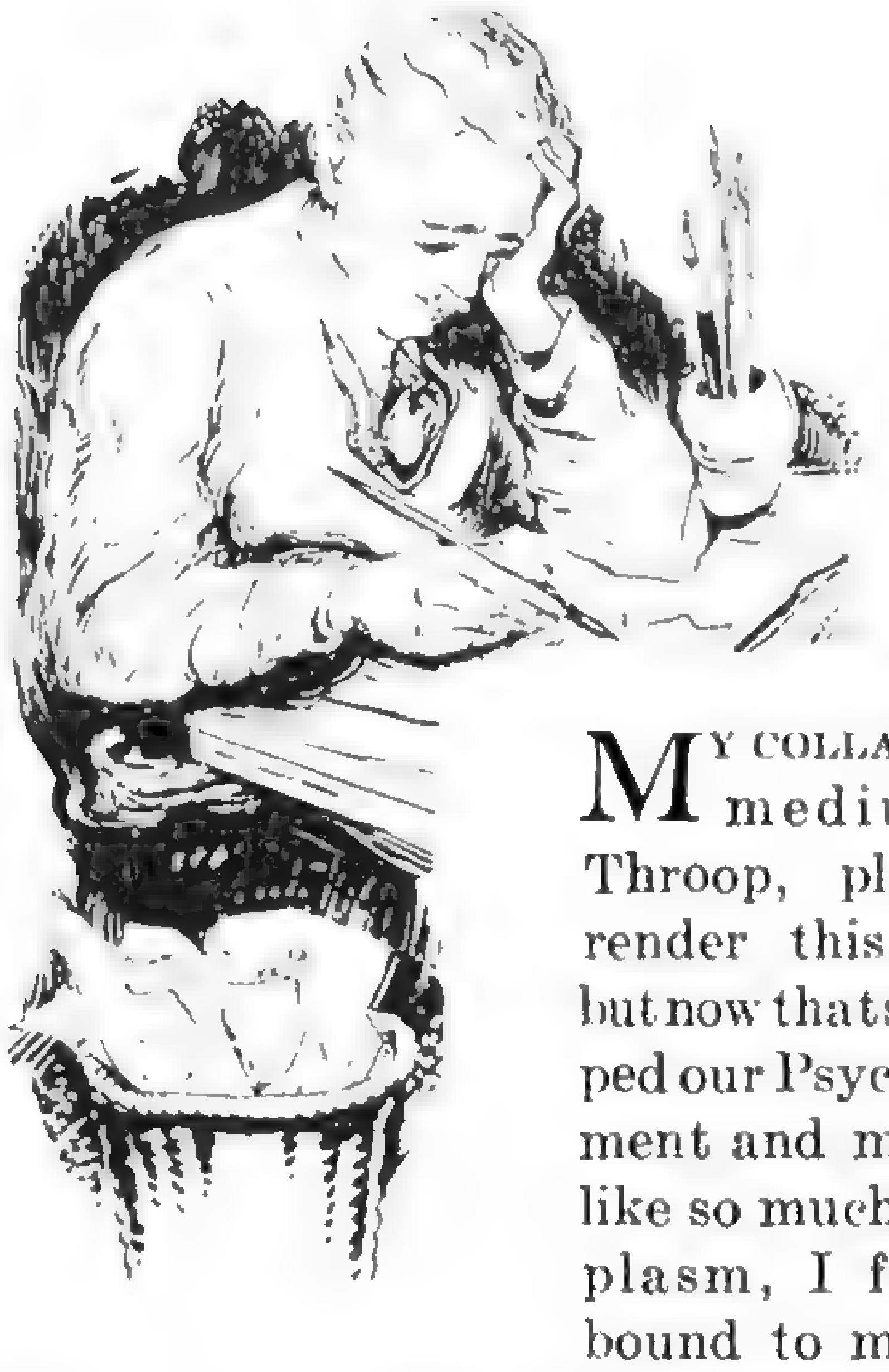
Continued on page 322

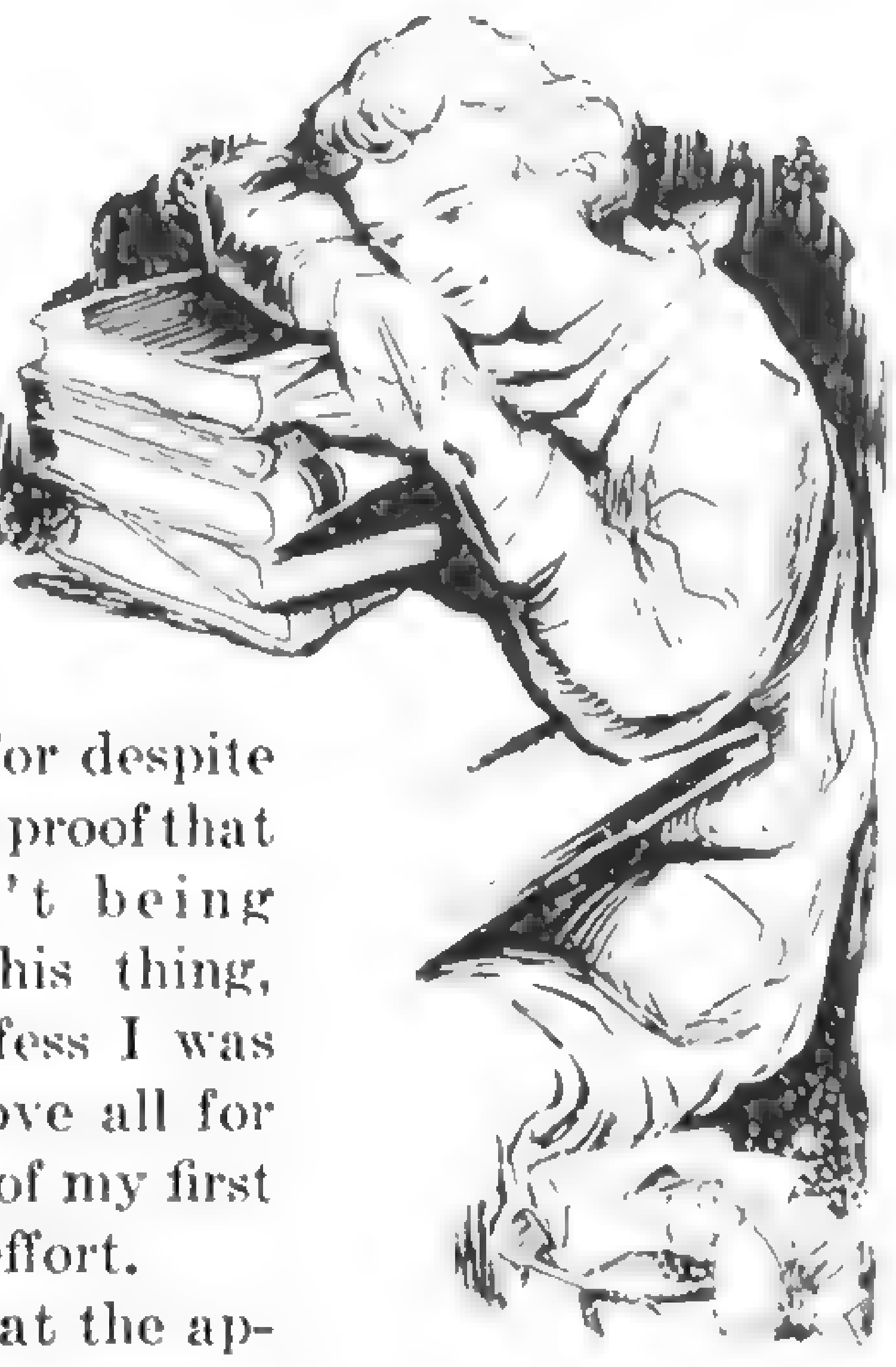

ATOOING
McKAY

"I don't need no picture of Mamie Schultz—I can do it from memory!"

The Impurity of Science

Surely something was amiss in the psychic hook-up that carried Miss Throop's thought waves from Iowa





by HUGH TROY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

MY COLLABORATING medium, Miss Throop, planned to render this account, but now that she's dropped our Psychic experiment and me with it like so much hot ectoplasm, I feel duty bound to make a report on our traffic with the unknown. Miss Throop teaches "Art" at a female seminary in Iowa. However, we met in New York last winter when she attended a conference here for the advancement of Psychical Research. I visited these meetings more out of curiosity than as a participant and became especially interested in Miss Throop when she delivered her paper, *Some Aspects of Ectoplasmic Phenomena in Iowa.* Apparently Iowa harbors few receptive targets for the lonely spook, for this prim little middle-aged schoolteacher described the most shameful buffeting she suffered from all manner of "things that go bump in the night."

Miss Throop chanced to take a seat next to mine when she finished her address, and we struck up an acquaintance that continued throughout the conference. Upon her discovery that I too was an artist, she told me I was the very man she'd been seeking, and wasn't it "too utterly weird" how she just happened to sit next to me? Don't misunderstand me; Miss Throop's search had been for an artist to collaborate with her in a two-way telepathy hook-up between Iowa and some distant point.

This was her proposition. At a prearranged time upon her return to Iowa, one of us, concentrating on the other, would draw some object or incident, while the other, without forehand knowledge of its identity, would attempt to reproduce it by concentration on the "sender." The "sender" must draw something quite out of the ordinary, a picture that could scarcely come to the mind of the "receiver" but through powers of telepathy. She proposed that we take turns "sending" and "receiving," then check our powers of "awareness" by the exchange of drawings via the reliable, if less occult, U. S. Mail.

This proposition was sprung so suddenly that, as an alleged telepathy-lover, I could pick no flaw in its conception, and with more than slight misgivings, agreed to hold down the New York end of this odd experiment. We agreed upon Sunday afternoon at 3:00 (2:00 in Iowa to allow for time difference) as an hour convenient to us both, and set our first try for the next week with Miss Throop "originating" the drawing in Iowa. The last day of the conference, we exchanged addresses, made a final check on our plans before saying "Good-bye until next Sunday," and parted, I fear, forever.

To insure perfect concentration on Miss Throop, the next Sunday afternoon just before three o'clock, I locked the door of my studio and sat at my drawing table with pencil in hand poised over a sheet of clean white paper, the while straining every nerve for the slightest vibration from Iowa. At first I felt utterly ridiculous for having let myself in for this fool traffic with the unknown, but as I summoned all my powers of concentration upon Miss Throop, this silly feeling wore off, and about 3:05, my pencil began to move almost automatically over the paper. Rapidly the picture you see in *Figure 1-a* took shape. You can imagine my astonishment to see before me this picture of an ocean steamship, wearing on its prow what appeared to be a gigantic pince-nez, and more puzzling yet was the realization that I'd had no part in its conception. You've probably gathered that I was more than skeptical of the entire proceedings until the moment I saw this strange drawing on my paper, but now I found myself in a great state of excitement as, per our agreement, I mailed the picture to Miss Throop.

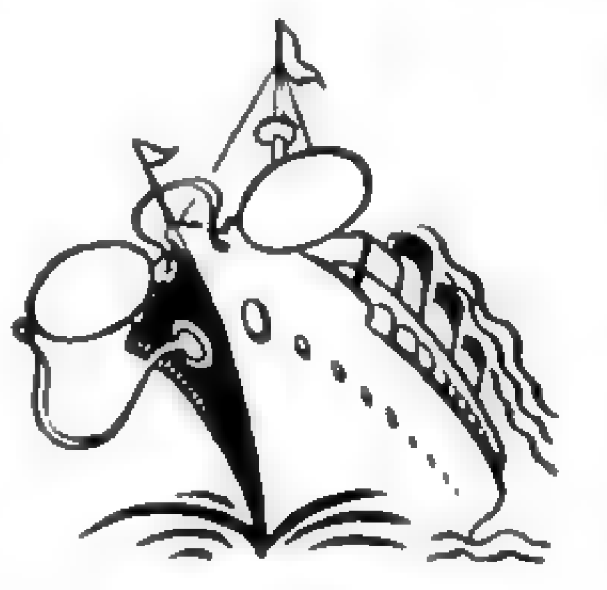


Figure 1-a

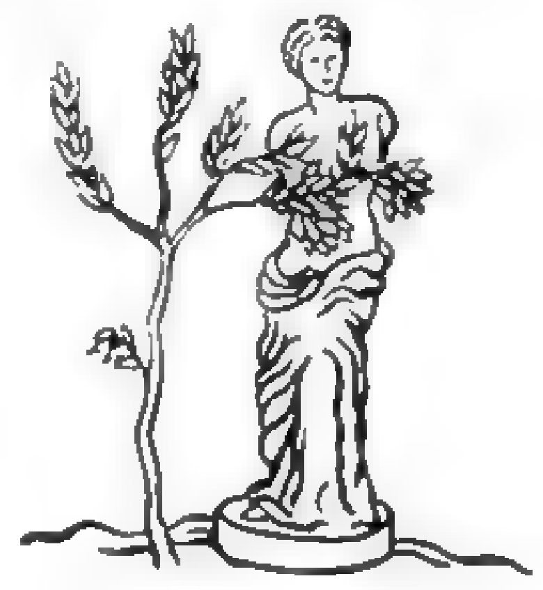


Figure 2-b

I was scarcely prepared for the shock of pleasure when her "origination" came in the mail that Tuesday. As you see it in *Figure 1-b*, her picture of a steamship crashing into an iceberg had obviously "come through" to me in some way on Sunday afternoon, for how else would I have drawn the boat with nose-glasses, glasses that presumably, or at least figuratively, might have prevented Miss Throop's "disaster at sea?" And yet, I wondered what quirk in my occult make-up had unconsciously twisted the deplorable incident Miss Throop "originated" to the happier picture I "received." Perhaps some essential difference in our basic outlook made it impossible for me to draw even automatically, such a painful scene as Miss Throop conjured up.

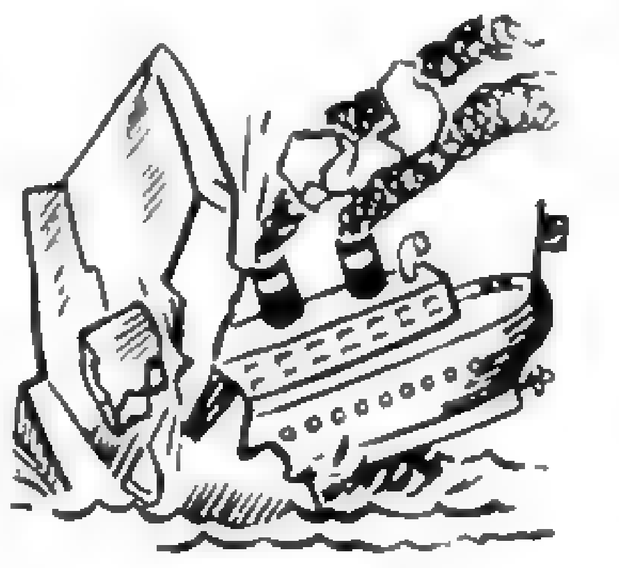


Figure 1-b

The following Sunday it was my turn to "originate." As I wanted to eliminate entirely any chance of coincidence, I decided to draw some singular object, such as the Taj Mahal. The Taj seemed too complicated to "put across" in my state of Psychic development, but I chose the Venus de Milo as a fair compromise. I felt that Miss Throop, as a fellow artist, would be receptive to such an *objet d'art*, for despite my desire of proof that we weren't being fooled in this thing, I must confess I was anxious above all for the success of my first "sending" effort.

So again at the appointed hour on Sunday, concentrating with all my might on Miss Throop, I drew the simple study of the famous Venus (*Figure 2-a*) and mailed it off with high hopes that I'd been a good "sender."

Although Miss Throop's "reception" as it arrived by mail on Tuesday (*Figure 2-b*) has an added feature that calls for an explanation, you'll see that our transference this time was nigh-perfect. With her drawing came a note congratulating me on our near-success of the previous week. She then wrote that this Sunday, when she "received" what appeared to be the Venus de Milo, as there was no way to check results until my drawing arrived by mail, "for obvious reasons" she had altered her drawing before mailing it by inserting the bush in the foreground. "This," to quote her letter, "is to avoid your thinking me a bit forward in case we've failed to connect."

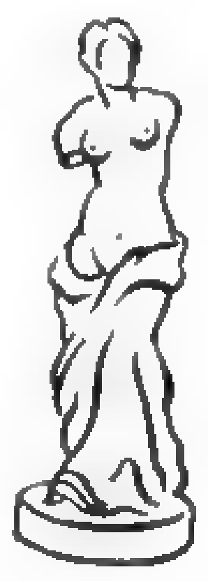


Figure 2-a

Although there seemed to be no actual tone of rebuke in her letter and she expressed herself as anxious to carry on our experiment, I feared that I might have played a trifle bold choosing the Venus as a subject. However, I was so overjoyed at my absolute success as a "sender" that I refused to worry over the matter and decided her modesty was only natural in a woman of her position. Meanwhile, I eagerly awaited our next Sunday's get-together.

As it was again my turn to "receive," I followed the procedure of the first Sunday, ready at three o'clock with paper and pencil to await the unknown. I'd concentrated some minutes on Miss Throop and was becoming anxious over my failure to receive her "impulse," when I was startled out of my cosmic wits to feel a light but distinct tap on my right shoulder. I don't know who I expected to see, probably Miss Throop in her Sunday-best ectoplasm, but I jumped up and spun around.

There was only the empty studio, the latch still fastened on the door, and I, standing there feeling like a perfect idiot. I walked over and tried the door. It was certainly locked and there was no lurking place in the huge barren studio sufficient to hide a mortal thing. I fairly shook with disgust as

Continued on page 328

How To Be a Successful Duffer

Continued from page 68

Dick Degener, Olympic champion, always precede his take-off by a graceful rise to his tiptoes, a statuesque arching of his body. I tiptoed and arched to the best of my ability.

Then, just when they expected me to go into a beautiful swan dive, I laughed and said:

"Now for the old frog jump!"

Grabbing my nose, I jumped. My feet spread wide, and my free arm cut circles in the air. It was the only dive I knew. I will always remember it because my stomach is still sore.

My success was unbelievable. The men and women, who had been sailing off the board in lovely and intricate dives a few moments before, began trying my frog dive. They turned to me for advice and I actually found myself an instructor, showing them how to do it.

The next day I played tennis. During the ride to the courts I was positively cocky. I sized up my doubles partner and my opponents and decided they were much better than duffers and far out of my class. So I knew that I must waste no time in laying a foundation that would make them believe at the end of the match that I was really a fine tennis player, no matter what happened.

I recalled that Ellsworth Vines, Fred Perry, Donald Budge, Bill Tilden—in fact, all the good tennis players I knew—never called a racquet a racquet. They always called it a "bat."

"Darn it," I said, picking up my racquet and shaking it, "I packed in a hurry yesterday and brought along the wrong bat."

My companions looked at me with new interest in their eyes. I had scored and I pressed my advantage.

"The weight in this bat," I said, "is too much in the head. I like a bat with balance nearer the throat. Nothing bothers you so much on half volleys as an unbalanced bat."

My companions handed me their racquets and asked my opinion on the balance. I held them over my head at arm's length and swung them delicately. I remembered well seeing Jean Borotra do that at Germantown one day.

"Fine bats," I finally said judiciously. "I wish mine had as neat a balance."

Too, too soon we arrived at the courts. My companions began taking off their sweaters but I walked directly to the court and pressed my thumbs against the surface. Then, shaking my head in despair, I called a conference at the net.

"Terribly soft court, isn't it?" I said. "Not much bounce today. Pins us down almost entirely to chopping, doesn't it?"

The only reason I had decided the court was soft was that a feeble chop—a lamb chop, so to speak—was my lone tennis stroke. Then, too, I had seen Helen Jacobs win more than one national championship by using her chop stroke on a soft court. Well, I chopped and chopped and chopped. We lost the first set, 1-6, but my reputation did not suffer. Throughout the set I was careful to yell "well hit!" or "too good!" every time I missed a simple shot. These cries of flattery blinded my opponents to my own shortcomings. They believed they were playing super tennis and that I was merely the unfortunate victim of their blazing speed and control.

When it came my time to serve, however, I was strictly on my own. For a moment I was at a loss for an explanation of the weak, pitty-pat, girl undergraduate, service of mine. Then I remembered Henri Cochet, the little Frenchman who once dominated all the courts of the world, not with his speed, but with uncanny placement of shots.

"Placement of service is the thing, eh partner?" I cried, and then put a powder puff across the net, ducking to escape the terrific smash that came back at my head.

"Peach! Peach!" I screamed, and then frowned at my racquet.

"I'm going to have to string my own bats after this," I said. "This gut is loose as spaghetti."

Well, we lost three sets in a row, 1-6, 3-6, and 0-6.

Under the shower I said to my partner:

"Odd, isn't it, how some players can't get their games together in doubles? Tilden and Helen Wills Moody used to have the same trouble we had today. Individually they were unbeatable; together they never could click. It was the same with us today."

"Never thought of that," my partner answered, "but it certainly sounds logical. Hope we can team up again some time."

The next day we were scheduled to play golf, and just before going to bed I looked out the window to see if there were any hope of a saving rain for me. All of the stars were out, and winking evilly at me. I stayed awake most of the night preparing a professional alibi for every mistake I could possibly make. First, my hook, which is chronic. I knew that of the 105 or so strokes I would need to get around at least 90 would be hooked. My two-foot putts are fairly straight. I remembered Bobby Jones once saying that a hooked ball got tremendous roll because of top-spin or something. I knew I could explain my inability to hit a decent brassie shot with the same reason that Tommy Armour once used in my hearing.

"The lies are too close for a brassie shot," he said.

I have often wondered what he meant.

I began my personal work on my opponent while we still were in the locker room dressing for the match.

"How long is the course?" I asked quite casually.

"Sixty-seven hundred yards," he answered.

"From front or back tees?" I quickly asked, remembering that I had heard Lawson Little make the same inquiry at the recent national open in Detroit.

"I don't know," my opponent replied.

"But it makes a great deal of difference," I said, and on the way out to the first tee I told him all about the yardage at St. Andrews, the Royal St. George at Sandwich, and Carnoustie, all of which I hope to play some day.

He seemed impressed, but I was taking no chances. I plucked a handful of grass from the first tee, tossed it into the air, and studied it with a frown on my face as it drifted down.

"Hmmmmmmm, cross wind. And a nasty one, too," I said. "A man would be a fool not to play a hook here."

He licked his finger and held it up as a test for the wind.

"You're right," he said, "but I can't control my hooks."

I leaped at him like a tiger. For ten minutes I severely cross-examined him on his game. I questioned him minutely on the following points: Did he use the overlapping or interlocking grip? Was he an open or a closed stance player? Did he have a tendency to shut the face of his club? Did he cock his wrists at the top of his backswing? Did he believe that the left hand was everything? How was his pivot?

For ten minutes he knocked the tops off dandelions with a swing that I would have sold my soul to Mephistopheles to have been able to equal. Between narrowed eyes I watched him. I circled him. I adjusted his arms. Ordered him to keep his head down. Finally, I delivered my verdict:

"Old man, try a wee bit more right hand on top of the shaft."

I said that I would be glad to demonstrate what I meant by hooking every shot.

He argued against this, saying it would spoil my score, but I merely smiled and said:

"No trouble at all. We'll just call all bets off. What's another round of golf to me?"

I never have seen a more appreciative man. He won the first, second, and third holes with pars. On the fourth hole, which is a decided dog-leg to the right, I hooked into woods on the left of the fairway, hooked out of them, and then hooked back in again. I finally hooked onto the green in eight, and hooked three short putts for an eleven.

"Get the idea?" I asked him.

"Yeah," he answered, "that right hand is what does it, all right."

At the fifteenth green (I was ten down and sliding fast) he hit one of his few bad shots of the day. I walked slowly and solemnly across the fairway, put my arm around his shoulder in a comradely fashion, and said:

"Tck! Tck! Mustn't let your right shoulder collapse like that, old man."

"Thanks," he said. "I'll watch it from now on."

I returned, addressed my ball smartly, and hooked sharply into the rough on the left of the green. If my opponent's shoulder had collapsed, both of mine fell clear to my waist. But I covered up quickly by turning to my caddy and barking:

"You overclubbed me again, boy!"

Approaching the eighteenth green I was twelve down and I knew that my only hope was to talk fast. My drive was fairly good with a slight hook on the end of it but I dug a six-inch divot behind my approach shot.

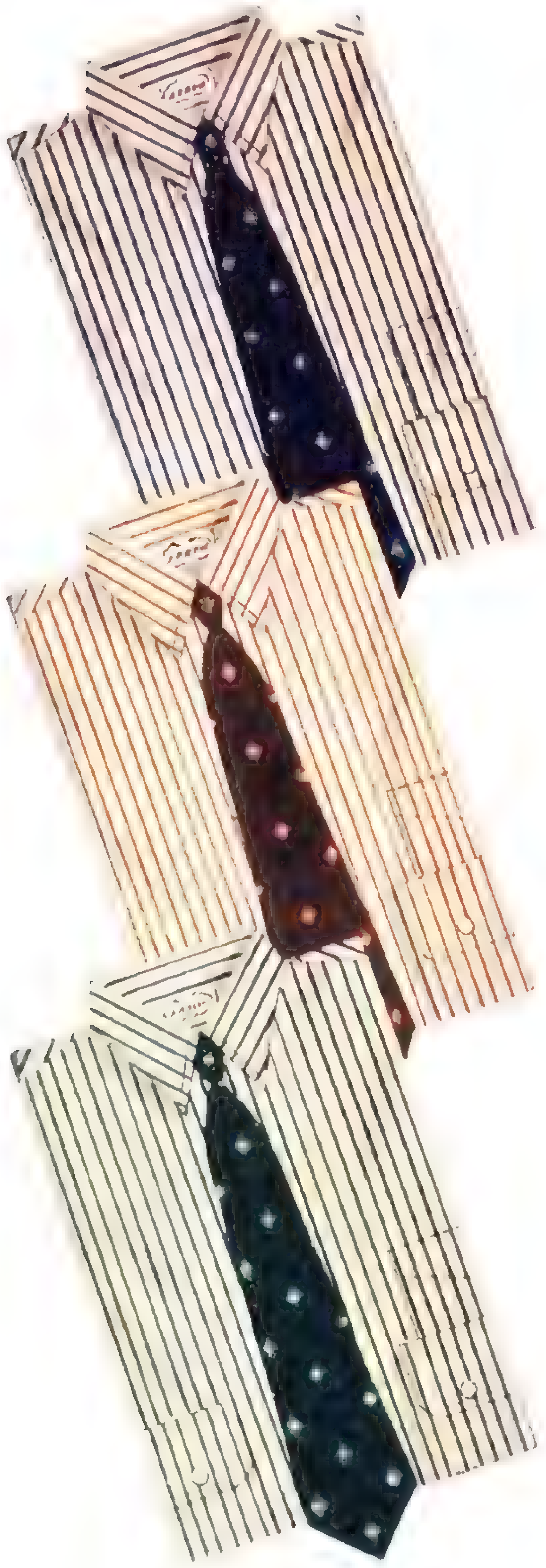
"Must be fresh sod on this fairway," I said, speaking loud enough to be sure my opponent heard me.

My ball rolled into a trap on the right of the green. I took out a niblick, tested it, frowned and put it back in the bag.

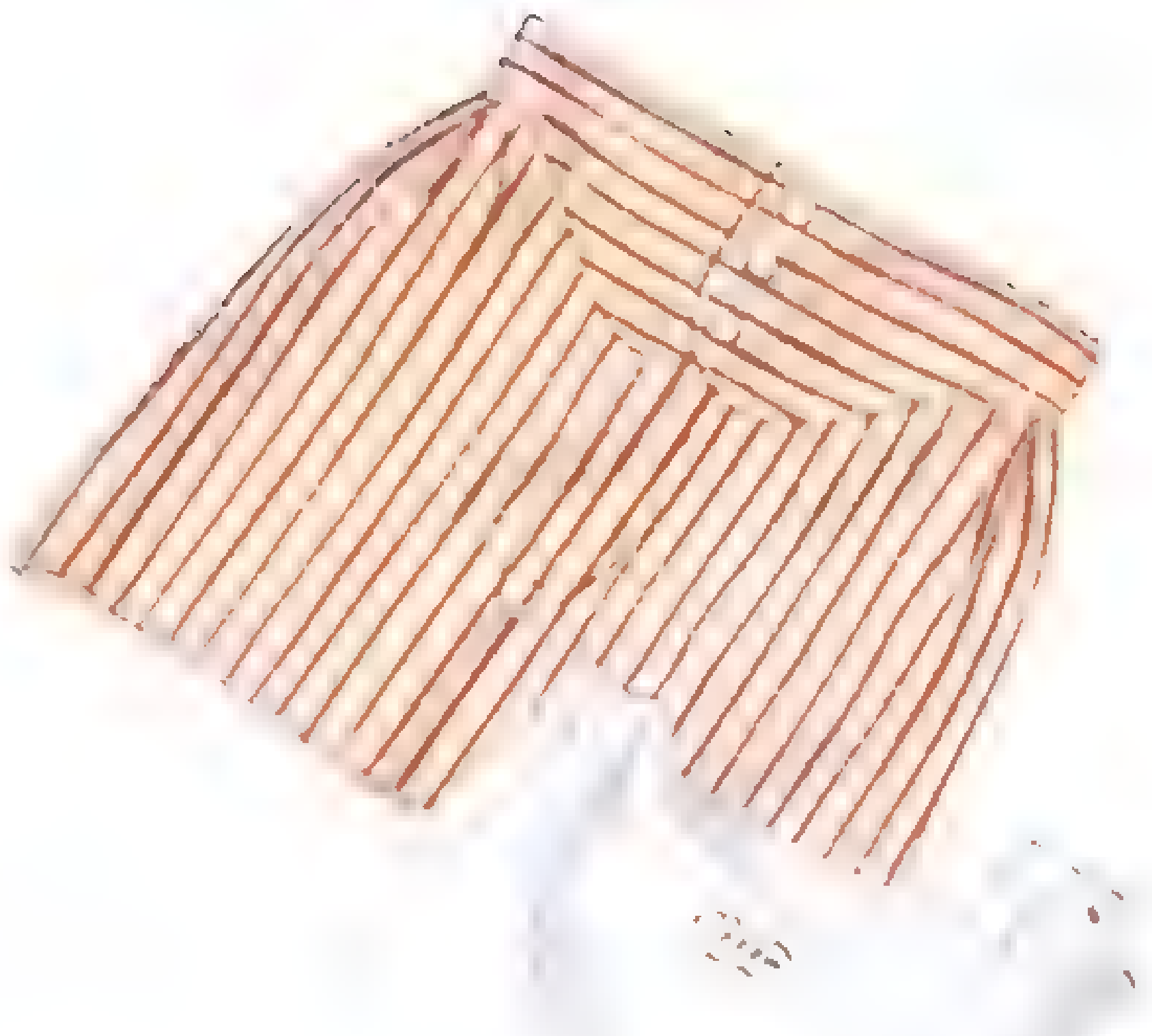
"Boy, my dynamiter," I said, and my caddy handed it to me with the air of one who has suffered too much already. I was on the green in four more shots and knew that I had to make my final face-saving speech of the day. I had it ready because I had heard pros—Johnny Revolta, Harry Cooper, Horton Smith and Denny Shute—put the blast on courses on which they had unfortunate scores. For good measure, I threw in some things I had remembered from an interview with Donald Ross, the great golf architect.

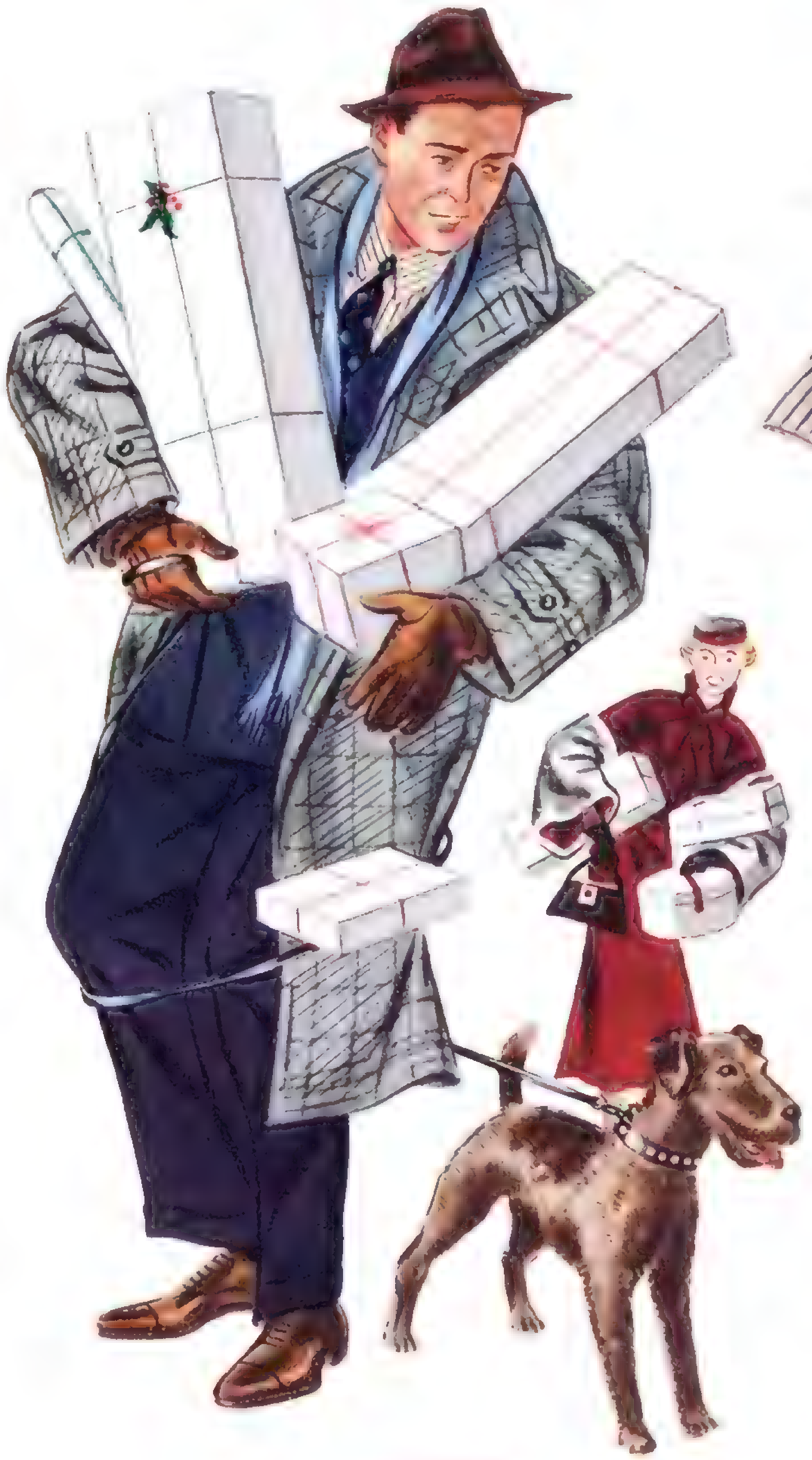
"The trap is furrowed," I said, "and the pin on this green is unfairly placed. Mighty coarse-grained sand in your bunkers here. And how about these greens, they don't get enough shade, do they, and somebody planted the wrong bent on this one. Your fairways are baked but maybe you'll get some rain soon. Go ahead and putt, you're away."

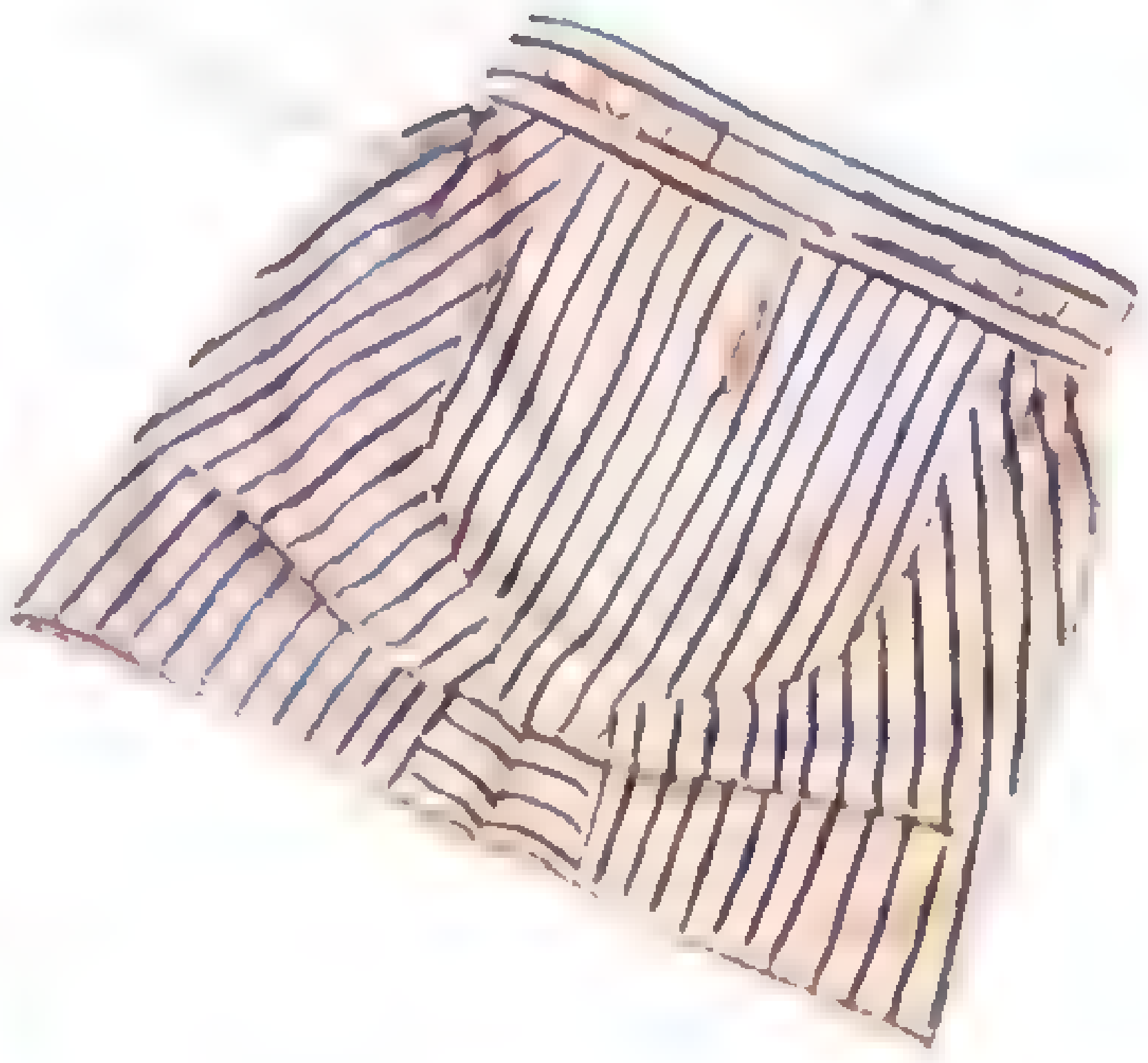
That night I was away on the first train. They were planning water polo for the morrow. ⌗



Arrow takes the mellow chamois color of fine flannels—reproduces it in a gorgeous sateen stripe shirt. Ask for Arrow Chamois Tones. Mitoga form-fit. Sanforized. $3.50

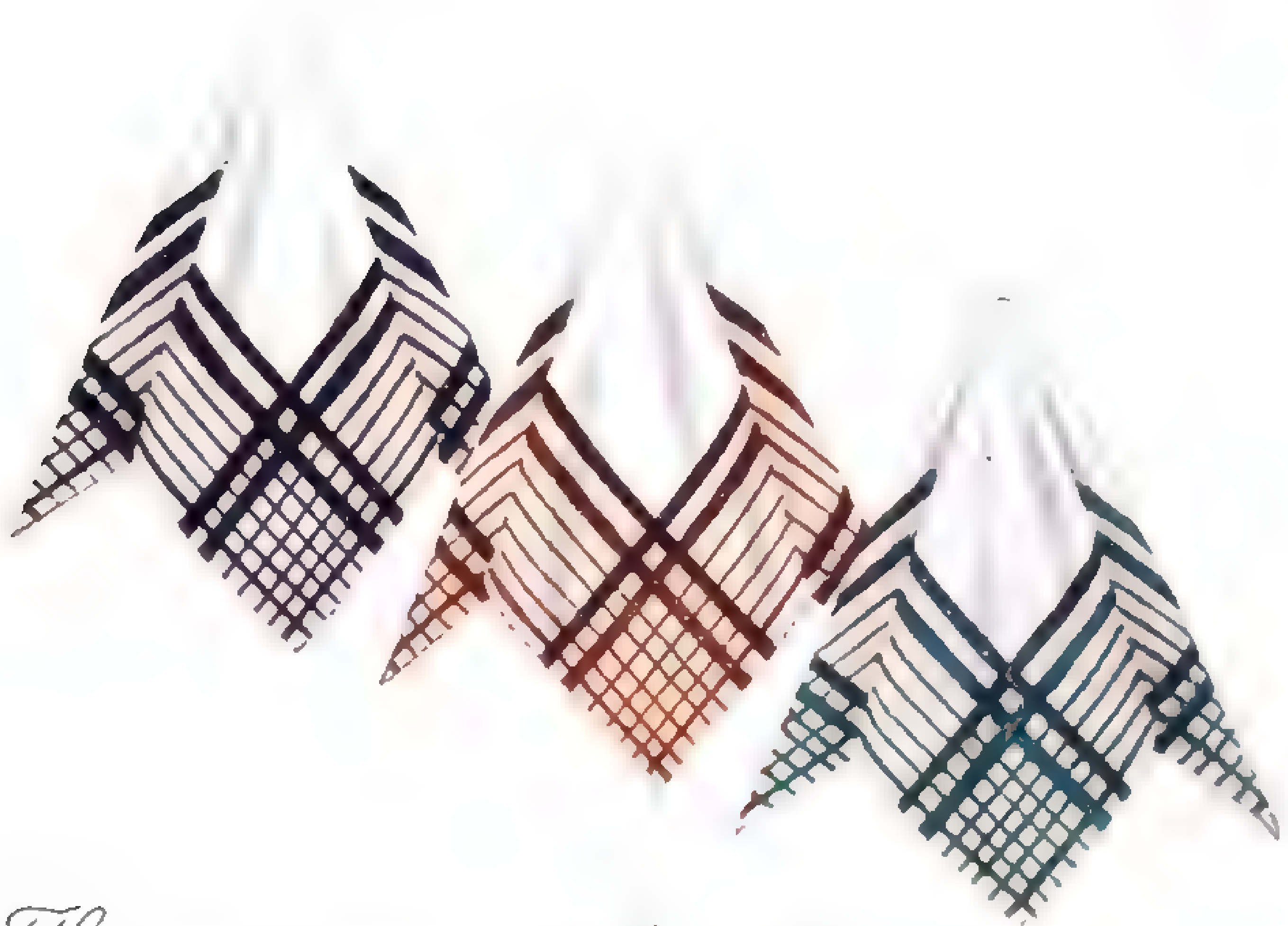




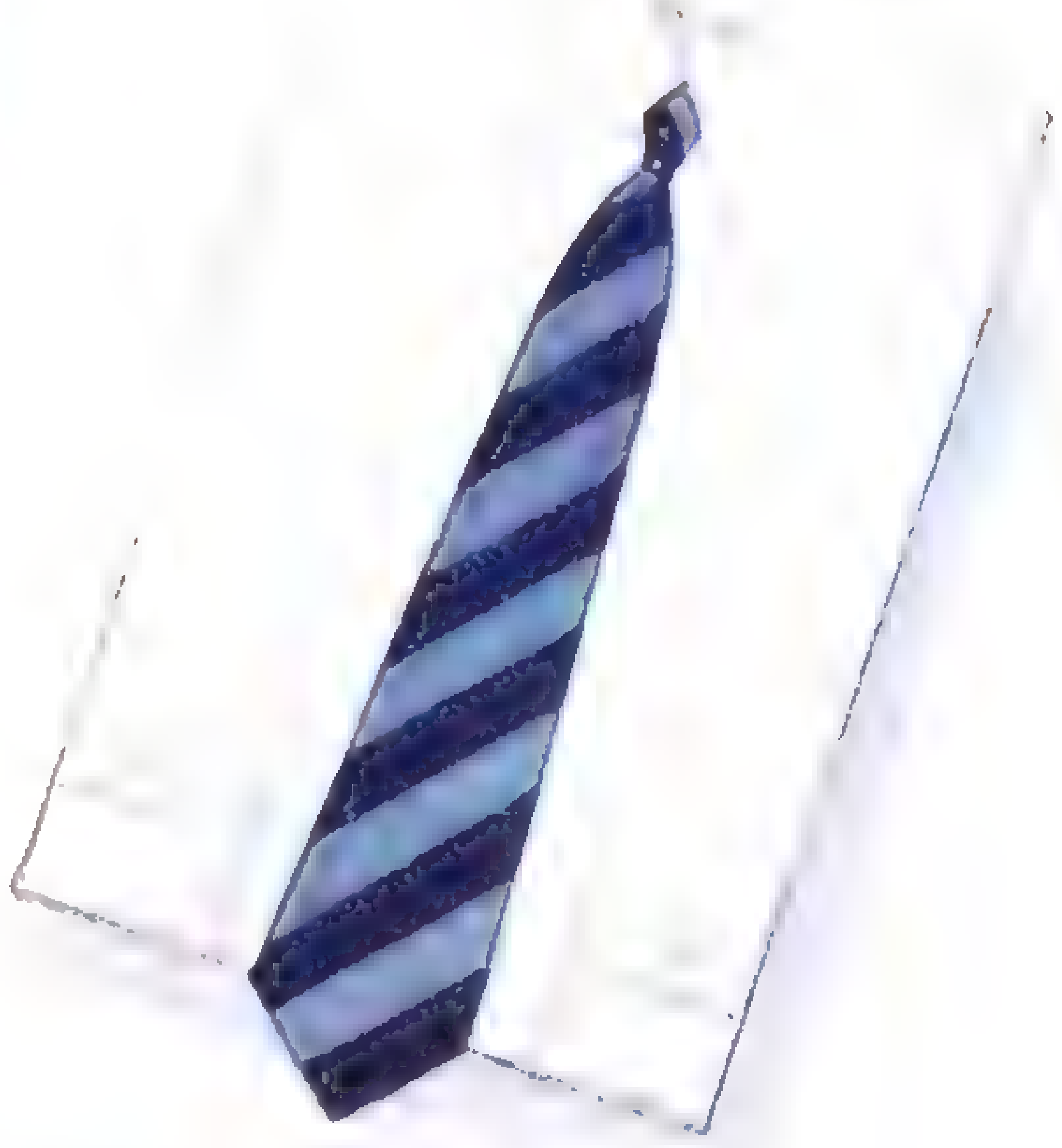


Please note unusual amount of room in the seat and absence of pluguy center seam in these Arrow shorts. Also that they're made of the identical cloth you see in the shirts. $1.50 (Arrow undershirts, 50¢ up.)

Specially designed cohorts for the shirts are Arrow Chamois Square Ties. They're all silk with a basket-patterned ground and neat chamois-colored dots. $2.



The most appropriate extra equipment for these shirts and ties is an Arrow Chamois Tone Handkerchief. Same color, same sateen stripings as the shirts. $1.



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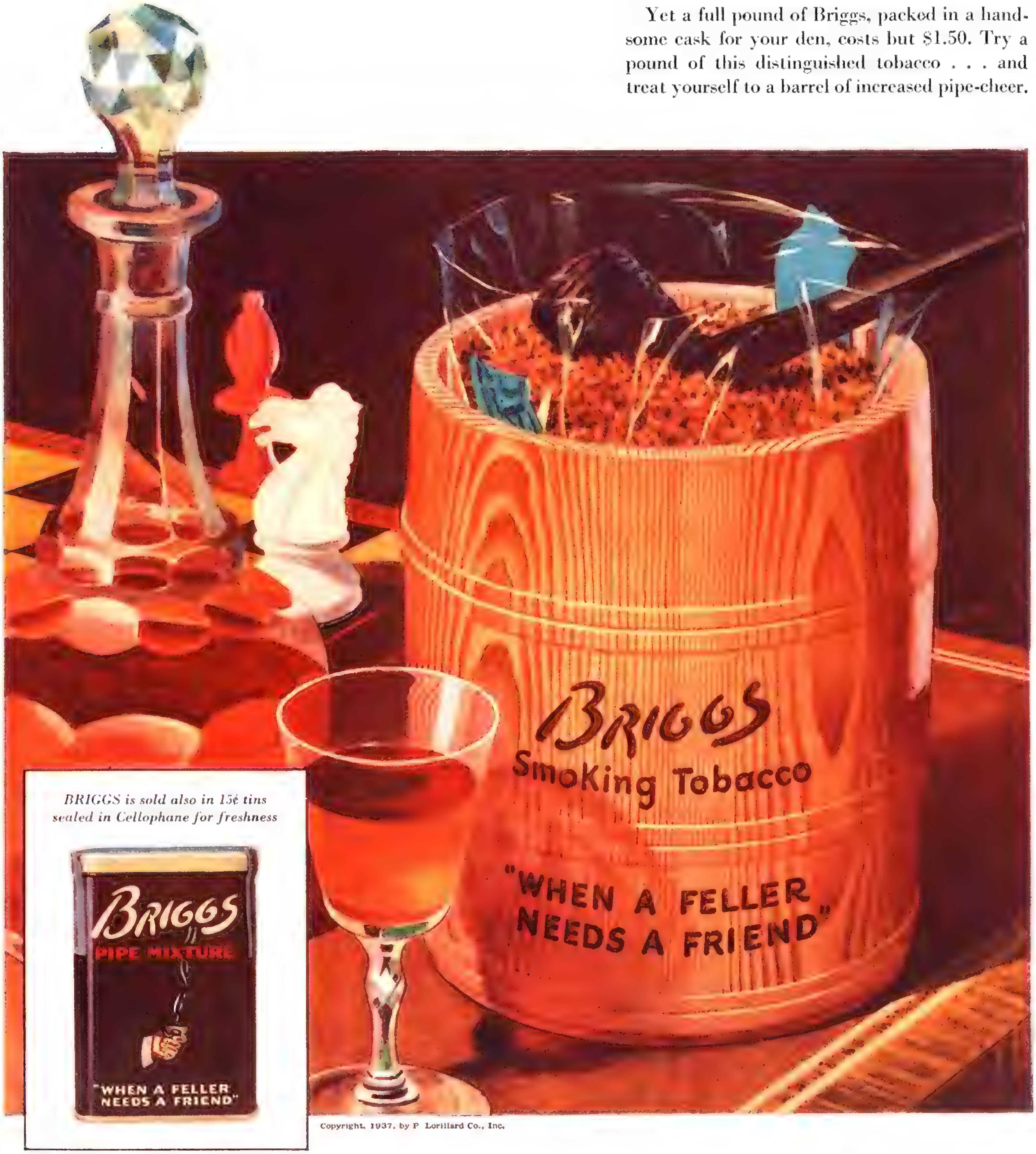
Yet a full pound of Briggs, packed in a handsome cask for your den, costs but $1.50. Try a pound of this distinguished tobacco . . . and treat yourself to a barrel of increased pipe-cheer.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BRIGGS . . . the Biteless Blend . . . CASK-MELLOWED 4 FULL YEARS

Roulades and Cadenzas

Expressing doubt that "Heaven itself takes part in the Salzburg Festival"

by CARLETON SMITH

■ MUSIC ■

THE 1937 Salzburg Festival eclipsed its predecessors. Cinema directors vied with each other to get an introduction to Mozart and secure an option on his "Magic Flute" cottage. Short-winded tour-conductors demanded to know who would conduct the Toscanini concert. A platinum blonde showed her monkey the newly placed Neptune fountain in Max Reinhardt Platz and told him, "Bozo! You must look, dear, that's Reinhardt!"

Opera coaches inquired at the Mozarteum why Gounod was spelled Goethe in Salzburg. Frustrated spinsters attempted a rendezvous with *Faust* and, failing that, cornered Mephistopheles. The *Festpielhaus* when Pinza sang resembled a Junior League tea-party.

A cartoonist's paradise, the Café Bazar was a Babel of seclag-guzzling humanity, half of which wore embroidered clefs and staves while the other half dispensed autographs. Social climbers, carpet-knights, plain illiterates, nuts, eccentrics, and cranks . . . ambitious vocal students and their wealthy patrons managed to be sprinkled with a little salt from the famous *burg*. Piano practitioners endeavored to touch Mozart's restored *hammerklavier* which was sounded off before a few carefully selected ears preparatory to a clean-up from the public next year.

Music was everywhere. During the day a hurdy-gurdy competed with the glockenspiel and the pigs in the market-place. At night full-blown damsels and sappy-eyed nymphs yodeled with as many ideas of the pitch as members of the Vienna Philharmonic string section.

Side shows sprung up in every street. The marionettes were joined by a Viennese operetta troupe. Lotte Lehmann piloted the Trapp-family choir. Press agents buzzed in eight languages. Hangers-on from Helen Gahaghan and Sacha Guitry to English wind ensembles and the Salzburg Opera Guild—now touring America and without official connection to the Salzburg Festival—tried to catch a ray of reflected glory from the world's foremost music-racket.

The town, withal, was more orderly. Innumerable monographs explained where to go at sunrise, what to do and how, the meaning of shaving brushes in hats, the pronunciation of "Grease-God" and other pleasantries. Every house was loaded with a memorial plaque and, as if that weren't enough, official guide books appeared, loaded down with as many misspellings as a Salzburg professor and printer could devise. All of them confidently stated, what every Austrian believes, that "Heaven itself takes part in the Salzburg Festival."

Speed was the order of the day and, in all Europe, nothing proved more comical than a Salzburger bent on being efficient. As a result, luggage was moved off the station platform the same day it arrived, drinks were served the same evening, the tourist office issued railroad tickets within the week. Guests seldom waited more than an hour to speak to the porter at the *Osterreichischer Hof* and, for the first time, hotels kept panels of their daily arrivals. An acquaintance of mine actually reached the friend he telephoned at the *Europe* and died from the shock.

This year singers were decided upon at least three days before the dress-rehearsal. Substitutions, however, slipped by unnoticed with the result that the night Hilde Konetzni sang in *Der Rosenkavalier* instead of Lotte Lehmann, two famous New York music patrons spent an hour afterwards telling me how much they had enjoyed Lotte. As a part of the improved program, performances were staggered so that hurried tourists could crowd four or five events into one day. A near-crisis occurred, however, when the football match between the artists of the Festival and the Salzburg Athletic Club with kick-offs sponsored by Marlene Dietrich and Paula Wessely; which never took place; was scheduled at the same hour as Bruno Walter's Mozart concert.

Clothes were about the only item which refused to be organized. They became markedly individual, and the Salzburg loincloth and *dirndl* had a run for their money. It was all Sepp Lanz could do to make the natives wear them. Plus-fours, overalls, Eton jackets, and pantaloons, in every-

Continued on page 318

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Through the Wine Glass

Much of the pleasure of sipping wine lies in watching its changes of color

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

There is an old proverb that says that wine is its own adornment. Nevertheless there is an added pleasure in drinking when the liquid is served in glasses that aid and abet rather than destroy its beauty. Remember that when the spirits of Yuletide move you and you chart your list of gifts for a discerning friend.

Oddly enough, the drinker at the pub and the usual bar has a better glass service than the guest in the usual household. There are two reasons for this. The hotel or liquor serving establishment is sure to have the best because it lasts longer, is easier to clean and has added customer appeal. And experts on the staff have purchased the glassware. But too often with the man who wishes to serve wine in his home, the correct containers are lacking, the cheaper marts being over-run with ill-considered design and stuff of quantity production.

In selecting your glassware, first demand crystal or lead glass. This not only has a fine texture, but will retain its gloss and is much easier to keep shining. About the next thing to consider is the color. All glassware should be crystal clear (the one exception can be the ceremonial goblets for Rhine wines). This is important because a colored glass, while ornamental on the table, robs the wine or liquor of its color, a prime factor in determining its merit. And any connoisseur will tell you that much of the pleasure of sipping is noting the nuances of color in the glass.

Another point the fastidious insist upon is that there should be no elaborate ornamentation. Let the potable have the spotlight and let the table decorations come from other sources than the wine glasses. At that, there is nothing handsomer than a table set with its full complement of crystal, well designed. This does not mean that the stem has to be round. A cut stem is often easier to hold and lift than the sheer stem.

There are a great many excellent lines to be purchased, all of them in perfect taste. Most of these have been designed by men who have spent a lifetime in the study of wine and its drinking. And when we say wine, we do not mean the grape, but all potables. Julian Street once designed a set for himself and some friends and they were later put on the market. This set is based on the classic lines and follows the European traditions. A great many of our native glasses have been patterned for necessity, the glass being the actual ounce size of the cocktail or the mixed drink. The foreign custom is a more graceful one, the glass is always larger than the drink. This permits, in the case of wine, a chance to swish the liquid around in the glass. And when the glass is convexed at the top it serves to retain the bouquet of the drink.

Remember, this is not all ritual. Swirling the liquid, whether it be brandy or whiskey, releases the esters, the flavor from the salts inherent in the fluid. This is especially important in the case of good brandy. If you are a hooker drinker and have scorned the snifter or inhaler brandy glass, try the latter sometime and notice the added enjoyment.

As for champagne, America is more or less wedded to a saucer-shaped glass. Local historians trace this to the artist, Charles Dana Gibson, who held the nineties in his thrall with his perennial delineation of the Gibson girl, calf-eyed, gazing into a saucer champagne glass. These glasses as a rule have a hollow stem and the effect is cute, let us say, of the bubbles rising to the top. Especially is this true in the case of sparkling Burgundies. But the hollow stem is darned hard to clean and it adds nothing except the visual pleasure. The champagne flute is preferred by most and instead of a hollow stem, this usually has a star etched in the bottom to stimulate the effervescing.

There have also been questions about the icing of champagne glasses before serving. Glasses should never be iced, as this destroys their shining brilliance. Champagne served in restaurants and bars is never iced until ordered. It takes about ten to fifteen minutes to bring the wine down to the proper temperature.

An unusual custom, followed by a few in France, which may sound somewhat lavish to us who are dependent upon imported brandy, is that of washing out the brandy goblet with an ordinary cognac

Continued in center of page 272

Brooks Jewelry includes a variety of cuff-links, studs, waistcoat buttons, pins, and tie-clips. Illustrated are: gold cuff-links, $22.00; gold coaching-horn pin, $24.00; matched studs, cuff-links and waistcoat-buttons in black onyx for informal evening wear, $70.00; sporting-crystal pin, Scottie pattern, $32.00; horse-head pattern links, $58.00.

Brooks Dressing Gowns are in most instances imported from England. The illustration shows a gown of fine cashmere printed in a typical foulard pattern, $38. Other dressing gowns of foulard silk, wool or washable materials, $8.00 to $120.00.

Brooks Imported Gloves are made of wool, fur, or various skins in styles for every occasion. Illustrated (left to right) Horace Sleep pullons of sheepskin, $5.50, gloves with rabbit's fur backs, $6.50; tan capeskin pullons with wool lining, $6.25; buttoned gloves of degrained sheepskin, $5.00; street gloves of tan capeskin, $6.50; Scotch wool gloves, $4.25.

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Brooks English Pipes and Tobacco Pouches illustrated below in a few typical styles. The tobacco pouches (left to right) are made of wool printed in animal patterns, $3.50; imported India Prints, $3; English striped necktie silks, $4.50; tweed with slide fastener, $3.50. English Pipes (left to right) shell briar, $6.50, ordinary briar, $9.50; long stem ordinary briar with saddle bit, $8.

Brooks Walking Sticks and Umbrellas include (left to right) Umbrellas of English ash, $15.00, (Malacca, $17.00, Cherry, $16.00, leather-covered wood, $15.00); whangee canes of a new dark reddish color, $16.00; Malacca canes with band, $12.50; hand-carved dog-head sticks, $18.00; sticks of Irish blackthorn, $6.00, shooting seats, $10.00 to $25.00, two-color golf umbrellas, $7.50.

Brooks Foulard Handkerchiefs, imported from England, range from $1.75 to $9.00. Illustrated, (left to right): Indian Choppa, $3.50; hand-blocked foulard pattern on dark ground, $3; bird or animal patterns, $3.50; Choppa, $3.50.

Brooks Fitted Dressing Cases are $16 to $275. The illustration shows (left) a domestic pigskin case with slide fastener, ten toilet articles, $18; (right) an English pigskin box-case, with 14 articles, $90.

Brooks Luggage, either made in our own leather shop or imported from Peal & Co. of London, includes every type of handbag. Illustrated (left to right), Brooks cowhide hatbox for four hats, $62.00; Peal grip-bag in grain cowhide, $45; Brooks fitted cowhide suitcase with removable toilet tray, $80.

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LOOK MA! THIS GUY DIDN'T KNOW KREML'S PRICE IS DOWN
Howard Baer

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Try Kreml Shampoo, too. It's made from an 80% olive oil base. It cleanses thoroughly and leaves your hair silky and easy to manage.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

The Candid Cameraman

How critics decide whether a picture's direction is good, adequate or lousy

by MEYER LEVIN

▪ MOVIES ▪

A Man's Movie Guide

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

100 MEN AND A GIRL: My idea of a musical film. Joe Pasternak, first guide of Deanna Durbin, has done a beautiful job in developing her. She's really the personification of pure, adolescent joy. Stokowsky is a very real figure in the film. The theme is highly worthy; the story is original, and adroitly built up. Considering the setting—among unemployed musicians, the tone of the entire piece is extraordinarily gay. And it's not fluff. For one-line satire, it is difficult to think of a movie scene that tops the bit where one millionaire, reading his newspaper, blurps, "This is outrageous!" and the second millionaire automatically drawls, "What have they done in Washington now?" And for sheer pictorial climax, the rag-tag symphony orchestra grouped around the stairwell in the maestro's home is something to remember . . . A German film about a symphony orchestra won a prize a year ago; Hollywood's entry is an infinitely better story, as well as a better frame for the symphony music.

GO ALONG TO SEE

BIG CITY: Luise Rainer and Spencer Tracy in a noble try at a film about the life of a taxi-driver. Doesn't jell. See main review.

SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT: Cagney still Cagney in a song-and-dance picture of backstage Hollywood. Better not do this often.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

BORNEO: The last Martin Johnson film. Spotty. One high sequence with the proboscis monkeys, who look like all your relatives. An entire film should be built around them. The finale, detailing the capture of an orang-utan, is touching. Some will think it shameful.

DOUBLE OR NOTHING: Not the best Bing Crosby.

WIFE, DOCTOR, AND NURSE: Loretta Young, Warner Baxter, and Virginia Bruce. They decide he might as well keep them both.

ANNAPOLIS SALUTE: *Annapolis Farewell*, *West Point of the Air*, *The Singing Marine*, and there is absolutely no excuse for this one. It is utterly dull, stupid, unentertaining; a frank succession of patriotism poses. Somebody must be ordering these.

DIRECTOR'S JOB

HALF a year ago Mr. Sol Gelman of Oswego, New York, wrote me a letter that required an answer. I have been waiting for an opportunity to answer him in these columns, and in the meantime Mr. Gelman has written me a few notes indicating he is beginning to doubt whether I know the answer to his very simple question: "how one determines, from the movie itself, the quality of the direction."

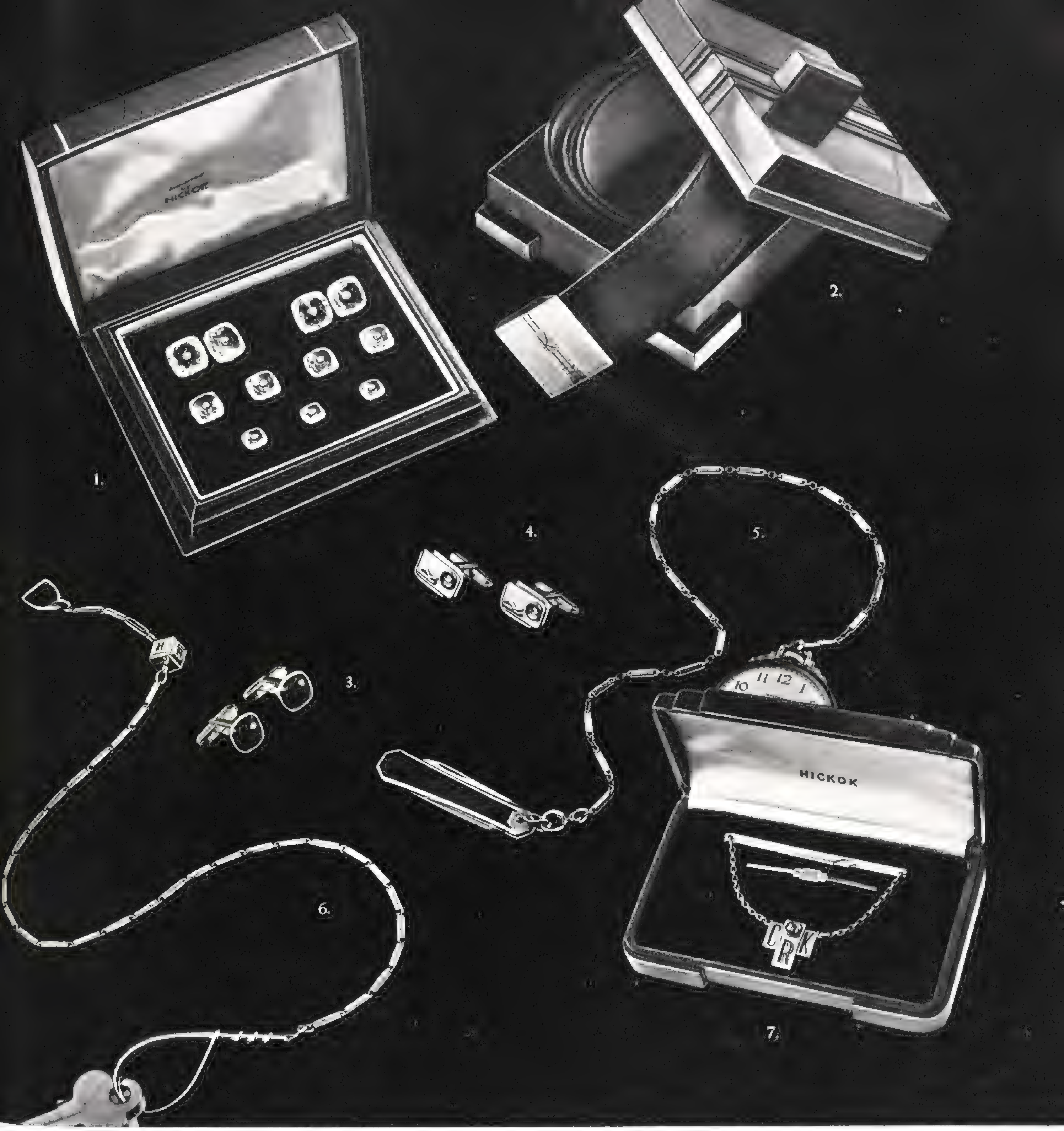
"What criteria are there to judge by?" he asks. "How can one divorce the ability of the actor from the ability of the director?" He points out that I praised the "excellent direction of the movie *The Gay Desperado*"—you see how far back this goes, but it's still quite valid—and says, "in view of your discussion of direction I feel that my humble attempts at criticizing a movie (for myself of course) are inadequate."

It appears, then, that any previous discussion of direction has only served to confuse him. Perhaps that is one reason why I put off answering him so long, put off another discussion of direction. But let us see whether there are any criteria.

We might do well to go back to *The Gay Desperado*, for that was indeed an excellent example of directorial achievement; it was singled out by the critics of New York as the best directed picture of the year, though they admitted it was far from the best picture of the year. In other words, acting and story were not outstanding; direction made the film. It was a picture about a singer, and came at the time when the public was very tired of staring into teeth and throats blown up to full screen size as if for the benefit of dentists and tonsil-jerkers.

Mr. Mamoulian, who directed *The Gay Desperado*, contributed movement to the singing picture. While his tenor was warbling he ran the camera around the campfire, he cut in angle-shot and shadow-shots, he went aside for comic by-play, he kept the song alive. That wasn't all the director did for *The Gay Desperado*. He made it gay. He put pace into the picture. Now pace is one of those critics' words. How do you measure pace? How do you measure spirit? There's where

Continued on page 268



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7. Smartly jeweled chain tie-clip individualized by triple-initial—and harmonizing collar bar; both with Alligator Grip . . . the set, in fine gold-plate $2.50

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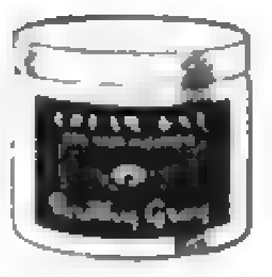

2 *YOUR EYES!* Tiny lines may be the prelude to crinkling all over your face! Dorothy Gray Special Dry Skin Mixture blesses dry, lined skin with rich lubrication. Contains Vitamin D. $2.25. Eye-Wrinkle Paste, $1.50.

3 *YOUR THROAT!* Give wrinkled throat skin intensive lubrication. Smooth on Dorothy Gray Throat Cream nightly. Pat in briskly to stir up local circulation. Its efficient emollients are beneficial . . . give a beautiful softening, smoothing effect. Contains Vitamin D. $2, $4.

Dorothy Gray Salon Face Powder is impalpably fine . . . lends your skin a youthful, gauzy freshness. In correct skin-tone shades. *Salon Face Powder* . . . for transparent make-up, $1.50. For suede-like make-up, $1.

Dorothy Gray Lashique polishes your lashes to their very tips . . . accents their length with beguiling conviction. No flaking, no smarting. In 5 color accents. *Lashique,* in slim metal case with brush, $1.25.

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Harps Upon the Willows

Continued from page 105

yourself. I don't want to be a painter all my life, said my father. Zettela replied: I don't want you to waste your life. In 1913 my father took the money he had saved and opened a paint and wallpaper store in the Italian neighborhood. On the shelves stood beautiful little cans of paint and on the walls hung strips of wallpaper designed with little red roses and long curling ferns and circles of little fishes, and behind the counter stood my father and Zettela waiting for customers. A school teacher came in to buy a ten-cent paint brush, and for an hour my father explained to her how to prevent the hair from falling out of a ten-cent paint brush. A music teacher came in to buy a ten-cent can of blue paint, and he took the occasion to explain to Zettela why she should buy a piano and give me music lessons. Zettela bought a piano on the installment plan and the music teacher gave me lessons. I learned to play *Hearts of Roses, The Song of the Ferns,* and *The Dance of the Fishes.* After practice hour I went out to play with the gang and we stole oranges and plums from the fruit stands. We stole cigarettes from a tobacco shop. We stole chocolate from a candy store. And all day my father and Zettela waited behind the counter for customers.

IX.

Zettela finds my father stretched out on the floor. He is dead, she shrieks, he is dead! My father opens his eyes and says: A hundred pound can of lead fell on my hand. Woe is me, cries Zettela, my life is dark. My father lay in bed five weeks. When his hand grew firm he raised his fist and cried: We're worse off now than when we started; I'm going back to honest labor. We moved back to the little grey house at the foot of the green hill, near the railroad tracks. Zettela returned the piano, but she kept her good fine stove, and every day she looked out of the window at the green hill. Every day Mr. Signorelli came to the house and said to my father: I have a fine drygoods store and I am so busy I need a partner. Pay two hundred dollars and I will take you in as partner. My father borrowed money and became a partner of a drygoods store in the Irish neighborhood. Well, my father said, you claimed you are busy, but where is the business? The business is here, said Mr. Signorelli, and he disappeared with all the available cash and made my father a present of the business. The creditors took away the present. And Zettela cried because her life was dark.

X.

I was a poor painter in Poland, said my father, and now I am a poor painter in America. What a world of experience I have gone through! I have been a worker and a businessman, down and up, up and down. Where has my ambition got me? I have flat feet and varicose veins. Why can't I learn what the others learn? They say if you don't succeed the first time try again. Last year a millionaire lost his money, this year he is a millionaire again. What has he got that I haven't got? I walk into the rich neighborhood and I see houses painted buff and white and I say to my Zettela: Some day you too will live in a beautiful house, only I will paint the clapboards white and the shutters green. And my Zettela says: I don't want you to waste your life. True, why should I waste my life? Now I am a nobody, I can't even sign my name to a check. All right, today I make a new beginning. I will go to night-school and learn to sign my name.

XI.

My father learned to sign his name and he looked round for something to sign. He arranged a loan with Hubbel & Bubbel and signed his name to twenty-three papers whereupon the aforementioned father became the owner of a dairy business. He painted the woodwork in white and the walls in cream and over the molding he painted a row of little red roses. For three years my father and Zettela worked like horses. My father went to bed at midnight and rose at three in the morning to deliver milk. He worked on Independence Day, Thanksgiving Day, Labor Day . . . babies need milk every day. Zettela pressed cheeses and churned butter. I washed bottles and sold cheeses and butter in the store. Look, said Zettela, look how the money is rolling in. True, said my father, the money is rolling in like nobody knows what. There was no way of spending it, no time to spend it. In mid-afternoons my father went upstairs to rest. He sat in the rocker to read the newspaper and find out what was going on in the world. Everybody was talking about the World War, make the world safe for . . . yes-yes, his shoulders sagged, his head drooped and he slept. His breath wheezed like the wind through an empty house. The veins bulged from his hands and arms. His feet swelled, he could not put on his shoes at five o'clock. Three years, day and night, the money rolled in, and then Dr. Van Uittenbroek tapped my father's chest and said: Danger signals! What kind of signals are danger signals? asked my father. The doctor said: Endocarditis urticaria pemphigus impetigo—see what I mean? Now knock off or take the consequences!

XII.

Oh, there was no downcast heart. My father and Zettela now realized their dreams. They bought a house in the fine neighborhood and my father painted the clapboards white and the shutters green. They imported furniture with little carved roses from 'way down New York . . . it was a real

Continued on page 170

VAT 69

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

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Dear Tom:
I know this gift
of Vat 69 will
please you, because
I know you always
say "Vat 69, please"
Fred

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ROOF

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VAT 69 is the Gift in BETTER TASTE

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Makers of Paris Suspenders, Belts and Gards

Harps Upon the Willows

Continued from pages 105-168

palace. They held hands and danced and my father sang: What have they got that I haven't got? And during the afternoons they promenaded arm in arm along the nice clean sidewalks, and Zettela drew in her breath: Ah, it smells so nice here! Trees, this is a city of trees! And my father drew in his breath: Ah, it feels so nice here, I feel like . . . I think I'll find myself a nice easy business with respectable office hours. As they say, money makes money. And we will send our son to a nice college, said Zettela.

XIII.

Something in the wind, a man with a walrus mustache. He interested my father in a knitting mill. When Zettela prayed that my father take caution, he laughed out loud: Oh, my Zettela, so you think I'm going to waste my life? So my father became a partner of a knitting mill and he supplied the finances and the man with the walrus mustache supplied the priceless experience. In an old wooden building they manufactured underwear and shipped their product to South America and Australia, as far as the ends of the earth. This is big business, smiled my father, really, this is big business. He became an authority on international affairs, and he offered his opinions to the Flatbush *Daily Press* on the proper methods of feeding babies. Whereupon he received many invitations to lecture on the institution of child marriage in India. Soon my father became dissatisfied with the old wooden factory. He borrowed the money and they built a real brick factory and my father painted . . . over every doorway he painted a row of little red roses. That's pretty, said the man with the walrus mustache; I see it comes in handy to be a painter. Oh, how my father laughed. Didn't you know, my good partner, that I am a craftsman from the old country? Mm-mm! said the partner, what pretty little red roses!

XIV.

Never, nevermore . . . my father's head is grey, and Zettela wears a black shawl. How did it happen? Who can explain what happened? What good is it to explain after it has happened? Here is an earthquake, and here are the ruins of your house. Here is—what is it? and here are the ruins of your factory. Only six months, dear Lord, the bricks are still new . . . still new! and the others come to you and say: After all you are not so unfortunate, yours was only a small factory; think of the big knitting mills, think of the millions that have gone up in smoke and the thousands of workers thrown into the streets. After all, you had only a mere forty workers, a mere few thousand dollars, you are not so unfortunate. Oh-oh! cries my father, why do they try to console me? And he turns to the man with the walrus mustache: Tell me, my good partner, what happened? How did it happen? Aye-aye! laments the good partner, it was overproduction of knitted goods, nothing more, nothing less. And the partners weep on each other's shoulder. And the good partner says to my father! After all, you are not so unfortunate. You are a worker, you have a trade to go back to. But I am a businessman, what have I to go back to? Oh-oh! cries my father, why do they try to console me? And weeping he looks round the factory for the last time, he looks up at his handicraft over the doorways, and raising his fist he cries: Little red roses . . . never, nevermore!

XV.

Ah, it is true I am a worker and have a trade to go back to. Would that I had never let myself be deceived. What a wretched life mine has been. With me every joy has been a worry. No, my son, don't you make the mistake your father made. Don't run after visions that are only in your eyes. Would that I could begin over again, I would make of every worry a joy. You know, already I am beginning to feel new pride. Today, looking for work, I walked into a house I had painted eight years ago. And do you know, the walls were still like new, like new! so bright and fresh I could eat my food from them, and over the mantelpiece was a row of little red roses, so fresh and bright I could kiss them with my lips.

XVI.

My son, you are different, said Zettela; you have more ambition than the others; I don't want you to waste your life. Buy yourself a new suit . . . So in 1926 I bought a new suit and went alone to New York. I found work as stock clerk in a stove factory. Every week I sent home five dollars. One day I received a letter from Zettela: Beloved son, we know the money you send us comes from your heart, but we can now manage without it. Save your money, you will soon want to get married. Beloved son, it fills my heart with joy to tell you that your father has opened a new business. It is called a speakeasy, and upstairs we have a small hotel. I help your father behind the bar. We are beginning to make out well, thank God.

XVII.

Another day, another letter. Oh, I close my eyes as mother sings: Beloved son, it tears out my heart to write this to you. My life is dark. Your father was caught selling whiskey, he sat two months in prison. Now he is out and he has gone back to painting, but he is a broken man. The doctor told him he has painter's colic. Beloved son, it tears out my heart to ask you, but please out of the goodness of your heart send home a few dollars. Oh, my son, only darkness, our life has been only darkness. ⧻

For so many lucky ones . . *this is sure to be a Ciné-Kodak Christmas*

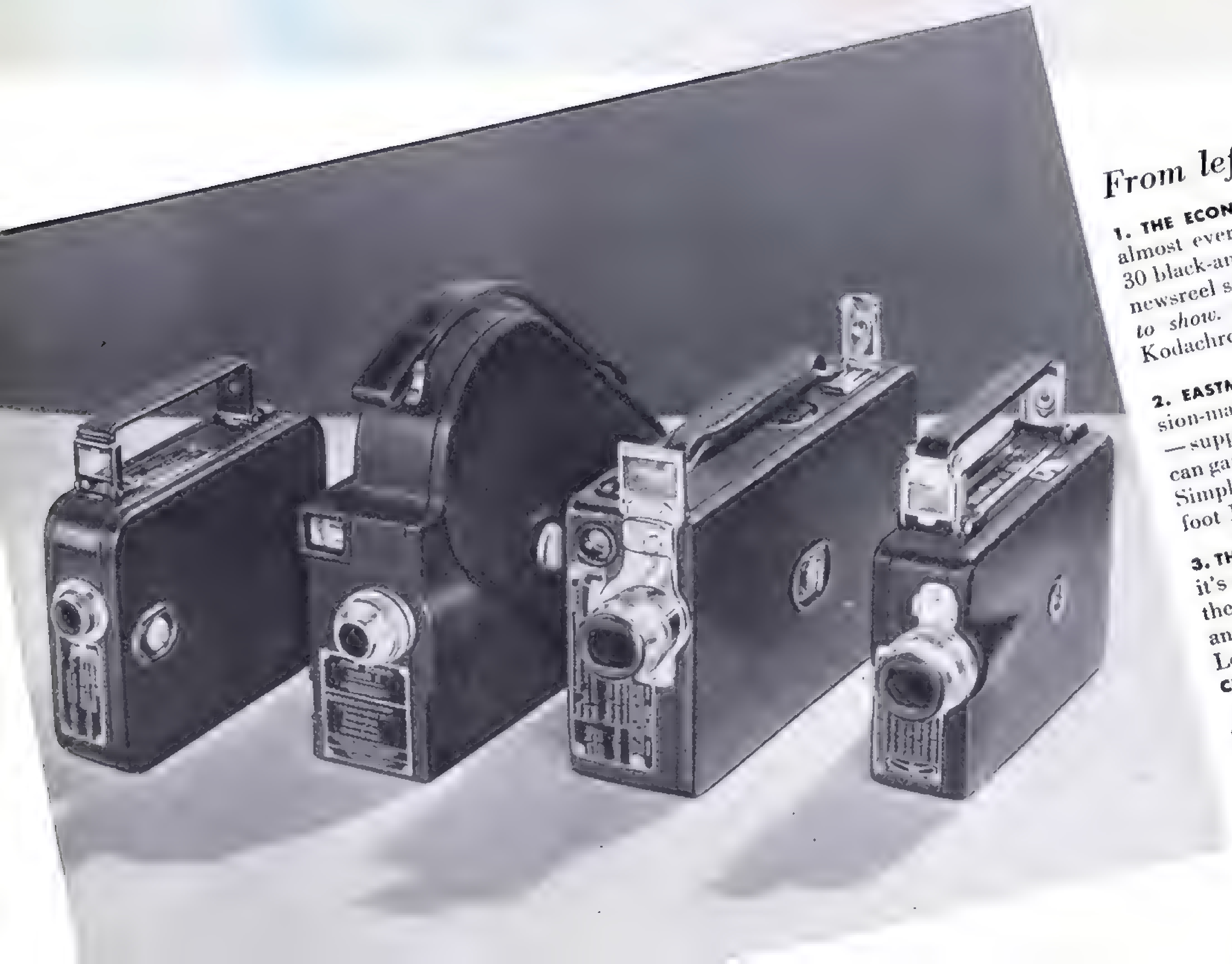
IT'S A LANDSLIDE YEAR for home movies. By thousands—by tens of thousands—people are discovering the charm, the thrill of taking their own personal movies and showing them on their own home screen.

The family, and everybody else, enjoys them. You renew experiences you've all had together. You see yourselves—your friends—just as in life. You relive treasured moments.

FULL-COLOR KODACHROME

Have the breath-taking experience of seeing your home movies in all the brilliant, glowing colors of nature. These home movie cameras give you either black-and-white or color movies. For full color—just load your camera with Kodachrome, Eastman's new color film. No fuss, no extra equipment, simple as black-and-white.

Make this a Ciné-Kodak Christmas—with any of the four movie cameras shown below. See them at your dealer's . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



From left to right—

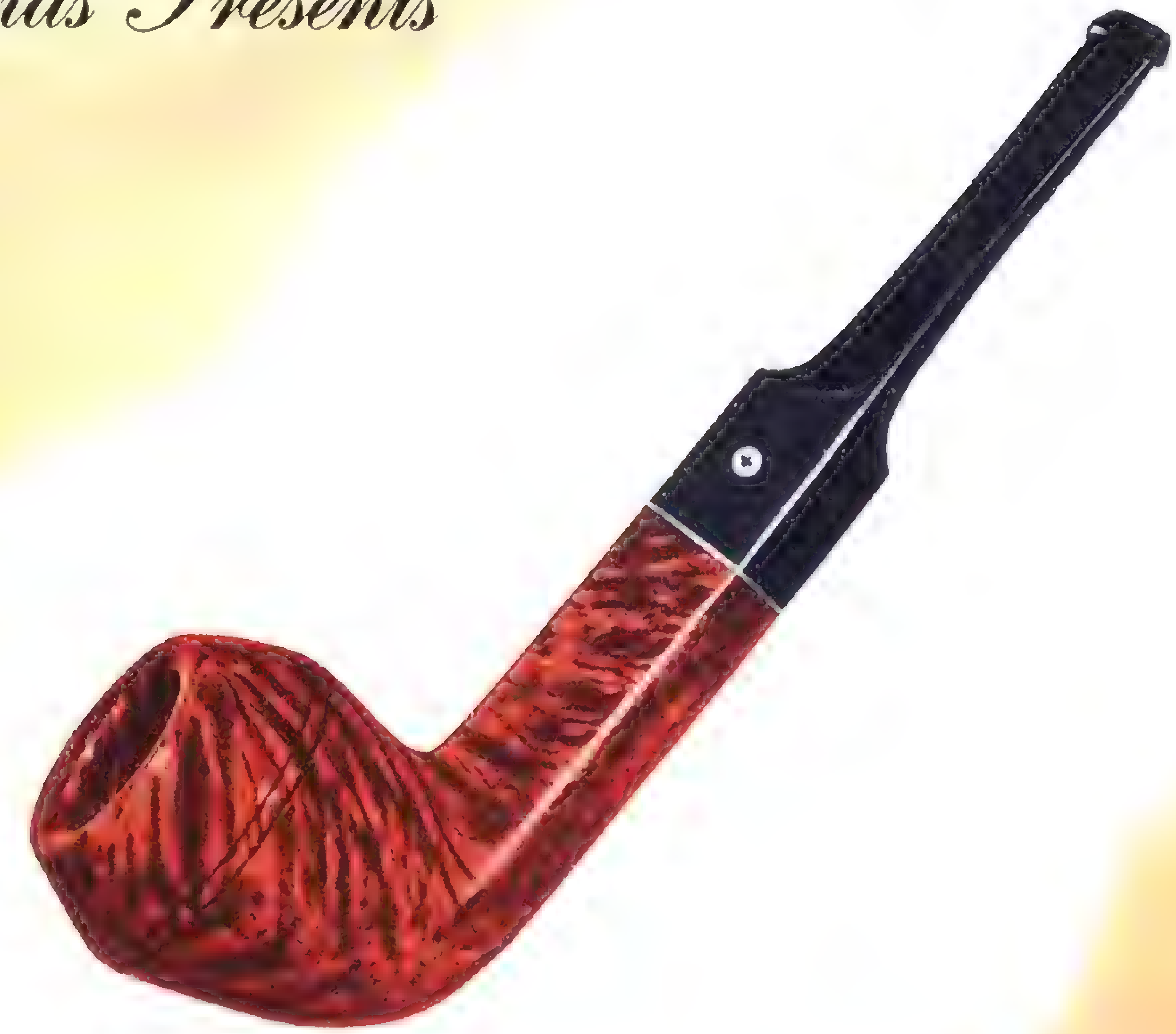
1. **THE ECONOMY MOVIE MAKER**—brings home movies within almost every one's reach. Simple, dependable. Makes 20 to 30 black-and-white movie scenes—each as long as the average newsreel scene—on a roll of film costing $2.25, *finished, ready to show.* Also movies in gorgeous, living color with new Kodachrome Film. **CINÉ-KODAK EIGHT—$34.50.**

2. **EASTMAN'S LOW-COST 16 mm. MOVIE CAMERA**—with precision-made Kodak Anastigmat *f.*3.5 lens—triple-speed device—supplementary footage scale at side of finder image, so you can gauge scene length and film supply as you sight and shoot. Simplified gate greatly facilitates loading. Takes all 50- or 100-foot 16 mm. films. **CINÉ-KODAK "E"—$48.50.**

3. **THE WORLD'S MOST WIDELY USED 16 mm. HOME MOVIE CAMERA**—it's so simple, yet so fine. You get clear, brilliant movies at the touch of a lever. Performs beautifully for the beginner, and as your skill increases, responds to every demand. Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. With *f.*1.9 lens. **CINÉ-KODAK "K"—$88.50.**

4. **REMARKABLE 16 mm. POCKET-SIZE MOVIE CAMERA**—loads in three seconds. You don't touch the film—it comes in a magazine. Just slip the magazine into place, close camera cover, and shoot. Switch films any time—the magazine keeps out light. Effortless loading is only one of six new features. With fast Kodak Anastigmat *f.*1.9 lens. **MAGAZINE CINÉ-KODAK—$125.** Including combination carrying case—**$137.50.**

The Last Word in Christmas Presents



FLAME GRAIN KAYWOODIE

Shape Illustrated: No. 12B

$10

Do you want to get away from the usual thing—the conventional, expected gifts—and give him something he'll get a kick out of? Do you want to hear him say: "Gee, *thanks!*" with a ring in his voice that means he means it?

You get it, of course—Flame-Grain Kaywoodie is the one present that's different. Even among pipes. Even among other Flame-Grains, each one has a pattern that's Individual, like your thumb-print.

Some of the Boy is in every man's heart. A pipe-smoker's delight in a Flame-Grain Kaywoodie is almost childish. Even more than a kid with a new toy, he'll "eat it up" on Christmas morning because he has the knowledge and mature appreciation to sense a rare and exquisite product of Mother Nature, and pipe-craft that is unparalleled.

There are only eight or nine Flame-Grains in five thousand pipe-bowls! * You only get such beauty in wood after centuries of growth. Some of these rare pieces of briar are 400 years old. Like the perfect Oriental pearl, they're found, not made. They grow in the desolate mountains of Greece and Albania, and it took American enterprise to get them out. Nothing else has such variety, purity and beauty of "grain pattern"—the most beautiful thing in wood, and "The King of Pipes."

Other gifts may pall, but this one brings rich pleasure, deep satisfaction in the years to come. Whether he has a hundred pipes or none at all, Flame-Grain Kaywoodie will open his eyes and warm his heart. You'll get more fun out of Christmas yourself, if it's that way—

And to you, and to all, Kaywoodie wishes a very merry, friendly Christmas—but no, we'll be seeing you the night before, won't we?

* *Kaywoodie uses millions of pieces of briar yearly, is the world's largest user.*

If your dealer doesn't have these beautiful pipes, he will get them for you to see. Or write our New York office, International Building, Rockefeller Center.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
NEW YORK *and* LONDON
World's Leading Pipe-Makers

The Friendly Little Tavern

Continued from page 125

waiting for those four beers."

"Go on home, now," the bartender said to him, setting up drinks for someone else at the bar. "You've had enough for tonight."

"Now you're going to tell me how much to drink, Paddy, is that it?" the man called to him from the table. "Damn it, let me talk!" he burst out as his wife tried to quiet him. "So that's it, is it, Paddy?" he said. "My money isn't good enough for you anymore. Now I'm getting sick and tired of this. Here, let me out." He got up from the table and went over to the bar and put a dollar bill on the bar. "Is this money good or isn't it? That's all I want to know. Now listen here, don't get nasty with me. I want four beers for my party at that table, and if you don't want to carry them over I'll carry them myself."

It always ended with his wife and the other couple refusing any more drinks, and the lean gray-haired man having one himself at the bar, talking, swaying on his heels, spilling the beer, trying to get the bartender to listen to him. After he finished his beer, which he had promised the bartender would be his last one, he wanted another one. Once, pulling away from his wife and his friend, he staggered back against Benson, sitting at the bar, and turned to Benson and said, "Pardon me, friend, I don't know who you are or what your business is—"

"Oh, shut up," his wife said, coming after him and jerking him sharply away.

"Now why in hell can't I talk to the man?" he said. "Is he poison? What's the matter with you, anyhow?" But he let himself be pulled away from Benson. (Benson sat looking at his glass of beer.)

"Well, Paddy," Babe said, slapping her hand down on the bar, "I'm going to put on another record now—how's that?"

"Go ahead," the bartender said, grinning. "But no dancing, now."

"Oh, Paddy! You old killjoy!"

The men standing around Babe laughed, and watched her as she left them and went to the phonograph. She dropped the nickel into the slot, and chose the record that she wanted to hear; and when she was half way back to the bar, the record began to play, and she clapped her hands, and walked in rhythm to the music, shaking her shoulders, and humming.

Benson began to buy his cigarettes in that tavern. There was a cigarette-vending machine standing against the wall at the side; and at night now Benson came in, nodded to the bartender, and while the bartender drew his first glass of beer Benson dropped a dime and a nickel into the cigarette machine, took the pack of cigarettes over to the bar, tearing it open on the way, and sat down on the stool.

Then whenever he took a cigarette out of that pack the next day, he thought of the tavern and thought that that night he would be there again and get another pack there. He mentioned the tavern in the letters that he wrote to his sister, saying he usually stopped in in the evenings now at a place near where he lived.

Everything in the tavern was always as Benson anticipated it.

And later, walking up the stairs of his rooming house, he remembered the tavern as he had left it; and as he stood beside his bed, taking off his clothes and smoking a last cigarette before going to bed, he pictured the tavern to himself as a man will picture his home town to himself when he is away from it. He always left the tavern ten minutes before closing time, and he was the only one who left at that time. He always had to force himself to get up and leave. But he felt that if he waited till closing time he might have to go out with the others, in a bunch. Although that was what he wanted, he felt that he hadn't been coming into the tavern long enough for it.

But he felt that he would get to know the people there soon. The bartender always nodded to him when he came in now, and setting the glass of beer down before him said, "Well, how's everything tonight?"

"Pretty good," Benson said, nodding to him, pulling his stool nearer to the bar. He lit a cigarette. And whenever the bartender saw his glass empty he refilled it without Benson's having to ask him.

Once, as the two girls who might have been waitresses or telephone operators were standing near Babe before going out, Benson turned his head a little and saw one of the girls looking at him. He looked ahead of him again. He felt that the girl wasn't unfriendly; but he didn't want to smile at her because he felt he hadn't been coming in here as long as the others, he knew none of the others, and someone might resent his smiling at her. Even if she herself did not; her own friend might resent it. The fellow who did the drawing, though, waved good night to him from outside, a few nights later, and one night came over to Benson at the bar and stood beside him for a few minutes, showing him some of his drawings and asking him what he thought of them, frankly. Benson said that he thought they were good. The man who cadged drinks came out of the tavern one night as Benson was going in, and bumped into Benson and said, "Oh—hello there."

"Going out?" Benson said.

"Be back later, maybe."

The lean, middle-aged gray-haired man, quarreling with his wife about going home, one night turned abruptly to Benson, sitting at the bar with a glass of beer, and said to him, "Now you look like a quiet, sensible man with his own ideas about things. What do you

Continued on page 174

Half & Half Makes One Swell Gift!
Christmas Greetings
HALF AND HALF
SMOKING TOBACCO

It's a present with a future—makes every day a holiday for the pipe-smoker. Cool as his thought of those gadgets he'll get. Smooth as his grin at a pound tin instead! Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes his pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. His password to pleasure —your buy-word for smokers!

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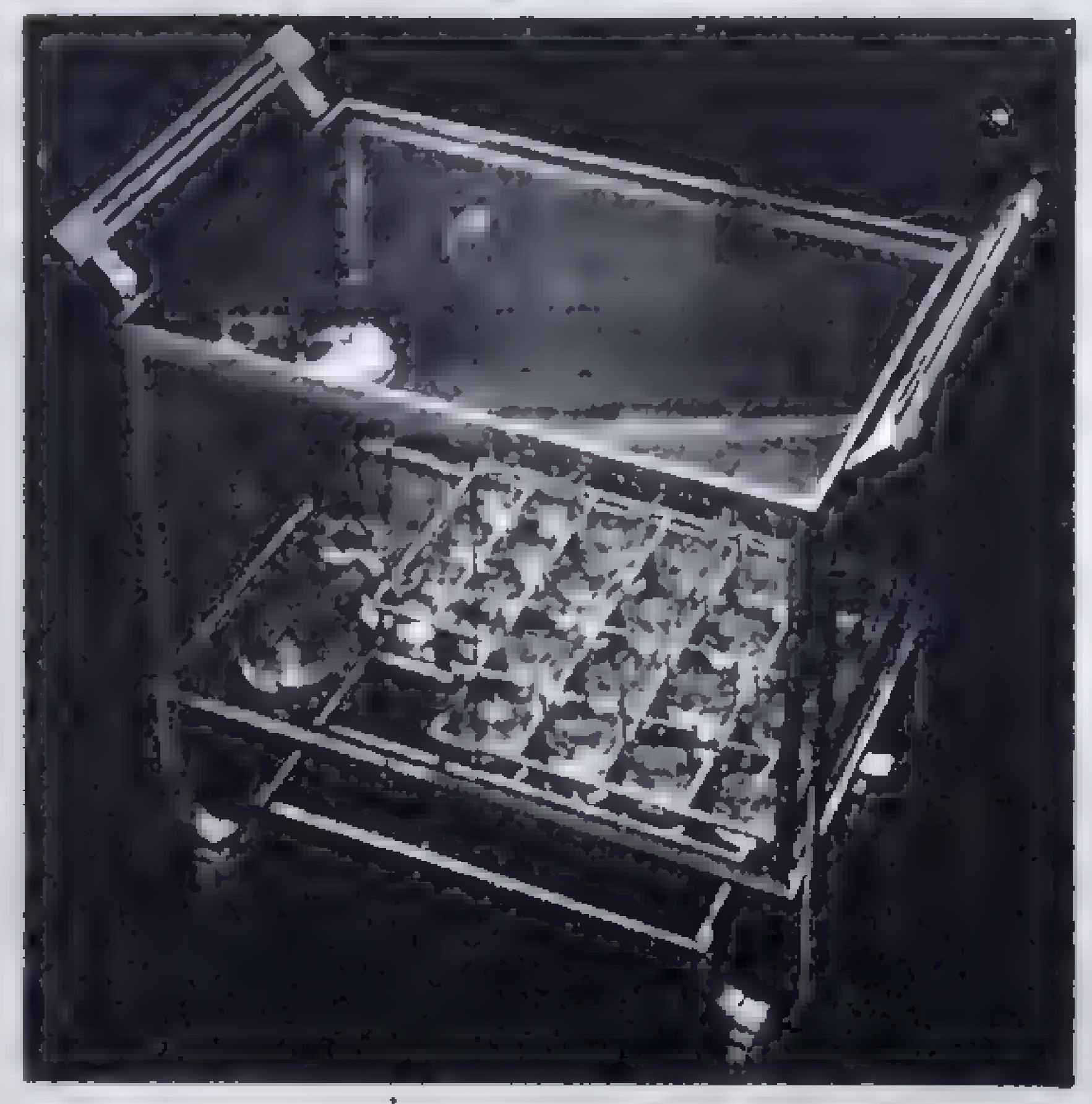
HALF AND HALF
The Safe Pipe-Tobacco
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

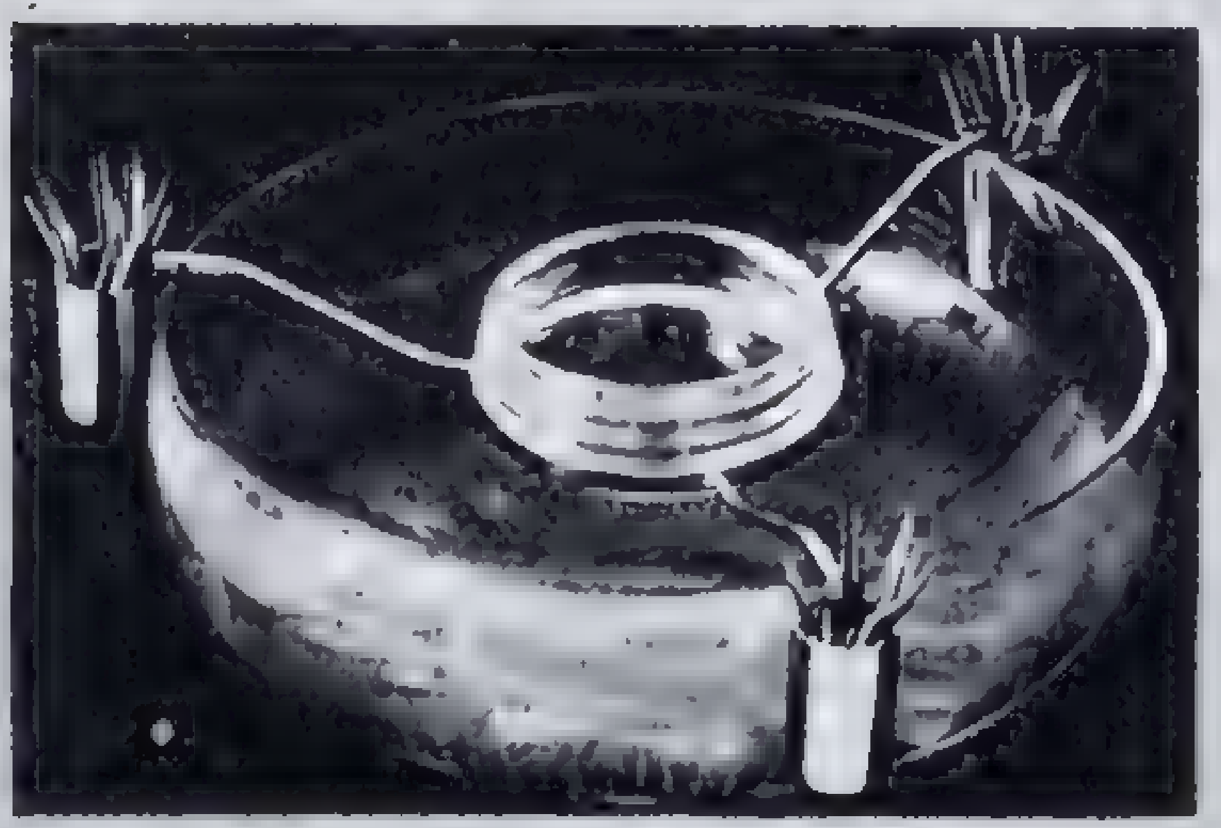
SO YOU WANT SOMETHING DIFFERENT

here it is!



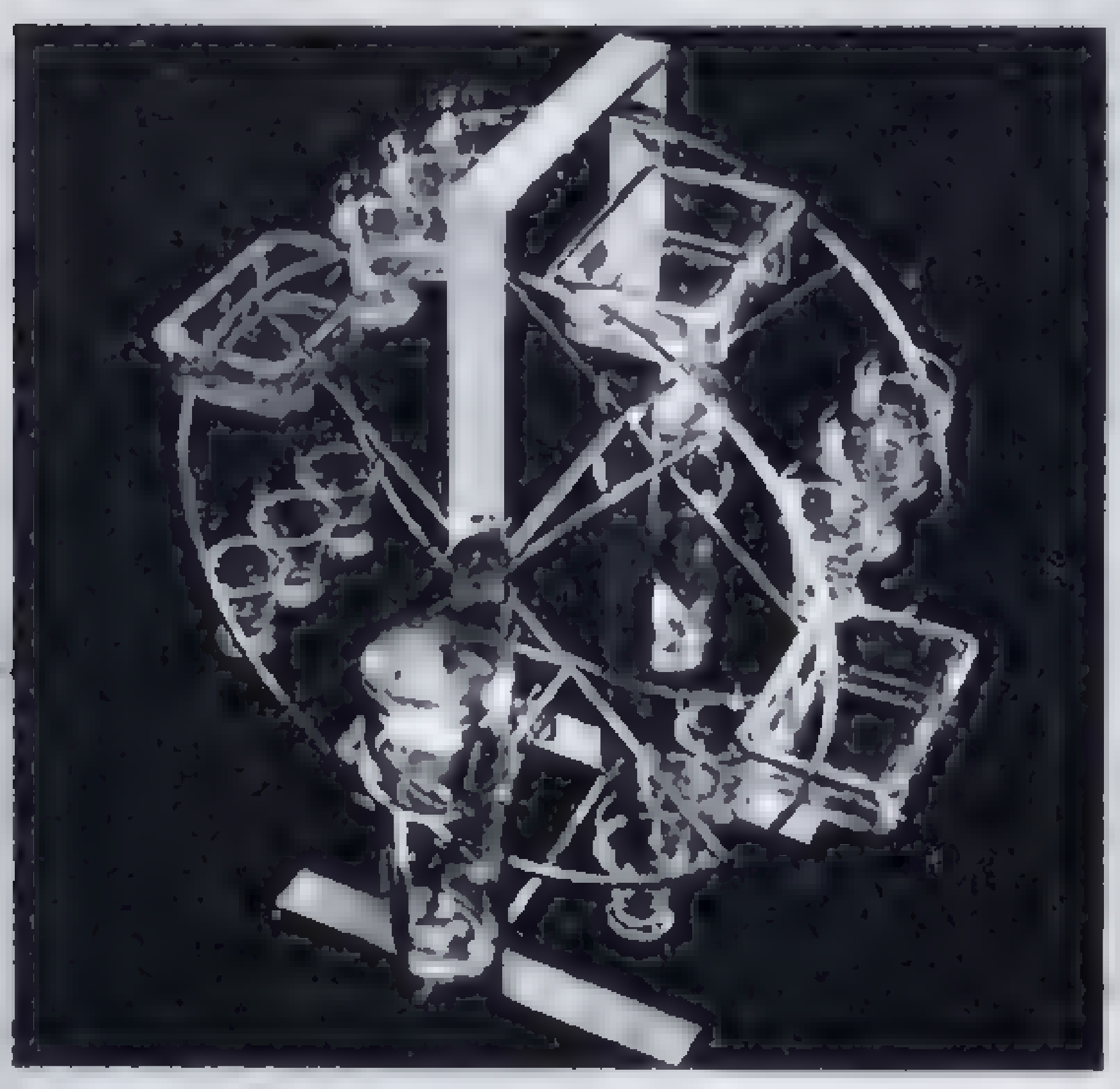
Chromium bar wagon with glass enclosed cabinet with sliding doors. Holds 24 glasses in chromium grill, plus a combination martini and shaker—ice bucket and tongs and two bar bottles. Contents are removable to use wagon for dinner service, $150.

"Town Crier" bell turns out to be a cocktail shaker. Chromium, silver plated inside and genuine walnut handle through which you pour, $10.



Glass shrimp bowl with all the fixings—chromium top that fits over the bowl holds a glass sauce dish and 3 chromium holders for toothpicks (for the shrimps, not the molars). Bowl can be used for other purposes by removing frame, $12.50.

Old fashioneds, highballs and cocktail glasses with names joined in colored enameled lettering around the top . . . "Bob and Mary" etc., each $15 doz. Sterling silver lettering, $30 a doz.



The chrome ferris wheel revolving cocktail bar holds 12 glasses, 2 shakers and 4 hors d'oeuvres trays. Even when you whirl it, nothing spills, $80.

Handsome heavy cut glass martini mixer with chromium top and spoon (28 oz. capacity), $7.50. With regular shaker top without spoon, $7.00

Above items are either patented or patents pending.

If you cannot find these gifts
in your local store, write to

National Silver Deposit Ware Company, Inc.
Manufacturers—established a quarter of a century
44 WEST 18th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

The Friendly Little Tavern

Continued from pages 125-173

think is the right thing for me to do? I want one more glass of beer. My wife here, who *doesn't* want any more beer, says I should—"

And just as Benson was answering, "I guess you ought to go home with your wife," Babe said to the gray-haired man, "Oh, shut up, you old fool," and breaking away from the men about her, she pulled the gray-haired man away from him.

"Just don't mind him," Babe said to Benson after she had closed the door on the two middle-aged couples. "All he needs is a glass of beer to lose what little sense he's got left."

"Fine," Benson said, smiling at her, holding his glass of beer. "Thanks for the tip."

Babe rejoined the group of men. Benson had a hard time taking the smile off his face. He felt that if Babe had talked to him a little longer, one of the men would have asked him to come over and take a drink with them; he would have had the drink, and then have bought a round for Babe and the men, and then have stayed till the tavern closed and have gone out with them all. Then, when he came in the next night, they would all have called hello to him.

He had started to figure out how he could get himself transferred from the station he worked on to the station near the tavern, so that the people who came into the tavern might come across him working, and know that much more about him. He phoned in to the superintendent of his division one night to find out if there was any chance of his being transferred to that station. The superintendent wasn't in, but his assistant suggested that Benson call him up in about two weeks. Benson marked the date on the service calendar in his booth.

Two nights later, when Benson came into the tavern, the phonograph was playing, as usual, and Babe and a man were dancing. The other men were standing in front of the bar, and the bartender was leaning against the bar, watching Babe dance, and grinning.

Benson was surprised to see the bartender looking on approvingly at Babe dancing; he didn't get his pack of cigarettes at the machine at the side, but sat down on his usual stool at the bar. The bartender nodded to him, as though to say he'd bring him his glass of beer in a minute, and Benson nodded to him, and the bartender turned again to watch Babe and the man dancing. Benson half turned around to watch them, and then he realized that this was the first time that he was seeing the man who was dancing with Babe. He'd never seen that man in the tavern before. But the bartender and the men at the bar watched him dancing with Babe as though it were a familiar sight in the tavern, and the two girls at the table in the rear, and the fellow who did the drawing, and the gray-haired man and his wife and the other middle-aged couple sitting at their usual table were all watching Babe and the man dancing as though they knew the man as well as they knew Babe.

He was taller than Babe and he had black shiny hair and a freshly shaven face. He wore a close fitting gray suit, and spats, and while he danced with Babe he smiled as though he were used to neither smiling nor dancing, as though he could not help thinking that a few days ago he had been neither smiling nor dancing and that in a few days he would again be engaged in something in which neither smiling nor dancing had any part.

Everyone applauded when he and Babe ended their dancing, and the bartender said to him, "Nick, you're better than ever," and drew Benson's beer. He brought the beer to Benson, still with the smile on his face that he had had when he had talked to the man called Nick, and set the glass down in front of Benson and picked up the dime and rang it up on the cash register. Then he leaned against the bar in front of where Babe and Nick and the other men were standing.

"That was pretty good, Babe, wasn't it?" the man called Nick said. His voice sounded as though he were not used to speaking genially. Out of the corner of his eye Benson saw him wipe his neck and face with his handkerchief, and then stuff the handkerchief back into his breast pocket.

"Nick, that was wonderful," Babe said. She laughed, and Nick laughed with her, and the men around the bar laughed with them. "Damn it, Paddy," Babe cried, banging her fist down on the bar, "didn't I tell you my boy friend was coming back? Didn't I?"

"You sure did, Babe," the bartender said, grinning.

Benson turned his head and looked at Nick. He knew immediately he shouldn't have done it. He saw that Nick, the smile going off his face, had turned his head away from him a split second before. Benson looked ahead of him again into the mirror behind the bar, and picked up his glass of beer. He thought of getting up and getting a pack of cigarettes at the machine at the side; which might indicate to Nick that he was familiar with the place. Benson felt that it was necessary for him quickly to reassure Nick. He barely heard Nick saying, in a voice that he tried to keep down but that rasped just enough for Benson to hear it, "Who's that drinking beer down at the end of the bar?" and he heard the bartender replying quickly, reassuringly, "Oh, he just comes in here and drinks for a while at night, Nick. He's all right." Babe said in a whisper, "Oh, he's all right, Nick, don't worry about him."

Benson heard them talking for a minute in lowered voices, Nick's

Continued on page 176

True to Tradition

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SHAW
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Lanson père & fils
Reims (FRANCE)
Extra Quality
Extra Dry
1 PINT & 10 FLUID OUNCES
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ALCOHOL BY
VOLUME 13%

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AIMING for *Good Whiskey?* Train your sights on the familiar letters G & W and you'll bag a prize! G & W is good to begin with because it begins with good ingredients. It's good all the way through because it's controlled at every step. You'll find it the perfect G*round* W*ork* for highball or cocktail. So, G*et* W*ise*...Get G & W...it G*oes* W*ell!*

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The Friendly Little Tavern

Continued from pages 125-173-174

voice above the other two. Benson's heart hammered. He pretended to frown down at his beer, as though he were thinking of something far away. Then he didn't hear their voices, and he felt them standing there, not looking toward him but thinking about him. "Well, fill her up again, Paddy," Nick said then, like a man forcing himself to say what is expected of him, and Paddy said quickly, "Sure, Nick. Drink up, everybody, and let me have the glasses."

"Nick, you old son of a gun," Babe said effusively, and Benson heard her kissing Nick, and he heard the girls at the table in the rear laugh.

"Babe, hasn't anybody tamed you since I've been away?" Nick said, holding his arm around her, as though trying to recover his former good-humored mood.

"Drinks ready," the bartender said, setting the drinks down on the bar. "This is yours, Nick."

"Mud in your eye, Babe," Nick said. (Benson, not looking at them, could picture Nick holding up his drink with a slight smile on his face.)

"Down the hatch, Nick boy," Babe said.

"Best of luck to you, Nick," the bartender said, holding up the drink he had poured for himself.

"To you, Paddy," Nick said.

They drank; and lowered their glasses.

"Another record, Nick, another record, another record," Babe said, setting her glass down. She took a nickel that had been lying on the bar and hurried to the phonograph, almost running.

Nick laughed a little. "Going to wear me out, Babe, dancing to every record."

"Say Nick," the lean gray-haired man called out, "I've been meaning to ask you all night. How about that trouble you had over in Cleveland? Did you clean it up like you meant to? If you remember, Nick, before you left you told me you expected—"

"Easy, Dan," Nick said, and Benson, without looking at him, knew that there was no smile now on Nick's face. "I'll talk to you later if you want to ask me about anything. Or get up and come over to the bar."

"Oh hell, Nick, let's hear about it. Nobody in here's going to print anything in the papers. You can—"

"I said, Take it easy, Dan! You're not too drunk to understand me, are you?"

Benson turned his head, and saw Nick, standing with one arm on the bar, looking not at the lean gray-haired man but directly at him . . .

Benson looked down at his glass of beer. Babe came back to Nick, not having started the phonograph, and Benson heard her whisper, "Oh, Nick, I tell you he's all right. He's been coming in here every night."

"I thought nobody in here knew him. But maybe somebody does. Maybe you do, Babe."

"No, Nick, of course I don't."

"Maybe Paddy does. He's supposed to run this place. He ought to know who he lets sit in here."

"No I don't, Nick," the bartender said quickly. "He just comes in here—"

"And sits there," Nick said. "All right. It's your place and if you want him in here there's nothing I can say about it. But if anybody who feels like it can come in here and sit around listening and watching—I've got no use for this place, Paddy."

The bartender came down behind the bar to Benson and looked down at Benson's nearly finished glass of beer. "Listen, we've got an old friend of ours back here," he said, keeping his voice down, "and he doesn't like anybody in here he doesn't know. Get it? I got nothing against you, and nobody has, but if he doesn't want you sitting in here, that's all there is to it. So finish your beer and—" The bartender jerked his head almost imperceptibly toward the street.

Benson lifted his glass of beer a few inches off the bar and swished the beer around and looked at the foam on the inside of the glass. "Suppose I buy a round of drinks before I go," he said.

"No," the bartender said, with an emphatic shake of his head.

Benson picked up his change that had been lying on the bar and went out, and didn't look back at the tavern as he went away from it.

The next night, on his way home from work, he rode one station past his own station as he had been doing for so long. He walked past the tavern, through the light coming through the windows, and heard the phonograph playing and saw Nick and Babe dancing and the other men standing in front of the bar where their drinks were and the bartender leaning against the bar grinning and the others as they had always been. He kept walking; and didn't go past the tavern again.

On the service calendar in his booth on the subway station there was still that mark he had made against the date that he was to call up again about getting transferred to that other station. The day before that day arrived he rubbed the mark off with his eraser and brushed the shreds of eraser off the calendar.

At nights after work, then, he always got out at his own station, and walked around a while before going up to his room. In his room he sometimes took the pen and ink out of his dresser and tried to write his sister a letter. But each time he had nothing to tell her. At last he put the pen and ink away and got up; then he lit another cigarette before going to bed and stood beside the bed taking off his clothes, thinking that maybe tomorrow when he came back from work he would find something to tell her. #

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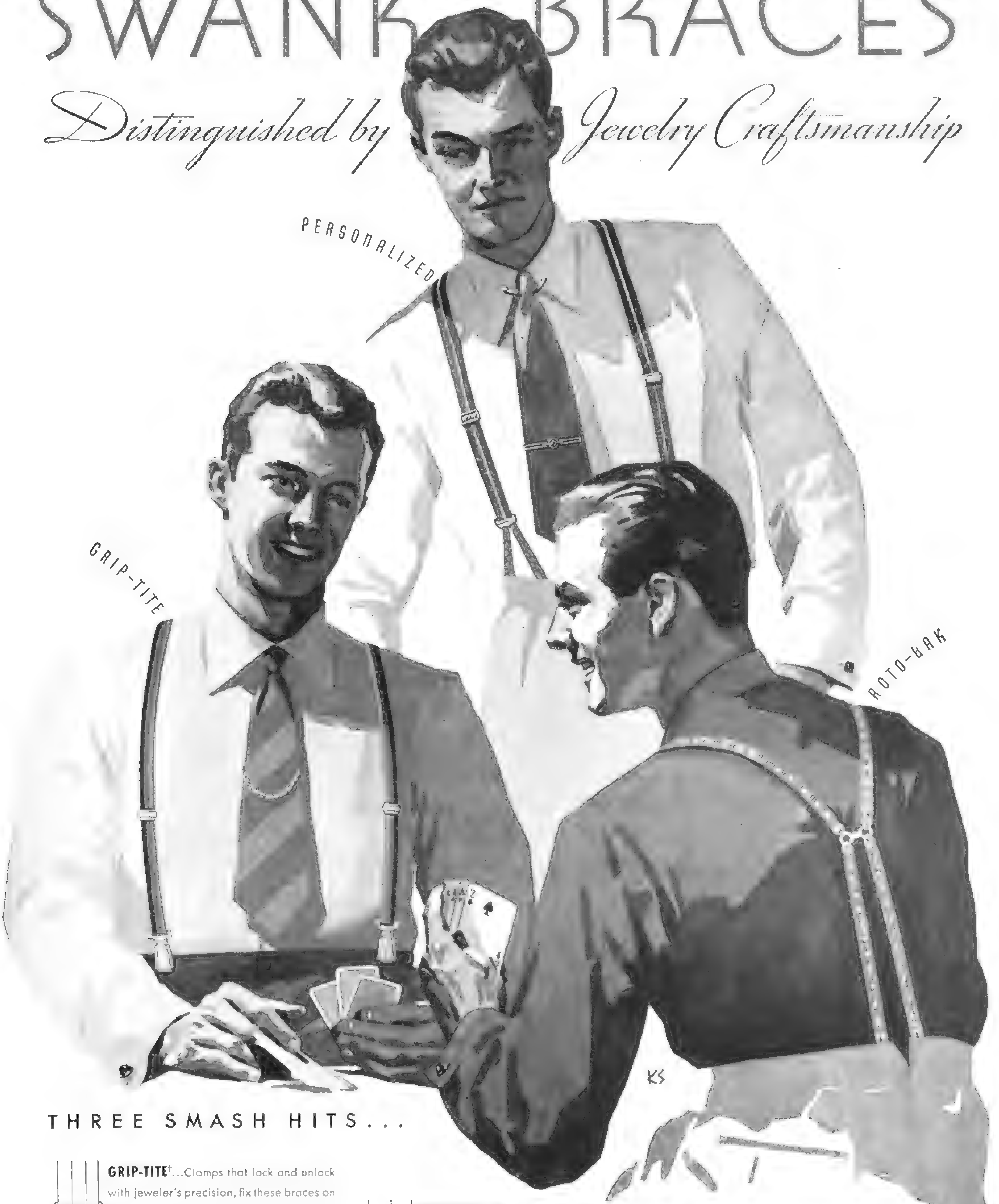

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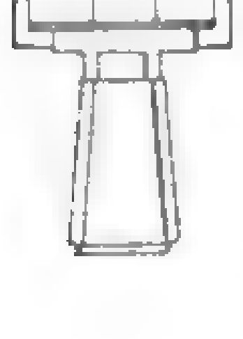

GRIP-TITE†...Clamps that lock and unlock with jeweler's precision, fix these braces on your trousers in a flash. Grip-Tite Braces are more convenient...more comfortable and add a touch of modern smartness

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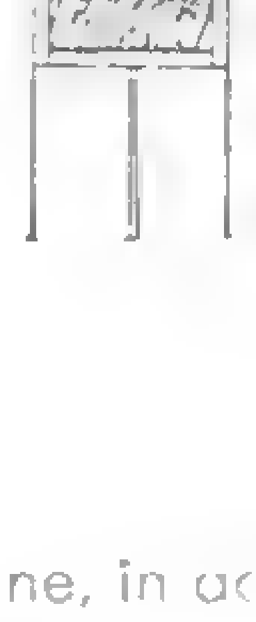

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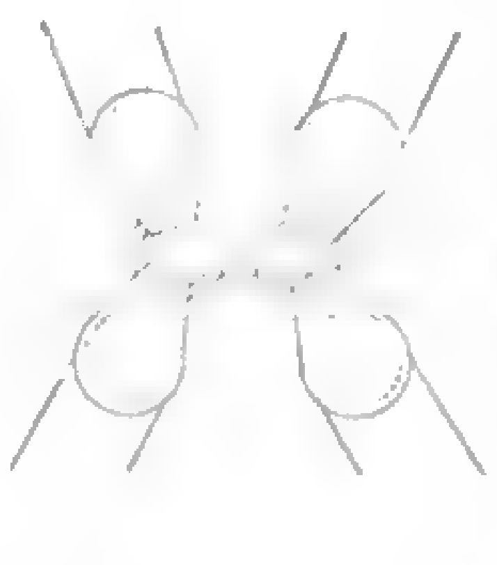

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Mansfield

FOR MEN . . . BY BOURJOIS

The Burro of Chapala

Continued from page 100

show, too wonderful for words. Now Felipe was a grown man, and of course he could no longer go to these parties—which was too bad. But ever since he had grown up and had begun to sell firewood to Mrs. Morton, she had given him a peso each Christmas as a present; so his feelings were very kindly toward her in spite of the fact that she often scolded him with severe sincerity when he failed to cut the firewood the right length or when he was a week or two late in making a promised delivery of charcoal.

Today as he was passing the high double-gate of her Villa, one of the doors was flung open and there stood Mrs. Morton herself. She was talking energetically to her white-clad houseboy Pedro, giving him her orders for the day. She was dressed in white, with a large straw hat on her head and her black ebony walking stick in her hand. Her alert wrinkled face peered out at the sfreet. She recognized Felipe, and smiled. He respectfully took off his hat, and stopped prodding his burro.

"God be with you, Señora," he said.

"God be with you, Felipe," she replied.

He gave his burro a discreet poke, and moved onward down the cobbled street. Old Mrs. Morton remained standing in her gateway, tapping the stones with her stick while she continued to talk to Pedro the houseboy.

As Felipe plodded along, he wished that he were smart enougn to have Pedro's nice easy job of houseboy. A white uniform, so nice and cool looking, and an air as if he were somebody important Pedro didn't have to sweat at cutting wood or burning charcoal, and then haul it into town on the back of a lazy good-for-nothing burro. All he had to do was wait on table and do a little bit of cleaning up and things like that. It wasn't fair. Felipe grew angry as he reflected on these matters and gave his burro an unnecessarily sharp jab with the stick.

Onward the little beast plodded, slower and slower. Just beyond the Villa Colima there was a slight upward slope of the road. There the burro slackened its pace and finally stopped. Its head drooped, its ears were sunk in despondency. It closed its eyes, and opening its mouth it emitted a long feeble bray.

Felipe grew enraged. His burro was disgracing him. He was just as tired as the burro was. But he had to go on.

He seized his stick firmly and began to beat the burro. Though the animal flinched at each stroke, it refused to move onward.

"Ah!" Felipe said viciously. "So you won't, won't you?"

Then he resorted to something which he knew was wicked, but he could not help it. He began to twist the animal's tail. This is a cruel form of torture, not generally resorted to by the Mexican peasants. The pain probably mounts into the regions of agony.

The burro gave a start of anguish, and went on. Felipe was not content. Every few steps, he would again give the tail a vicious twist. Each time he did so, the burro shivered.

Suddenly Felipe was startled to hear an angry voice behind him. He looked around, and beheld Mrs. Morton thumping up the street with her stick. She was flushed with rage and with exertion; she had to pause a moment and recover her breath before she could say to him what she was burning to say.

"You stop that, do you hear, Felipe! You wicked, wicked fellow! I've a mind to give you a good beating with my stick! How do you dare to be so cruel to that poor little animal that serves you so well? Didn't God put a heart inside you when he made you? Don't you ever again let me catch you doing such a bad thing to a dumb animal. They feel things just the way you do, you wicked boy—even if they can't cry the way you would if somebody hurt you! Do you hear what I say? Do you hear what I say?"

She glared at Felipe, her face contorted by pain and anger. She turned and patted the nose of the little burro.

"There, there, little fellow!" she said. "Nobody's going to do that to you again."

"Yes, Señora, yes, Señora," Felipe said abashed. The old lady had a way about her, when she was angry at you, that was very frightening.

"Well, now you mind what I say. And after the market this afternoon, when you are on your way home, you stop at my house. I want to give that poor beast some sugar. And don't you imagine I am going to give you a thing, because I'm not—not a thing! You are a bad boy, Felipe!"

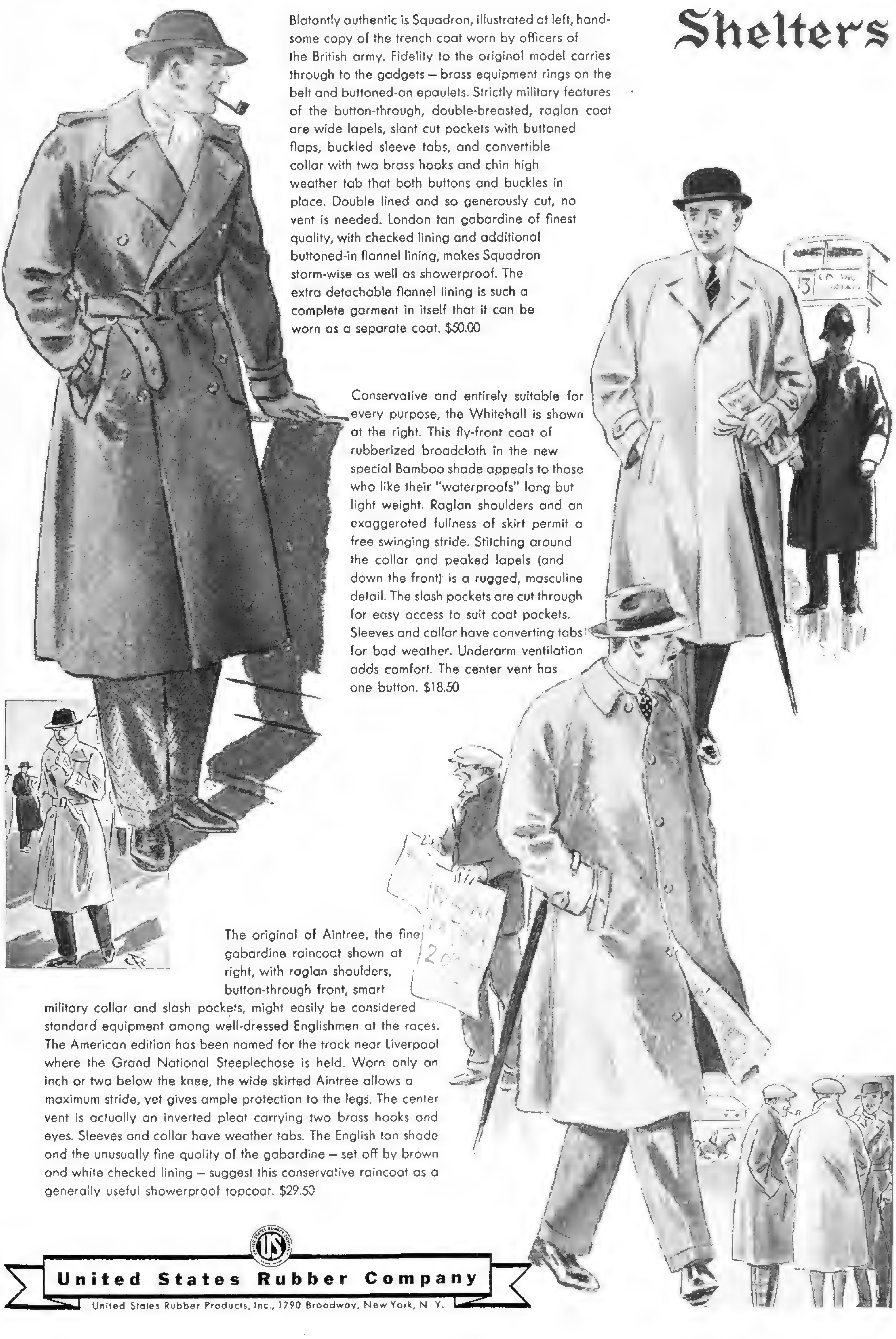
"Yes, Señora, yes, Señora."

She glared at Felipe, gave the burro a final pat, and started briskly up the street toward the center of the town. Felipe marveled that a woman of one hundred and fifty could move so actively and thump the cobblestones so hard with her stick.

He gave the burro a cautious poke; the beast trudged slowly on and Felipe followed. Presently he saw Mrs. Morton turn at a corner and disappear down a side street that led toward the Lake. Good riddance, he thought. Then a sullen anger awoke in him. After all, this was his burro, not hers. What right had she to interfere? He suddenly gave vent to the spleen which the episode had aroused in him.

At first he merely beat and prodded the burro. Then as his taste for cruelty grew by what it fed on, he began again to twist its tail. He was well aware that the tail is merely the extension of the back bone, and he delighted to

Continued on page 180



Shelters

Blatantly authentic is Squadron, illustrated at left, handsome copy of the trench coat worn by officers of the British army. Fidelity to the original model carries through to the gadgets – brass equipment rings on the belt and buttoned-on epaulets. Strictly military features of the button-through, double-breasted, raglan coat are wide lapels, slant cut pockets with buttoned flaps, buckled sleeve tabs, and convertible collar with two brass hooks and chin high weather tab that both buttons and buckles in place. Double lined and so generously cut, no vent is needed. London tan gabardine of finest quality, with checked lining and additional buttoned-in flannel lining, makes Squadron storm-wise as well as showerproof. The extra detachable flannel lining is such a complete garment in itself that it can be worn as a separate coat. $50.00

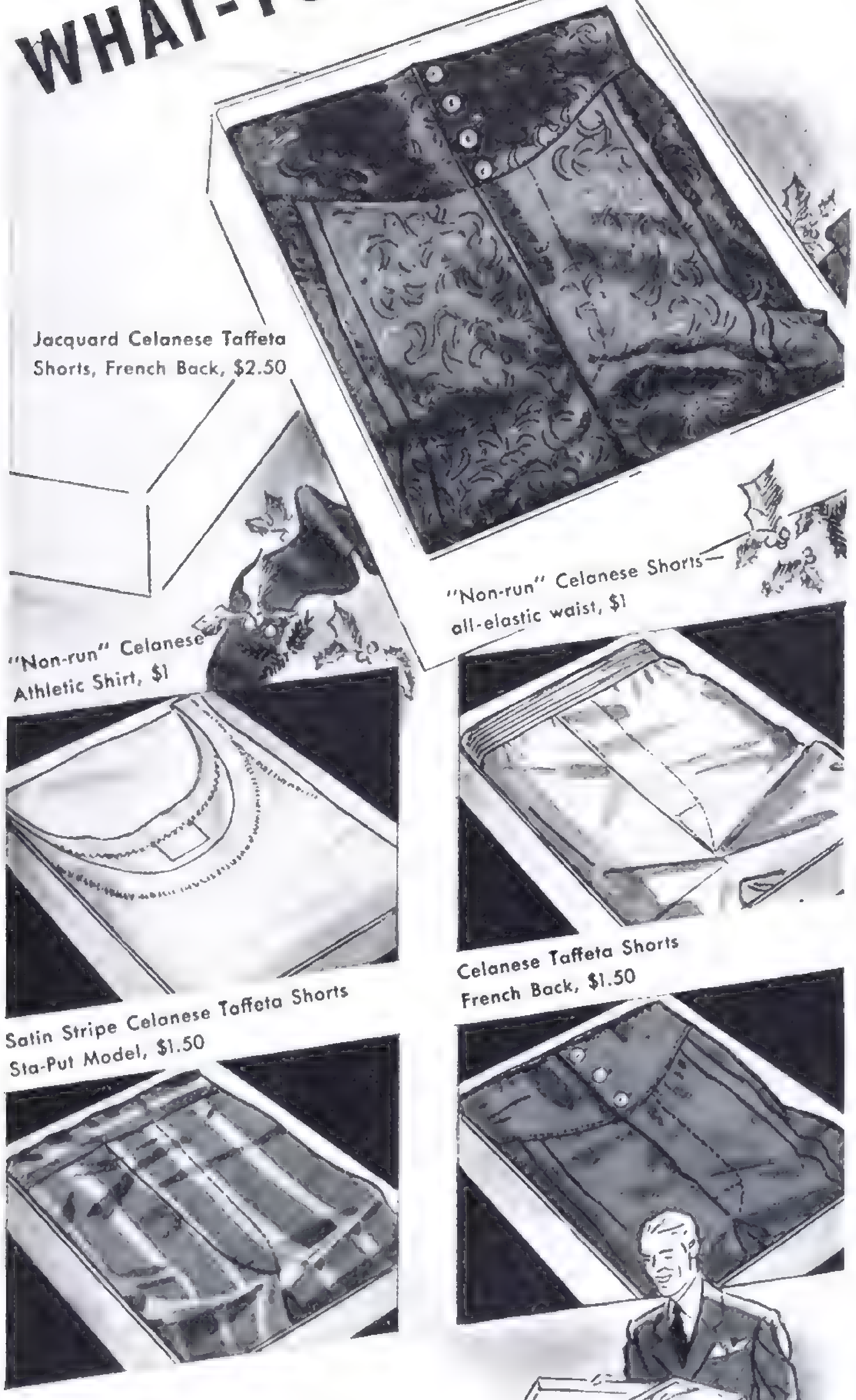
Conservative and entirely suitable for every purpose, the Whitehall is shown at the right. This fly-front coat of rubberized broadcloth in the new special Bamboo shade appeals to those who like their "waterproofs" long but light weight. Raglan shoulders and an exaggerated fullness of skirt permit a free swinging stride. Stitching around the collar and peaked lapels (and down the front) is a rugged, masculine detail. The slash pockets are cut through for easy access to suit coat pockets. Sleeves and collar have converting tabs for bad weather. Underarm ventilation adds comfort. The center vent has one button. $18.50

The original of Aintree, the fine gabardine raincoat shown at right, with raglan shoulders, button-through front, smart military collar and slash pockets, might easily be considered standard equipment among well-dressed Englishmen at the races. The American edition has been named for the track near Liverpool where the Grand National Steeplechase is held. Worn only an inch or two below the knee, the wide skirted Aintree allows a maximum stride, yet gives ample protection to the legs. The center vent is actually an inverted pleat carrying two brass hooks and eyes. Sleeves and collar have weather tabs. The English tan shade and the unusually fine quality of the gabardine – set off by brown and white checked lining – suggest this conservative raincoat as a generally useful showerproof topcoat. $29.50

United States Rubber Company

United States Rubber Products, Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THIS NEW **REIS** UNDERWEAR
ANSWERS THE ETERNAL
WHAT-TO-GIVE-A-MAN
QUESTION


Jacquard Celanese Taffeta Shorts, French Back, $2.50
"Non-run" Celanese Shorts—all-elastic waist, $1
"Non-run" Celanese Athletic Shirt, $1
Celanese Taffeta Shorts French Back, $1.50
Satin Stripe Celanese Taffeta Shorts Sta-Put Model, $1.50

Even the man who "has everything" never has too much underwear. And now Reis Jimshirts and Jimpants of Celanese bring underwear into the gift class for the first time!

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One more point. This underwear is new. It's a "natural" for Christmas. It will be a "sell-out" in many stores. So—Do your choosing early.

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The Burro of Chapala

Continued from pages 100-178

think what waves of pain were shooting up through the whole spinal column.

The animal responded to this stimulus by breaking into a feeble run. Felipe scampered after. As the burro slowed down its pace, Felipe would soon catch up with it and begin his tail-twisting again.

By the time they got within sight of the market place, Felipe was very hot and angry, and the burro was almost exhausted by pain and fatigue. In a final burst of speed, goaded by the dreadful tail-twisting, it ran across the cobbles of the plaza, staggered to the entrance of the market square, slipped on the stones, and fell headlong. Felipe kicked it viciously, but it refused to rise to its feet.

He prodded it, he jerked at the halter, he bit one of its ears. In vain. The animal lay inert, with half-closed eyes.

By this time, a crowd of idle market-goers and small boys had gathered round. "You'll have to carry him home, Felipe!" "Why don't you get yourself a real burro, Felipe?" "Don't you ever feed your burro?" was shouted at him ironically by some of the urchins, who were greatly enjoying the scene of Felipe's discomfiture.

Felipe grew furious. He paid no attention to the derisive remarks, but placed his foot on the burro's rump, seized fresh hold of the tail, and began to twist and pull with his whole strength. A murmur of disapprobation arose from the crowd, but Felipe disregarded it.

Suddenly he heard a fierce voice behind him. "What is this? What is this?" He turned, and saw that there stood Mrs. Morton. She was pale with fury, and the cane shook in her hand.

"You wretched boy!" she cried to him, glaring. "The minute I turn my back, you begin abusing this poor little creature again! Oh what a wicked fellow you are! What would your grandmother say? Maybe she is looking down from heaven now and seeing you. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

She went up to the burro and gently tried to persuade it to get up onto its feet. It refused to stir.

"Take those loads of wood off its back!" she commanded. "Can't you see that it is too tired to be able to rise with all that burden on it?"

Felipe meekly went up to the prostrate animal and unfastened the ropes. The two big faggots slipped to the pavement.

"Carry those into the market," Mrs. Morton commanded.

By this time, several dozen people had gathered to witness the odd scene. Mrs. Morton was a familar figure to them all, but they had never seen her in precisely this rôle before. Some of them who had just arrived were a little puzzled by her activities. One woman whispered to another: "Do you think that the Señora has suddenly grown poor—so that she has to come to the market to sell wood? How sad!" "No, you fool! Just watch! She is going to give Felipe a beating in a minute, because he was almost killing his burro." "Oh, is that it! Well, I hope she does! Felipe is not nice to his burro." "No, he is not. And it is a good little burro, too. See how tired the poor little thing is!"

While Felipe was dragging the two faggots to that part of the market place where the wood merchants gather, Mrs. Morton succeeded in coaxing the burro to rise to its feet. It stood there with a sad expression, its long ears drooping and its legs trembling. Mrs. Morton patted its nose. It gave no sign of being aware of her attentions. She thrust her hand into her black handbag, took out a copper coin, and handed it to one of the gaping urchins. She pointed to where several vendors of sugar cane were squatting on the dusty pavement.

The urchin grinned his comprehension, seized the coin and ran to one of the sugar cane merchants. Handing over the coin, he received in return two short sticks of the highly appreciated commodity. He dashed back to Mrs. Morton and handed her his purchase. She gave one of the sticks back to him.

"Many thanks, gracious Señora!"

She smiled at him. "You are very welcome." Then she turned to the burro and offered it the other stick. After one suspicious sniff, the animal proceeded to munch the cane with contentment. Mrs. Morton patted it again. "I'll take care of you," she said consolingly.

When Felipe returned from depositing his firewood in the market place, he had to push his way through a considerable circle of spectators to regain the side of his beast. Mrs. Morton was still patting it; and the good-humored crowd, which always enjoyed any little unusual happening, was laughing and murmuring its approval of the funny old English señora. She was smiling and chatting with one or another.

Her face hardened when she saw Felipe.

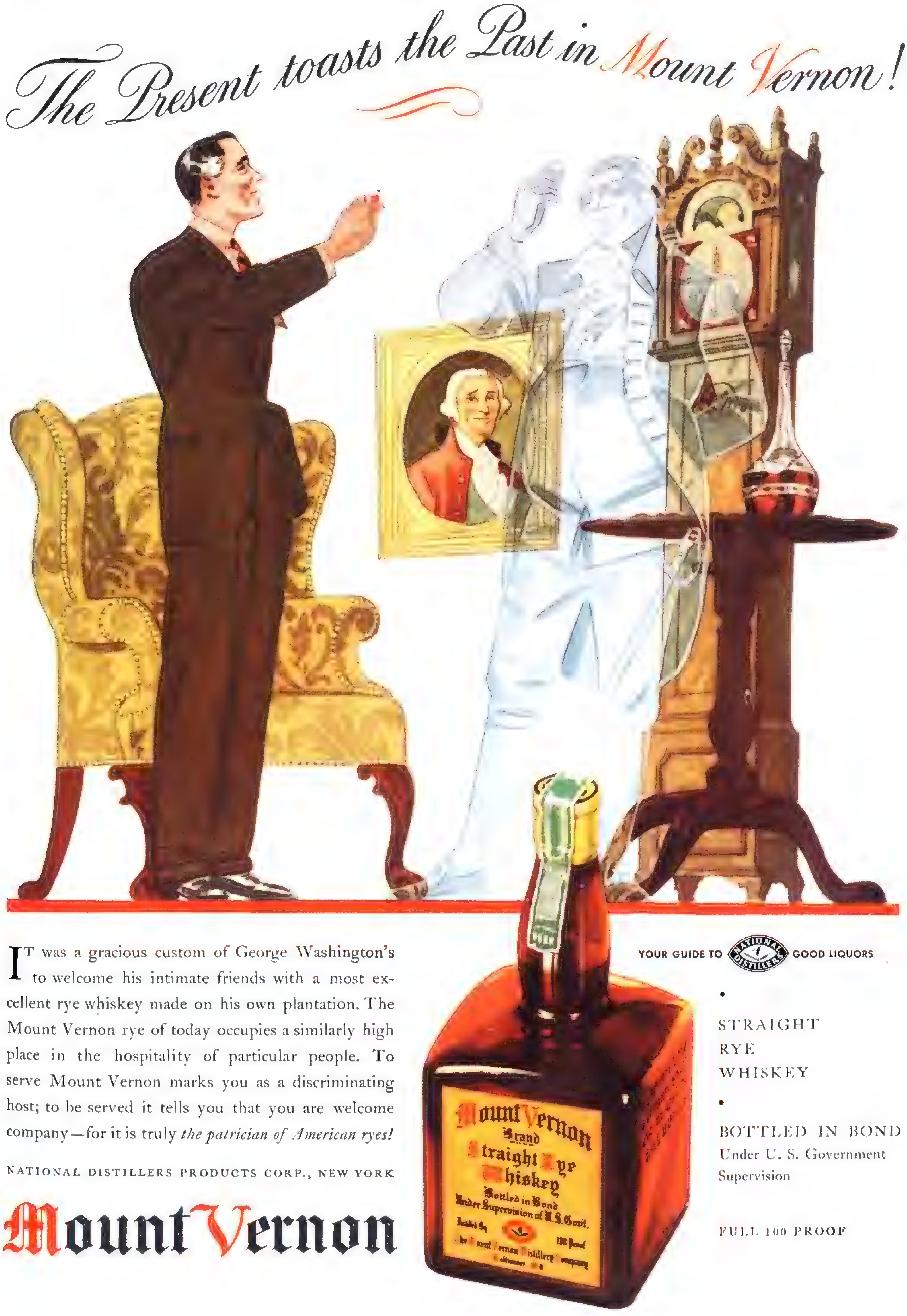
"Felipe—will you promise me, in the sight of all these people and in the sight of the Blessed Virgin Mary, that you will not load your burro so heavily, and that you will never again twist his tail?"

Felipe's expression grew sullen. He had been made a public spectacle of this morning, and his dignity was hurt. "It is my burro," he said stubbornly.

There was a silence. The crowd waited attentively.

Suddenly Mrs. Morton spoke. "Felipe, this poor brute has been shamefully abused. You must get a stronger burro. You cannot have this one any longer. I am going to buy him from you. Now he belongs to me, and you cannot touch him. I know exactly what he is worth. He is worth eighteen pesos —or will be, when he is decently

Continued on page 183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It was a gracious custom of George Washington's to welcome his intimate friends with a most excellent rye whiskey made on his own plantation. The Mount Vernon rye of today occupies a similarly high place in the hospitality of particular people. To serve Mount Vernon marks you as a discriminating host; to be served it tells you that you are welcome company—for it is truly *the patrician of American ryes!*

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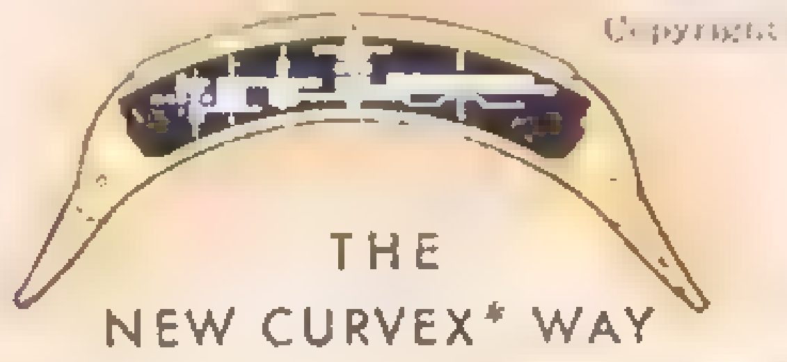
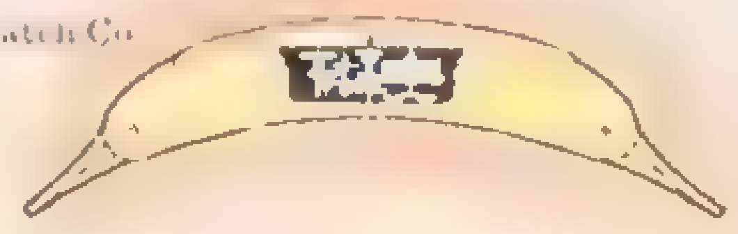
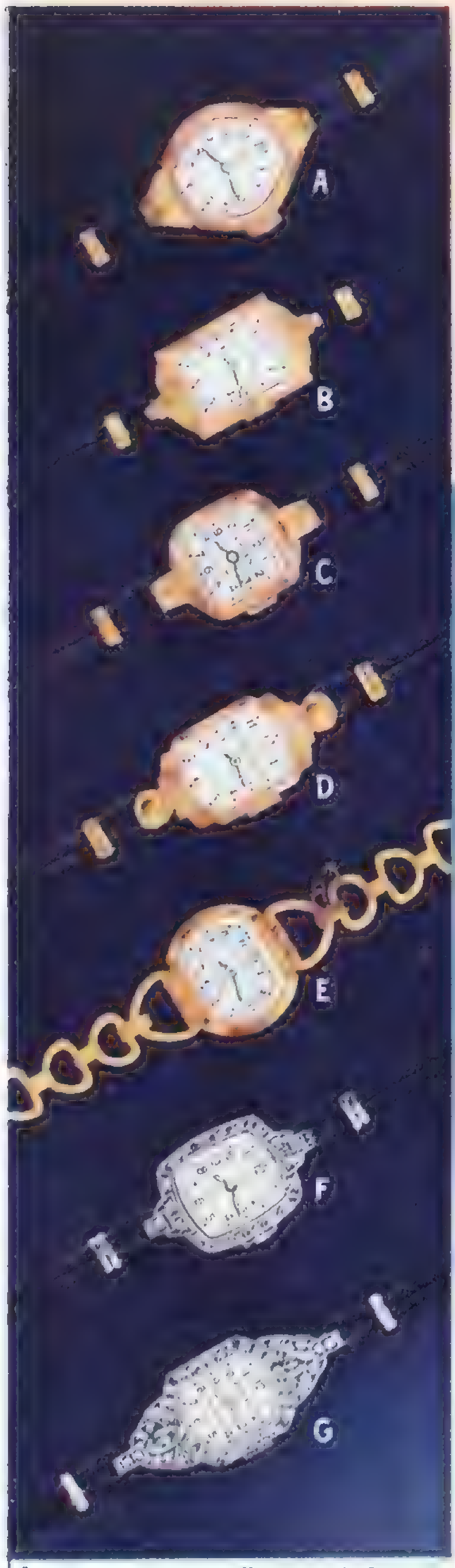

THE NEW CURVEX* WAY

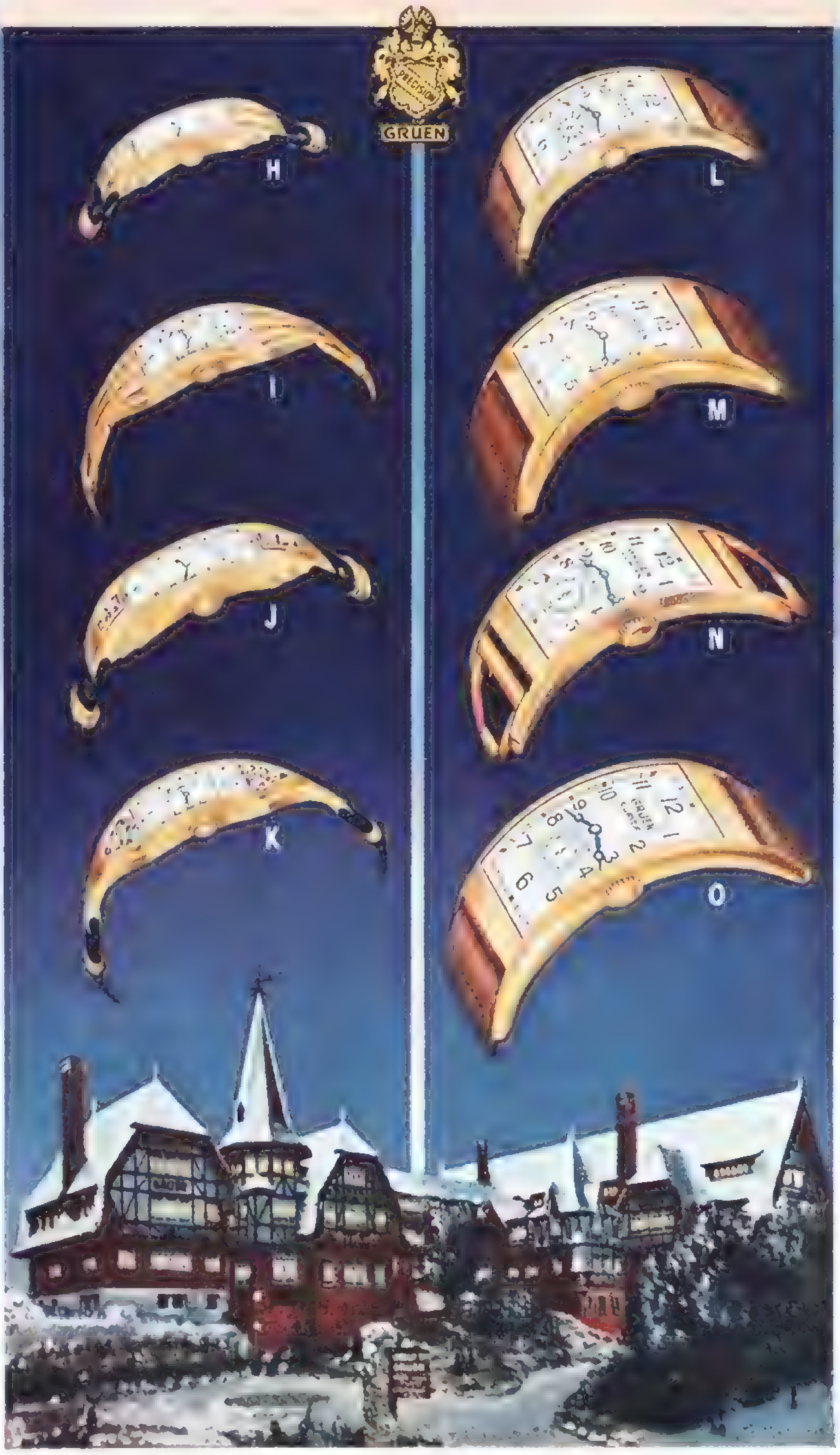

THE OLD WAY

Patented. U. S. Patents No. [illegible] Re. [illegible]

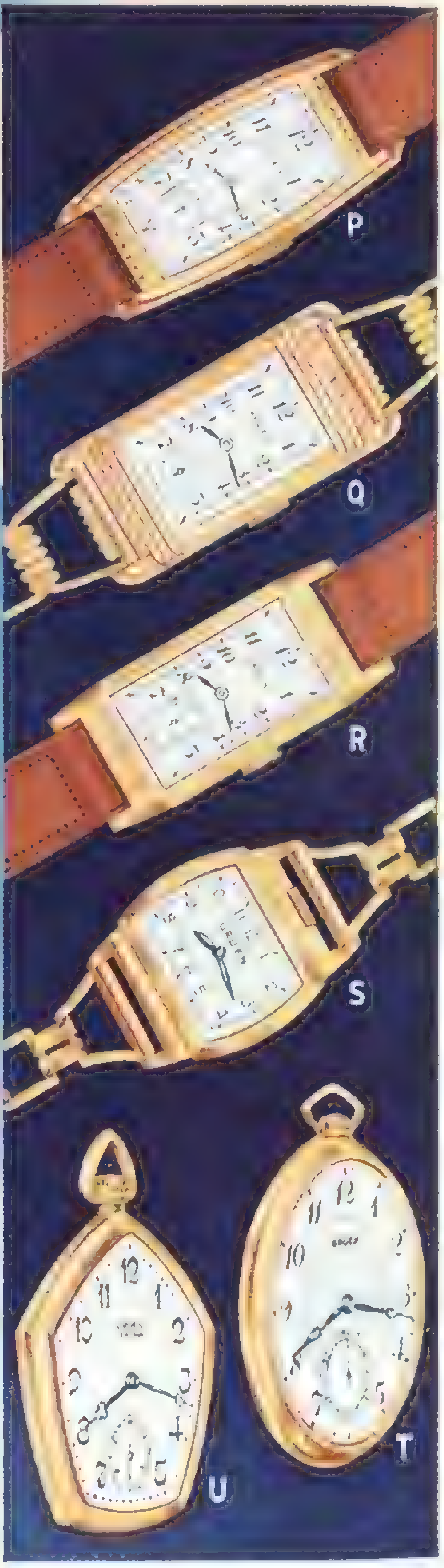
Here Gruen combines the beauty of a curved case with the accuracy of a *full-size movement* actually curved to fill the wristform case. *Even if the case were removed,* the revolutionary CURVEX movement still would conform to the curve of the wrist.

A curved *case* only. The conventional flat movement, conflicting with the shape of the case, is relatively small and fragile. Accuracy is sacrificed to appearance. The cases in the diagrams above are the same size. But notice the difference in the *movements!*





East View, Time Hill Plant, The Gruen Watch Company, Cincinnati, U. S. A.



A—STAR: 15 jewels, yellow gold filled case $29.75

B—GLORIA: 15 jewels, yellow gold filled case $33.75

C—ASHLAND: 17 jewel Precision, yellow gold filled case $39.75

D—MARCIA: 17 jewel Precision, yellow gold filled case $42.50

E—DELIGHT: 17 jewel Precision, yellow gold filled $49.75

F—BANFF: 17 jewel Precision, 14 kt. solid white gold, 20 diamonds $89.50

G—CALAIS: 17 jewel Precision, Platinum case, 42 diamonds . . . $250

H—LADIES' CURVEX COUNTESS: 17 jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow or white gold filled $42.50

LADIES' CURVEX PRINCESS: 17 jewel Precision, 14 kt. solid yellow gold $59.50

I—LADIES' CURVEX PEERESS: 17 jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow gold filled, bracelet to match $55

J—LADIES' CURVEX CONSORT: 17 jewel Precision, yellow gold filled, 4 diamonds . . . $67.50

K—LADIES' CURVEX TSARINA: 17 jewel Precision, 14 kt. solid yellow gold, 8 diamonds . $100

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L—CURVEX PEER: 17 jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow gold filled . $50

CURVEX TRIUMPH: Same as the Peer, with gold filled bracelet $55

M—CURVEX DUKE: 17 jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow gold filled . $50

CURVEX KING: 17 jewel Precision, 14 kt. solid yellow gold . . $87.50

N—CURVEX MARSHALL: 17 jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow gold filled $59.50

CURVEX MAJOR: same as the Marshall, with leather strap . . . $55

O—CURVEX MAJESTY: 17 jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow gold filled $59.50

CURVEX PRINCE: 17 jewel Precision, 14 kt. solid yellow gold . $125

P—MASTER: 15 jewels, yellow gold filled, Guildite back . . $29.75

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R—BURTON: 17 jewels, yellow gold filled case $37.50

S—FIFTH AVENUE 17 jewels, yellow gold filled case $42.50

T—KNOX: 17 jewels, yellow gold filled case $35

U—HARVARD: 17 jewel Precision, yellow or white gold filled $59.50

The Burro of Chapala

Continued from pages 100-178-180

fed and kindly treated. But I will give you twenty for him. And that is settled."

Felipe stared at her, astounded. "Sell my burro? Twenty pesos?"

Mrs. Morton turned and appealed to the crowd. "Isn't twenty pesos a fair price? Isn't it? What do you all say?"

"Yes, Señora!" . . . "Yes, Señora!" . . . "Yes, a fair price!" . . . "No, sixteen pesos would be enough!" . . . A babel of a dozen voices answered her.

She confronted Felipe again. "You see? You see what they all say? It is my burro now. I'm going to take him home with me. And you stop at my house this afternoon and I'll give you your twenty pesos. And with that you can buy a bigger and stronger burro for your business. You hear me?"

Felipe was dumbfounded. At last he recovered his speech.

"But Señora— my burro? My little Jesusito? But he will not go with you. He is my burro. He will not go with anybody but me. He knows that I am his father and his mother."

The crowd burst into laughter at this naïve plea of Felipe's. Felipe was embarrassed. Yet he stuck to his assertion. "He knows that I am his father and his mother," he repeated dully. "Have I not given him his food all these years? What would he do without me? He will not go with anybody else! He will not!"

"We'll see!" said Mrs. Morton grimly. "Here, you, my friends!" —she addressed the good-tempered little crowd that by this time completely surrounded the three principal actors in this scene. "Please be so kind as to clear a way for me and my burro—out there, toward the plaza."

With a scuffling and hurrying of bare or sandaled feet, and with a few bursts of laughter, the crowd willingly opened a path for her. They greatly relished the prospect of seeing the dignified English lady leading her newly acquired burro across the wide space of the plaza. What a queer old Señora she was! She was capable of doing anything that came into her head. But a heart of gold, a heart of gold!

Mrs. Morton, completely composed, took hold of the ragged rope that was the burro's halter.

"Come, little one," she said. "Maybe Felipe is right when he says he is your father and your mother—but I'm your grandmother."

The crowd gave a delighted guffaw of appreciation. Some of the men slapped their thighs. "What a Señora!" . . . "You can't get the better of her!"

They watched her attentively as she patted the little animal and started to lead him away.

The burro planted its feet stubbornly, and refused to stir.

She coaxed. She petted. She pulled. It was in vain. She glanced at the crowd, and threw up her hands in a gesture of mock despair.

"Perhaps he is illegitimate," she remarked. "Doesn't know his own grandmother."

Her clowning was precisely to their taste. They laughed their applause.

Felipe had not smiled once. Now he advanced and spoke gravely.

"Permit me, Señora! You will see! You will see! I have spoken the truth. Please drop the halter."

She did so.

Felipe did not touch the halter. He merely said: "Come! Come, come, Jesusito! Come with me!" He turned his back, and walked confidently toward the plaza. The burro hesitated for a moment, and then meekly followed.

Felipe, when he heard the small hooves pattering over the cobblestones behind him, turned in triumph. "You see, Señora, you see?" Then he addressed the crowd. "You have seen! Now, say—whose burro is this?"

Several voices called out: "Yours, Felipe! . . . "Yours, friend!" . . . Some of the voices were laughing, but others were as serious as that of Solomon when he delivered his famous judgment to the two mothers who claimed the child.

Mrs. Morton made a gesture of resignation. She knew defeat when she met it. But, like all good generals, she had resources that enabled her to inflict heavy losses even as she retreated.

"Yes, Felipe, I see that he is yours. But" . . . she paused dramatically and waited until the crowd had become silent and attentive—"but, Felipe, will you sell me at least his tail? I'll give you two pesos for his tail."

Felipe stared at her. The crowd listened.

"But, gracious Señora, how can I sell you his tail? I wouldn't cut his tail off. That would be bad of me. He needs it for the flies."

"I do not ask you to cut it off. I ask you to leave it just where it is. But I will pay you two pesos for it, and then it belongs to me. And then you cannot touch it: if you do, it will be trespass, and I will have you put in jail. Do you hear me? Do you hear me? The burro's tail is mine!"

With a gesture that brooked no refusal, she took two silver pesos from her black bag and thrust them into the hand of the bewildered Felipe. Then she turned suddenly and walked thumping with her stick across the plaza, and did not look back.

Behind her arose a tumult of laughter that assured her that her judgment in the case had met with the approval of the crowd— that it was the decree of the community that she was correct, and that her action had received a sanction from which no appeal would ever be possible. Felipe would have to accept it. The tail was hers.

From that day onward, the little animal has been known in Chapala as "The" burro; his pre-eminence over all other existing burros has never been questioned. #

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BEFORE YOU GO TO BED

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THE PROGRESSIVE
UNION PACIFIC
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In the Holidays

Continued from page 82

I don't think I'll go to bed yet. It's so near twelve I think I'll stay up and see the New Year in and all that stuff; maybe go out on the porch and hear the noise."

"I suppose it's all right."

"You'll stick with me, won't you? Want a little port wine?"

Miss Collins wouldn't dare do that but she'd be back presently. She was the prettiest twitch he had seen in a year.

After another glass of port he felt a growing excitement. He pictured "Mr. Griffin" on the floor below, feeling so hidden and secure, possibly asleep. He pictured Oaky and Flute Cuneo and Vandervere strapping on the arsenal; he wished he could be in on the finish but that was no play for a front man.

At a quarter of twelve Miss Collins came back and they went down the corridor to a glassed-in porch overlooking the city.

"I'm afraid this is my last New Year's here," she said.

"What do you care—you've got too much on the ball to go around washing mummies."

At a minute before twelve a din started—first thin and far away, then rolling toward the hospital, a discord of whistles, bells, firecrackers and shots. Once, after a few minutes, McKenna thought he heard the pump sound of a silencer, once and again, but he could not be sure. From time to time Miss Collins darted in to the desk to see if there was a call for her, and each time he kept carefully in her sight.

After fifteen minutes the cacophony died away.

"My back hurts," McKenna said. "I wish you'd help me off with my clothes and then rub me."

"Certainly."

On the way to his room he listened carefully for the sounds of commotion but there was nothing. Therefore, barring the unforeseen, all had gone off as planned—the State of New York's intended witness was now with his fathers.

She bent over the bed, rubbing his back with alcohol.

"Sit down," he ordered. "Just sit on the bed."

He had almost finished the flask of port and he felt fine. There were worse ways to spend New Year's—a job all mopped up, the good warming wine and a swell girl to rub his back.

"You certainly are something to look at."

Two minutes later she tugged his hand from her rumpled belt.

"You're crazy," she exclaimed, panting.

"Oh, don't get sore. I thought you kind of liked me."

"Liked you! You! Why your room smells like a dog's room. I hate to touch you!"

Then was a small knock and the night superintendent called Miss Collins who went into the hall, hastily smoothing her apron. McKenna got out of bed, tiptoed to the door and listened—in a minute he heard Miss Collins' voice:

"But I don't know how to do it, Miss Gleason . . . You say the patient was shot . . ."

And then the other nurse:

". . . then you simply tie the hands and feet together and . . ."

McKenna got back into bed cautiously.

"Last rites for Mr. Griffin," he thought. "That's fine. It'll take her mind off being sore."

III

He had decided to leave next afternoon, when the winter dusk was closing down outside. The interne was uncertain and called the resident, just back from vacation. The latter came in after lunch when the orderly was helping McKenna pack.

"Don't you want to see your doctor tomorrow?" he asked.

He was big and informal, more competent looking than the interne.

"He's just a doctor I got at the hotel. He doesn't know anything about it."

"Well, we've got one more test to hear from."

"I haven't got any fever," said McKenna. "It must have been just a false alarm."

The resident yawned.

"Excuse me," he said—"they called me at two o'clock last night."

"Somebody die?"

The resident nodded.

"Very suddenly. Somebody shot and killed a patient on the floor below."

"Go on! You're not safe anywhere now, are you?"

"Seems not."

McKenna rang the bell at the head of the bed.

"I can't find my hat, and none of those nurses have been in here all day—only the maid." He turned to the orderly. "Go find a nurse and see if they know where my hat is."

"And oh—" the resident added, "tell them if they have that test ready to send it in."

"What test?" McKenna asked.

"Just a routine business. Just a part of your body."

"What part?"

"It ought to be here now. It's hard to get these laboratory tests on a holiday."

Miss Hunter's face appeared in the doorway but she did not look toward McKenna.

"The message came," she said. "It was just to tell you that the test was positive. And to give you this paper."

The resident read it with interest.

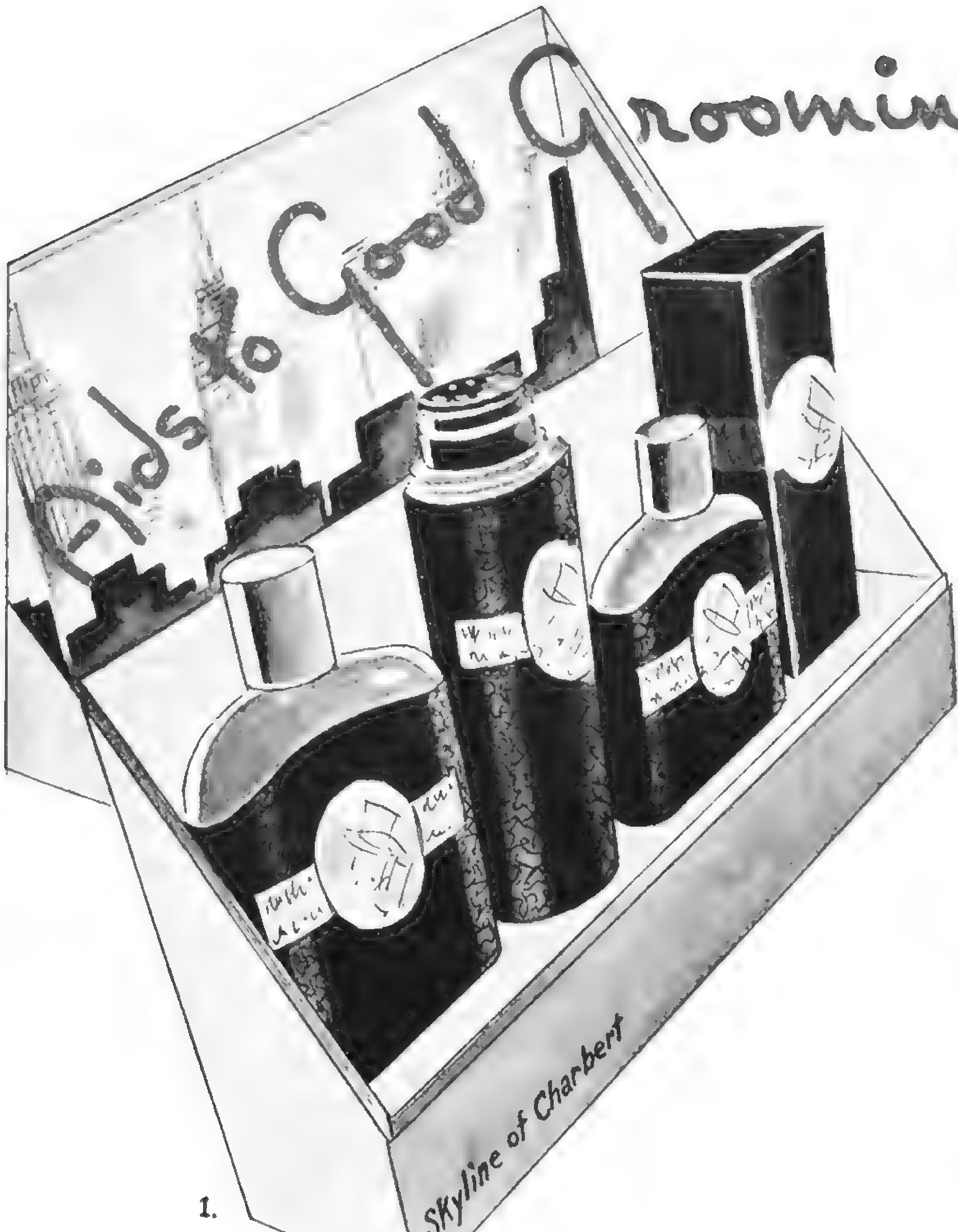
"What is it?" demanded McKenna. "Say, I haven't got—"

"You haven't got anything," said the resident, "—not even a leg to stand on. In fact, I'd be sorry for you—if you hadn't torn up that nurse's letter."

"What nurse's letter?"

"The one the postman put to-

Continued at top of page 186


Aids to Good Grooming for Gentlemen..
Skyline of Charbert

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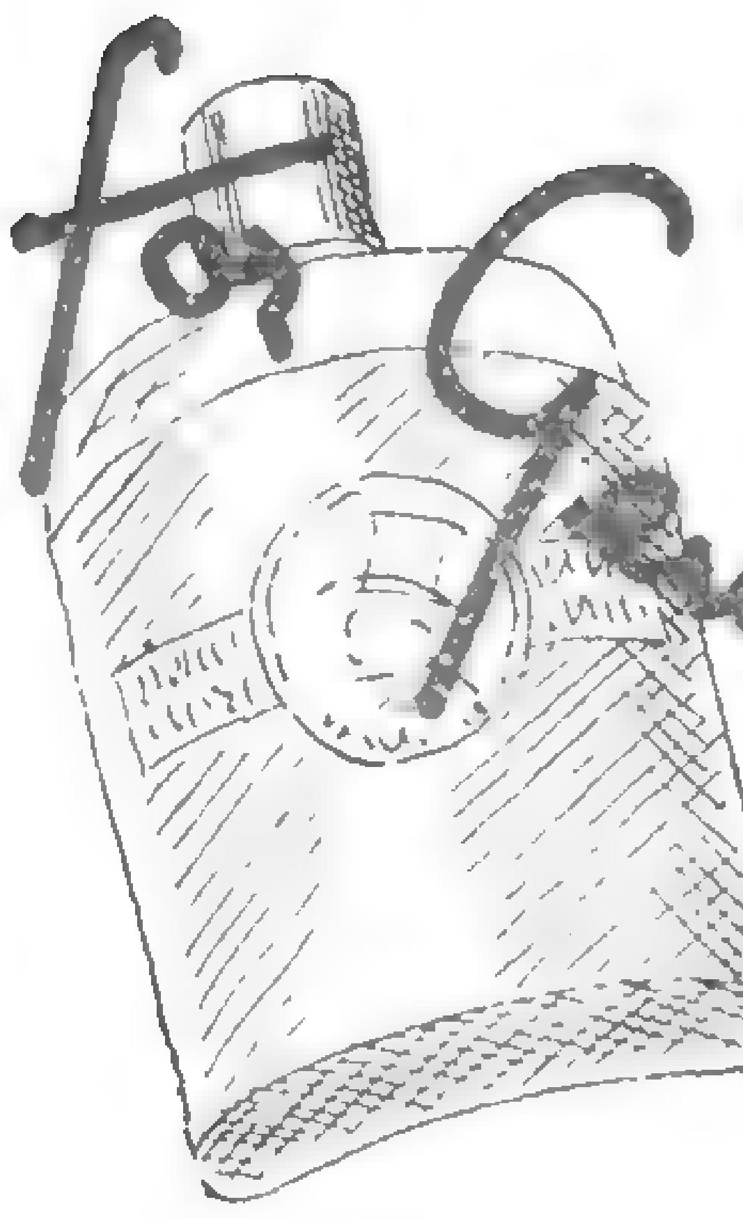

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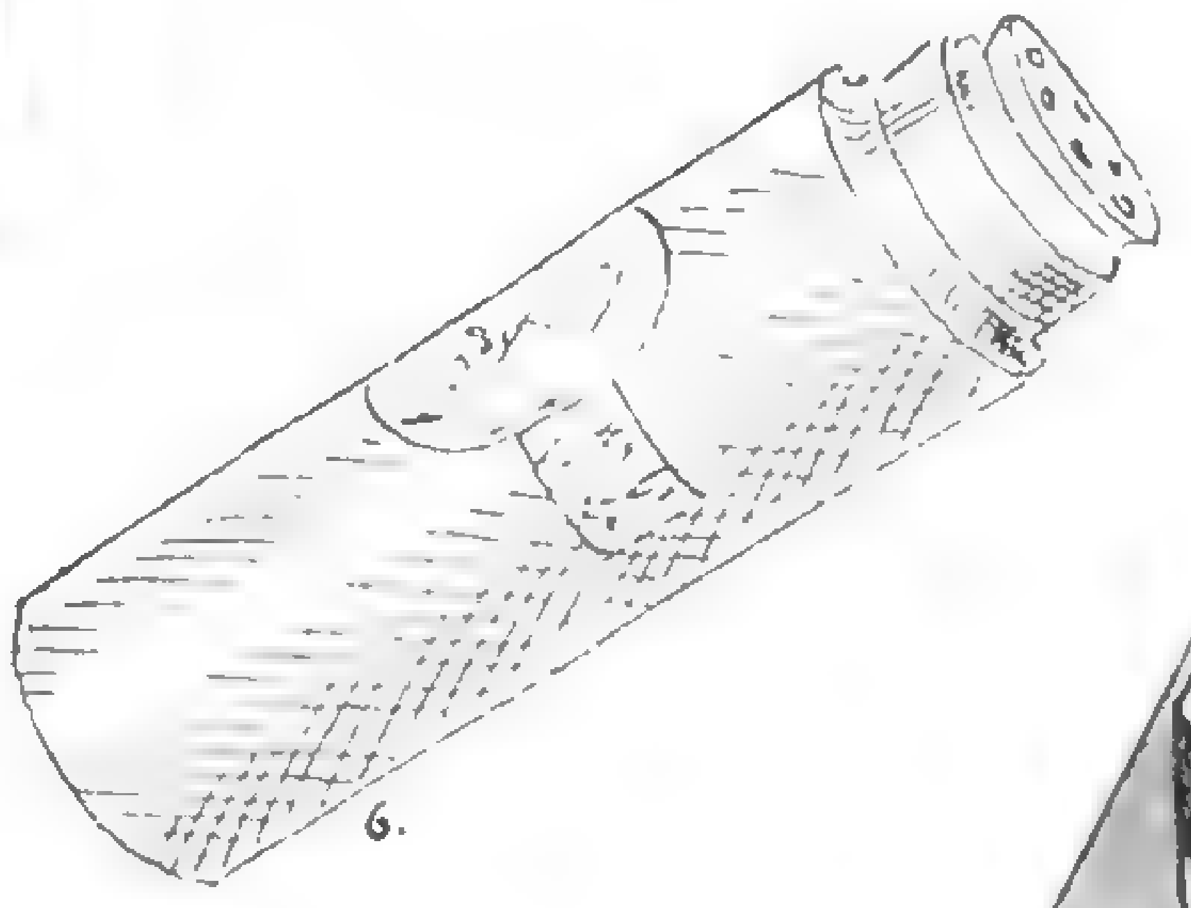

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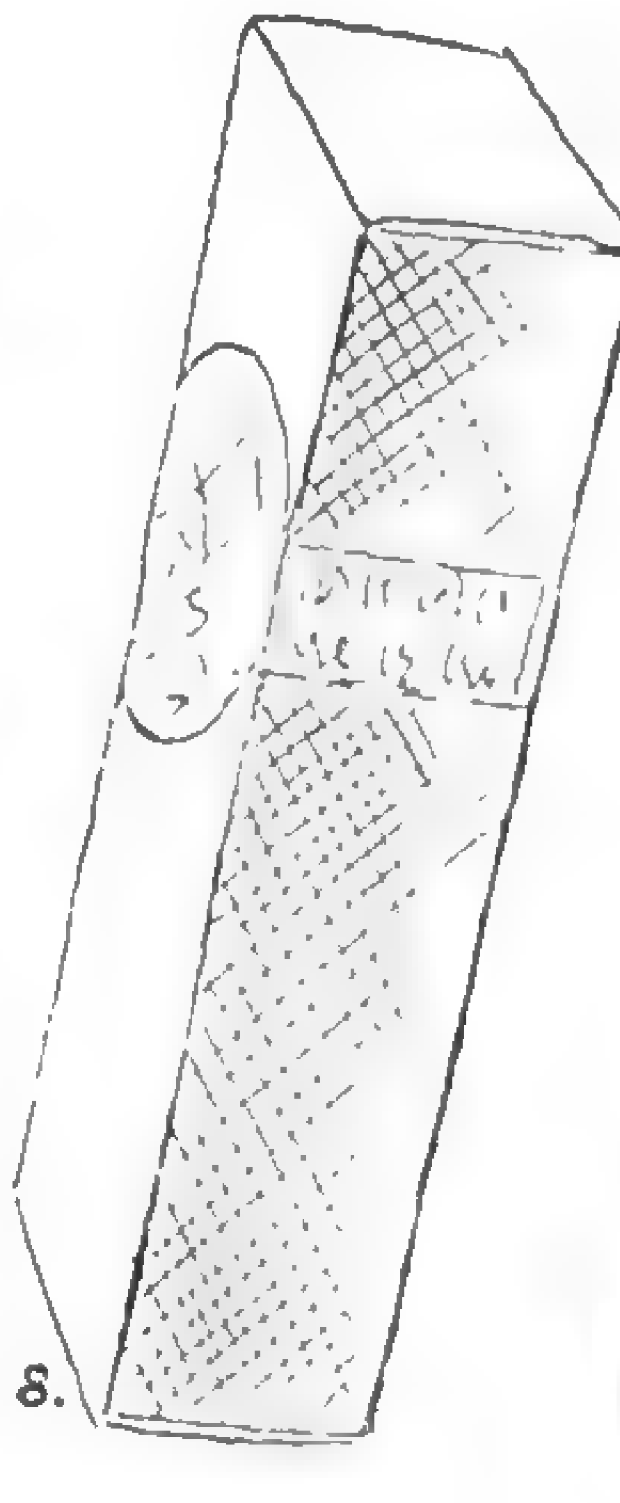

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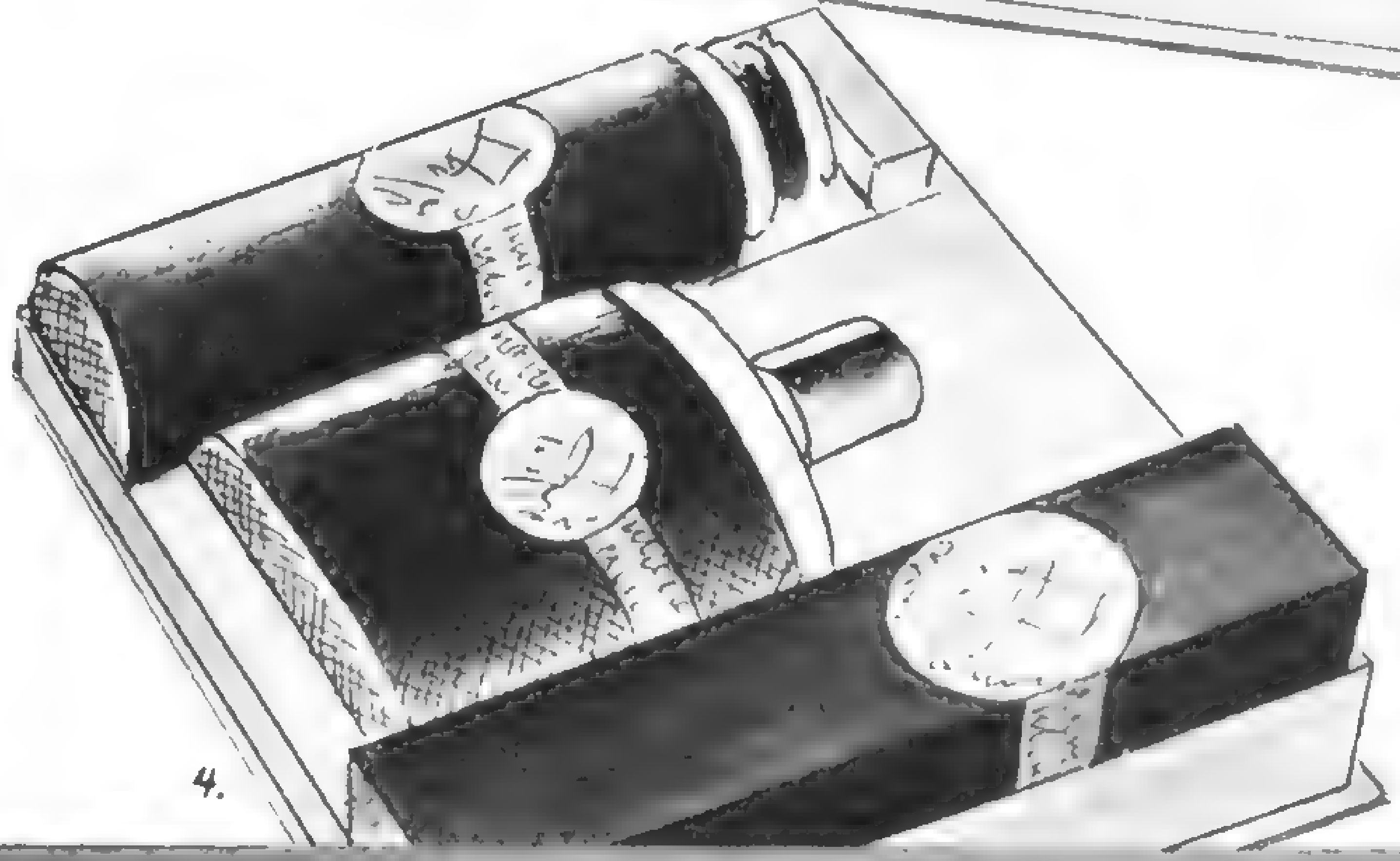

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TRADE MARK REG.
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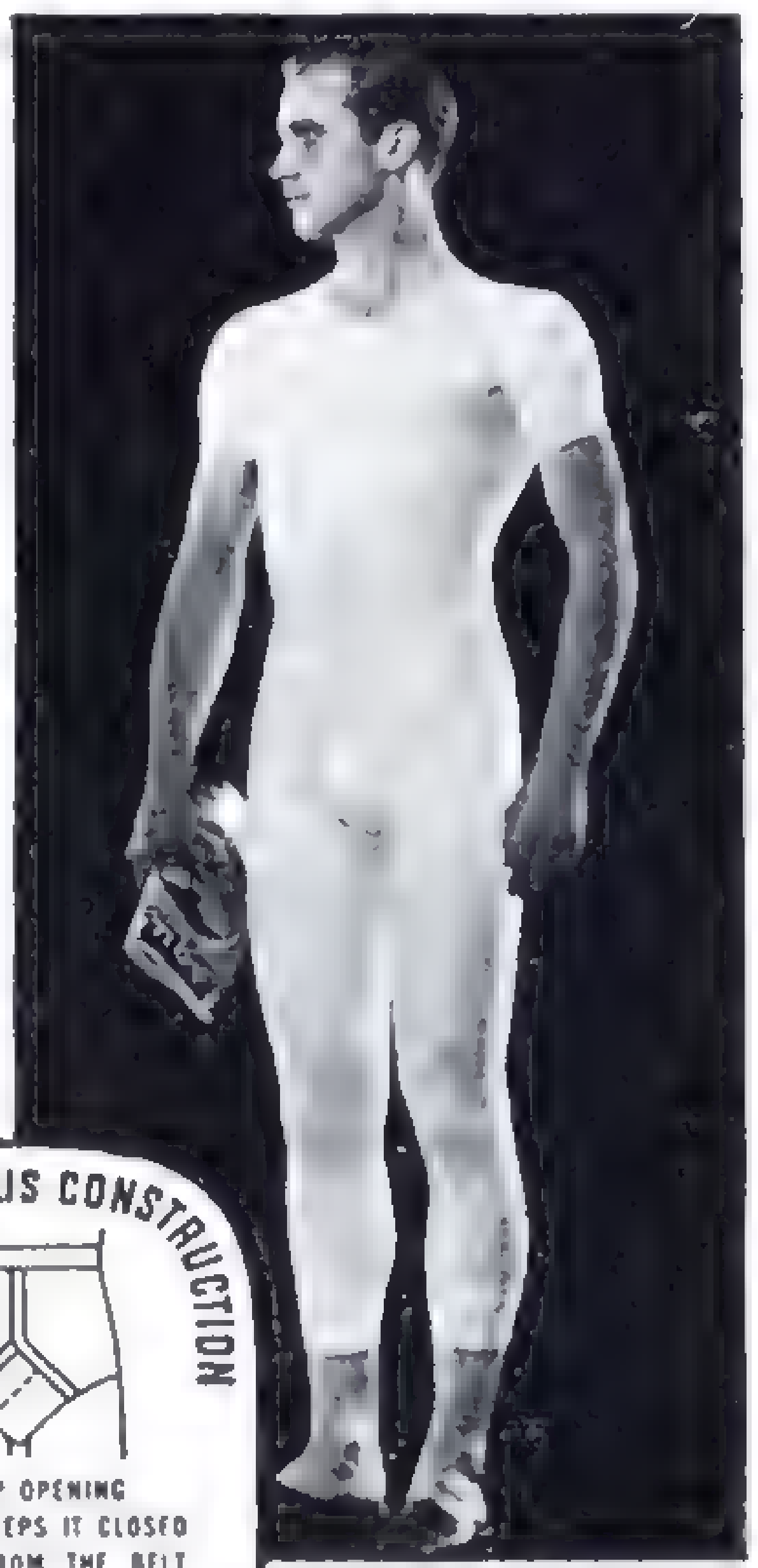
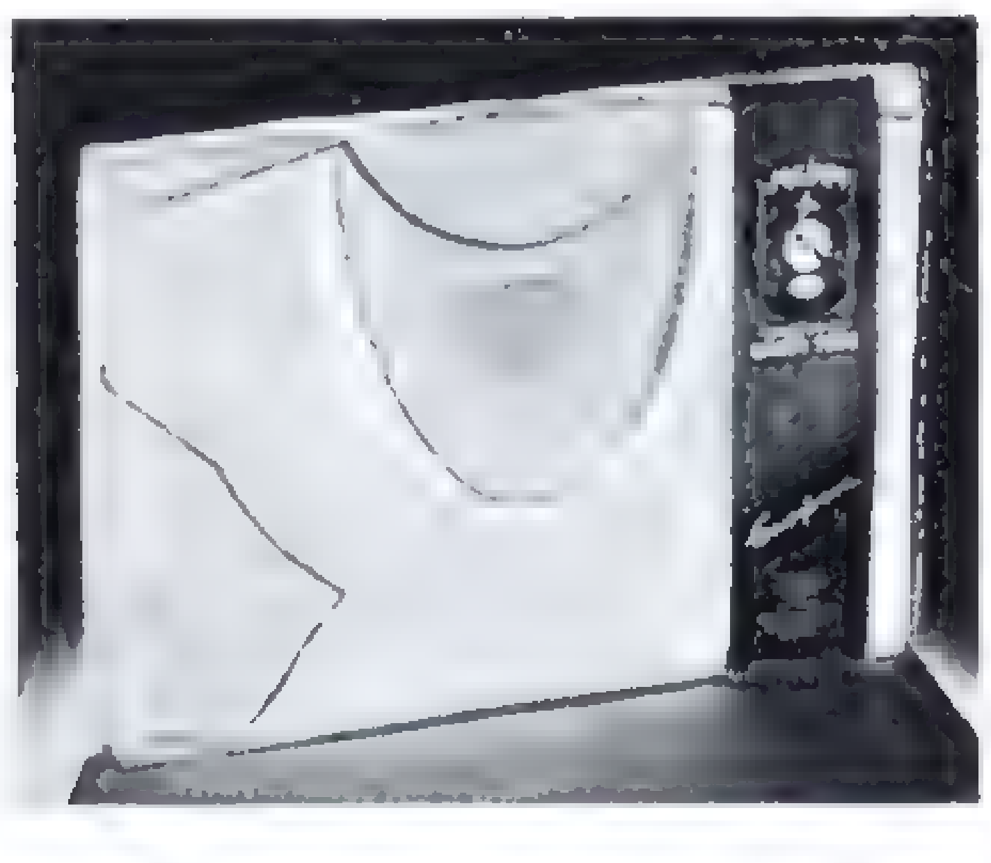
Every man who enjoys winter needs Jockey Sportsman Undertogs for his Christmas. They make the out-of-doors more enjoyable. At the football game—out hunting—at winter golf or skating—Long-length Jockey Sportsman Undertogs (with the famous Y-Front opening) are close friends. No creep, no bind, no buttons. They end squirming! They end shivering, too! And they fit *everywhere!*



Christmas Suggestion

Every man needs one or two sets of Jockey Sportsman Undertogs in his winter wardrobe (25% wool, medium weight). Tops (with short sleeves) and Long-lowers, $3.00. Other weights and lengths for your selection, including cotton and wool mixtures.



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In The Holidays

Continued from pages 82-184

gether and brought in this morning."

"I don't know anything about it."

"We do. You left your finger prints on it—and they seem to belong to a man named Joe Kinney who got three slugs in his bottom in New York last June."

"You got nothing on me—what do you think you are, a tec?"

"That's just what I am. And I know now that you work out of Jersey City and so did Griffin."

"I was with Miss Collins when that happened."

"What time?"

Catching his mistake McKenna hesitated.

"I was with her all evening—till one o'clock."

"Miss Collins says she left you after five minutes because you got tough with her. Say, why did you have to pick a hospital? These girls have work to do—they can't play with animals."

"You got nothing at all on me not even a gun."

"Maybe you'll wish you had one when I get done with you down at the station. Miss Hunter and I are engaged to be married and that letter was to me."

By nightfall the hospital showed signs of increasing life—the doctors and nurses back early to go to work in the morning, and casualties of riot and diet, victims of colds, aches and infections saved since Christmas. Even the recently vacated beds of Messrs. Griffin and McKenna would be occupied by tomorrow. Both of them had better have celebrated the holidays outside. ⌗

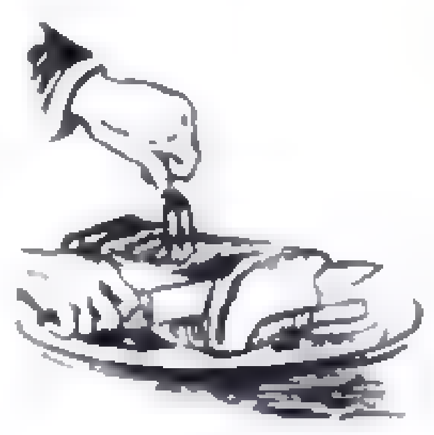
The Amateur Carver

Continued from page 76

How to Carve Saddle of Mutton or Lamb—The saddle of lamb or mutton is rolled, tied and roasted similar to the corresponding cuts of beef. However, in carving, the bone should be removed first. This is done by making an incision down the entire length of the backbone and removing the meat from the bone in two pieces. Then you can carve it as the English do, i. e.—lengthwise, or as fifty million Frenchmen do—crosswise exactly as in carving a fillet of beef. Remember though, to make the slices as thin as possible.

Pork and Veal—We won't bother much with pork or veal as neither of these meats are really suitable for a company dinner. Pork is seasonable only in the autumn and winter as it is too fat to be used as food in hot weather. Because of this it is usually cured and salted like ham and bacon which are all season foods. Ham, baked and served cold, is the only form of pork that can properly be served to guests—and then preferably at a buffet supper or luncheon. Consequently, it is usually carved in the pantry and so automatically is taken out of the category of artistic carving. Actually however, ham is very easy to carve. With the bone end toward the carver's left side, remove thin slices from the heavy end down to the bone. When cleaned on one side proceed to slice the other side in the same manner.

The principal roasts of veal are the loin and the shoulder. The loin is carved exactly the same as the tenderloin roast of beef, except, being the whole joint, the roast is placed on its side with the backbone next to the platter.

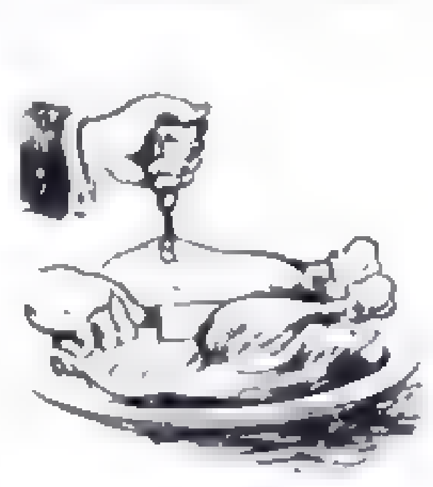


The shoulder of veal is usually boned and stuffed and is generally carved in the same manner as the short loin, rump, chuck and similar cuts of beef.

How to Carve Turkey, Brant, Goose or Roasting Chicken—One of the most fascinating sights on the face of the earth is to see the head of a household slowly and picturesquely sharpening his knife before beginning to carve, let us say, a turkey. There is something awe-inspiring about the act, something vaguely reminiscent of ancient sacrificial rites and ceremonies.

And by the way, the sharpening of a knife before use is not entirely ritual. It's a very practical thing to do as all steel blades quickly lose their keenness by the formation of an almost invisible oxide. A few strokes with the iron will remove this coating and bring back its perfect cutting edge. Remember, too, that all knives require a thorough grinding or whetting at frequent intervals in order to perform their work in a really satisfactory manner.

To get on, the turkey is placed on a large platter or wooden carving board on its back with the head end toward the carver's left. Then insert the fork firmly across the breastbone and straight down, one prong on each side of the highest part of the ridge. Now we are ready to remove the leg that is near you. With the knife, which should have a pointed blade about nine inches long, cut down to the joint. Then pull the leg away from the carcass far enough to expose the joint which can be severed from the body of the bird with the point of the knife. After that, separate the drumstick from the second joint by cutting straight down to the angle on the inside. You may have to experiment a bit at first because if you don't find the joint you encounter solid bone all the way.



The next step is to make an incision along either side of the bone, in the second joint. Cut under the

Continued on page 188

Teacher's belongs in the picture, when you plan pleasant times. For Teacher's is hearty, like friendship.

There's in Teacher's the same rich enjoyment you find in all the pleasures you like to remember . . .

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The Amateur Carver

Continued from pages 76-186

bone at the end, lift it and remove it entirely from the meat. This is neglected by many amateur carvers but it's so easy that it should not be and you'll find that it facilitates immensely the carving of the dark meat. Next carve thin slices from the breast, parallel with the breastbone and similar slices of the dark meat from the "deboned" second joint. Serve each plate with a piece of the light and of the dark meat. Remember, that although the light meat may seem more delicate and tasty, the dark meat contains more nutriment and should be given to those who like it, as should, also, a spoonful of gravy and a sprig or two of parsley.

The wing comes next and it is removed in the same manner as the leg. In fact, it is a bit easier. Use the same principle, too, when separating the tip from the second joint of the wing. The wing tip as well as the drumstick are not served at a formal or guest dinner but are kept over until the next day or so then sliced and eaten creamed or in other forms of *réchauffé*.

If at dinner, one side of the fowl is not sufficient, turn the carcass and proceed to carve the opposite in the exact manner. Do not, however, carve much more than is necessary.

A judicious estimate of the requirements and capacities permits the carcass to remain intact and fairly attractive in appearance, ready for another meal.

How to Carve Wild Duck

One duck is usually sufficient for two persons, only the breast being consumed at a guest dinner. To carve, insert the fork just behind the breastbone, then with a knife make an incision down the breast from the point of the breastbone. Force the knife between the meat and the bone, beginning at the head, until the breast has been removed in one piece. Then cut it in half and serve, one portion to a person.

While we're on the subject of game, we might as well take up the subject of

How to Carve Partridge

Place the bird with its head toward the carver, insert a fork near the breastbone and cut through the center of the breast and back the whole length of the bird. Serve one half to a person.

How to Carve Pheasant

This alien from China seems to be here to stay; at any rate he is seen more and more each year at formal dinners in this country. You carve a pheasant the same as a chicken except that the legs are discarded. You see, he's a running bird, (actually a pheasant can outrun a fast dog) and so consequently his legs are pretty well developed in a muscular way. They can be eaten, of course, but you'll find them tough and stringy and hard to handle.

How to Carve Small Game Birds

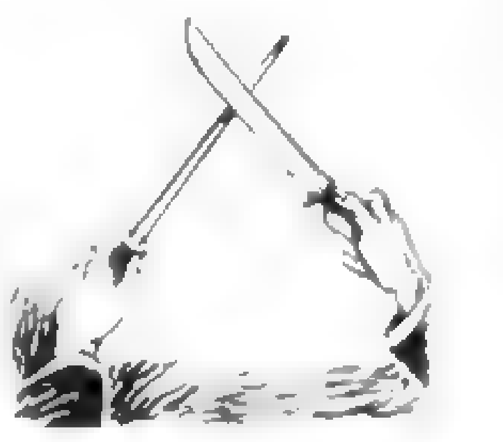
—Woodcock, snipe, and quail are usually served whole, one bird to a person. Usually only the breast meat and a portion of the second joint are all that are eaten. The lucky person who receives such delicacies at a formal dinner must do his own carving with his own knife and fork but they'll find it a very simple matter.

Although there are other roast meats which we have not mentioned there is hardly any doubt but that if you have studied all the foregoing lessons assiduously, you may well consider yourself a pretty fair Amateur Carver indeed and so other meats can be taken in your stride. Before we close, however, it may be necessary to tell you a bit about the utensils necessary for the better grade of carving.

Carving sets come in many styles and qualities. Naturally, as a good set will last almost a lifetime and is a most indispensable adjunct to household equipment, it will be desirable to purchase the very best you can afford. A complete set of carving utensils for professional use consists of about twelve knives of assorted sizes together with a fork and steel. To be frank, such a complete set is not necessary for household use; in fact, your professor has but five units in his personal set—a large, thin, broad bladed, round pointed knife about 12 inches long for the purpose of carving steaks. A sharp pointed knife about 9 inches long which is very satisfactory for general use in carving joints of meat and poultry. A similar knife about 7 inches long is used for carving duck, partridge and other game birds.

The fork should have two sharp tines and should possess a steel guard. An expert carver seldom uses the guard but it is a great help in preventing the amateur from carving his hand instead of the roast.

And as mentioned previously, a good steel is most necessary. To use it, hold it in the left hand raised and pointing somewhat toward the carver's right side. The knife should be held in the right hand, at a 35-degree angle and drawn along the edge of the steel toward the hand. Start with the heel of the knife and end near the point and reverse edges and sides of the steel every other stroke. The strokes should be light as the steel is or should be magnetized and will hold the knife edge satisfactorily. About five or six strokes on each side of the knife are usually sufficient.



Well, our course is over and if you have studied assiduously (practiced, too) you may consider yourself as graduated and ready to preside at any dinner event. ##

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dozen gifts
—all good!

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Whether your Christmas list calls for one male gift or twenty, you'll find your answer in the new SPARKLET SYPHON.

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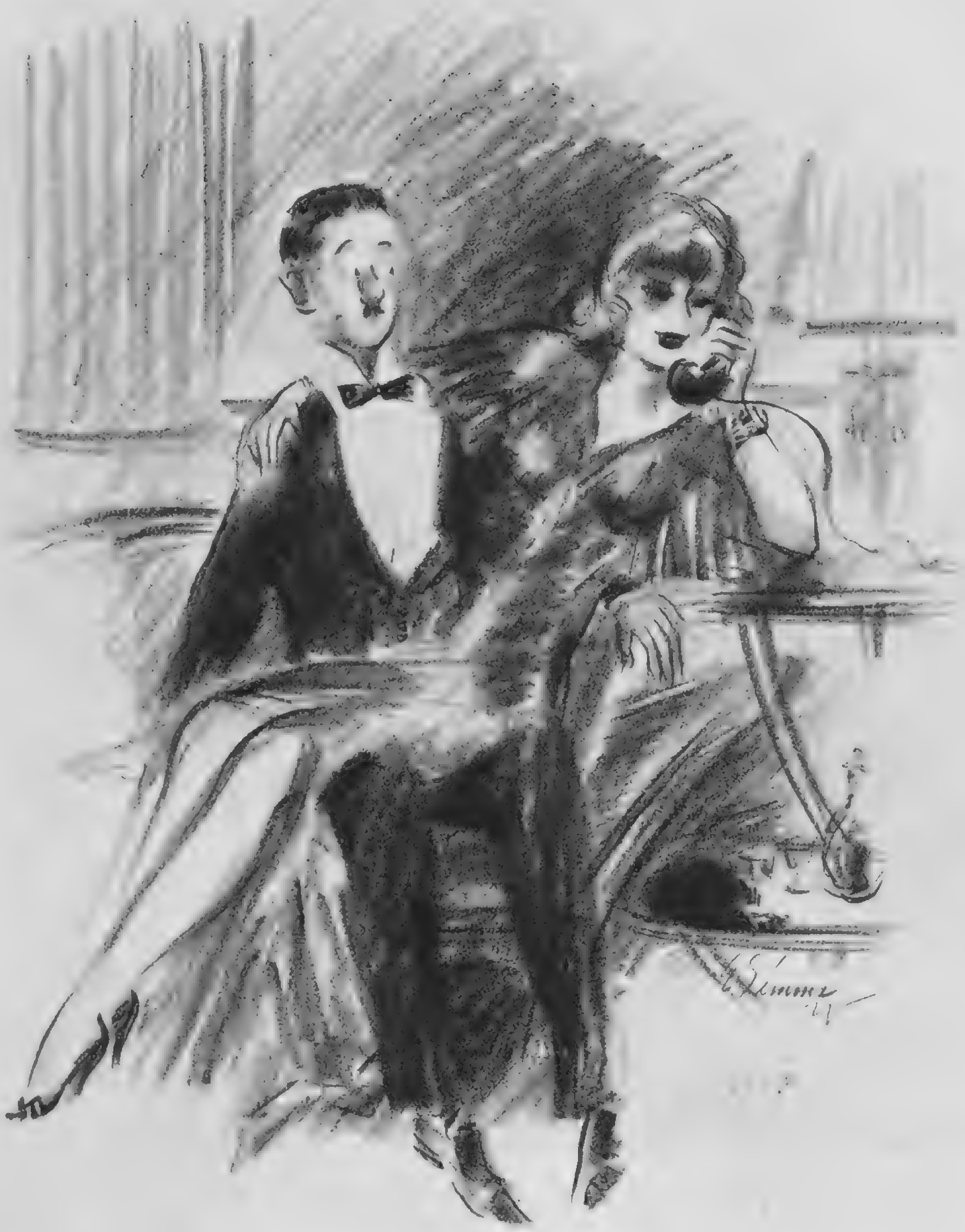
The new Streamline **SPARKLET SYPHON** *"Highlight of gifts for 1937!"*



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Nivelle Nive Orthes Toulouse Peninsula Waterloo
South Africa, 1846-'7, 1851-'2-'3 Alma Sevastopol Lucknow
Ashantee, 1873-'4 Tel-al-Kebir Egypt, 1882, 1884 Kirbekan
Nile, 1884-'85 Paardeberg South Africa, 1899-1902 Marne, 1914-'18
Ypres, 1914, '17, '18 Loos Somme, 1916, '18 Arras, 1917, '18 Lys
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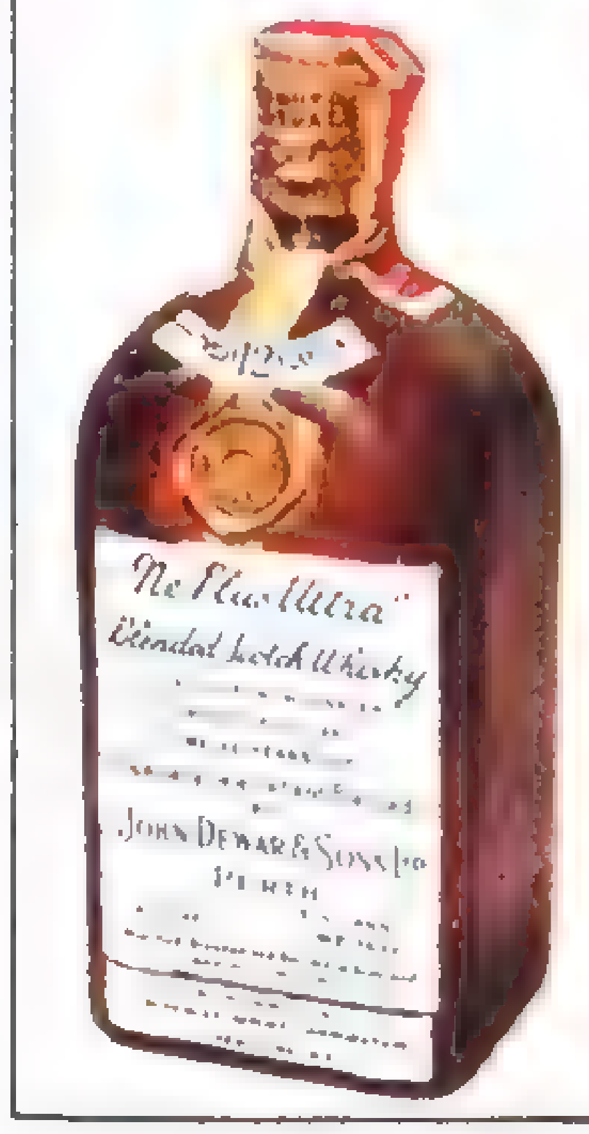

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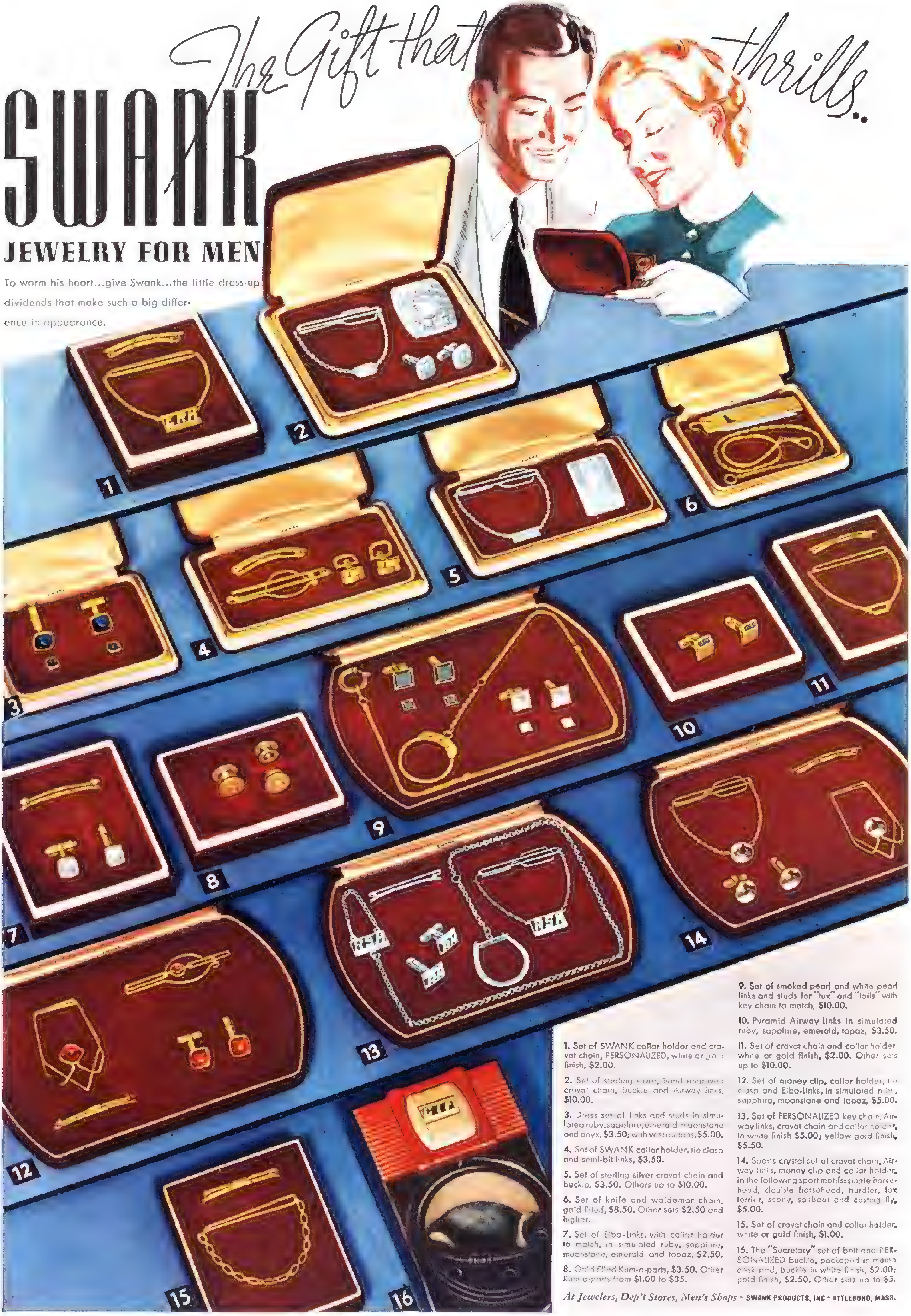

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12. Set of money clip, collar holder, tie clasp and Elbo-Links, in simulated ruby, sapphire, moonstone and topaz, $5.00.

13. Set of PERSONALIZED key chain, Airway links, cravat chain and collar holder, in white finish $5.00; yellow gold finish, $5.50.

14. Sports crystal set of cravat chain, Airway links, money clip and collar holder, in the following sport motifs: single horsehead, double horsehead, hurdler, fox terrier, scotty, sailboat and casting fly, $5.00.

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How Ira Found Peace

Continued from page 75

jus' had 'em one arter another. But she ain't goin' t' have no more, thet's final. She's too old." He said this last with obvious satisfaction.

However, deep lines of concern appeared in his fat sweat-beaded forehead as Howat remarked: "You oughtn't to of married her then. I do recollect you sayin', long about the time we was lookin' fer our first jobs, thet you knowed woman was put on this earth t' beget childern an' raise 'em, with a leetle housework on the side."

"I thought o' thet, too," defended Ira, sorrowfully. "Was a time when I wouldn't have nothin' t' do with a female, seein' the whole outcome o' the thing. I usta think I'd go inta business an' make good—I could'a done it easy—an' then settle down by myself with mebbe a housekeeper comin' in. I wanted peace, I did; peace an' a place t' set down. But I couldn't help myself."

Howat looked off toward the sun, an orange semi-circle setting the mountains on fire.

"Reckon the same thing happened t' me. I wisht I'd of took yer talkin' as good advice," he mused.

"Thet's the way with both of us," agreed Ira somberly. He leaned slowly and companionably upon the top rail of the fence. "Thing is," he sadly observed, "it's all done with us now. We got our fam'lies an' they ain't nothin' t' do but do right by 'em. Thet's why we gotta get together on this here money proposition."

Howat Fried's eyes clouded. He tightened his grip on his suspender straps, and his hooked nose sought the blackening sky.

"I tole you I ain't goin' to do it, an' I ain't," he growled.

"But Howat, they ain't no way out. You got to," said Ira, desperate wheedling in his thick voice.

"I got my own worries!" grumbled Howat.

"You'll gimme that extry money," Ira timidly ordered.

"I ain't a-goin' to do nothin' of the kind!" the tall spare man snapped.

"Wal, if ye don't," declared Ira darkly, passing his fat hand over his bald head as he stood erect, "I'm a-goin' to do suthin' you ain't likely to like."

Howat merely grunted, making a shelf of his chin.

"I'll sic my boys onto ye till ye'll sign a paper sayin' I go back to work."

"Let 'em come," replied Howat.

For an instant Ira Ketch seemed to hesitate, as though disbelieving him. Then, seeing that he remained as stony of countenance as ever, he turned toward the house at the foot of the hill and whistled. It was not altogether dark, and the result of his call could be seen. As his thin note reached them, the six boys stopped in their tracks. "He won't give in!" screeched Ira in a high shaking falsetto. They dove toward a nearby shed, were lost to sight for an instant, and then were out again and rushing up the hill, the eldest leading, the smallest trailing, all with clubs in hand.

"Go at 'im!" cried Ira tremulously as they came up to the hilltop. He saw Howat Fried blanch, and was sadly triumphant. But Howat quailed only momentarily. As the six young Ketches sprang upon him from the top rail of the fence, he gave a piercing yell and began to swing his fists. "Help," he yelled. "Ezra, Lem, you'uns!" Far below him at the bottom of the hill his frisking sons halted at the sound. An instant later they were bounding up the hill. They joined Howat, drew him back to safety, and with clubs as stout as those of the Ketches, flailed the top of Fried's Hill into an uproarious field of battle.

Ira Ketch saw little of the fighting, for most of it took place on the other side of the fence, and he turned his eyes away as the cudgel of his eldest son struck the temple of the youngest member of the Fried faction. He stood shivering and looking guiltily down the hill at his house.

But he saw the conclusion of the encounter. Just as the uppermost tip of the sun disappeared behind the mountain ridge, bringing grey dusk in its wake, his eldest son leaped over a heap of the warriors who had fallen, and leveled a mighty blow at the head of the one remaining son of Howat Fried. At the same instant the latter swung. There were two impacts so close together that the one seemed to echo the other, and down went both sons to roll over and lie still upon their backs. Ira and Howat stood alone in the midst of a great silence, one on either side of the separating fence. They were like the military dictators of two countries which have just finished a great war.

It was Howat who spoke first. As a great pale moon appeared over the flat eastern horizon and threw its soft light upon the scene, he walked from one to another of the bodies and curiously peered into each upturned face. In each, the eyes were wide open and stared at the twinkling stars of the sky.

"Well I declare," said Howat, rubbing his chin.

Then, from the black, silver-edged shadow of Ira's round body came the unsteady whine: "D'ye

Continued at top of page 194

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Look for the label on the garment···Look for this mark on the cloth . . .

HARRIS TWEED

How Ira Found Peace

Continued from pages 75-193

s'pose they kin git us fer murder now?"

"Don't see how," was the reply from Howat's lank shadow. "They done it 'emselves." His face, partly illumined by the moon, wore an expression of mystification as he stared about him in the silence. He seemed much surprised by the silence.

Ira continued to think and worry. "How in harry'll I git the money t' bury 'em all?" he murmured.

With the tone of a loyal conspirator Howat replied: "Don't you worry about thet. I'll give ye the money. The thing is, we best let the women-folks know what's happened." Looking over the bodies for which he had striven so long to supply food, shelter and education, he was grave.

Ira looked hopefully at him now, his vapid blue eyes glowing across the distance.

"D'ye mean ye'll take me on ag'in?"

Howat stared about the hilltop as though engrossed in his own private source of satisfaction, and did not make a shelf of his chin.

"But I ain't goin' to need the money now," Ira suddenly chirped at him. "My ole woman cain't have no more children."

"Mine neither," Howat answered.

"Still," Ira reflected, after a minute's thought, "I mought as well have my ole job . . . 'thout th' extry money."

Sighed Howat: "I don't reckon they'll be any harm in it, not now." He beckoned the fat man with his long bony arm. "Come on, Iry, let's go fetch th' undertaker." ⌗

A Boy Grows Older

Continued from page 88

him his face was flushed a vivid red against his white hair and he kept on staring at Jim. Mrs. Sloane knew he had a bad temper and she grew afraid.

Jim, watching his father coming towards him in his bare feet, muttered hastily, "I guess you haven't got it. I guess I'll go."

"Wait, Jim," his father called anxiously, making it clear he was not going to challenge him at all. "I didn't say I didn't have it, did I?" He spoke as if Jim ought to understand they had always been close together. He was going over to his coat hanging on the closet door. When Mrs. Sloane saw how he fumbled in his pocket for his check book and how his hand trembled as he jerked his fountain pen out of his vest pocket she knew he was scared of something. She thought he was scared of Jim: she resented it so much she turned to abuse Jim herself.

But she said nothing to Jim because she had never seen him look so hurt as he did standing there waiting and realizing that his father was scared. He was watching his father as if he understood at last everything he felt, and he said in a whisper, "What are you scared of?"

"Nothing," his father said.

"What's the matter?"

"Maybe I was thinking it might be worse."

"What do you mean?"

"Supposing I didn't give it to you?" his father said, and while they kept looking at each other Jim seemed to feel for the first time the fear that must have been in his father for years that came from knowing how weak and lacking in self-reliance he was, a fear that at any time, tomorrow or in a year something was apt to happen that would break him and jail him. He turned to his mother, begging her with his eyes to tell him what to do or say that would drive that scared look from his father's eyes. For the first time he seemed to be aware of them and their feeling for him. It hurt him terribly. A part of his life seemed to be over. She nodded her head to him: she wanted to tell him that she believed in him, but she was puzzled herself.

His father was writing the check on the top of the dresser. He wrote very carefully, and when he was finished he handed the check to Jim, saying only, "Here you are, son."

Looking at the check as if it were very hard for him to take it, Jim said in such a low voice she could hardly hear him, "I guess I've got to take it, but I'll pay you back. I wish you'd believe I'll pay you back. I don't want to take it if you won't believe it."

"All right, son."

"Well, thanks, thanks," he said.

But at the door he stood for a while with his head down, waiting, as if he couldn't bear to leave them till he was sure they had some faith left in him. He was so grave it made him look years older.

When he had gone his father waited a while for her to abuse him scornfully for not being firm with him, and then when she didn't speak, but stood there looking at the door, he got into bed and pulled the covers over him. After a few moments he went over and got into bed too. But she couldn't lie down. She sat up stiffly, staring down at her husband's face. His head rolled away from her and his eyes were closed.

"I'm glad you gave it to him," she said.

He opened his eyes and said simply, "He's getting older. He was a little different. Didn't you notice it? It made me feel we hadn't been wrong helping him this far."

As she lay down beside him and reached to turn out the light her hand trembled. She lay very still. Then she turned and put her arm around him, and lying there together in the dark she began to share his hope. ⌗

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I Am a Police Officer

Continued from page 119

patrolling my beat. I may not smoke on the street. I should not hold any conversation that is not in line of duty. I am not going anywhere. That explains my slow walk. If I race to the other end of my beat, I have only to turn around and race back again. If I race myself, I do not observe all that takes place within sight or hearing. Every day I see the same houses, the same parked cars, and a surprising number of the same faces. I recognize normal things in their normal places without any effort. When something is out of place, it registers quickly in my mind. For example: If a number of people are standing on a streetcar loading platform in the usual attitudes of people waiting for a streetcar, I hardly see them. But if they are all facing in the opposite direction from the tracks and all in the same direction, I glance quickly at all the people on the nearby corners. If most of them are facing in the same direction, it is unusual and I look to see what fascinates them. Perhaps a block away, people are looking all in the same direction. Then I know something is going on which needs police attention. It may be a collision, a fire, a drunk or a murder. Whatever it is, I am glad of the break in monotony. Obviously hard things like doing sixteen or eighteen hours traffic duty during cherry blossom time, or thirty-six hours straight duty during a flood do not need explanation here. Working from four p. m. until twelve p. m. making five or six arrests, in that time, spending most of the next day in court, going back to work again at four p. m., and continuing to do that all week until I wonder when I'm going to get any sleep, going to court on my day off, in lieu of Sunday, that seems hard to me. For most of this work, there is not even the feeling of satisfaction with a job well done. Drunks cause me to go to court most often in the summer time. Arresting them does no good, except to get them off the street. It does not punish them. It does not reform them. Most of them do not pay a fine. They go to jail. And it costs the taxpayers something like $1.35 a day to keep them.

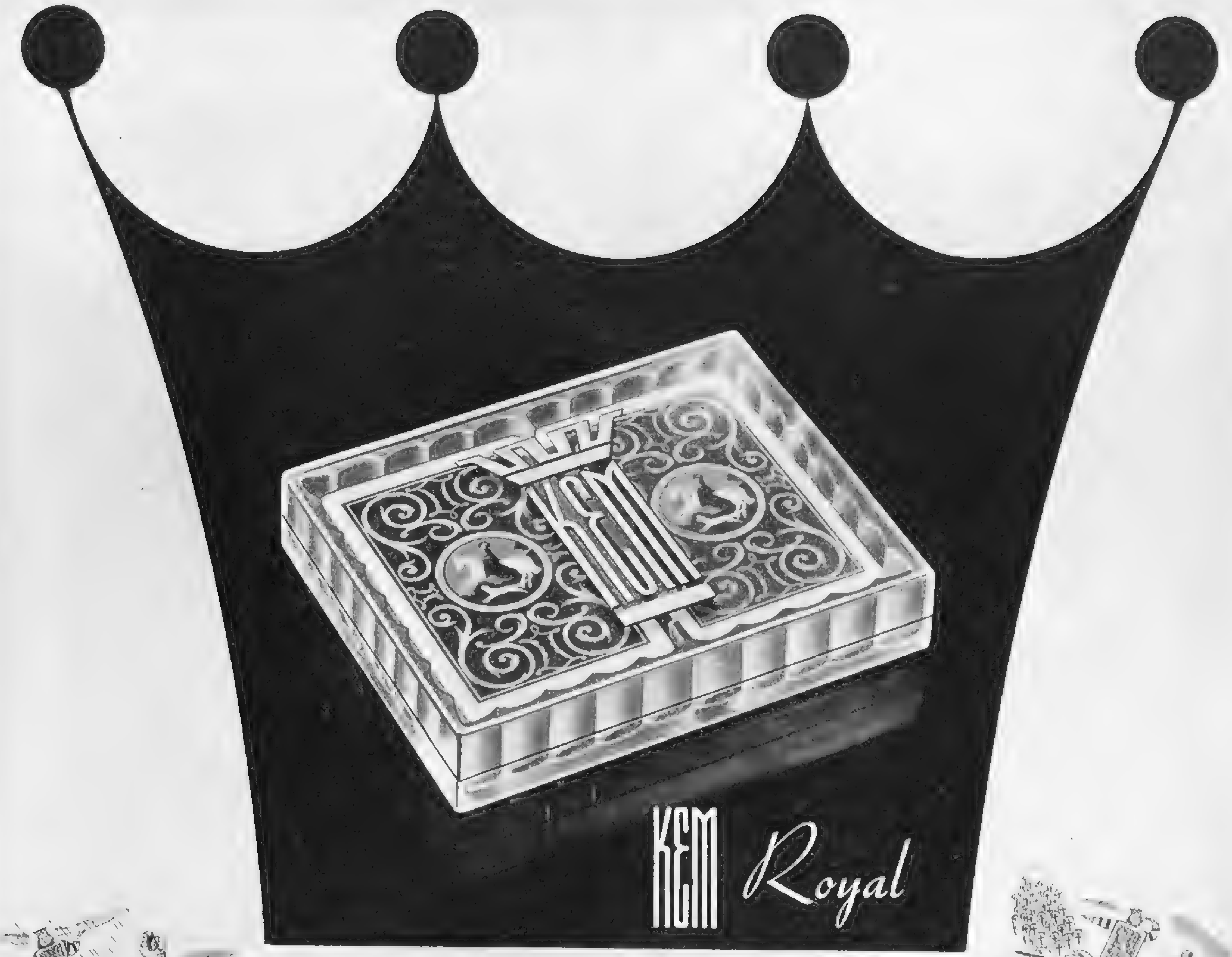
Is my job dangerous? It is. The public realizes this to be true in a vague way. Once in a lifetime, I might have a pistol duel with a criminal. That would be dramatically dangerous. Any one who saw it or heard of it, would recognize the danger. But no one thinks of the unseen danger of pneumonia. No winter has passed that I have not had one or more colds due to the nature of my work. I cannot stop patrolling because a cold winter rain has soaked through my raincoat and my feet are wet. Winter rains have a nice way of drenching through my cap, running down my neck and soaking everything under the raincoat. This past winter I had pneumonia and recovered from it. Two of my brother officers had it and did not recover. Making a routine arrest for disorderly conduct, last summer, I got into a scrap that left me with a possible fractured skull and a deep gash in my scalp. Fortunately, I have only three stitches to show for the affair, but if I had not been doing police duty it would not have happened. The U. S. Park Police is composed of about eighty men. In addition to the two who have died of pneumonia, since I have been here, one was killed by a hit-and-run driver, while patrolling his beat. Another was riding his motorcycle uphill around a curve, when a fast driven car coming down on the wrong side killed him instantly. Another was beaten to death by a mob of fourteen Negroes. One motorcycle man has been in the hospital three times and is still riding. No one knows who will be next. More than once I have saved my own life by jumping out of the way of an automobile which did not stop when I held up my hand. I would not want the job to be different. I simply say that it is dangerous.

I have said that the job is monotonous. It is. But there are interesting things about it. One of them is the recovering of stolen cars. I average about one recovered car a year. In one case, two men had stolen a taxicab. They were hailed by a "fare" just as they were about to move away with the cab, and they had the nerve to pick him up. They were taking him to his destination when they had a flat tire and stopped near where I was patrolling my beat. It was four o'clock in the morning. I asked to see the driver's identification card. The picture on the card was not that of the driver. I arrested the two men. The owner of the cab testified before the grand jury that the cab had been stolen. The real driver testified that it had been stolen from in front of a restaurant. The passenger testified that he was carried from the restaurant to the place where I had arrested the men. AND THE GRAND JURY IGNORED THE CHARGE because the men had no previous record!

All my police work does not show on the court records. There is the case of a cashier in a restaurant who had been systematically robbing her employer. She was an eighteen-year-old country girl and this was her first job. Her employer caught her with ten dollars in her shoe which she had failed to ring up on the register after selling ten dollars worth of meal tickets. I was called in and asked what should be done. I called the detective bureau and asked what *could* be done.

Then we talked to her. She admitted she had twenty dollars in her room that belonged to the restaurant owner. Later she admitted that her roommate who had taught her how to filch the register, had thirty-five dollars

Continued on page 198



"You'd better come out of the rain," warned Alice. "You'll get soft and useless."

"Not me," said KEM KING. "Or should it be 'I'? Water doesn't hurt me. It only makes me cleaner."

"Why?" asked Alice in astonishment. "Aren't you like other cards? Water always makes *them* soggy."

"Don't compare me with other cards, if you please," said the KEM KING haughtily. "They never take a bath. If they did they'd be no good. That's why once they're dirty, they stay dirty. *I'm* different," he added with a self-conscious smirk.

"39 to 1, 39 to 1, 39 to 1," hummed the KEM KING.

"What are you repeating that silly phrase for?" asked Alice.

"It's not silly," said the KEM KING with dignity. "I was referring to *them*. Please excuse my pointing."

"So what?" asked Alice slangily.

"Those stones mark the resting places of 39 decks of ordinary paper card friends of mine," answered the KEM KING. "They were born the same day I was a year ago and I've outlived every one of them. I'm still going strong," he added confidentially.

"You KEMS certainly do live long," said Alice politely.

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The outstanding gift of the season

We have designed and made a special KEM gift package. It is named KEM ROYAL. ¶ The unbreakable box is made of Lucite, a new material with the diamond luster and pure clarity of cut crystal. The unusual and handsome card back was designed exclusively for this package. It is the "rare edition" of playing cards. ¶ We believe it to be the most ambitious and beautiful playing card presentation ever made. ¶ Everyone knows KEM, the washable playing card of a silken plastic compound. That friend to whom you give KEM ROYAL will receive not only the finest card made but in a form which will be an expression of good taste and regard.

TEN DOLLARS

This includes 2 decks of the famous KEM Cards

Kems are also available in other beautiful containers

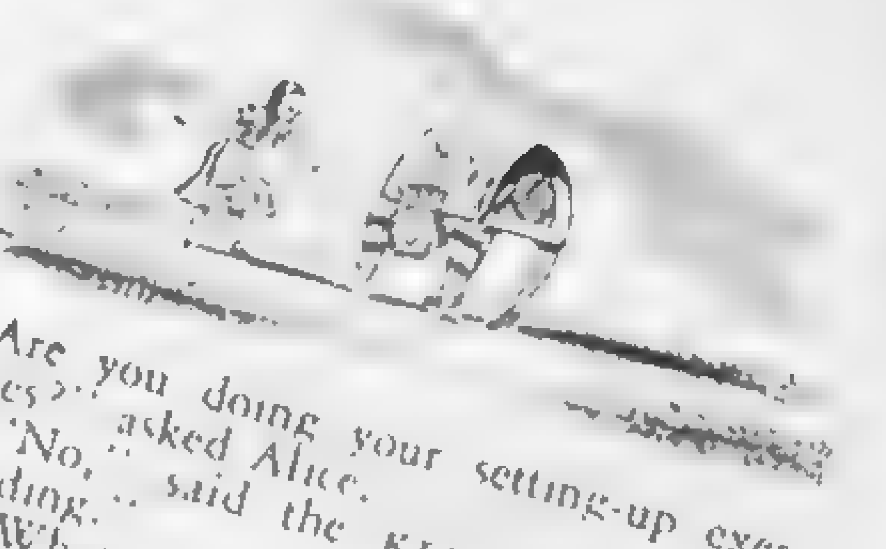
FROM $6 PER SET

"How wonderful," breathed Alice.

"It's nothing," said the KEM KING very modestly.

"Can you kill any bug?" asked Alice.

"This isn't a bug," cried the KEM KING angrily. "It's a germ. They're ever so much harder to fight." Noticing Alice's embarrassment he added more quietly, "You needn't be upset. They can't hurt *me*. I'm made of a very special germ-resisting material."



"Are you doing your setting-up exercises?" asked Alice.

"No," said the KEM KING. "Just bending."

"What for?" asked Alice.

"Just to show you I don't crack," said the KEM KING. "Others do, I don't. Now watch." He lifted his hands and to Alice's astonishment snapped crisply erect flat as before.

AT ALL STORES OR KEM CARD SALES CORPORATION, 330 WEST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK. SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF "THE THRILLING STORY OF KEM CARDS"

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TAVANNES of AMERICA, Inc., 608 Fifth Ave., New York

I Am a Police Officer

Continued from pages 119-196

more that belonged to him. We recovered that, a total of sixty-five dollars. Then I arrested her for "Investigation," a technical charge which really means nothing, as far as her record goes. She went to "line up" and a statement of her dereliction was read to assembled detectives. The Women's Bureau of the Metropolitan Police Department got in touch with her relatives and placed her on a homeward-bound bus. The complainant recovered a substantial part of his loss. Other employers are protected because she knows that all the detectives in the city would recognize her if she tried to work as a cashier again. She is returned home where she belongs, without having spent time in jail. This is not an unusual case. I use it to illustrate that all police work is not confined to arrests and convictions in court.

About the most interesting and difficult thing in police work is the detection of persons of unsound mind. It is hard to tell the difference between a person who is legally crazy and one who is just crazy. I have to determine in rambling conversations that may last over an hour, whether the suspect is "suffering from delusions of grandeur," subject to "hallucinations," "believes he is being persecuted" and whether or not he is "dangerous to himself or others."

I noticed a little man, not an employee of the Park Service, picking up paper and storing it in a crate. In talking with him, I learned that someone had told him he should be picking papers instead of selling papers. He had accepted the suggestion as an order.

It was during the first half of the reign of the Blue Eagle. He had been told to go to the store where he saw the Blue Eagle and he would be paid for his labors. He insisted that people were conspiring against him. He had picked up all of the papers in two parks and was on his third park, but he said everybody went around behind him and threw papers on the ground again. He insisted that he was a General-Colonel-Major-Captain-Lieutenant-Private First Class in the army and that he supported two wives. After a lunacy hearing, he was transported to his home state for medical care and attention.

One day I was on duty at the East gate of the White House when an elderly gentleman tried to get into the yard. I talked with him and found that he had come to see the President of the United States about his citizenship papers. Twenty-one years ago, he said, "Teddy" Roosevelt had established an independent republic in New York State. Now, he had heard, each state was going to become a republic and a man would have to have a passport in order to cross state boundaries. The old gentleman was sent back to his republic.

A young giant of a man started to talk to me one day about how his rich wife was persecuting him. He was very poorly dressed and explained that by saying that while his wife had millions, she made him wear rags. The more he talked, the more I became convinced that he belonged in an asylum, and the less pleasure I took in the thought of subduing him and taking him to the station house.

He had the muscles of a blacksmith. I felt sure that in a rough and tumble fight, he could tie me into small knots. It would be necessary for me to use a blackjack. But no. It isn't cricket to strike an insane man. He is sick. I suggested that I would like to have him patrol the beat with me while we talked. He agreed and we started walking toward the police station, far, far away. Once, during that walk, he patted my hips and remarked that police officers did not carry guns any more.

I carry mine in front of the body, but he did not know that. One of the many things he said he had been, was a bus driver. When we came to the Station House there were some police officers coming out and he asked if they were bus drivers. I said they were, wouldn't he like to go in and meet some of the boys. Another patient transferred.

I had occasion to arrest a young boy who had run away from preparatory school in Massachusetts. He acted like a very drunk man except that he foamed at the mouth and there was no smell of liquor about him. After he had been put into a cell, he tried to smash steel with his bare hands. Instead of charging him with being intoxicated, I held him in the cell until he had recovered. When he arrived in Washington, he said, he was invited by a stranger to try some veronal tablets in his hot coffee. I asked about his parents. It proved to be true that they were wealthy and that they did live in Massachusetts. After the exchange of several telegrams, I put him aboard the north-bound train. His mother wrote me a nice thank you letter.

What are my ambitions, if any? Do I expect promotion? No. I do not. I can reasonably hope to be assigned to motorcycle duty. That would mean $10.00 per month more money for "extra hazardous duty." Beyond that, nothing. On the U. S. Park Police force, sergeant's stripes strike like lightning. No one knows where they will strike next, nor for what reason.

If lightning, in the form of promotion, were to strike the same man three times, after about twenty years, he would be a captain, and then he would only be getting $3600 per year. I look forward to receiving my pension, one-half my active pay. While there is not yet a thirty-year op-

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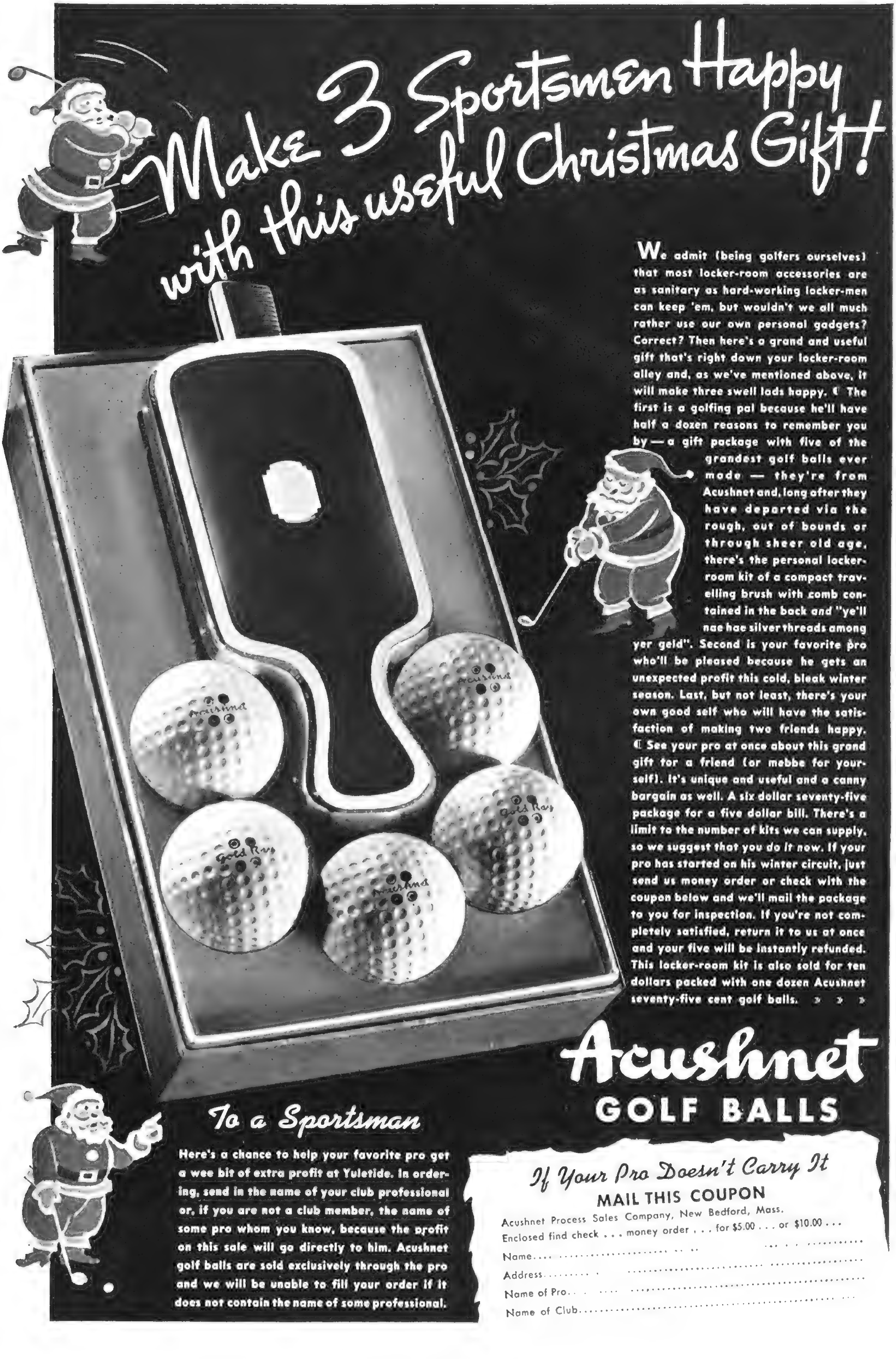

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I Am a Police Officer

Continued from pages 119-196-198

tional retirement law, it is expected that there will be one. In New York City there is an optional retirement after twenty-four years. When an officer has daily risked his life in the interests of society, for thirty years, he should be pensioned.

I became a police officer when I was twenty-three years old. After thirty years service, it follows I will be fifty-three years old. In that thirty years, 3½ per cent of my earnings will have been deducted for my pension. Barring accidents, I should be able to retire and live on the fruits of my labors.

I think it would take a lot of insurance money to buy an annuity of $100 a month from the age of fifty-three until death. If I die in line of duty, my widow will receive a pension. That is one of the things I like about my job.

I have said that my job has aspects that are monotonous, dull and boring. It is also interesting and exciting at times. Considering the cost of living in Washington, the salary is small. With all that, I would not change it. It is worth $72,000 to me and unless the writing of the article unseats me, I expect to stay here and collect the balance. ⧺

I Love the Engines

Continued from page 114

things simpler, some of the firerooms keep on as they are, all the changes being made in one fireroom designated as the control fireroom.

Sometimes, particularly on destroyers where the unexpected is always expected and where speed changes are frequent, a signal will suddenly come for a full stop. And the engine room stops. If there is time to ring "Stop" to the firerooms, they will, but if there is no time, they will have to look out for themselves. If they are snappy enough they can get things under control, but if they are not, the safety valves blow with a mighty roar. An admiral once said that the blowing of safety valves was a noisy exhibition of bad management in the fireroom.

When the ship is steaming along and all is serene below, there may suddenly come a signal, "Full Speed Astern."

In the engine room there is a mad spinning closed of the ahead throttle wheels, and without waiting for the shafts to stop, the astern throttles are opened wide. Everyone prays that the turbine blading will not be carried away by the shock of reversal.

In the firerooms there are a few seconds when the burners must be cut off as the throttles are closed; then immediately there is a demand for all the steam that can be furnished. This signal always means an emergency on the bridge, and while the engines are backing there are tense moments below. Everyone expects a terrific impact from ahead or what is worse—to see the bow of some ship come nosing into the fireroom or engine room with a terrific rending of plates. It has happened, and when it does it means many casualties.

When the Chief is in his bunk reading a detective story and thinking that he is all set for the night, he is apt to be disturbed by a buzz from the engine room. Over the tube the officer on watch is telling him that the port condenser is showing a three grain leak. Partly in the hope that the test is wrong, and because the Chief wants to find out who really committed the murder, he will order some ten minute tests. But the condenser is leaking all right, and that means an all night job, breaking out men who have probably just come off watch, dragging out heavy tools and chain falls.

A condenser is about the size of a brewery vat and has thousands of small tubes in it through which is pumped the cold water of the sea to condense the steam from the engines. If the water were not used and reused a ship could not run more than a day. A three grain leak means that at the end of the day at least sixty grains of chlorine from the salt water of the sea will be deposited in each boiler in use, and that means plenty of trouble. Salt is the bogy man of the marine engineer. When it gets into the boilers it cakes them up, makes them steam hard, and then passing into the steam lines, soon chews up all the packing in the plant.

Usually it's just one split tube in the thousands, but it must be located and plugged. If the fleet speed is low enough, the ship can run through the night on one engine, otherwise it must drop out of the formation. And how a chief engineer hates to parade his shame before the fleet! He can be sure they will all be asking him about it at the next port. So he tries to do it on one engine.

On one of these occasions a ship was steaming along at ten knots while repairs were underway. The throttle was closed on the stopped side and locked to prevent its accidental opening. But the shaft of the idle engine was spinning at a lively rate, being turned by the propeller dragging through the water. In order to prevent the possible heating of the thin blade tips on the turbine wheels while revolving in the closed chamber of air, the Chief decided to take off the inspection plate of the low pressure turbine to allow a circulation of air past the blades. Then he actually saw the inside of a turbine "at work." The big seventy-ton rotor was whirling around at a lively rate and all you had to do to get your hand neatly chopped off was to stick it in.

Continued on page 203

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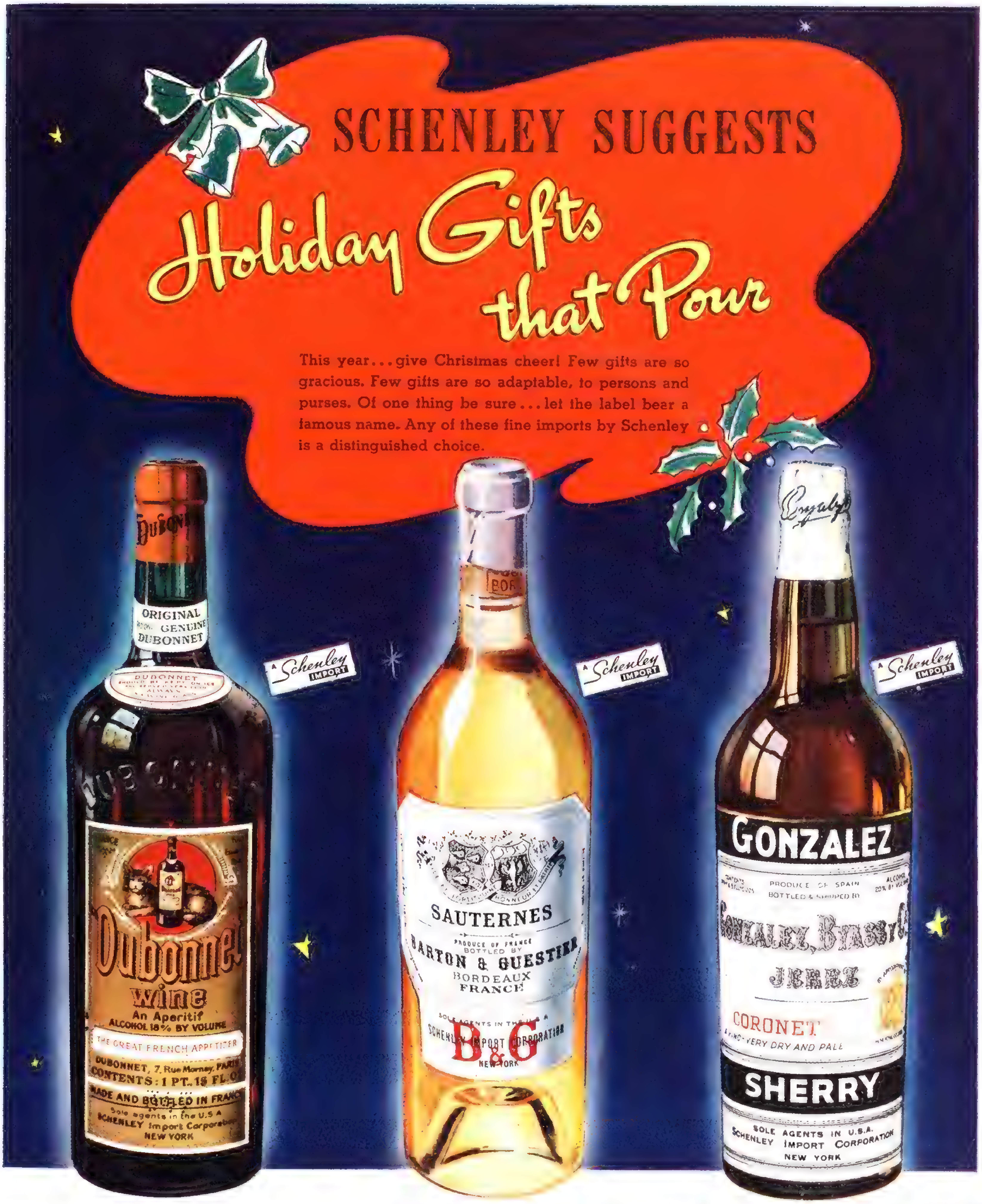
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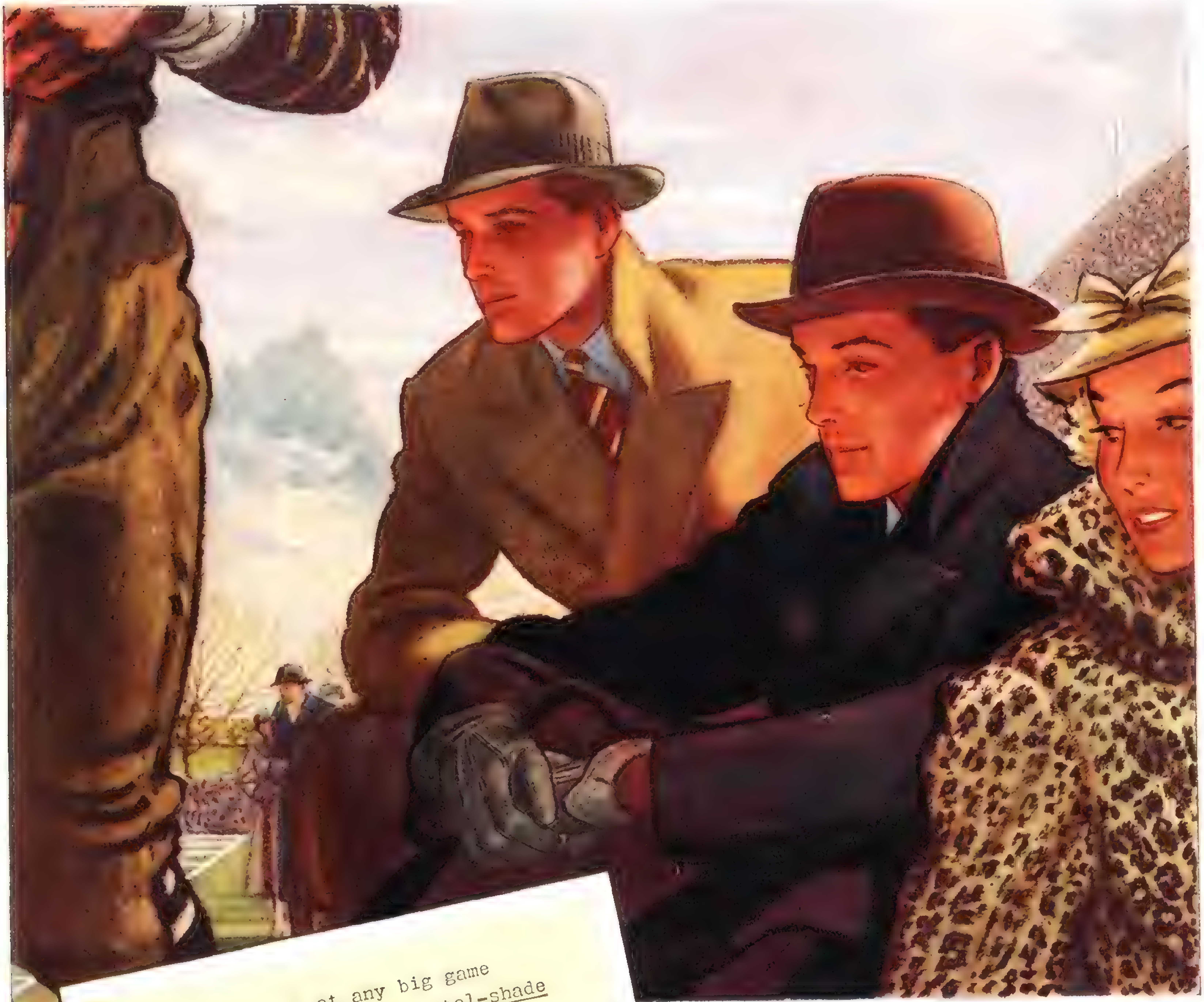


Winning colors at any big game this Fall are these new metal-shade felts. Left: Stetson's "Chatwood" in antique bronze...a softly furred "metal blend" felt that touches new heights of color smartness. Right: "Ballinger" in Anaconda ...with its wider brim blocked in a rolling curl. Ask to see it, too, in smart gun-metal gray.

Hard to choose between these new Stetsons isn't it? Each one is tops for its type . . . and tops for quality, too. That's why Stetsons are world famous. Men know that smart Stetson style will endure to the last day of wear. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, New York, London, Paris. Stetsons are also made in Canada.

STETSON HATS

Stetsons, from $7.50 (unlined, from $7) to $40. Air-Light Stetsons, from $5.

I Love the Engines

Continued from pages 114-200

The Chief was intrigued by the novelty and decided to have a little fun. He sent an invitation to the Captain and officers to come below and actually witness the inside of a turbine in operation. Before they came he stationed a man at the locked throttle and told him to look very busy.

Well, they tried to figure it out. One of them could not see why the steam did not pour out. Another was sure that it must be running on a vacuum, but of course that could not be as it was open to the air. Only one officer solved the mystery. He whispered it to the Chief but never told the others. This officer was not an engineer either, but a pretty smart fellow nevertheless, the designer of some of the navy's biggest guns.

A water hammer is a terrible thing. You get it when you spin a throttle open too quickly, without warning the fireroom. It not only pulls the steam out of the boilers but the water as well. First it is a rumbling, then a pounding and hammering as the water races through the steam pipes. Steam pushes gently, but water strikes like a hammer and tears things loose. After a water hammer, if nothing has torn loose, you are sure to find a hundred leaks at the pipe joints and a week's work ahead.

There isn't much to see in the modern engine room except the motion of a few pumps. It was a lot different in the old days of the reciprocating engine. You walked into an engine room and saw the giant piston rods, silver bright, sliding swiftly up and down, turning the forked connecting rods and the heavy cranks on the shaft. You watched your step too, lest you go hurtling into the crank pit. It was a trick for the oiler leaning dangerously over the rail, holding on with one hand, to time his free arm to the cadence of the moving part, which he slapped with the palm of his open hand to test its heat. Stripped to the waist so as not to catch his clothing in the moving parts, he went from rod to rod.

A hot bearing meant slowing down or stopping if you could not get it under control. Perhaps it was only a little dirty oil which soon passed on. But it was always an anxious period. They used everything from a water hose and portable blowers to buckets of soapy water. It either cooled off or got worse, and then you had to run on one engine and make repairs at sea. That meant hours of hot, dirty labor, driving off the big nuts with heavy mauls and hoisting off the caps with chain falls in a rolling sea. But what a joy it was to get her all back running sweetly and smoothly.

When the ship got to port, it was routine to take off the big cylinder heads. Some of them were eight feet or more in diameter, but they had to come off to prevent rust. After the cylinders were wiped out and coated with a light oil they were closed up in the presence of the Chief Engineer, lest some lubber leave a monkey wrench inside. The order requiring the Chief's presence came after just such an oversight which nicely wrecked a cylinder head and chewed up the lining of the cylinder.

Nowadays you come into port as sweet and clean as a model dairy, and all you have to do is shut off the steam and drain the water from the machinery and pipes. In the days of the reciprocating engine you came into port with an engine room splattered from top to bottom with lather and oil. And the firerooms were unbelievably dirty from coal and ashes. You cleaned up the engine room with a hot water hose and a bale of cotton waste, and it took hours.

You never see cotton waste in an engine room any more. The fine lint threads get into the oil lines somehow, and sooner or later that means an oil stoppage. That usually means not one burned out bearing but a series of them. If a turbine bearing goes it usually means a stripped turbine, as the blades whirl past each other with paper-thin clearance, and the slightest displacement sends them ripping each other out by the roots. That means weeks at the shipyard.

They use clean baled rags now, and what an assortment of cast off clothing comes out of those bales! It's nothing at all to see a man wiping off a piece of machinery with a pair of silk panties. Corsets, of which there are always several, are not supposed to be included, yet they somehow elude the inspector. But they come in handy for the female impersonator at the ship's smoker.

On a merchant ship the Captain was chiding the Chief on the easy life he lead. Out of the weather and nearly every night in. But the Chief felt different about it and thought how pleasant it must be up there on the bridge away from the stink of the bilge water, the hot firerooms and the greasy engines.

"Why," said the Chief, "there is nothing to the job. We do all the work and all you fellows have to do is to steer her."

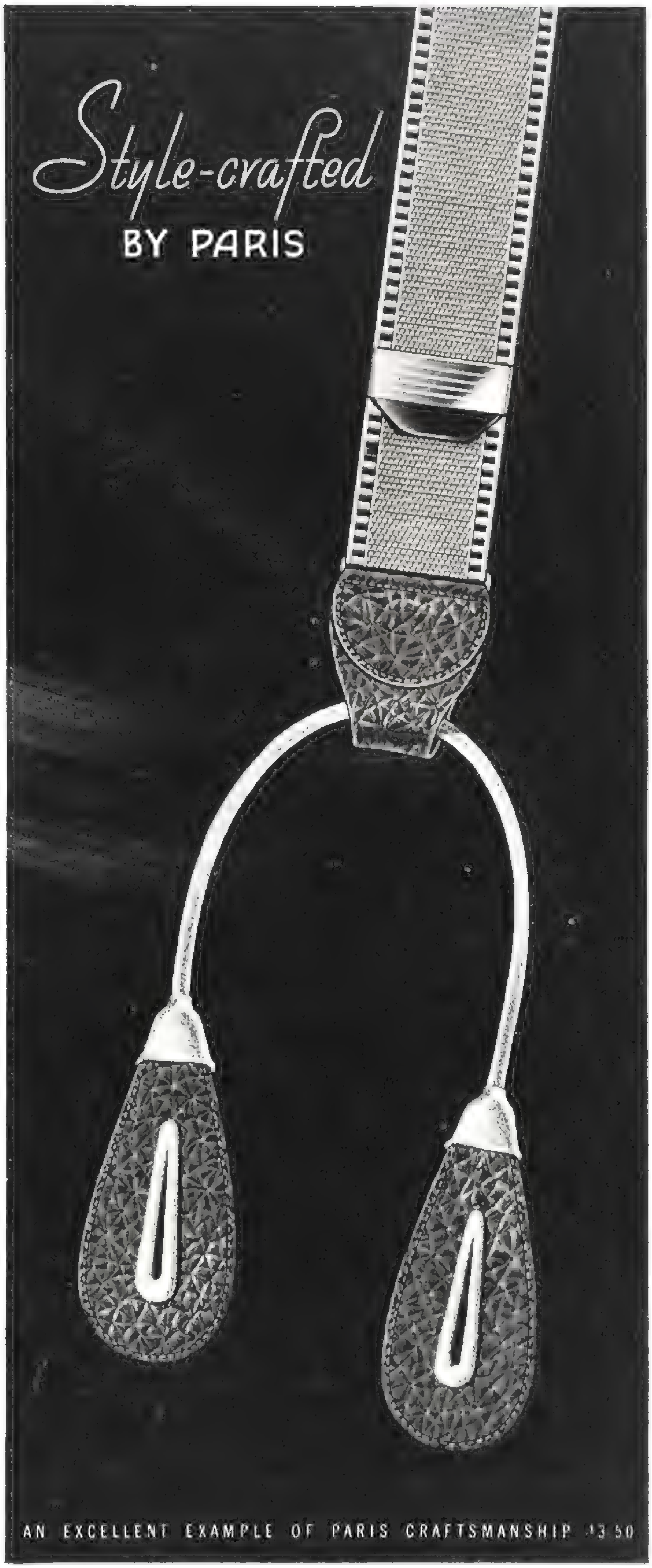
"I don't see anything very hard about twisting a few valves," answered the Old Man, "anybody can do it."

So they agreed to change jobs for a day.

After a bit, the Captain called up the Chief on the bridge.

"Chief, for God's sake, come down and do something. Every gauge is nearly bursting, the pipes are leaking, and the engines are barely moving."

"Oh, that's all right, Captain," answered the untroubled Chief from the bridge. "Don't worry, we've been aground for the last hour." ##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For the name of local stores selling this dressing gown in or near your own city, write to ELY & WALKER, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Knights in Armor

Continued from page 108

When he was about 18 or 19, the fledgling knight began to develop bowlegs, a fuzzy beard and skill with the lance on horseback. For this purpose there was another kind of hacking-post, fitted with a hinge as well as a pivot. A poke with the lance in precisely the right spot—you rode at it as fast as you dared—would send it over backward; a miss and you got a crack on the bean from the arm, just as with the post on which sword-drill was practiced. These practice runs were made without armor and with light, dull-pointed lances. On his days off the student went to a tournament to see how the real professionals behaved, a tournament being nothing but a general practice session totally surrounded by blah.

This business of handling a lance deserves a little attention from us, since learning to do it properly occupied so much of a knight's time. When dressed up in his full armor, the knight had on a suit of woolen underclothes, padded to deaden the shock of blows and to keep out arrows; over this a chain-mail jersey, light and very flexible; over this again the genuine armor, or plate-mail, which varied from a 64th to a 16th of an inch in thickness and weighed altogether about 75 pounds. On the right breast of the suit was a projection, riveted in place, to support the weight of the lance, which had a big guard flaring out over the hand.

A long curved plate on the front of the armor flared out and over the left shoulder in a parabolic curve; the front of the saddle was metaled and curved away from a point; the helmet did the same; the shield was composed of a number of curves and joined in neatly with the flare over the left breast of the armor. A knight with his lance in rest thus presented nothing but a series of slippery, iron-shod curves to an enemy. In spite of the force with which his opponent delivered his lance-charge, the chances were very much against its striking anywhere but in one of these curves and being deflected without serious damage.

Learning to lay a lance perfectly true from the back of a galloping horse at an adversary also moving in the uneasy rise and fall of the gallop was the object of all this practice. There were only five or six square inches a small spot in the center of the opponent's shield, and a still smaller one where his thigh joined the body—where you could hit him without having your lance-point caught in one of these parabolic curves. (Ivanhoe, by the way, was a dreadful sap to try for Brian du Bois Guilbert's helmet-front and must have been covered with horseshoes to have hit it.) Now suppose that A's lance-point is deflected while B's hits A square in the center of the shield; then A gets the whole of the 69,000 joule force riding on the tip of B's lance, plus some of the kick of his own charge. Something has to give; usually it is A's saddle-girths, of which the leather is not very good. He sails over his horse's tail and lands on the ground with a bang, through for the day and taking his dinner off a sideboard for a week. Sometimes it is the horse, in which case A is on the ground with a broken-legged animal rolling on him. Or it may be the armor, in which case the lance goes right on through him.

If both men delivered their punches correctly, each received something of the force of the other's charge and something of the reaction of his own, but a skillful man could cushion the shock by taking it so that most of the force was transmitted through armor, saddle and horse to the ground. Experience counted in this trick; a greenhorn would get a fraction of an inch out of line and take up a good deal of the shock with his body. Thus he might go through the first run correctly, but it would leave him dazed, so that at the second spear he no longer held his lance exactly true, got the full strength of his opponent's drive, and went spinning over his horse's cropper.

Don't go away with the idea that lance-running was all there was to it. A good sergeant had as many tricks as a professional wrestler and as nasty ones, though it took a good man and a quick one to pull them right. There was the *coup de Guet*, for example. Just at the moment of contact the man who was doing it, let his lance drop, and whipping out the mace that hung at his saddle-bow, took a back-handed swing at his adversary's head as he went past. The armor at the back of the neck was thin, as one rarely got hit there; a well-delivered *coup de Guet* would cave it in and break the opponent's neck with no trouble at all.

Or there was the *coup de Jarnac*, named for the French knight who used it to knock off in an afternoon three opponents all rated better than he. Jarnac started his spear-run in the normal fashion; just before contact, he bent double in the saddle, shedding his opponent's lance over the left shoulder, and all with one motion let his own spear drop, jerked out his sword and drove it into his opponent's crotch, where there was no armor at all, reaching for the long arteries that run up the inside of the thigh. When it worked this trick was a honey, but it depended on being unexpected, for an opponent who saw it coming could lower the aim of his own lance and drive it into the belly of the *coup de Jarnac* man, who had placed himself out of position either to shed a low stroke or to take up the shock.

Continued at top of page 206

TWO TASTES TO PLEASE

King's Ransom

Blended Scotch

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Some men prefer an 86 proof Scotch. Their choice is HOUSE OF LORDS —the only imported Scotch permitted to use this honored name. A mild, mellow Scotch sure to please expert, cultivated tastes.

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Knights in Armor

Continued from pages 108-204

But refinements like these were for the experienced. Before a man could reach the stage where he dared try them, he had to graduate from page into squire and spend a long time—seven years was the minimum—following some knight in wars and judicial combats, riding along behind him in charges to see he didn't get hurt. If the boss was tipped from his horse it was the squire's job to rush in and get him on another one, or if he were unconscious, to pull him out before any opponent could put a foot on his neck. Once the latter happened, the knight was captured and had to pay a ransom for his life, which would be assessed at all the traffic could bear. A good many of the best old English families got their start in this fashion, including, it is said, the Howards who are now Dukes of Norfolk and now No. 1 in the peerage of England. The story goes that the original Howard, just a common yeoman whose name was Bugge, found a knocked-out knight on a battlefield and stepped on his neck, making enough out of the deal to get himself a new name and a title. #

The Scent of Fear

Continued from page 99

seventy-five yards away. I did not have a weapon of any sort and did not need one. Those wolves were far more frightened of me than I was of them and they certainly cleared out in a hurry. Exceptionally deep snows that year had made food very scarce and these wolves were nearly famished.

Except, perhaps, for the larger members of the bear family, such as the brown, polar and grizzly, I know of no animals in North America that will molest anyone unless molested first by that person. I have great doubts that even the larger bears will go out of their way to trouble human beings. There really is no cause for fear of animals day or night.

Speaking of fear of animals brings up an interesting question. Why is it that a mother wolf or deer, or in fact almost any wilderness mother, when she hears or smells danger approaching, will quickly hide her young and run away?

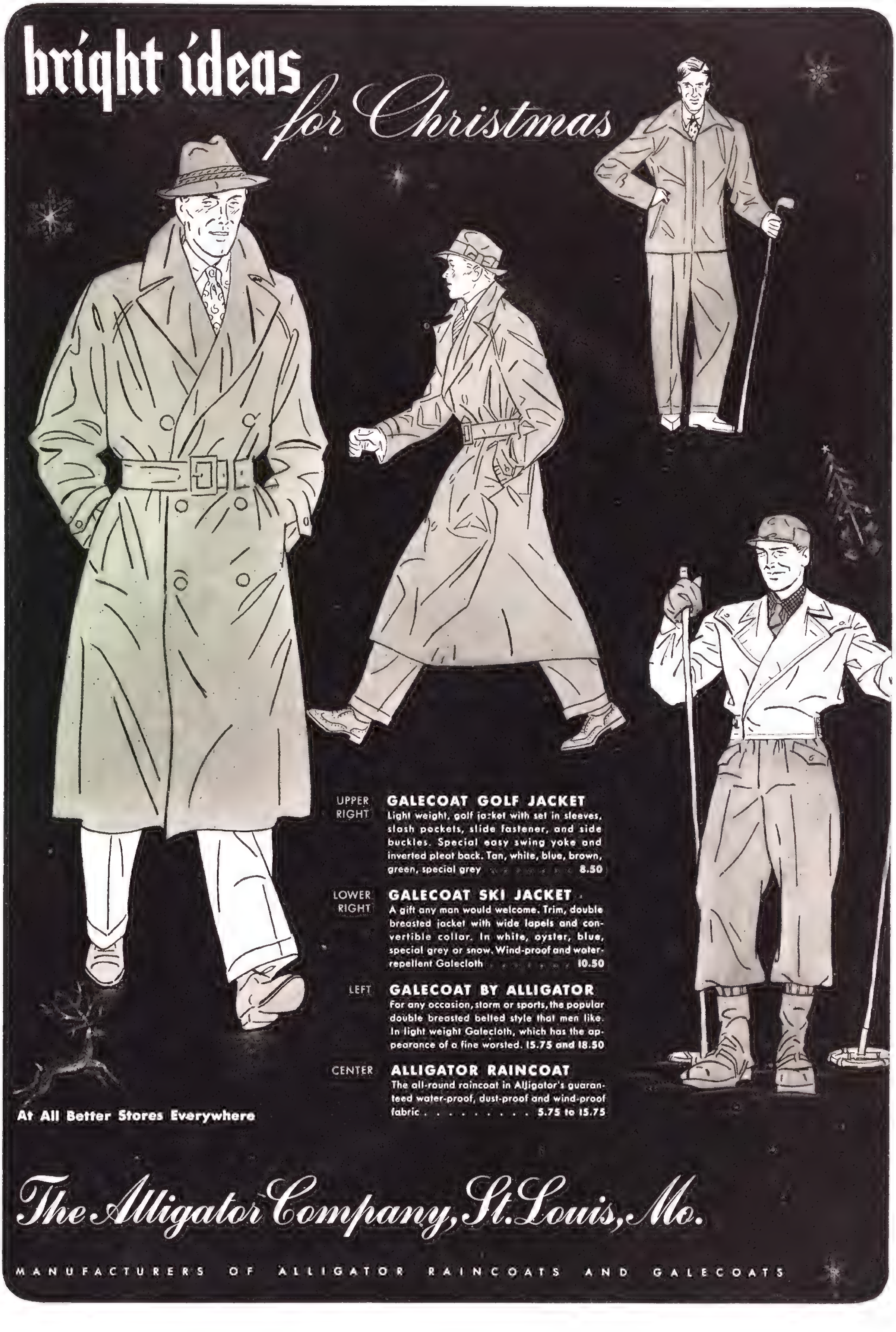
Again we come to that little word that plays such an important part in our lives—Fear. When an animal or human being is frightened the body gives off a very strong odor that is exceedingly irritating to other animals. These forest mothers know that when they are frightened FEAR-SCENT will betray their hiding place. They also know that their babies are too young to be frightened and therefore do not have any fear-scent. That is the reason they hide their young and then away they run, leaving a heavy fear-scent trail for their enemy to follow. They really are not cowardly but offer themselves as decoys in order to protect their young.

Perhaps this little story will illustrate what I mean when I say that forest babies do not have fear-scent. One bright, warm day in early spring I was riding my pony back to my cabin from White Partridge Lake. Trotting ahead of me were several of my half-wolf sled dogs. On either side trotted several others while in the rear were more, some ten or twelve altogether. What breeze there was blew directly into our faces. We were ascending a long, easy grade up a sand hill. The ground on either side of the road was covered with ground pine and moss. I was riding along singing and talking to the dogs when suddenly I looked down at the ground right beside my pony and my heart almost stopped beating. Without a sound I dove headlong out of the saddle right on top of a tiny fawn, gathered him up in my arms and was back in the saddle before those wolf-dogs knew what it was all about. Wolf-dogs have about as keen a sense of smell as any animal living and yet five or six of them had passed within less than three feet of that fawn without scenting it. The fawn was too young to realize fear.

It is that fear-scent which causes dogs to attack people who seemingly have not molested them. One of my best friends up North was a little, hard-boiled French Canadian by name of Frank. He was one of the Rangers and a grand trail companion. When I first knew Frank there was only one thing in heaven or earth he was afraid of and that was a dog. He would walk a hundred yard half-circle to keep away from the dog kennels as he came into camp, and of all the dogs he feared Chico most. Chico was my team leader, one-quarter husky and three-quarters timber wolf. He was, also, my favorite dog and as such had the run of the place. Of course Chico caught the fear-scent and would go for Frank every time he saw him and try to tear him to pieces. Frank would drop his gun and run for the nearest tree. For about six months this state of affairs went on until Frank gradually became accustomed to Chico and, I guess, the dog became accustomed to Frank. Slowly, as Frank's fear-scent lessened, friendship grew up between them. I'll admit it took almost a year, but at the end of that time, while he still feared other dogs, Frank liked Chico pretty well. Chico returned Frank's friendship.

One day Frank was coming through the woods trail headed for my cabin. He had almost reached it when, suddenly, without warning, two of my meanest wolf-dogs, who had broken loose from the kennels, leaped out of the brush

Continued on page 208



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The Scent of Fear

Continued from pages 99-206

at his throat and pulled him to the ground. He struck out blindly but had no chance against those wild, snarling huskies. It surely looked as if his fear of dogs had been a premonition and that the end had come. Then came a crashing in the bushes and seemingly out of nowhere flashed Chico like a streak of light and lit squarely in the middle of the fight, slashing right and left, fangs tearing at throats and thighs. He was a hundred pounds of fighting fury gone mad. That scrap didn't last long. In a minute both of Frank's attackers were in full flight. Strange as it may seem, from that mixup Frank lost all sense of fear of dogs. Chico's defense of him made so great an impression that he found belief and trust that practically worked a miracle. It is interesting to note that Frank now has a fine dog team of his own and some of the dogs were noted bad actors before he acquired them.

For many years I raised, trained and raced sled dogs. After much experimenting and spoiling many good dogs by bad methods I, at last, found that a dog will respond quickly both in friendship and in training when he is approached without fear. Make no mistake there. A dog cannot be bluffed. No one can fool him for a minute who approaches him with a fearless exterior and a quaking heart. A person in that condition gives off fear-scent in great quantities. God gave man dominion over all animals. Why not use that God-given right? Actually root out all sense of fear before approaching a dog, or any animal for that matter, then with quiet, gentle firmness proceed with his training. You will be surprised at the results. All animals hate fear-scent.

Several years ago I spent one day in Ottawa. I had come down from my cabin at Traverse on business and was driving back that evening. In the late afternoon I found time to pay a quick visit to a friend of mine who had a team of racing huskies. While we were at his kennels I noticed a large cage, some six by eight feet, set off by itself. Peering into its dark recesses I first saw two green, glaring eyes. Gradually, as my own eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I made out the form of a young timber wolf, eight or nine months old, crouched in the farthermost and darkest corner.

"Where in heaven's name did you pick her up?" I asked my friend.

"Oh," he replied. "A friend of mine gave her to me about six months ago. He thought I could use her for breeding purposes. It's no go, though, for I can't tame her. She's wild as a coot. Don't seem to be able to knock any sense into her head at all."

I looked at her fine, well-shaped head. Her eyes, in spite of the expression of terror, showed a longing for understanding. It was my good luck that made me know she was worthwhile. I heard myself saying, "By Jove, I sure wish she was mine. I could use her to real advantage."

My friend grinned at me. "You're welcome to her," he said, "if you can handle her but you'll have to prove it before you can take her away."

"You're on," I said. "Please leave me absolutely alone with her for an hour or so and then come back."

As soon as he had gone I studied the wolf carefully from the outside of the cage. She was a frightened little thing. I worked myself into the mental condition where I not only had no fear of her but felt sorry for her, loved her and wanted her friendship. Then I sat down and leaned my back against the heavy screen of the cage door and started singing softly to myself in a monotone. That is one of the quickest and most successful ways to lull fear and establish friendly relationship with any animal you wish to tame. In about ten minutes I got up, opened the cage door and stepped inside. Slowly I sat down near the door with my back to the wall, humming all the time and seemingly, not paying any attention to the cringing animal whose burning, fear-filled eyes never wavered in their continuous glaring at me.

Softly I kept on humming, careful to pay her no attention. Every few minutes I edged a little closer to her. When I was only about three feet from where she crouched, I spoke softly to her in a monotone. It really did not matter what I said as long as my voice showed sincere friendliness and had no trace of fear in it.

It took me over a half-hour of slow edging along that floor before I arrived close enough to touch her, or what is more to the point, for her to reach me. Still half-humming, half-talking to her, I sat perfectly still for a while. Then slowly I reached out my hand in front of her nose, then over her head and let my fingers rub her just behind the ears—where dogs love to be rubbed. At my first touch she cringed and trembled, wrinkled her nose, but made no move to bite me. The rubbing continued for a minute or two and then slowly I took my hand away.

I repeated this caress again and again. Then I rubbed her forehead, nose and back, humming to myself as I worked. The fear glaze in her eyes gradually gave way to a look of doubt, then wonder, as understanding began to dawn. At last she allowed her head to rest on my knee. Her trembling stopped and she snuggled closer. Her eyes closed as, with an almost human sigh, she relaxed her body against mine, just like a little child who yearned for love and understanding from someone she could trust. For some time we sat there together.

Continued on page 210

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The Scent of Fear

Continued from pages 99-206-208

I was so interested in this new and fascinating friendship that I did not notice my friend approaching until I heard him exclaim, "Well, I'll be a son of a river hog." At his first words, the wolf, startled, sprang to her feet and sank her teeth into my arm in a swift, slashing rip. Naturally she was on the defensive and, in her terror, attacked the thing closest to her. That happened to be me. Luckily I had on a heavy coat but even at that it was mighty painful.

"Easy, girl—steady—it's all right, pet," I managed to say quietly and then told my friend to get away from us and stay. He had done enough damage. The wolf, trembling, crouched in the far corner of the cage, expecting man-made punishment which was the only treatment she had known in her short time in captivity. I realized how futile such punishment would be and so, talking to her softly, I gradually moved over beside her again. It was more than twenty minutes later that her head once more rested on my knee. I sat there for a while, then, with a brisk ruffling of her shaggy fur, got to my feet and walked out of the cage.

From my friend I procured a dog collar and short leash. Without difficulty I placed the collar around the wolf's neck and led her to the little roadster. My friend drove me back to my cabin. That night we traveled over a hundred and fifty miles with the wolf sitting on the floor of the car, her head, most of the time, resting on my knee. She wore no muzzle nor was there any need for one. It was but a few weeks before she was my shadow and slept across the foot of my bed at night. All this would have been utterly impossible if, at any time, my voice or manner had showed one iota of fear or even if I had entertained any thought that would cause fear-scent.

When my son was three years old he had an old southern Negress as a nurse. One of her favorite methods of punishing him when he was naughty and his mother and I were not around was to lock him in a dark closet. She told him that the goblins who inhabited the darkness would get him if he so much as peeped. This punishment planted and fostered an unreasoning fear of the dark that, as time went on, became a very terrible complex which continued long after we rooted out the cause and removed "Mammy." When he was ten years old I took him with me to the big woods of Canada to live. It was a new life and environment. In daytime or in the lamplight of the cabin he was happy and absolutely fearless and loved his new life dearly. At night in the darkness of the forest he suffered terrible tortures from fear. He not only had his goblins, witches and other denizens of darkness to worry about but also our actual wild animal neighbors such as wolves, bears, etc. In vain I tried to show him that in reality there was nothing to harm him or to be afraid of. The teachings of the old Negress were too deeply rooted, seemingly, to ever be eradicated.

At last a plan came to my mind that seemed as though it might be a solution to the problem. About fifty feet from the kitchen door was the woodpile. Purposely I waited until well after dark to fill the woodbox. Then, Son carrying the lantern, we went together to bring in the next day's supply of wood. At the end of each trip I would laughingly remind him that there was nothing to be afraid of at the woodpile. After a few weeks I dared him to go with me but leave the lantern behind. His teeth chattered from fear—but he went. From then on we worked in the dark for weeks until he found out that there really was nothing to fear. Every little woods noise we investigated thoroughly so that he would learn to read from the sound exactly what made it and why. At last came the time when he went alone to the woodpile and brought back his load. I'll admit he made a very quick trip but we were both mighty proud of that feat. After that first trip alone he never again let me help him fill the woodbox and he always worked at night. He found that his fear of the dark was without foundation. By the time he had reached the age of twelve he had entirely overcome the darkness complex and was going on canoe cruises of from two days to three weeks duration, alone, sleeping out under the stars, miles from anyone.

All the terrible menace his frightened young mind conjured out of darkness had been very real to him. Only through the continual contact with darkness and facing those imaginary foes did he finally come to the full realization that there really was nothing to fear and that he was as safe from harm in the dark as in the light.

The dictionary defines FEAR as "an emotion excited by threatening evil or impending pain, accompanied by a desire to avoid or escape from it." It is usually the fear that a canoe will tip over that causes the occupant to move suddenly in the wrong direction and thereby upset it. The fear of drowning, when suddenly thrown into the water, causes one to struggle frantically and, incidently, force himself under. It is an interesting, scientific fact that a baby, until he is twenty-four hours old, can swim. After it reaches the age of twenty-four hours it starts to realize fear and then it sinks. Fear is really the mental hazard of "Crossing your bridges before you come to them." The realization of this fact will cause fear to be conquered and disappear. When this Greatest Menace is removed the victory gives a confidence that insures the removal of all lesser menaces. #

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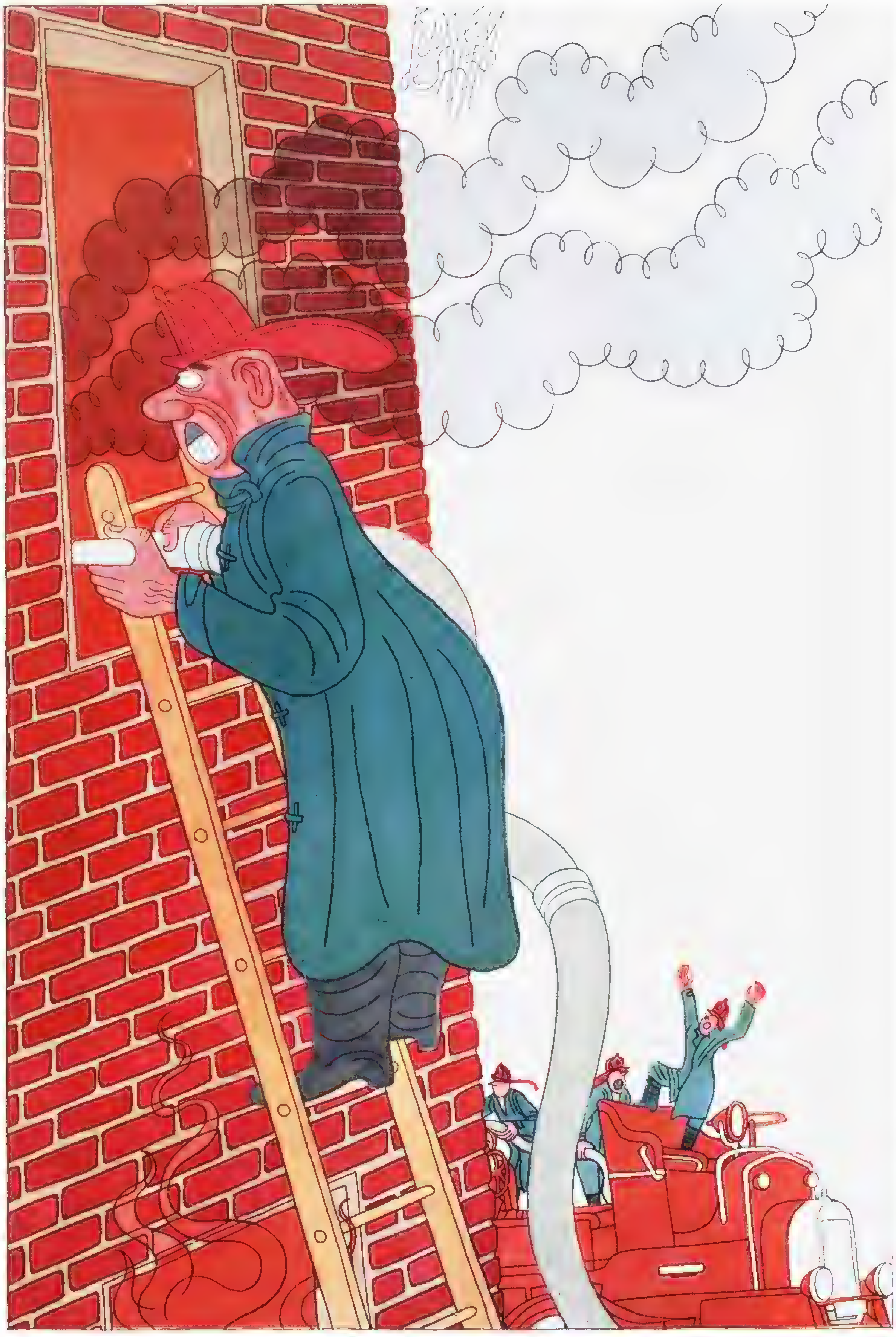

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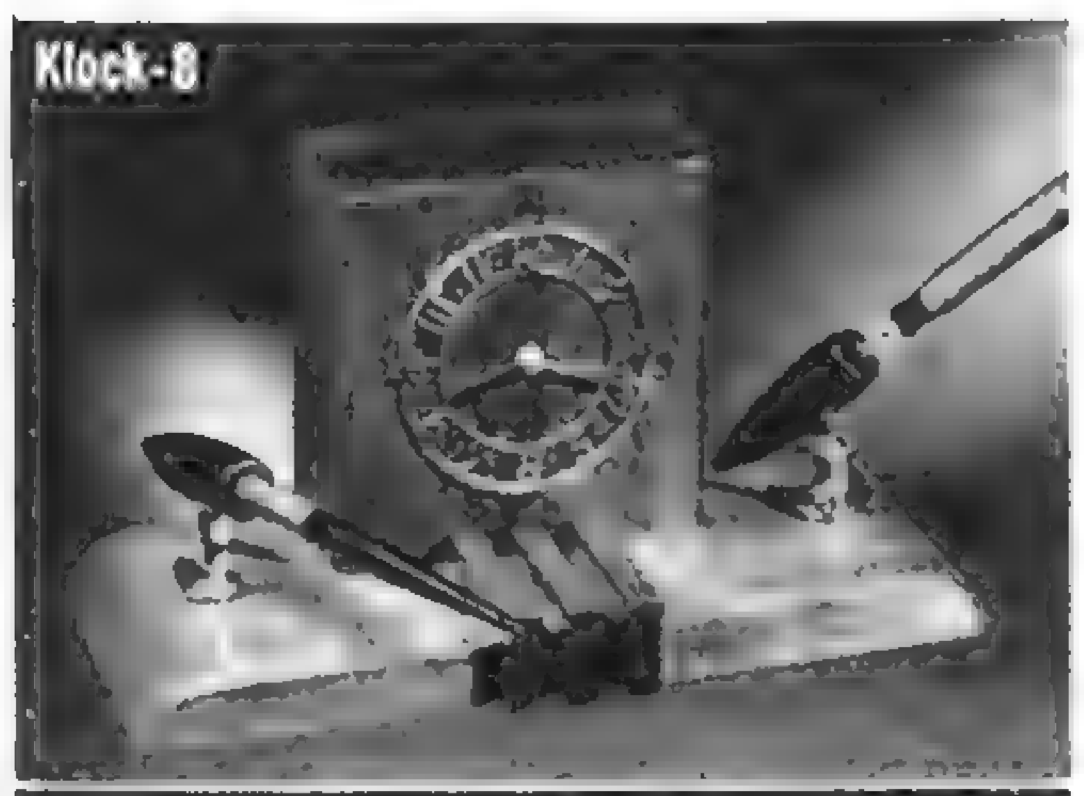

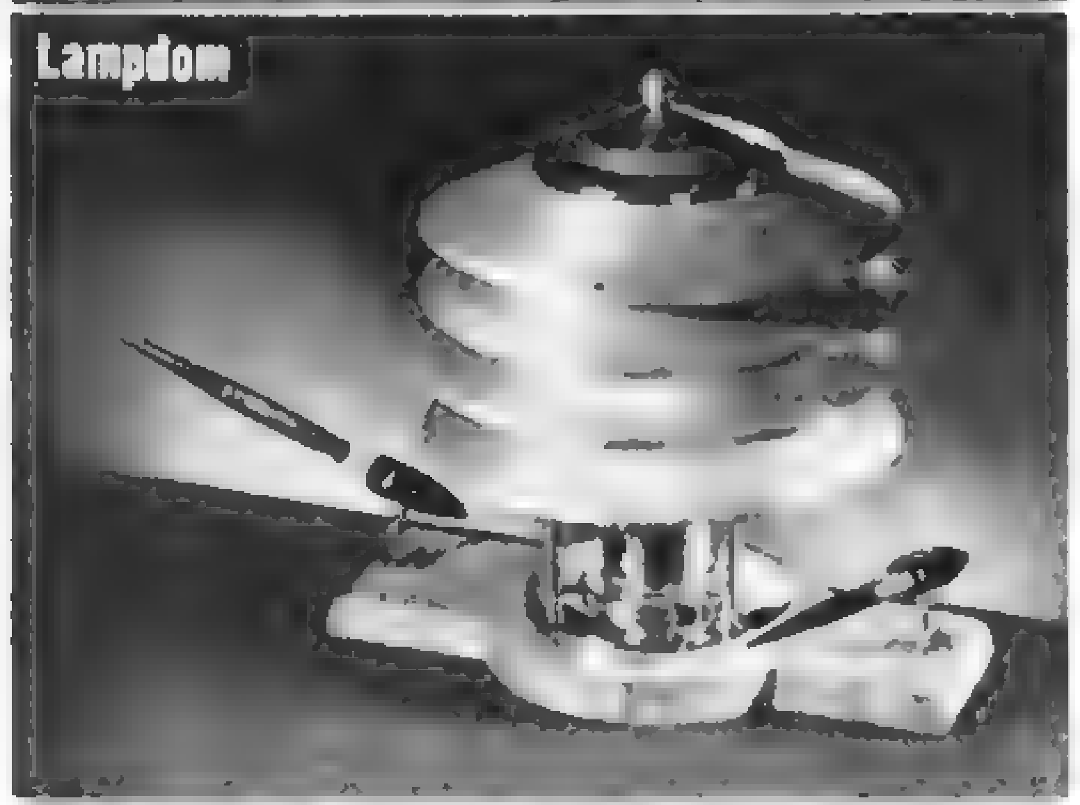

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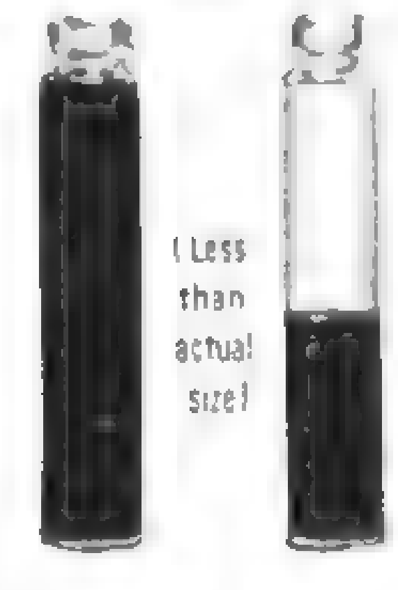

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On Direct Quotation

Continued from page 65

yesterday, and permitted himself to be interviewed by the press.

"I feel in the peak of condition, physically and mentally," said Mr. Thatcher. "I am indeed proud to be alive, and particularly proud to be a citizen of this great land where free enterprise and untrammeled initiative prevail. The prospect for the future? I firmly believe that all indications point to ever-increasing prosperity among the American people, both for the immediate present and the long-time future. Although I may not agree with everything the administration has done, I nevertheless have every confidence in this nation's ability to solve its economic problems to its lasting betterment."

Did Mr. Thatcher utter such words? Perhaps. But perhaps the actual interview sounded more like this:

Reporter: "How does it seem to be seventy-five?"

Thatcher: "Just about what you'd expect, young man. I suppose I can't complain."

Reporter: "How do you like America as contrasted to other countries?"

Thatcher: "Stupid question! I'm living here, aren't I? Always have and always will. Why would I stay here if I didn't like it? Is that all?"

Reporter: "No. Just a minute. Do you think conditions are getting better?"

Thatcher: "Oh, I guess so. How should I know? You better say I do anyhow. Sounds better. Goodbye."

Reporter: "Er—another question. Do you think Roosevelt has helped things?"

Thatcher: "Roosevelt! That guy ought to be hanged! Now get the hell out of here, and make it fast!"

Oh well, on thinking the whole thing over, maybe the reporters have the right idea. From long practice they've mastered a rather soothing way of putting things, and, with affairs what they are today, soothing is what most of us need. And besides, practically every newspaper in the country becomes a splendid model for the correct English class. Maybe, if we all keep on reading the papers, there will come a time when everyone will actually talk as handsomely as he's been quoted. ⌗

Mary Ann and the Duke

Continued from page 92

ing. He was Ian Cawper, the biggest and strongest lad in all Yorkshire. The only trouble with Ian was, that he was so big that it took a long time for the ideas to get up into his head. By the time they did, generally everyone was busy talking about something else. And it was so in this case. By the time Ian was ready to ask a question, they were all talking about dogs, so all Ian said was:

"Goodneight!"

"Goodneight, Ian," they said, and Ian lumbered away.

"What wrang wi' yon, now?" Will Braithewaite said.

"Nowt wrang wi' him," Sam said. "That's just Ian's way."

But Sam was wrong. There was something wrong with Ian. The thing was that even a huge man's frame can be punctured by an arrow, and Ian was in love. More than that, the girl Ian loved lived in Holdersby. And most of all, Holdersby was one of the six parishes of Rudling.

That night as Sam went home from the inn he saw Ian looming up in the dark.

"Ah've summat to ax thee, Sam Small," Ian rumbled.

Ian started across the moor and Sam, knowing how long it took for Ian to get started talking, followed him. They were a couple of miles out and could see the glow of the steel furnaces in Bradfield before Ian stopped.

"Sam Small, is there onybody stronger nor me i' Yorksha that tha knaws?" he asked.

"Nay, Ian lad. Tha's t'strongest lad Ah ivver seed i' all ma travels about t'world."

"And if Ah wanted, Sam Small, Ah could break thee i' two with ma bare hands here, couldn't Ah?"

"Aye, that tha could, Ian."

"So Ah could. Well, then, tha weren't codding toneight about t'Duke o' Rudling and—tha knaws."

"Ah, t'drawit de saynoor, tha means? Nay, Ian, it's true as Ah'm standing here flaid o' thee. Ah confeered on it like, wi' t'schoilmeaster to mak' sure there'd be noa mistakes."

Ian stood silent. Sam began to think of the lateness of the hour and how Mully might be sitting up ready to give him Halifax.

"Er—owt else Ah can do for thee, Ian?"

"Nay," Ian said, a minute later, and they started home.

The next evening Ian walked the seven miles to Holdersby to the little dairy farm where Mary Ann Battersby and her mother lived. He didn't know how to approach the matter, but finally he got Mary Ann out for a walk and blurted it out. Then he stood in the deepening evening as she sat on a stile, looking up at her. And Mary Ann was quite worth looking at; pert and pretty as a Guernsey calf, she was.

"Ian, ma love," she said finally, "Ah've gate an idea."

"Whet sort on an idea?"

"This sort," she said. "Us could gate round it all, happen."

"Gate round it?"

"Aye! Now lewk, suppose us aways to Bradfield and pretty as pretty us gates wed, quiet-like. Then his lordship wadn't hear on it until thee and me hed—well—until it were too late."

Ian considered a while. "Mary

Continued on page 216

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Mary Ann and the Duke

Continued from pages 92-214

Ann," he said finally. "Ah'm fair capped at thee, Ah am. Ah'm net sure that'd be honest. Nay, if us did that, happen ivver after us'd feel like us was living under false pretences."

"Nay, if onybody raised a fuss, us could say us didn't knaw."

"But us *does* knaw," Ian pointed out.

And she couldn't budge him from this point, so she made the best of it.

"All reight," she said finally. "After all it may be best, hard on us as it maught seem."

"Eigh, now, it relieves me to hear thee tak' it honest like that," Ian told her. "Soa it's all settled, then. All us maun do now is see his lordship and find out whet evenings he's not busy like. We'll ax him to pick a neight he's free, and us'll be married that day."

"Well," Mary Ann agreed, thinking over the whole proposition, "hard on us as it maught be, the law is the law, as tha says. It does seem funny, though, Ah hevn't heard on it afore this."

"Well, Ah doan't expect a maid would hear tell on such things," Ian said. "It were only by lucky chance Ah heard on it. Ba gum, if Ah hedn't us maught have made a tarrible mistake."

Ian walked back home, and that Saturday he got all dressed up in his Sunday best and called for Mary Ann. Together they set off for the Duke's castle. They had no trouble getting in, for the gate was open and lots of ladies in summer clothes were driving in.

Ian went up the gravel paths, through the park, till he came to the big front door of the castle and banged and banged. Finally a great big old chap with fierce eyebrows and a crabbed face opened the door. He was almost as big as Ian himself.

"Is tha t'Duke o' Rudling?" Ian rumbled.

"That Ah am," roared the duke. "Whet can Ah dew for thee?"

"Ah've coom to see thee on a personal matter," Ian shouted. "This is Mary Ann Battersby o' Holdersby, and Ah'm Ian Cawper o' Powkithorpe Brig."

"Net the strongest lad i' all Yorksha?" the duke cried.

"Aye, that's me," Ian admitted.

"Well, coom in, lad," the duke roared. "Ah've heeard tell on thee. Coom in. Doan't stand o't'doorstep."

Ian and Mary Ann followed the duke through a hall full of paintings and suits of armor. They went up a noble staircase till they came to a room full of nothing but books and big chairs.

"Sit ye down, the two on ye," the duke said. "Now, Ian lad, whet can Ah dew for thee?"

At this point the words got stuck in Ian's throat.

"Come, come, come," the duke roared. "Out wi' it!"

Mary Ann came to the rescue.

"Well, him and me's off to be wed."

"Eigh, now that's champion," the duke cried. "Just the thing we need. A lot o' little lads i't'parish wi' some o' thy heft, Ian. And ye'll be heving a hawlf dozen bairns or so, wi'out doubt."

Mary Ann blushed prettily.

"Now in a manner o' speaking, your lorship," she said. "That's almost the varry thing us coom to see ye about."

"See me? Why, damme, eh? What, that is to say—damme!"

"Ian'll explain," she said. "Go on, Ian. Tell t'duke about t'drawit de saynoor."

So Ian explained how he would have called before, but he'd just heard of the arrangement. The duke was very attentive and interested, and so Ian told him how he came to hear about it.

"And since Mary Ann was born and raised i' thy duchy," Ian said, "us decided to coom to thee. Us thowt it would be nobbut the polite thing, like, to ax thee how tha were fixed for appointments. Now how abaht today week."

The duke got up and walked about the room for several minutes.

"Ian," he said. "T'truth is, lad, today week it just happens Ah maun hev a conference wi't'House o' Lords."

"Eigh, too bad," Ian said. "Then how about a fortneet from today. Us would like to be wed of a Sat'day."

"Ba gum, Ian. Tha hes me theer, too," the duke said. "It's t'oppening o' t'grouse season, and Ah maun off to Scotland."

"Nay, t'grouse season don't oppen i' summer," Ian said.

"Now hark at me. That were a slip. Ah meant, it's t'oppening o' ma racing season."

"Eigh dear," Ian sighed. "Well, happen it maught be best to wark fro' they end. Now whet evenings, like, hes tha free fro' engagements."

The duke scratched his head.

"Ian, lad. Ah'm reight flaid Ah'm booked up solid for sivveral months."

"Sivveral months. Well then, if we maun wait, we maun. Suppose tha noatifies us the first free date convenient."

"Look here, Ian my lad, it does seem a bit of a shame for thee to be held up."

"But there's no two ways wi't'law," Ian pointed out. "Us must wait."

Continued on page 218

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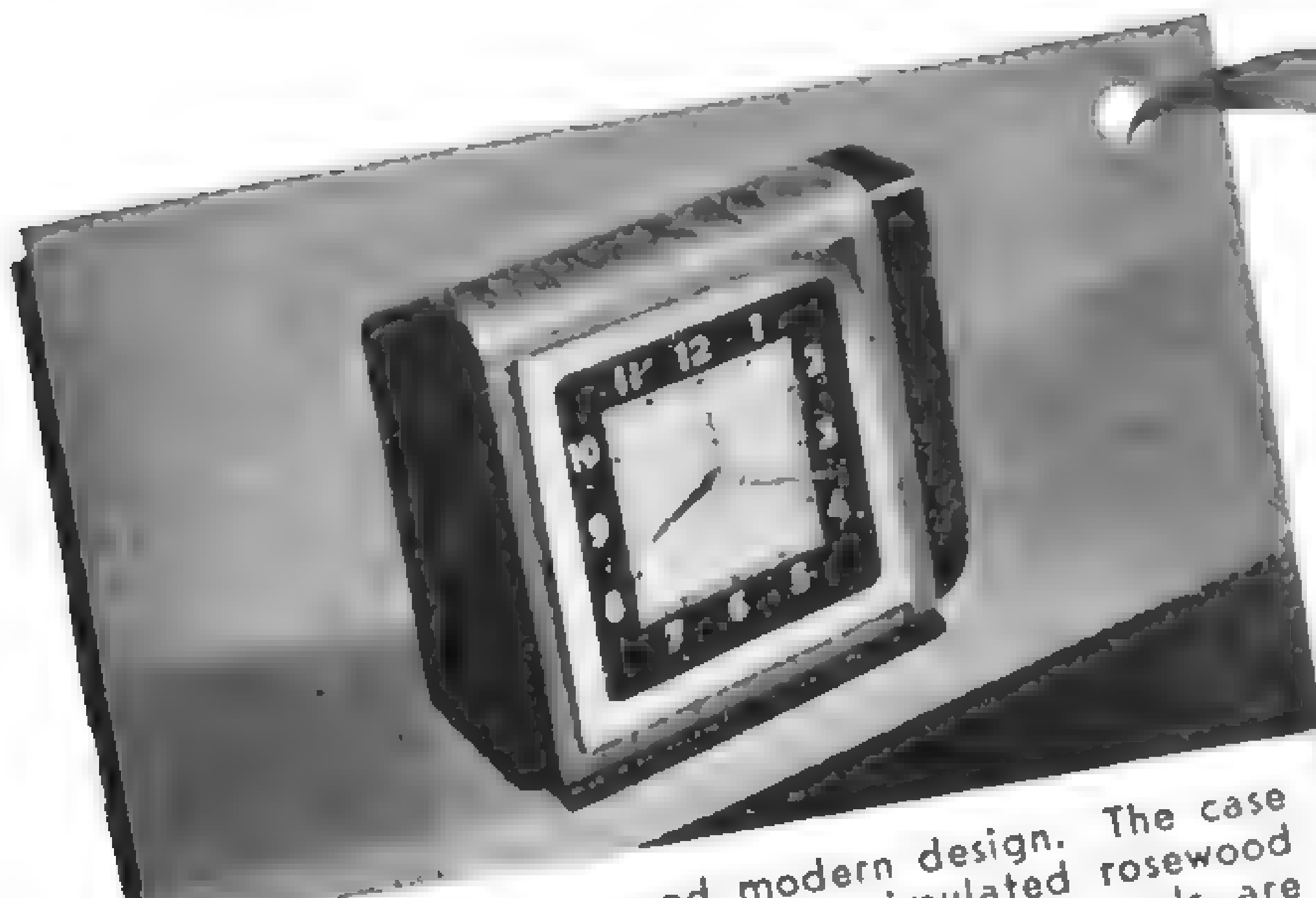
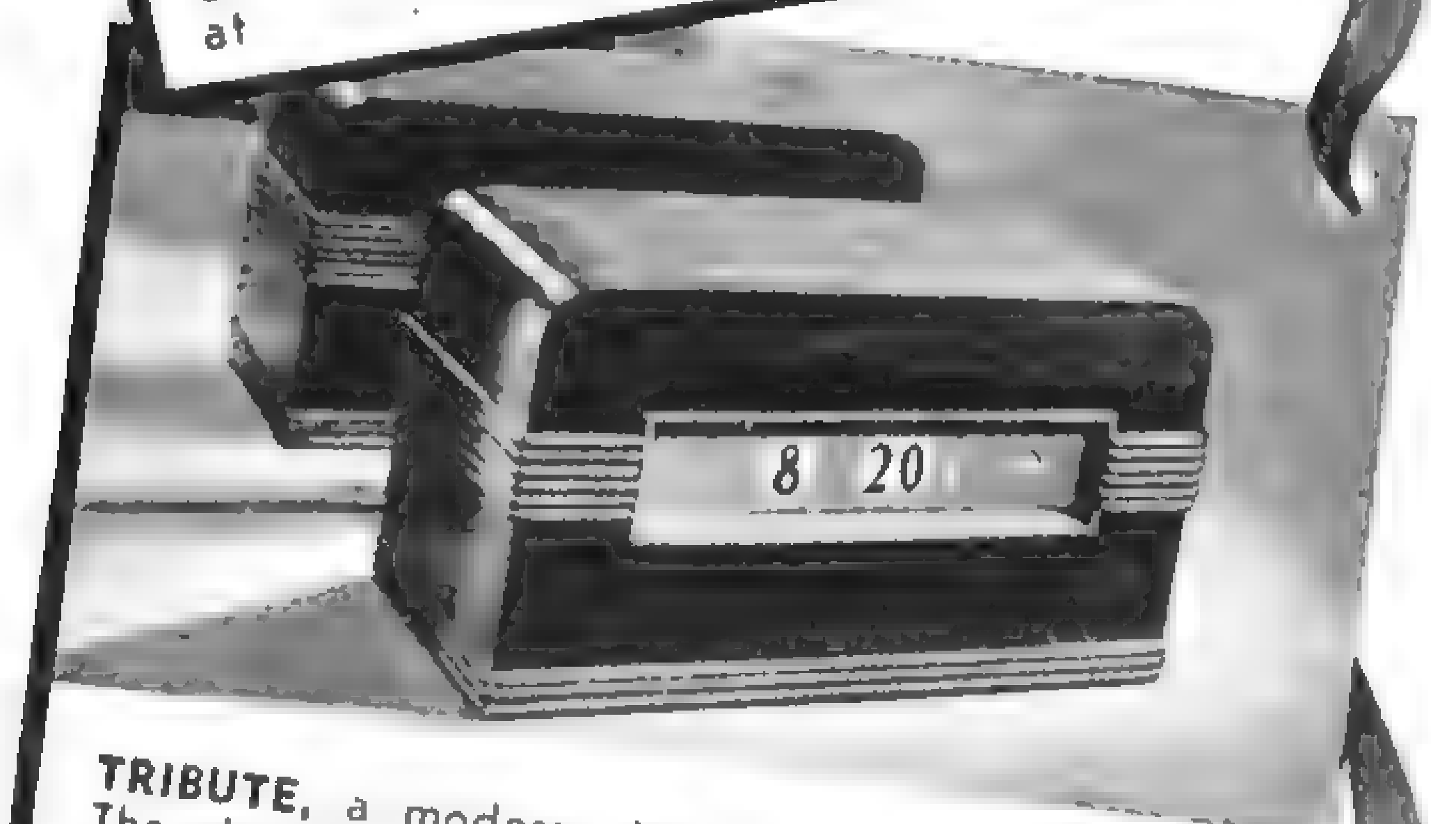


SMARTSET, a new and modern design. The case is of Prima Vera wood, with simulated rosewood sides and base. The gold-colored numerals are on a black band. 7⅞" wide. Priced at **$8.95**



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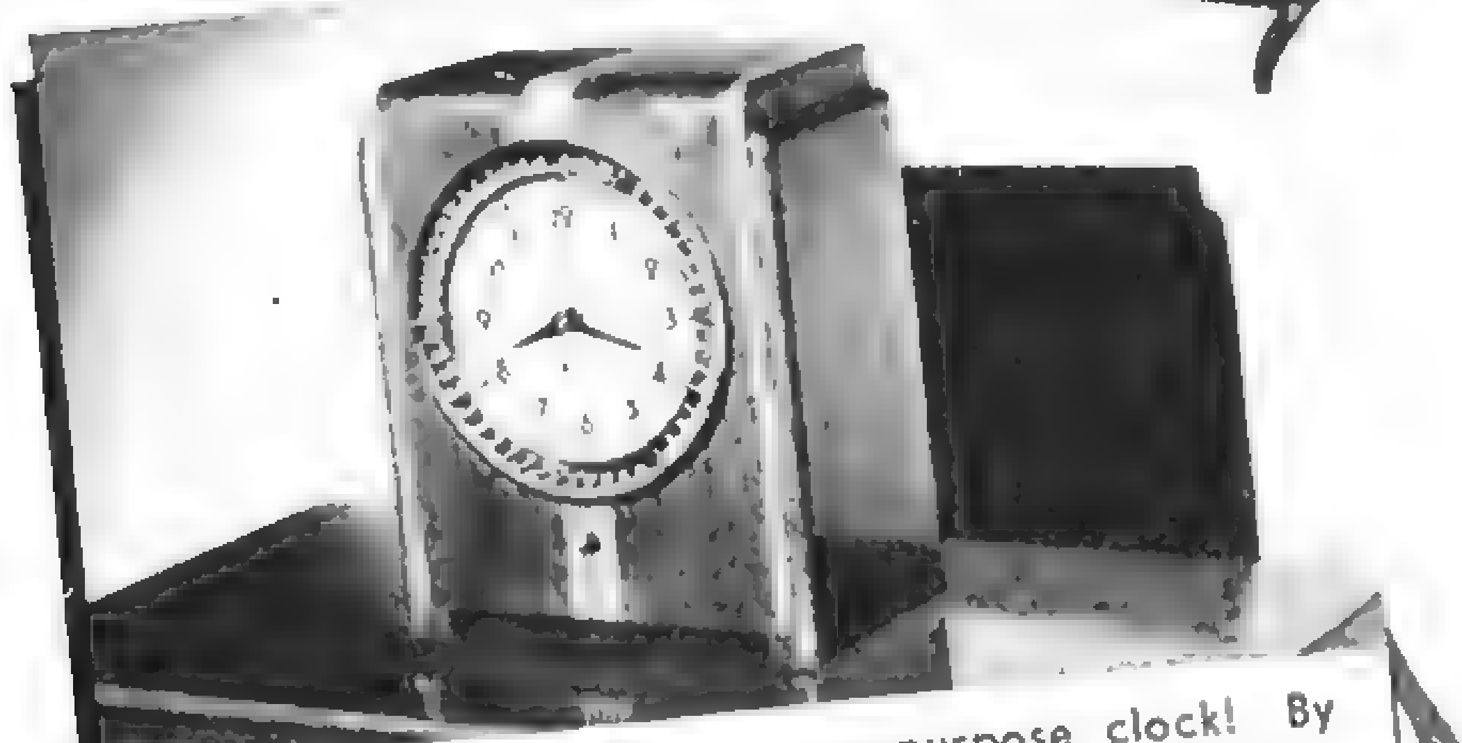

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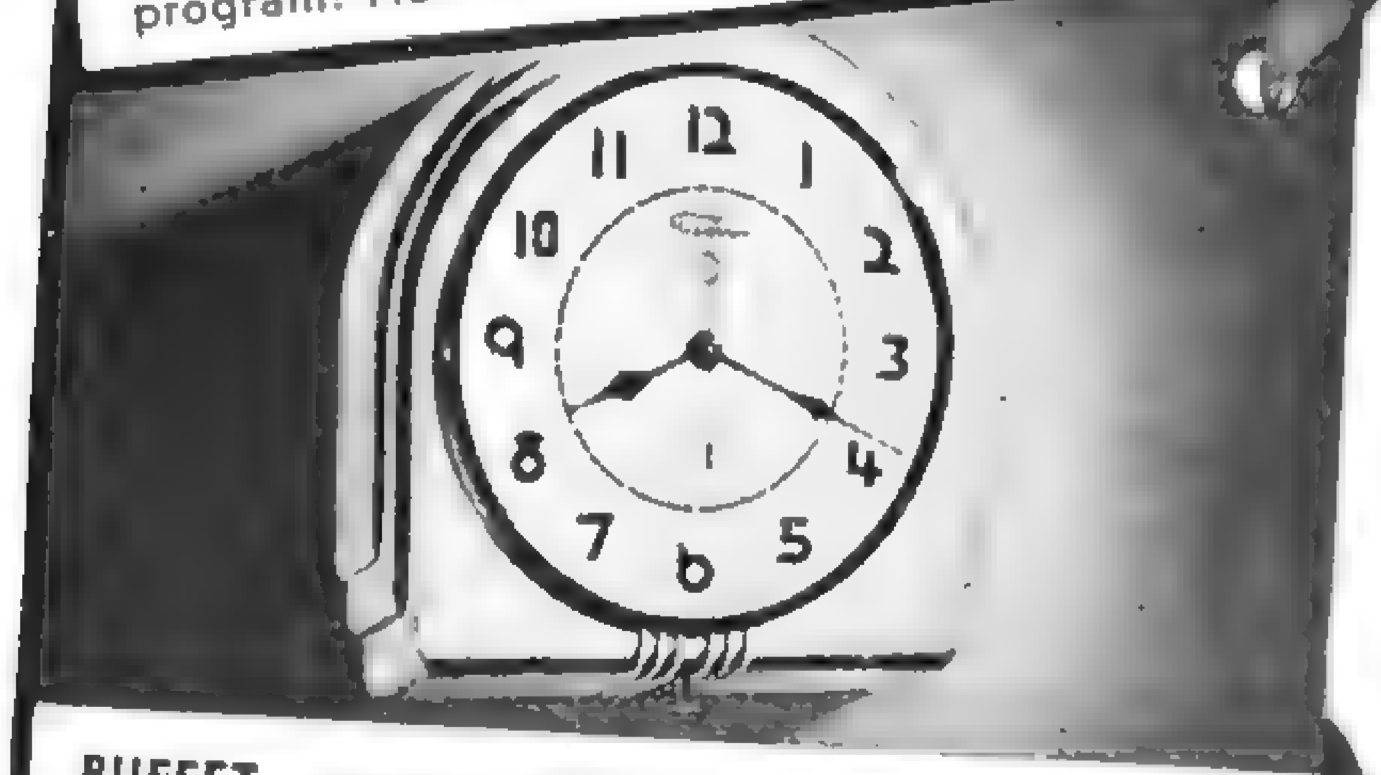

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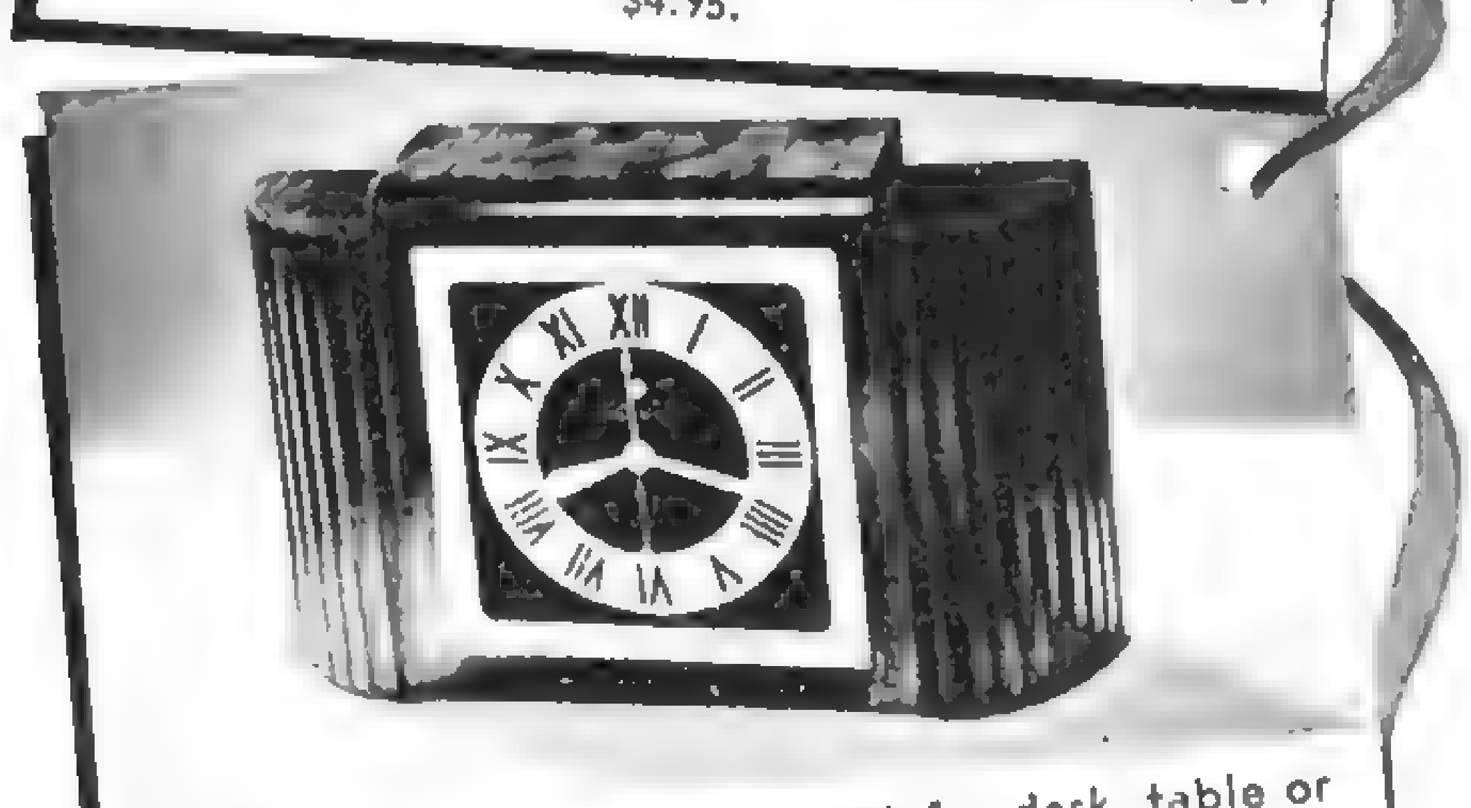
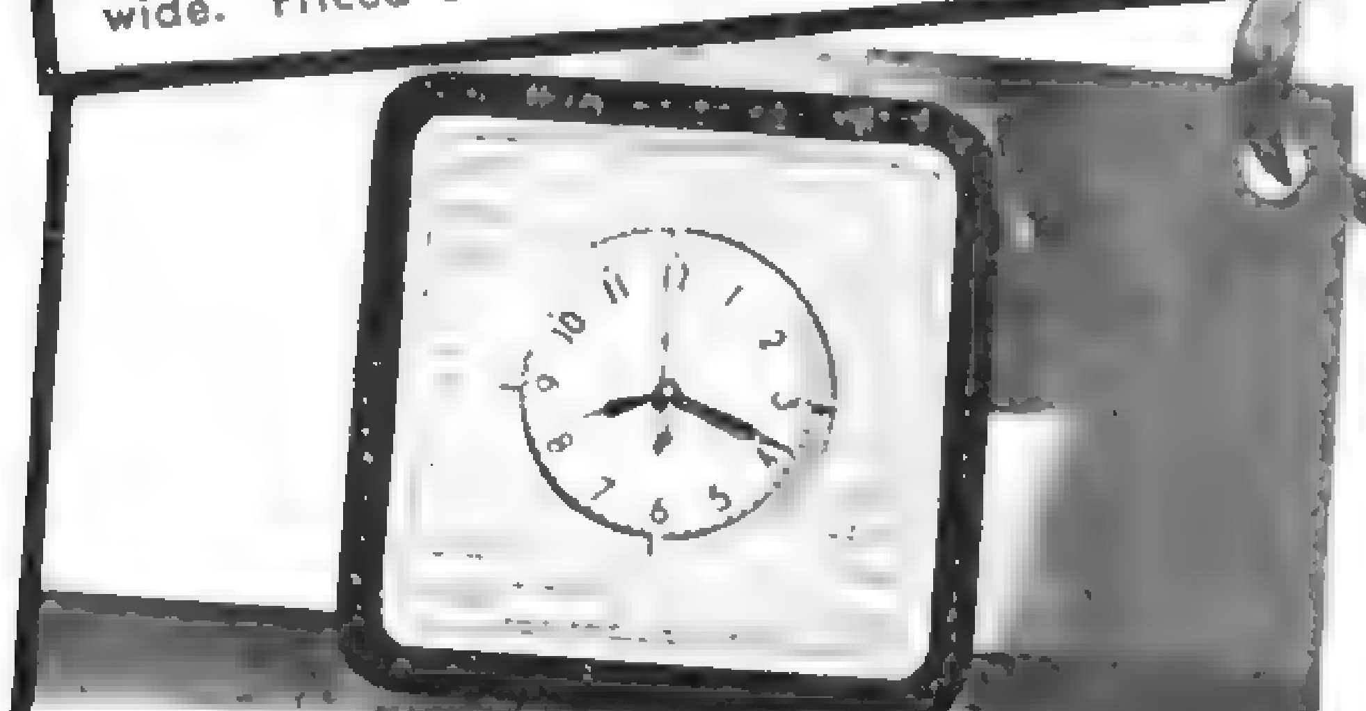


OLYMPIC, a stunning new clock for desk, table or mantel. The front panel is of Burma Padouk, the fluted sides are of walnut. Black dial with black numerals on gold-colored band. 11⅜" wide. Priced at....... .... **$9.95**



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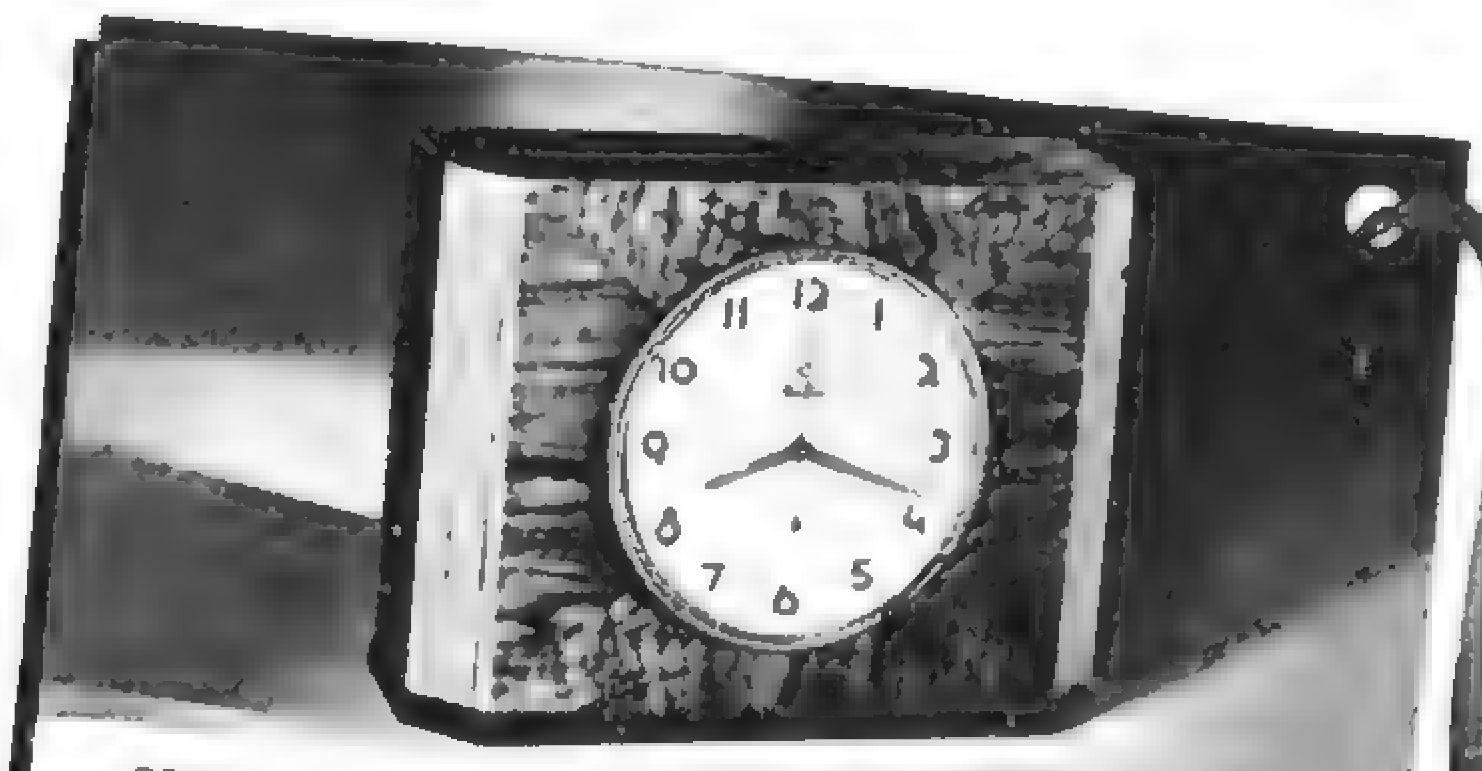

SEVILLE, strikes the hour and half-hour on a spiral silvertoned rod. Ripple-grained walnut case with white holly inlay and dark walnut base. 11⅛" wide. A perfect gift ... **$17.50**
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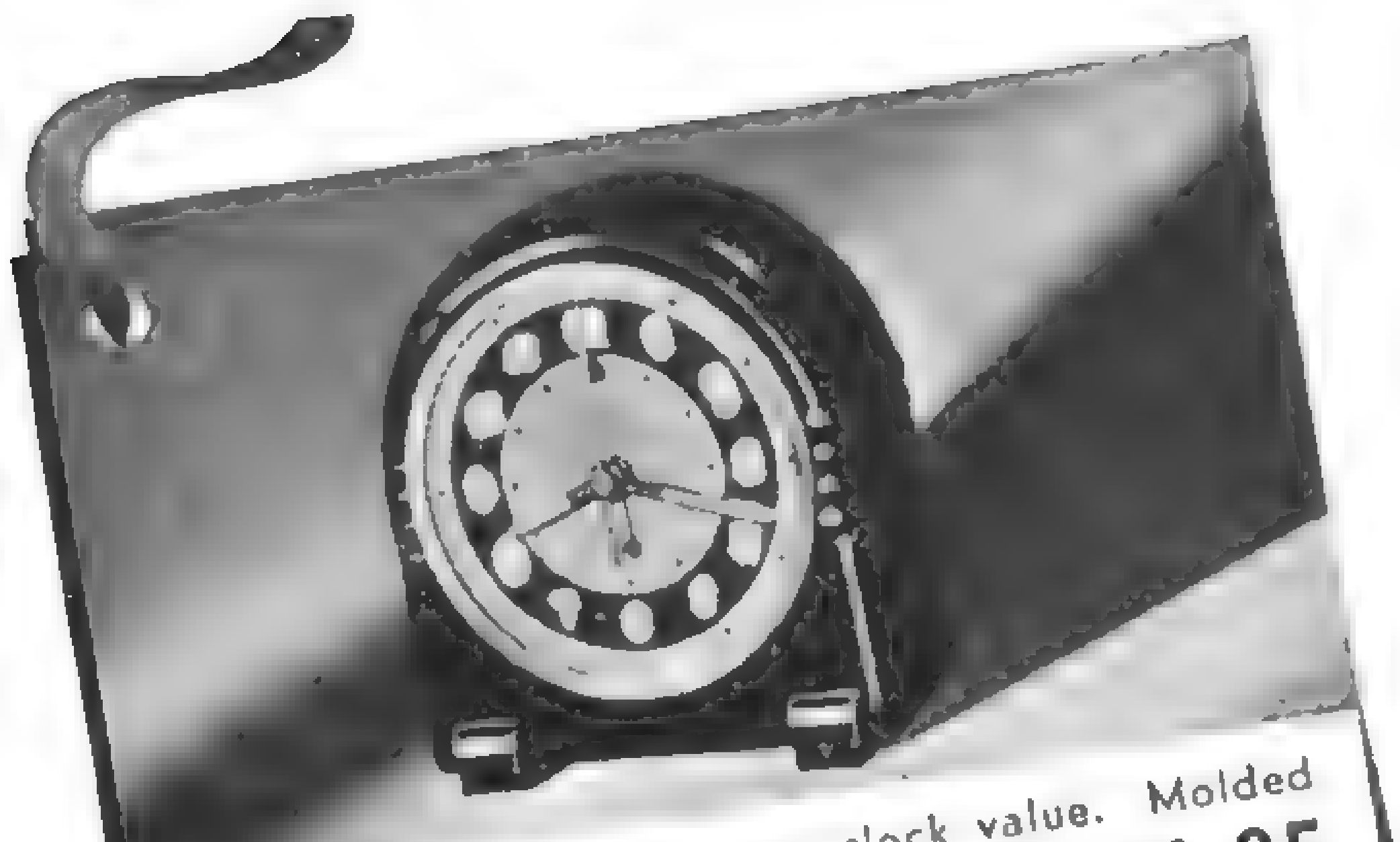
SWARTHMORE, a handsome wall clock in a period design. Brown mahogany case with brass ornaments and eagle. Mount Vernon scene on glass panel. Priced at **$14.50**



SEXTON, an unusual alarm clock value. Molded plastic case in black or mottled brown. Luminous dial. 4½" high...... .. **$4.95**
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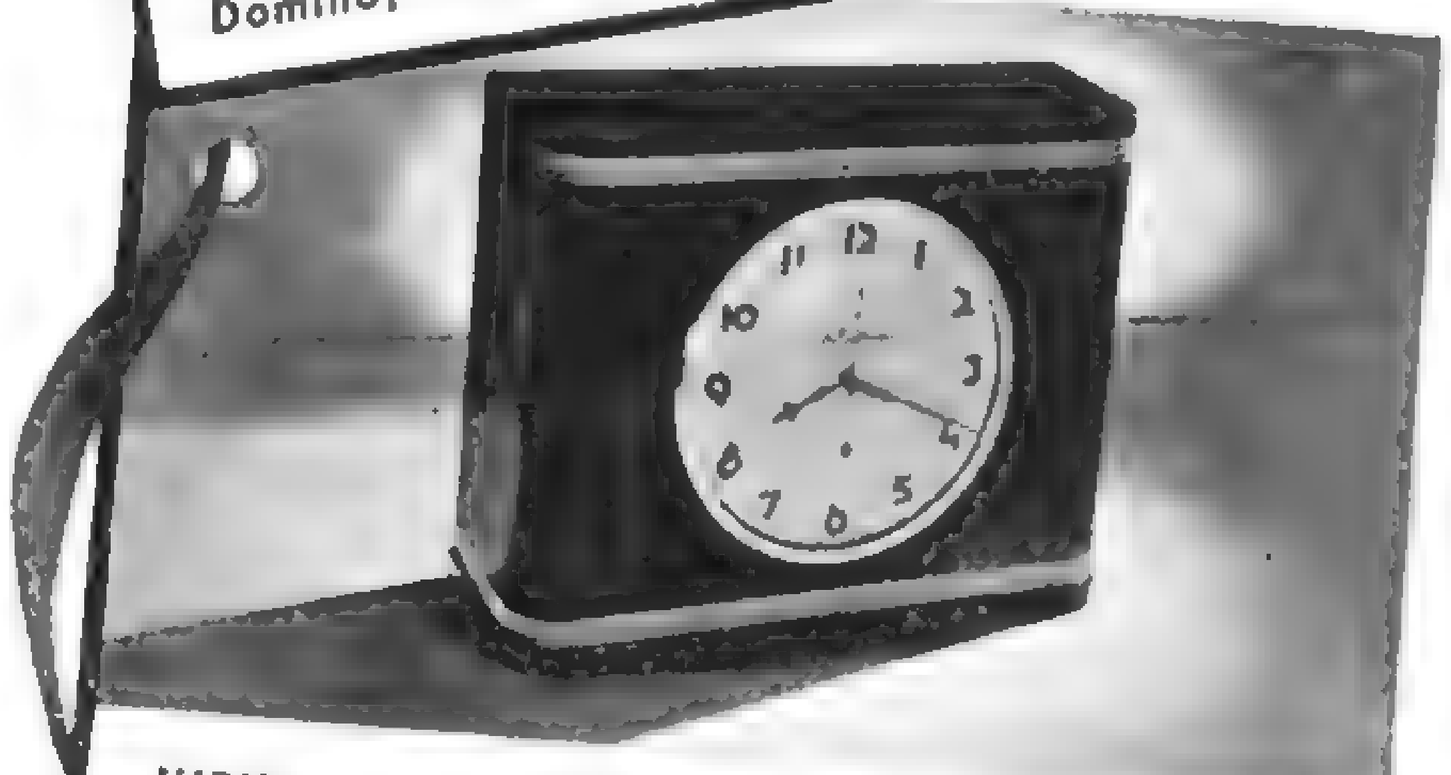
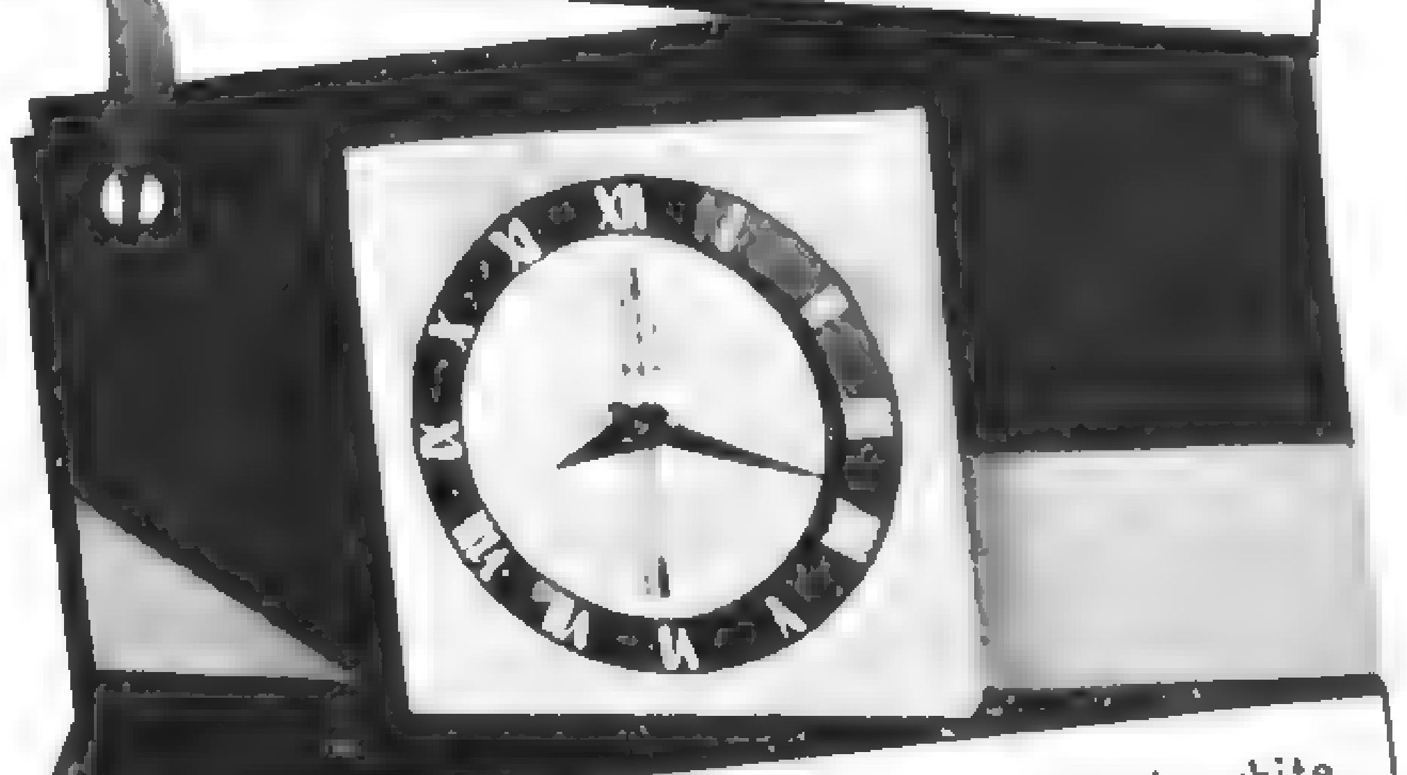


JUBILEE is a rich, attractive strike clock, which sounds the hour and half-hour on a spiral silver-toned rod. In brown mahogany with white holly inlay. 8½" high. Priced at **$14.95**



SPORTSMAN is a *grand* alarm clock. Rich, white onyx case. Etched-in Roman numerals. It costs only **$14.95**
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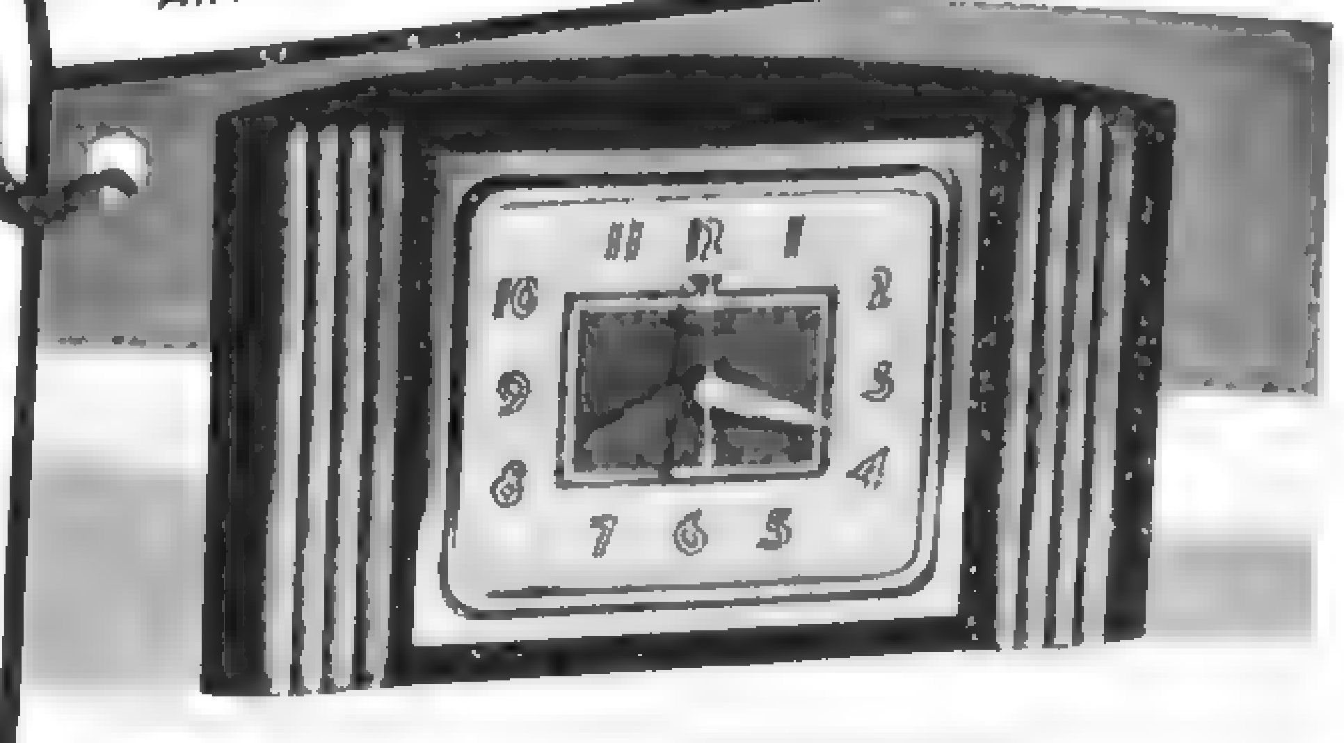
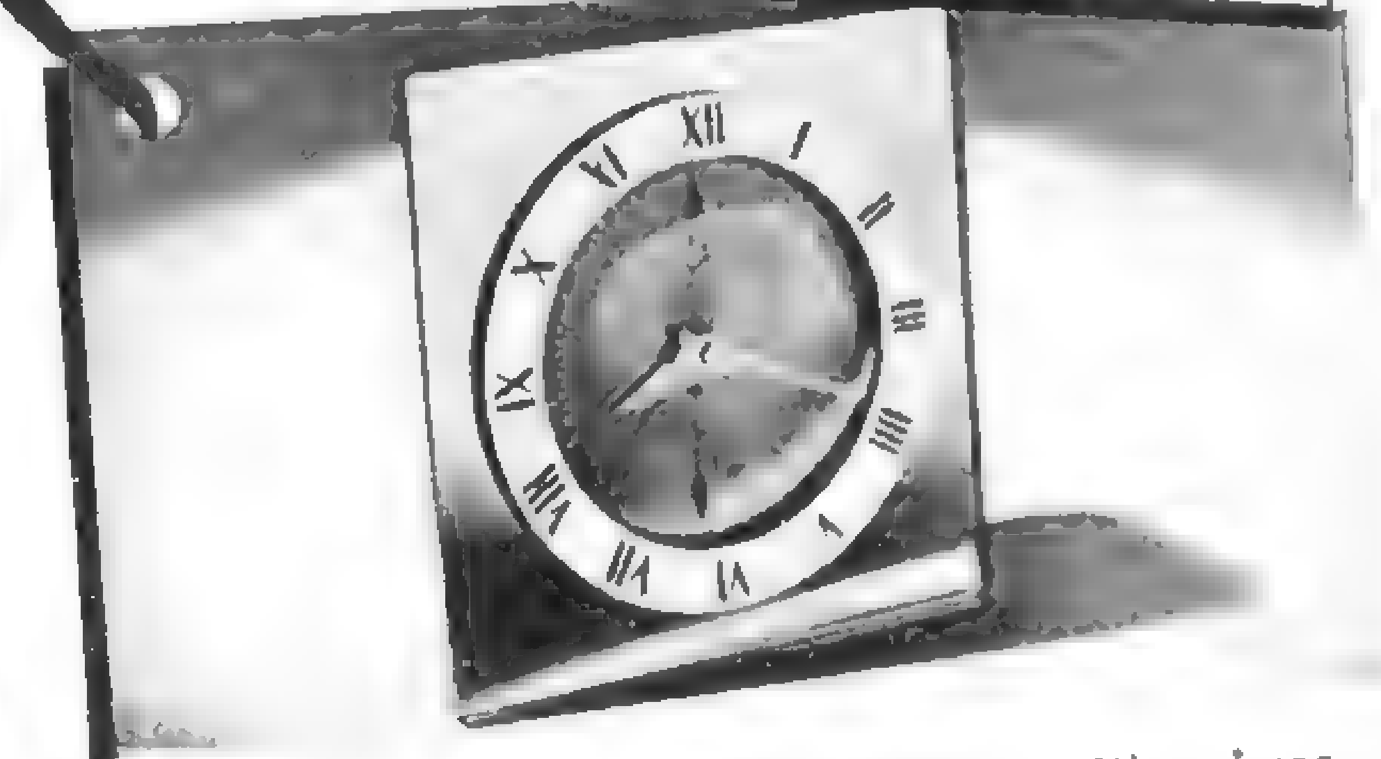


CORONADO, a distinctive clock in brown mahogany with Prima Vera wood side flutings. The dial is white and cream-colored with numerals outlined in black. Its smart shape makes it ideal for a desk or table. Only . . **$6.75**



LIDO, smart desk or table model with mirror-finished glass case, simulated Cloisonne-finished metal dial. 5½" square. Choice of blue or black **$6.95**

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Mary Ann and the Duke

Continued from pages 92-214-216

The duke pulled his long moustache a while, then he looked at Mary Ann.

"Coom here, ma lass," he said.

Mary Ann went over shyly, and the duke took hold of her hand and patted it. Then he sighed, a long, long sigh, and let go of it.

"Look here, Ian Cawper," he said. "Ah'll tell thee whet Ah'm off to dew. For a wedding present, Ah'll let thee off my drawit de saynoor. Tha can hev Mary Ann all to thysen the first neight."

"Why, your lordship, tha's that kind," Ian said. "But Ah couldn't hear tell on it."

"Why not?"

"Why, there's the law. The law's the law, tha knaws."

"Aye, but suppose us just forgates it this time."

"The law's the law," Ian said. "And hard on us as it maight be, we maun observe it."

They went at it for quite a while with Ian steadfast at the point that the law was the law. So the duke took another tack and proved to Ian that laws were meant to be broken, because if no one broke them there'd be no need for them. The duke put this so cleverly that he floored Ian in the argument, and Ian seemed satisfied. In fact, he had Mary Ann by the hand and was just leaving when he halted his bulk in the doorway. He stood fast while a suspicion seeped from his head down into his body and then permeated him.

"Nay," he said suddenly. "Ah wean't goa. Soa, that's it!"

"That's what?" the duke asked.

"Ah knaw thee!" Ian shouted. "Tha's gate it in they yead that may Mary Ann isn't good enough for t'drawit de saynoor! Soa that's it!"

"Why, Ian," the duke protested. "Such a thing as that never passed my mind. She's as bonny and bucksome a lass as I ever saw!"

"Nay, tha needn't try to softsoap us," Ian thundered. "Ah've decided that us'll goa threw wi' this thing in a reight and proper way—and Ah'm net off to hev ma mind changed."

The duke tried to argue, but Ian would have none of it.

"Nay, ma Mary Ann's as good as ony other lass i' this duchy," Ian said stubbornly, "and as her future husband Ah'm off to see she gates her reights. Now that's may final say, soa tha'd better tell ma what neight tha's free, and ba gum, if Ah hev to, Ah'll coom wi' her mysen and see it's done reight and proper."

The duke got up and strode round the room, coughing and blowing his nose and looking at Ian and scratching his head.

"Ian lad," he said finally. "Tha's reight. It's ma duty. Howivver, there's a few things that Ah maun talk ovver wi' thee—that it's better only men talk about—soa us'll ax Mary Ann to excuse us a minute."

After she was gone the duke sat at his desk and coughed.

"First, Ian Cawper," he said, "Ah want to say tha's been a varry fine and honest lad to stand oop to me and tell me ma duty, the way tha hes. There's been few men i' ma life ivver stood oop to me the way tha did—and Ah maun say Ah've nowt but admiration for thee for it."

"Thank your lordship kindly," Ian said.

"In other words, lad, tha's a man after ma own heart. And because tha's a man after ma own heart Ah'm off to let thee into a secret Ah wouldn't let another soul knaw."

The duke looked up to see how Ian was taking this. Then he stood up, peered around cautiously, went to a window and pulled the curtain aside. Ian, looking over his shoulder, saw the lawn below where many women walked or sat at tables sipping tea."

"Tha sees them, Ian," the duke whispered.

"Aye, Ah dew," Ian said, puzzled. "Who're they?"

"Ian lad, Ah wean't lie to thee," the duke said, cunningly. "They're all waiting for the drawit de saynoor."

"Waiting? Ain't noan of 'em wed?"

"Aye, soom on 'em's wed; but they're waiting."

"Tha means," Ian said, "tha's way behind on—on thy hoamwark."

"That's it exactly—way, way behind on my homework, Ian."

"Now by gum," Ian breathed. "There maun be near a hundred on 'em."

"There's ovver a hundred Ian, ovver a hundred," the duke said, sadly.

"Well now, ba gum, to get caught oop again Ah should say tha hes quite a giant feat afore thee."

"Ian, tha's takken the varry words reight out o' ma mouth. A giant feat it is. Noa other words could describe it. And, moorovver, Ian, tha maun consider Ah'm not the man Ah used to be. Ah—if this were nobbut ma younger days, Ian—ah, then Ah could ha' got cleaned oop o' this bunch in no time, as tha maught say. If Ah were like thee—why, for thee it would be nowt—happen three month or soa."

"Aye, happen Ah could addle it i' three month," Ian agreed, "but eigh, man—that'd be quite a job even for a chap like me."

"That's reight, Ian," the duke said, delighted. "Ah'm that happy tha shows thysen soa properly understanding."

The duke dropped the curtain quickly, and went back to his desk. He sat there in a posture of utter dejection.

"In t'owd days, Ah could keep oop, Ian. But now—at last Ah maun confess—it's gating too much for me."

"Now, now, your lordship," Ian

Continued on page 220

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Mary Ann and the Duke

Continued from pages 92-214-216-218

said. "Doan't tak' on, now. There, there. Doan't tak' on."

He patted the duke consolingly on his bent shoulders.

"Ian, Ah can't help it, Ah can't. Why, strange as it may seem to an ordinary chap, it's gate to t'point wheer Ah contemplate wi' horror the thowt o' going to bed wi' a lass—even when she's as pert and bonnie a bucksome handful as thy Mary Ann."

And the duke bowed his head in his hands.

"Ba gum," Ian said. "Ah nivver thowt on it that way. Moast men would lewk wi' joy on the prospect of a drawit de saynoor. But Ah onderstand how it could be wearisome. There's limits to all things, no doubt."

"Ian, tha's hit it," the duke said, looking up. "There's limits to all things, as all men knaw but few women realize. That's why Ah sent thy Mary Ann out—so's us could talk man to man."

"Well, this does put us in a pretty pickle," Ian said. "Ah want dearly to dew whet's reight and proper, but Ah mislike sadly to add to thy already heavy burden."

"Tarribly heavy burden, Ian."

Ian walked up and down a moment, as he found it aided him thinking. Then he stopped.

"Your lordship," he said finally. "Ah've coom to a conclusion. Ma conclusion is, that while there may be laws o' man; ba gum there's laws o' nature, too . . ."

"There are! There are, Ian!"

". . . And a man may flout the furst, but he cannot the last."

"He cannot, Ian! He cannot!"

"Theerfoar, Ah've decided 'at me and Mary Ann, us is off to let thee off the drawit de saynoor."

"Ian Cawper! Ian Cawper! Ah thank thee from the bottom o' ma heart. And to show thee Ah fully appreciate it, and to mak' oop for allowing me to observe a lapse in ma bounden duty, Ah'll grant thee onything else tha wishes. Now lad, what dosta wish for?"

That was quite a poser for Ian, so he scratched his head vigorously for several moments.

"Coom, coom, lad. Doan't be flaid. Out wi' it. Onything in ma power to grant thee."

"Nay," said Ian. "Coom to think on it, theer's nowt Ah could wish for—happen barring one thing."

"What is it? Speak and it shall be thine."

"Well, t'only thing Ah ivver envied thee was running a rabbit or a hare oop i' thy woods."

"What?" roared the duke. "So you're the damned poacher who's been invading my property! I'll . ."

And then his face changed.

"Ian Cawper, a bargain for a bargain, and nivver let nub'dy ivver say a Yorkshaman ivver retreated from a foe or a promise. So the wish shall be thine. Now away wi' ye, and God mak' thy marriage fruitful."

So away went Ian, and the duke sat there, sadly shaking his head and sighing deeply. He sat there until a servant came in and said:

"Your lordship! The Ladies' Committee for the Society for the Preservation of Ethical Culture are on the lawn. Her ladyship requests that you make an appearance, if only briefly."

The duke sighed again.

"All right," he roared. "Damme, away wi' ye."

And when he finally appeared on the lawn, the ladies agreed that seldom had they seen him in a viler temper. For the Duke of Rudling was deemed to be an incorrigibly bad-tempered old man at all times.

But those same ladies would have been surprised at the duke's temper two weeks later at Ian Cawper's wedding. For he did attend the wedding. And he danced a Roger de Coverley with Mary Ann, and chucked her under the chin, and pinched her where she was plumpest, and sighed and swore and drank three pints of ale.

A right wonderful time, they had at the wedding, for the old people recalled that the duke hadn't been down to one of their weddings in twelve years and more. And there he was, shouting and winking, and everyone tumbling over themselves to get out of his way. For he was remembered as a terrible man when he was crossed, and they were afraid of him.

All but Ian Cawper. Ian Cawper was afraid of no man who ever walked. So he looked the duke in the eye, as one big man should look another. And the duke shook hands with him in front of all the people and said:

"Ian Cawper. Tha were willing to do summat for me, and tha's cheered ma aging days. Soa Ah now dew summat for thee."

Then he gave Ian a leather purse with fifty golden sovereigns in it; and he gave him a roll of paper with red ribbon on it, and inside the paper it said that Ian Cawper should have the right to run hare and rabbit in the Duke of Rudling's woods, and the right should descend to his son, and to that son's son, and on for ever as long as there should be a Cawper to walk, and a woods to walk in.

So it all turned out very well, in spite of the fact that the duke didn't live up to his ancient right and duty.

At first Mary Ann, being a woman, felt a little upset about it way down in her mind. But as the years went on, even she felt that perhaps it had all been for the best.

She would often sigh and look at Ian.

"Ba gum," she would say. "It maught ha' been a reight interesting experience and all, in a manner o' speaking. But on the whole, Ah gate noa complaints to mak' —if tha knaws whet Ah mean."

And she hadn't, either—if you know what she meant. ##

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For generations Hennessy Cognac Brandy has been a favoured guest at important functions the world over. For the appreciation of the quality, bouquet and "clean" taste of this incomparable Cognac is both universal and timeless. The characteristics that endeared Hennessy Cognac to the aristocrats of long ago make it the preferred liqueur of discriminating moderns. Today's connoisseur has this advantage . . . he also enjoys Three-Star Hennessy in a host of mixed drinks. Insist on Three-Star Hennessy in your Brandy-and-Sodas, Stingers, Side Cars, Brandy Sours, Flips, Fizzes and Old-Fashioneds.

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84
PROOF

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HANDSOMELY BOXED, PERSONALIZED WITH HIS INITIAL

Personalized GIFTS FOR ME

• A new Personalized Gift Service! First, it offers you a special selectio of men's fashions created by Wilson Brothers' stylists. Not the usu "Christmas Styles" but the last word in what men of discriminatin taste choose for their personal wear. Second, many of these gifts are arrange in attractive blends: Two or more articles are ensembled by a harmon of pattern, weave or color that makes them doubly appreciated. Next, eac gift comes handsomely boxed, ready at once for ribbon and tag. Finall a thoughtful personal touch—HIS initial as a Christmas seal on th package, as bright as the twinkle in Santa's eye. Offered now by lead ing men's wear stores and men's wear departments from coast to coas

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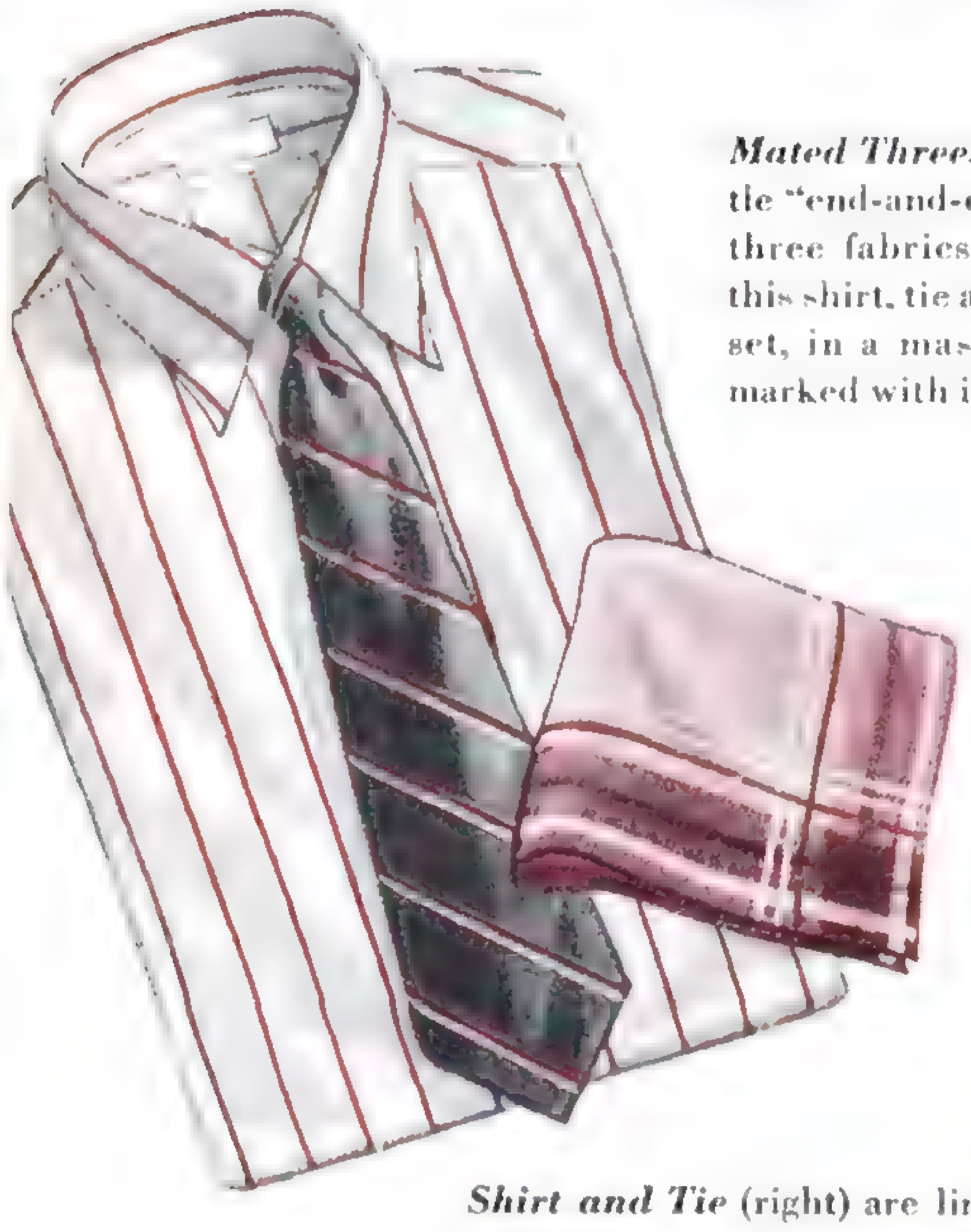
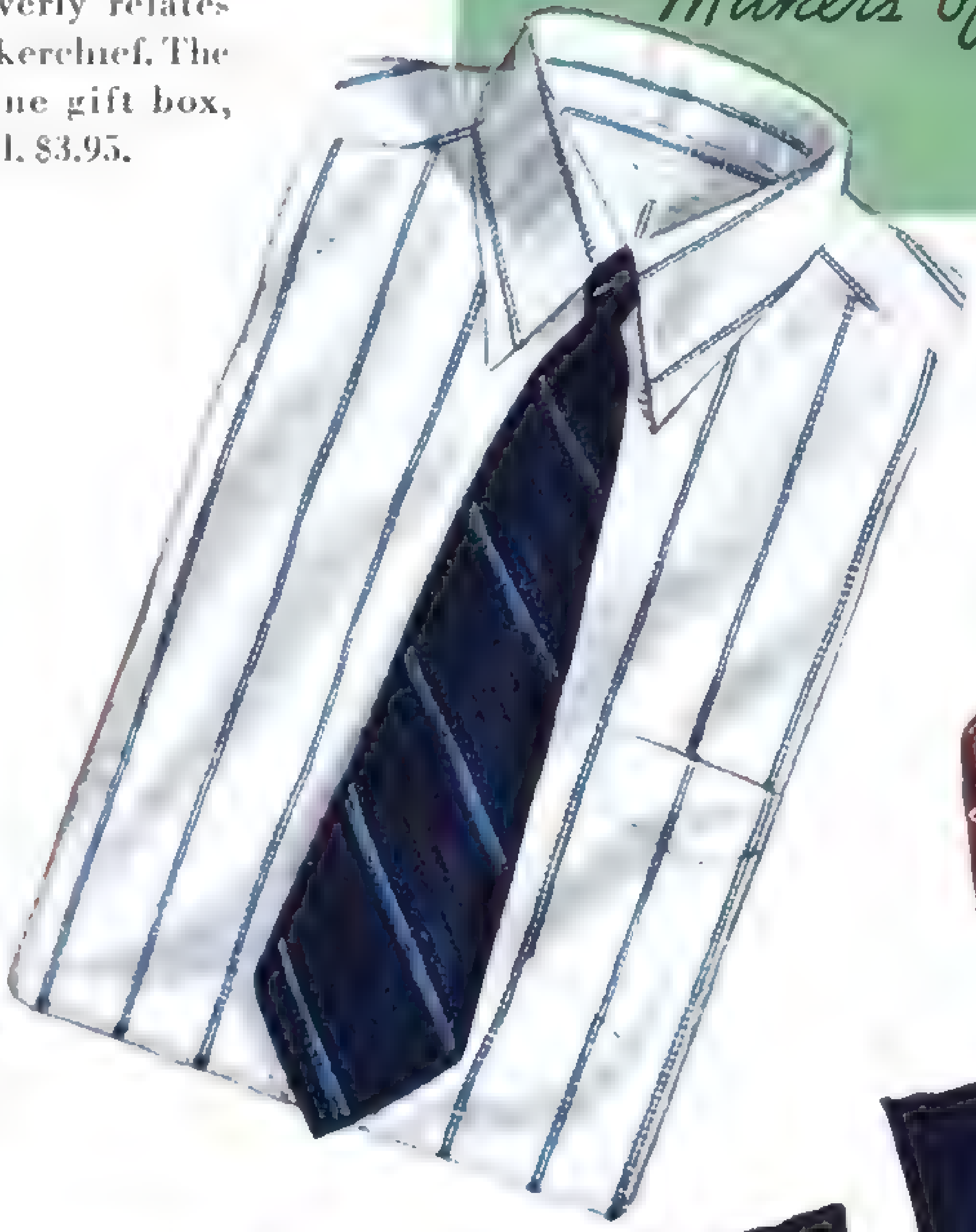
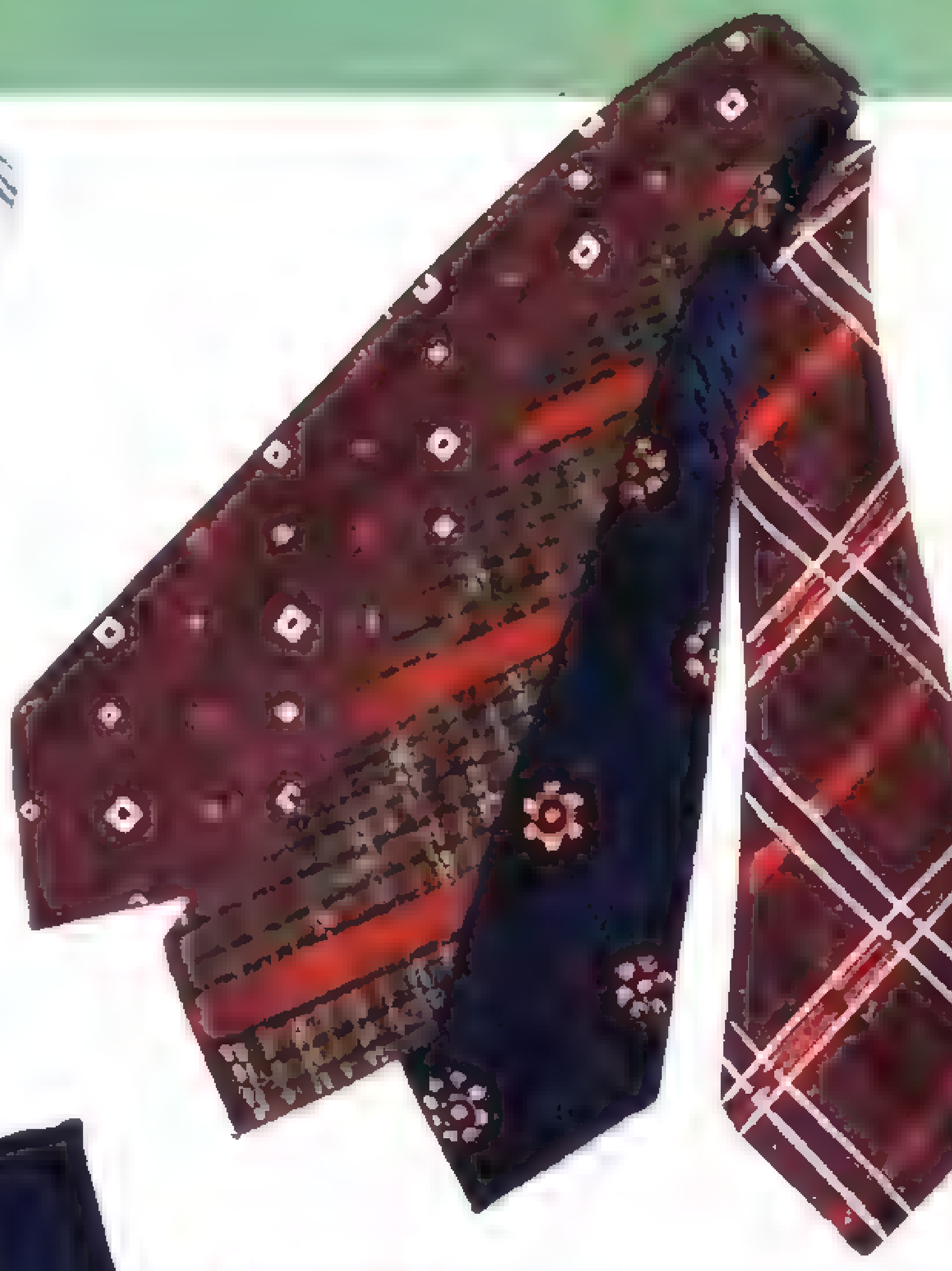


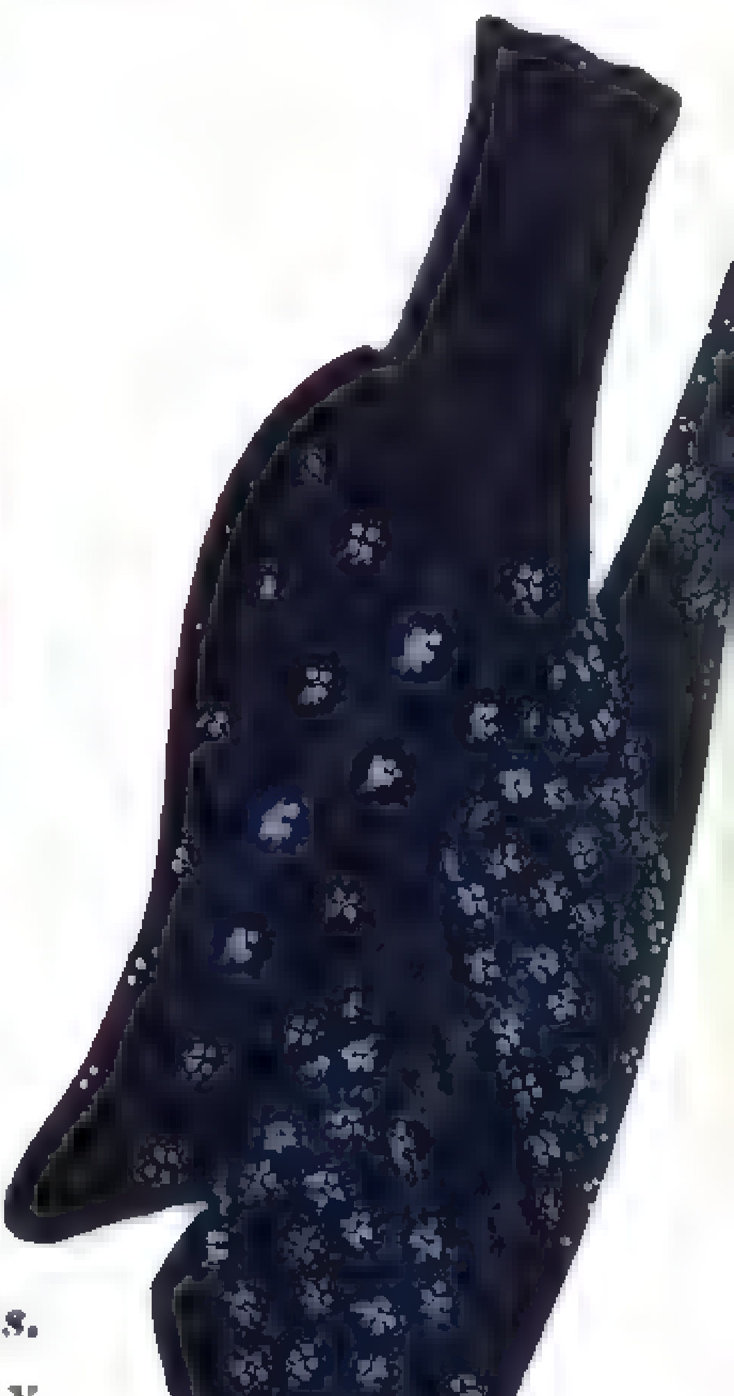
Mated Threesome (left). A subtle "end-and-end weave" in all three fabrics cleverly relates this shirt, tie and 'kerchief. The set, in a masculine gift box, marked with initial. $3.95.

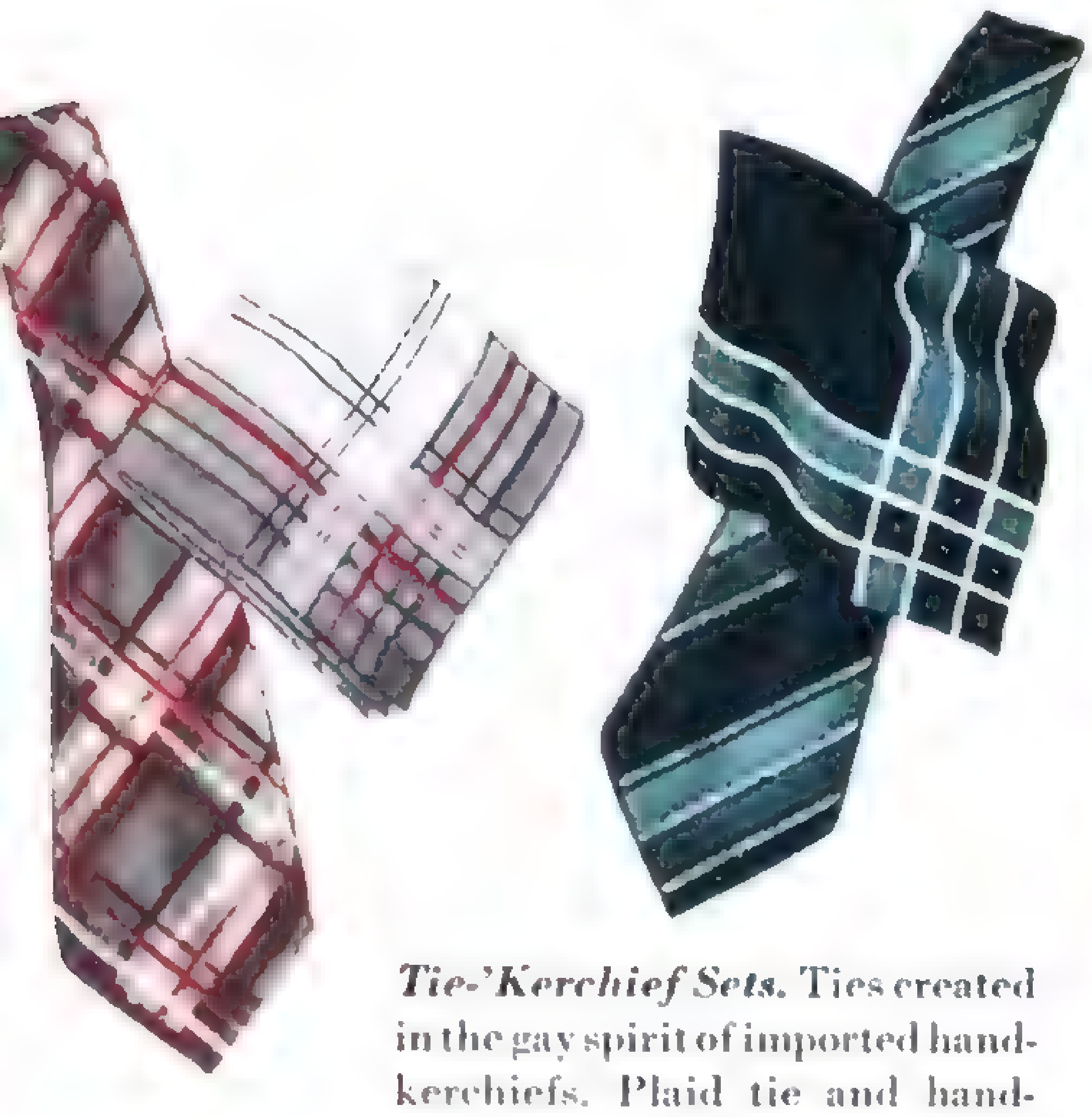


Shirt and Tie (right) are linked by widely-spaced two-tone stripes in materials distinguished by broken cording. Boxed as a set, $3.



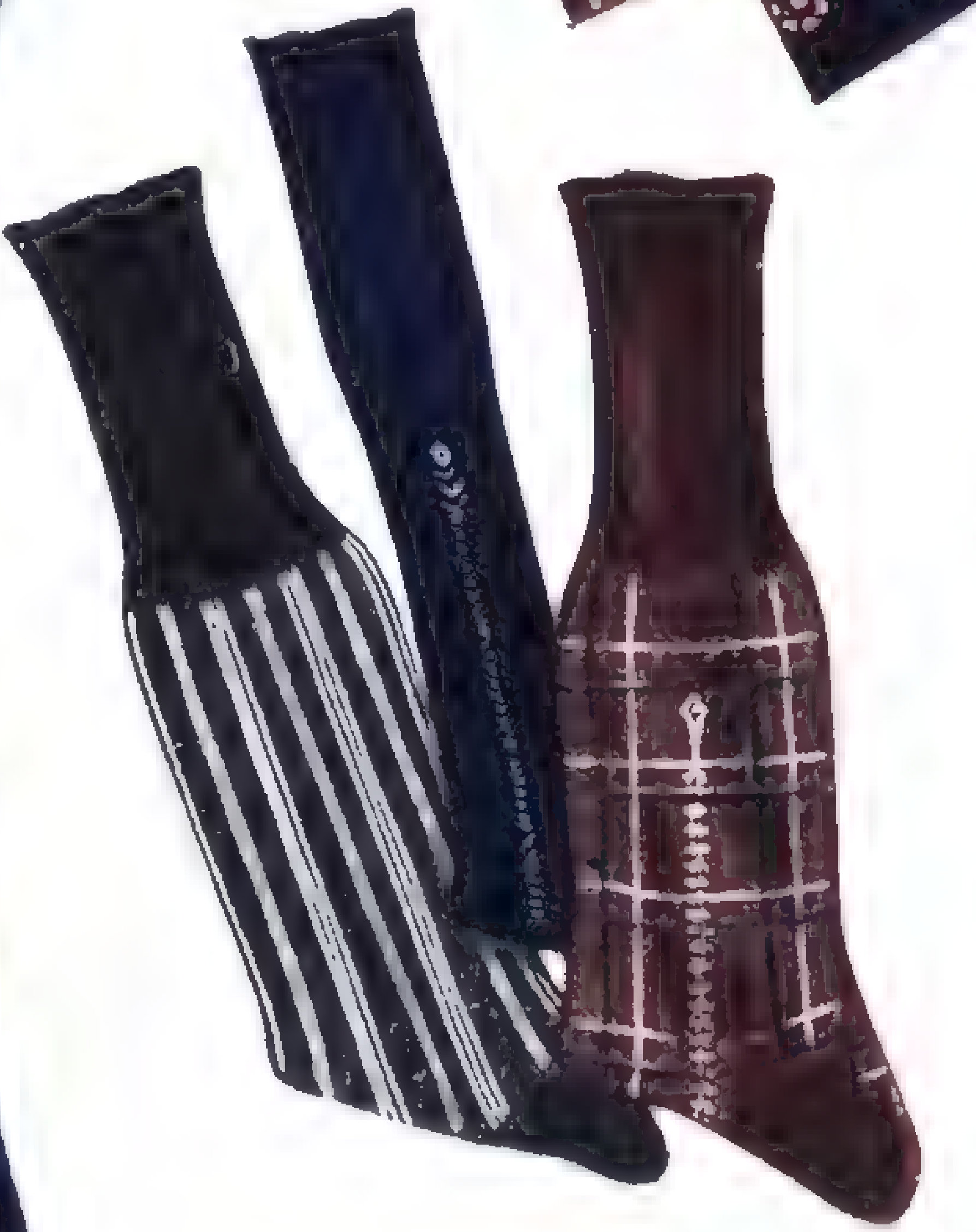
A Special Group of handsom styled ties, selected to app to a wide variety of taste. T ties, of the same rich patter but in different colors, in a b Extreme left and right, $2 a se In the middle, $3 a set.





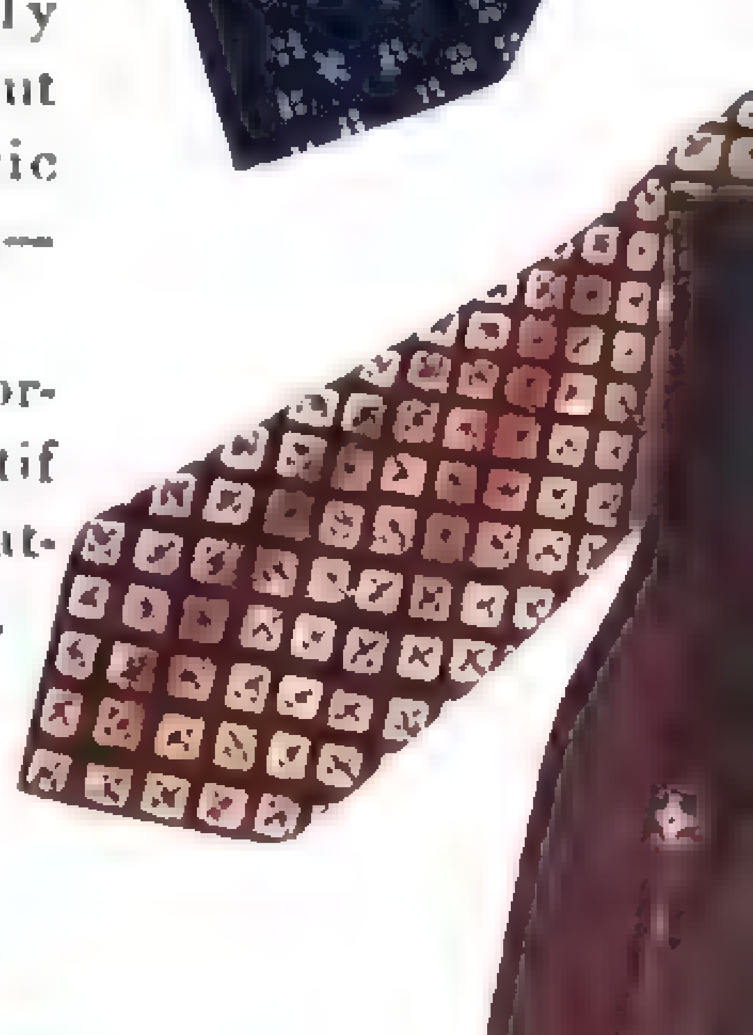
Tie-'Kerchief Sets. Ties created in the gay spirit of imported handkerchiefs. Plaid tie and handkerchief, $1.50. Striped set, $2.

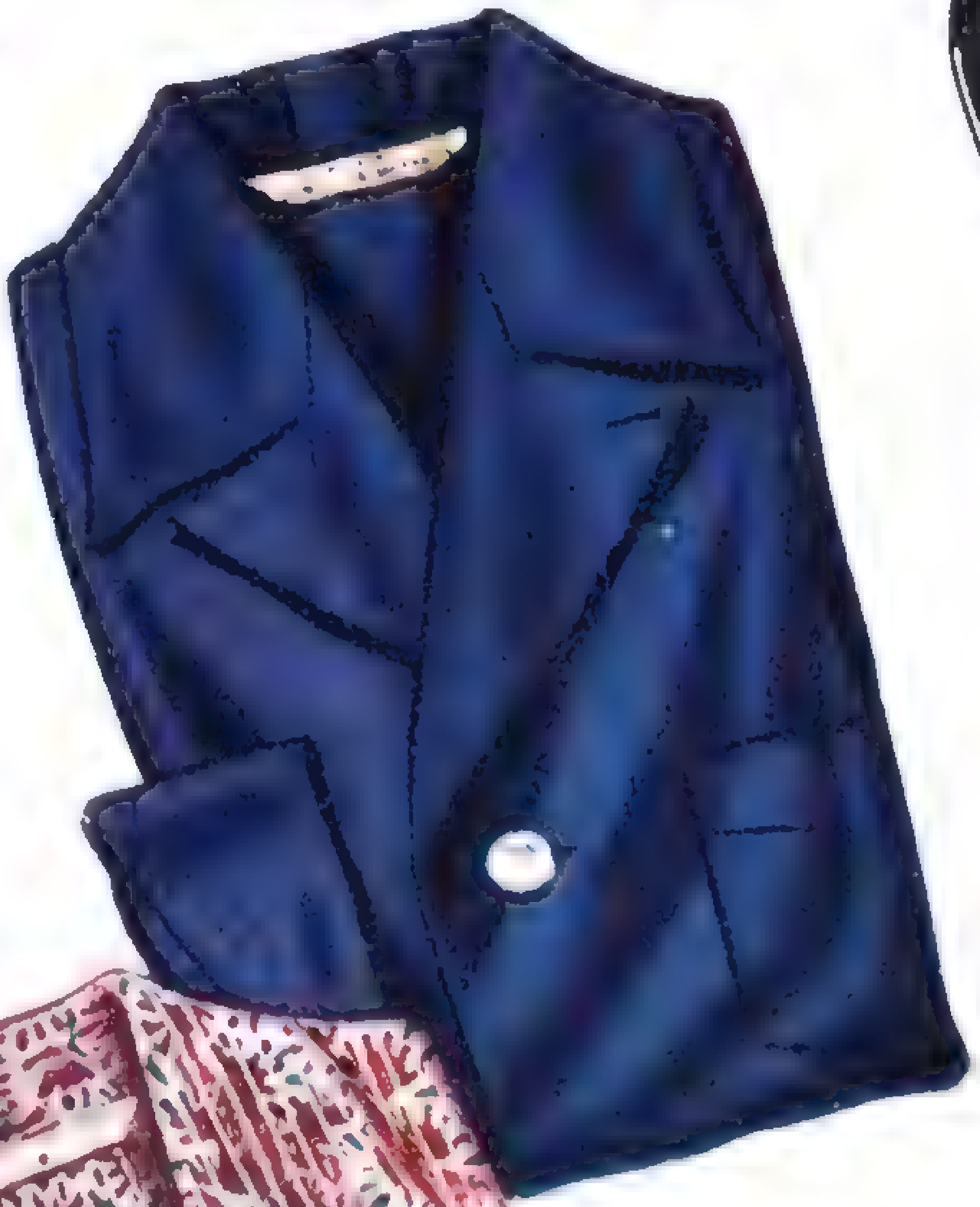
Fine Hose. With novel vertical stripe, $1.50 box of three. Six-by-three-rib lisle with hand embroidered clock, $3 box of three. Silk and rayon with overplaid and clock, $1.50 box of three.



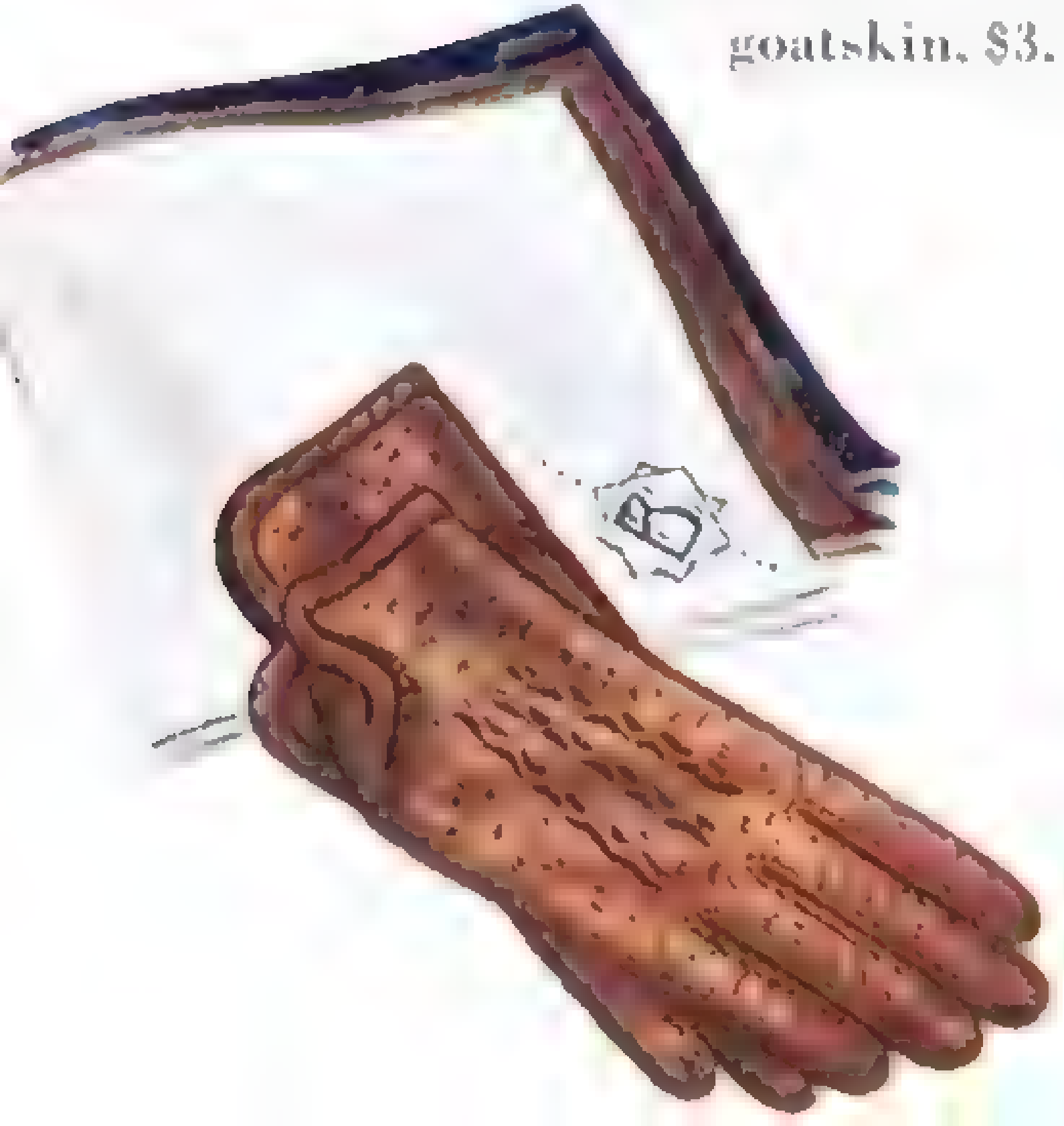
Hose and Tie Sets. Hose specially knitted to carry out small geometric design of the tie—the set. $1.50.

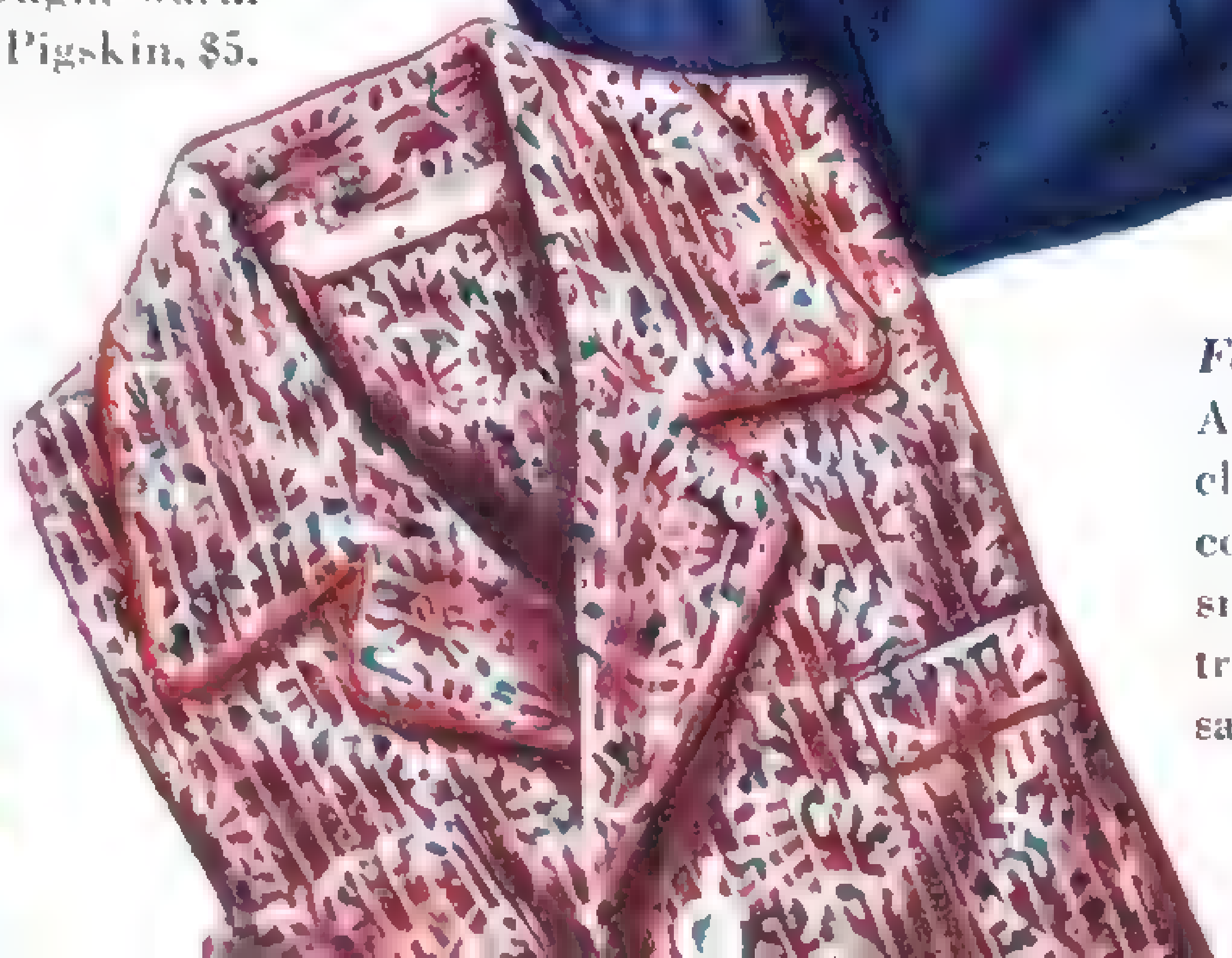
Hose below borrows its clock motif from all-over pattern of tie. $2.50.





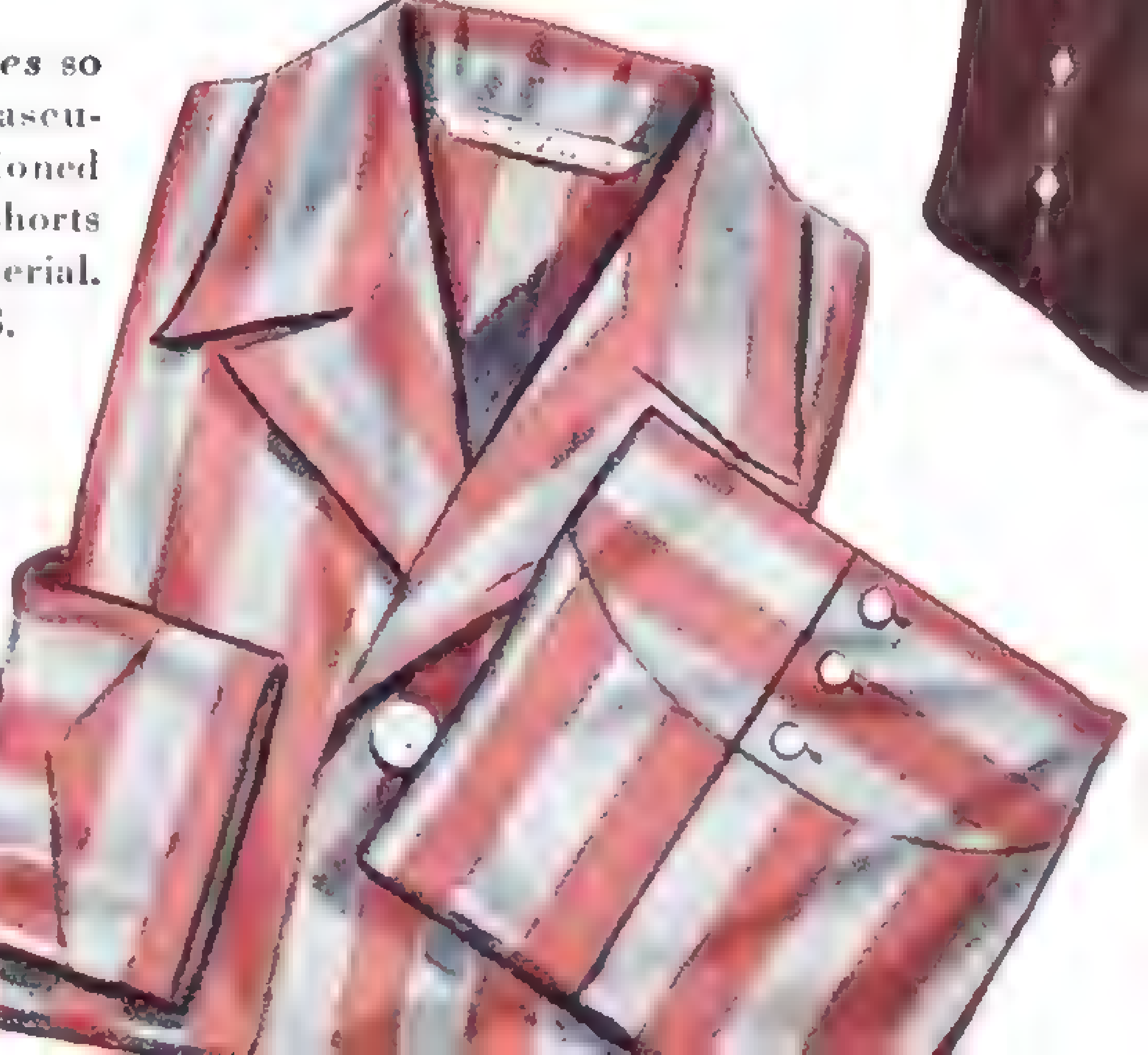
Pure Irish Linen initialed handkerchiefs. Box of three. $1.50. Rugby Gloves in tough, warm goatskin. $3. Pigskin, $5.





Blazer Stripes so smart and masculine, we fashioned pajamas and shorts from same material. Boxed set is $3.

Faultless Nobelt Pajamas. Above is a rich lustrous broadcloth woven in fine-combed cotton yarn. Unusually soft, smooth, luxurious. $5. . . . Intricate novel pattern on fine sateen. $3.50.



COPR. [illegible], WILSON BROTHERS

Christmas at the Royal Inn

Continued from page 113

Lily looked vague, but the name was not entirely unfamiliar.

"He's in the Bible," she observed, forgetting about her cousin in Cincinnati.

"Is he? I guess he's the guy they named it for," said Chuck, wishing to humor her and if possible, to agree with all her remarks, however pointless.

"I got a Bible for Sunday School prize," was her next venture.

The conversation was rapidly getting beyond Chuck's depth but he saw a deft way of turning it into more familiar channels.

"Is that so?" he commented, "You a good girl?"

Lily looked downcast.

"I was when I was at home," she answered.

Chuck's interest increased by leaps and bounds.

"What happened?" he asked.

Lily raised fearful eyes; Chuck prepared himself for the worst.

"I don't go to Sunday School no more down here," she confessed.

Chuck gazed at her in amazement, then, in spite of himself, he laughed aloud, a gay, ringing laugh that for a moment seemed to hurt her, then, seeing the good nature in his face and half realizing that the joke was on him, she laughed too. In the loosening of spirits that took place during their laughter Chuck felt emboldened to take her little pale hand into his own big brown one. She made no attempt to draw it away so he pulled her gently towards him and bent his face to hers. Her brown eyes stared back into his, timidly, curiously, and yet with a challenge in them. He took it and let his lips touch the thin line of her mouth. She closed her eyes and pressed nearer, yieldingly, with a trembling in her throat and her heart pounding savagely. Then, with a sudden tightening, just as Chuck was purposing to lift her whole slight body to his, she threw back her head, and the look in her face told him that he would do wiser to wait a while. He slackened his grip and they were silent, though Chuck was breathing heavily and Lily's hand was fingering the white lace on her black dress with nervous futility. Presently she rose and went to the window. Chuck did not move but rested comfortably in the warmth of the fire.

"It's snowing," she said in a far-off voice as if they had always been a room's distance apart.

Chuck was not interested in snow. In Minnesota he had seen miles of it for months.

"Oh, look, it's swirling down," she cried, then, excitedly: "Let's turn out the light to see it better."

Turning out the light was okay with him, he mused, watching her dart to the gas globe and pop it out so that the room was in a red glow and even Chuck, from his nook by the fire, could see the great damp flakes drifting past the black square of window.

Lily was looking out eagerly.

Chuck, bored with the trend of affairs that turned a girl's passion into a childish delight at the sight of snow falling by night, began to whistle without thinking much of what he was whistling and in the half darkness the tune had a penetrating sweetness.

Before he had finished the tune a second time Lily came from the window to the hearth.

"Doesn't the fire make a lovely red light?" she said.

Chuck glanced up at her. Her slim prettiness, somewhat frail and skimpy when viewed by gaslight, was transformed into a molten, radiant beauty by the glow from the coals. Her eyes were astonishingly bright, and when she met his glance she smiled, so that her teeth and lips shone too.

"Want to sit down again?" suggested Chuck, a slight husk in his voice.

She paused a moment before she crossed to her chair.

"What were you whistling just now?" she asked.

What the hell did she want to know that for? And wasn't everyone familiar with *Silent Night*?

"What made you whistle it?" she asked when he had told her shortly the name of the tune.

"Gosh, I dunno," he replied, "Snow, I guess, and the fire an' everythin'."

"How do the words go?"

Chuck heaved a bored sigh and then wriggled a little with embarrassment. He was unused to repeating the words of hymns and carols and he felt rather silly stopping halfway in his making of a barmaid to recite religious lines.

"Lemme think," he muttered. "Uh! Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright."

He paused for a fraction of a second, but he saw Lily waiting so he hurried on, "Round yon Virgin Mother and Child, something, something, something and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace. I guess it's not quite right, but that's the general idea."

"I like it," said Lily, then, "Mr. Burke's a Catholic."

"Yeah?"

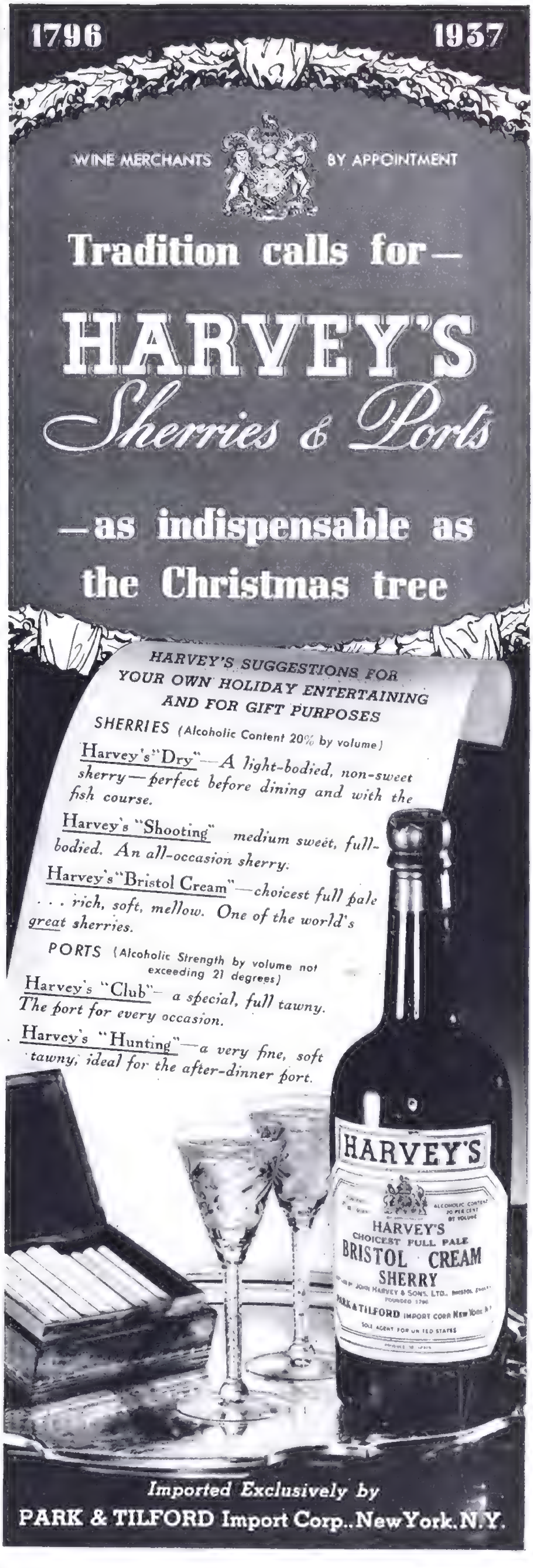
Chuck was still bored and he saw no connection between all this talk and the pleasurable business that had been going on so promisingly before he had been stupid enough to put that damned carol into her head.

"Yes," Lily went on. "See that little statue. That's the Virgin Mary with Jesus in her lap."

Chuck followed the line of her finger and saw a cheap little statuette on the mantelpiece, such a piece of trinketry as one might buy in a five and ten cent store.

"Funny you whistling that song about them," she said, then, with a joyous sigh, took him completely by surprise when she laid her head on his shoulder and seemed to forget her devotional interests as suddenly as she had taken them up. Chuck considered it vain to attempt to cope with

Continued on page 224



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WINE MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT

Tradition calls for—

HARVEY'S

Sherries & Ports

—as indispensable as the Christmas tree

HARVEY'S SUGGESTIONS FOR YOUR OWN HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING AND FOR GIFT PURPOSES

SHERRIES (Alcoholic Content 20% by volume)

Harvey's "Dry"—*A light-bodied, non-sweet sherry—perfect before dining and with the fish course.*

Harvey's "Shooting" *medium sweet, full-bodied. An all-occasion sherry.*

Harvey's "Bristol Cream"—*choicest full pale . . . rich, soft, mellow. One of the world's great sherries.*

PORTS (Alcoholic Strength by volume not exceeding 21 degrees)

Harvey's "Club"— *a special, full tawny. The port for every occasion.*

Harvey's "Hunting"—*a very fine, soft tawny, ideal for the after-dinner port.*

Imported Exclusively by

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N.Y.

Christmas at the Royal Inn

Continued from pages 113-223

her mental agility but the sun was shining again and he delayed not at all in the making of hay. Turning his head he thrust his chin into her fluffy brown hair and let it tickle him as far up as the tip of his nose. In a moment Lily's hand had drawn his face lower and she was rubbing her forehead against his chin, which, though closely shaven, was rough to her touch. Her fingers played smoothly over his lips and tapped his broad cheeks with tender strokes.

"Give me another kiss," she murmured.

He bent over her, his yellow hair a red gold in the firelight and Lily abandoned herself to his ardor, but their passion was brief. Before their mouths had met for as long as it takes to breathe twice there were sounds of an opening door and a babble of voices. Lily wriggled out of Chuck's embrace and was behind the bar in no time, fumbling to light the gas. This done, she whispered pantingly:

"That's Mr. Burke and he's got people with him."

Chuck stifled an angry, "Well, for Christ's sake" and eased himself once more in the overstuffed chair. At this rate it would be a week before he really got going.

Lily was dutifully polishing glasses by the time Mr. Burke entered. He was an eager, thickset Irishman with a brogue that increased with agitation and in his present state of excitement he talked so quickly that Chuck could hardly follow what he said.

"It's a young woman I have on me hands here, Lily . . . she hasn't a penny . . . the doctor . . . Sheelagh, God rest her soul, would never refuse a poor body a night's rest . . ."

Mr. Burke had lowered his voice and Chuck could see only his broad back and beyond it Lily's face, guilty and blushing at first, and fearful of being suspected, but as Mr. Burke's story gripped her she became pale again and tense about the lips and in a moment hurried out with a glass of brandy without casting a glance at the waiting figure in the chair by the fire.

Chuck was beginning to feel disgruntled about the whole business. It was hard enough getting a girl to make up her mind, but if people were going to butt in all the time he might as well quit right now and go after easier game in some less public place. He rose to go, knowing very well that he had every intention of staying. There was something about Lily that made her worth waiting for. So he enjoyed the luxury of hesitation, and then stayed, while over his head there was scurrying of feet and the muffled sound of voices. What was going on, anyway, that was so damned important? He looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. It was nearly ten.

Well, he would help himself to a bottle of ale. That would pass the time pleasantly until Lily should return. But with the gentle soothing of the ale and the warmth of the room, he was almost lost in sleep when the click of the door started him out of his doze and made him sit up to see who entered. It was Lily. Without a word she sat beside him and looked into the fire.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"She died."

"Who died?"

"The poor woman. We got her into my bed upstairs, but her heart was bad."

A sudden realization of what had been going on while he fumed and slumbered wakened Chuck completely.

"Is she there now?"

Lily nodded.

"Jesus!"

His exclamation seemed to surprise Lily, but she went on, full of her story:

"She was going to have a baby, but she'd never have lived through it."

Chuck was silent. He never knew what to say on occasions like this, but gradually, the realization that his game of the evening was as good as spoiled dawned upon him and in a detached way he even appreciated the joke of it.

"Where's all the rest of 'em?" he asked, hearing no more sounds.

"They've gone," said Lily. "The doctor's gone home and Mr. Burke wouldn't stay in the house after what happened so he went to his sister's."

"And left you here alone?"

"He offered to take me too, but I told him I didn't mind."

Chuck was at a loss but the least he felt he could do was to heave himself out of his chair and announce:

"Well, I guess I should be gettin' along myself."

Lily did not stand up but lifted her face with a serious, wide-eyed look.

"You needn't go," she said.

Chuck grew clumsier and clumsier.

"You'll be closing in a few minutes," he suggested gruffly.

"Closing time was half an hour ago," she answered.

"Well . . .!"

Chuck opened his big hands in a yielding gesture.

"I'll turn out the light again," said Lily, and as she went, motioned him back into his chair.

Continued at top of page 226

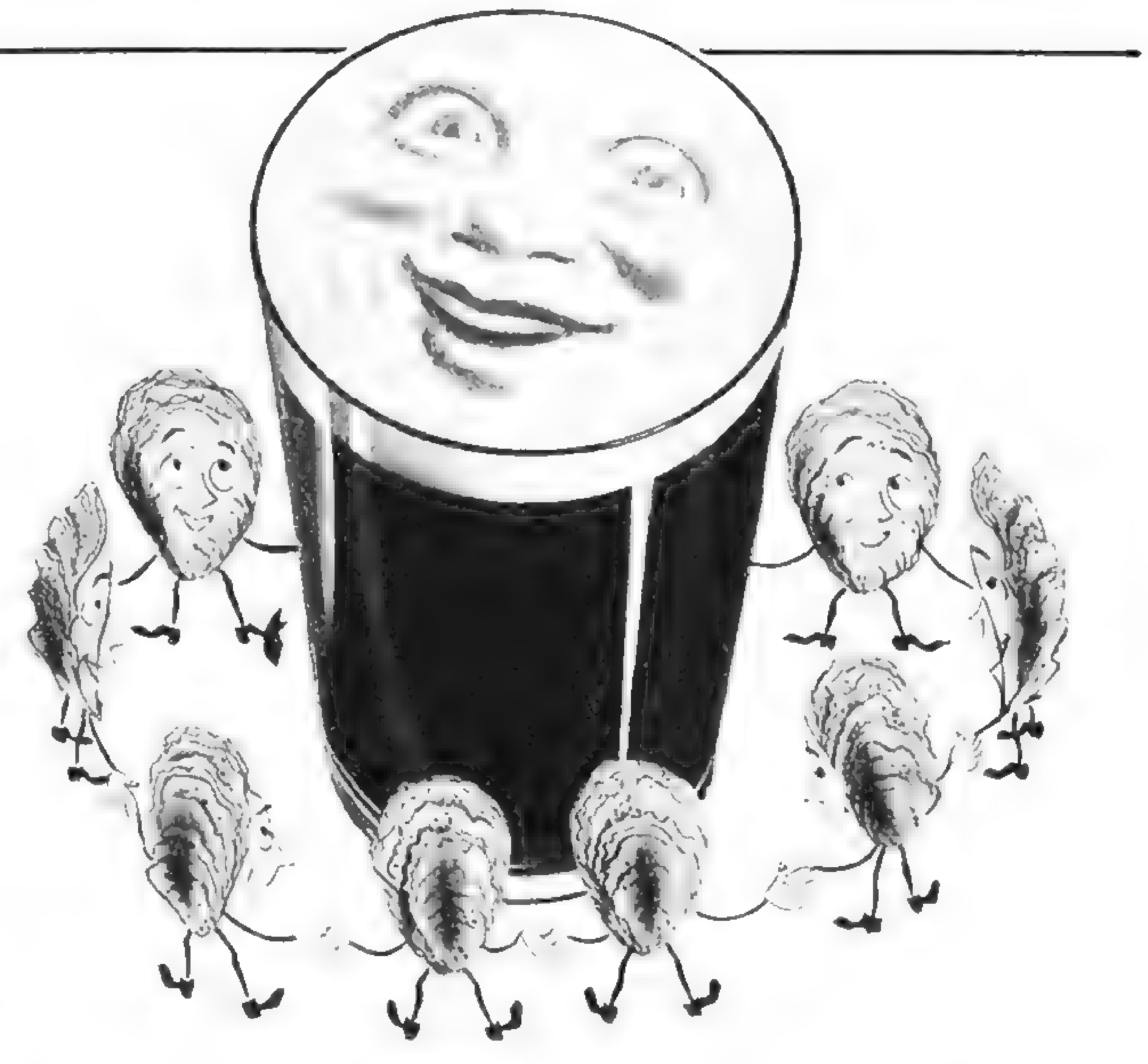
WITH A BLUE POINT, CHINCOTEAGUE, CAPE COD, OR COTUIT

GUINNESS is Good . . . but perhaps you knew it!

The dry taste of Guinness is the perfect counterpart to the smoothness of oysters. Try a split of Guinness next time you order oysters—you'll be convinced that they never should be eaten alone.

Brewed in Dublin since 1759, Guinness has a full body, creamy head and beautiful ruby colour. There's no other drink just like it. With oysters or without, it has brought so much hearty pleasure that it has become the most popular brew in the world.

GUINNESS IS ENJOYED *before or during meals, after exercise or when tired, and before retiring. You should be able to get it wherever you buy good beer or ale.*



GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU

Since 1759

The story of Guinness since 1759: 66 pages, 44 illustrations. Write American Representative: A. Guinness, Son & Co., Ltd., Dept. 108-U, 501 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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Nail Polish Sets in the *La Cross manner*

VOYAGER No. 4011—$4.50
Leather zipper case, complete for travelling.

La Cross
presents
the world's finest nail polish
in
smart
stylish
intriguing
colors

TWINZIP No. 4010—$6
Contains two scissors and all necessary implements.

UNIQUE

"... unlike anything else, unmatched; without an equal."

La Cross nail polish sets are unique—they contain the world's finest creme polish and the world's accepted standard in manicure cutlery—La Cross. It is unique to find two outstanding ultimates combined in the same piece of merchandise. This uniqueness will be found in all La Cross nail polish sets.

PERFECTION

Thousands of enthusiastic users have written us using the word perfection freely:

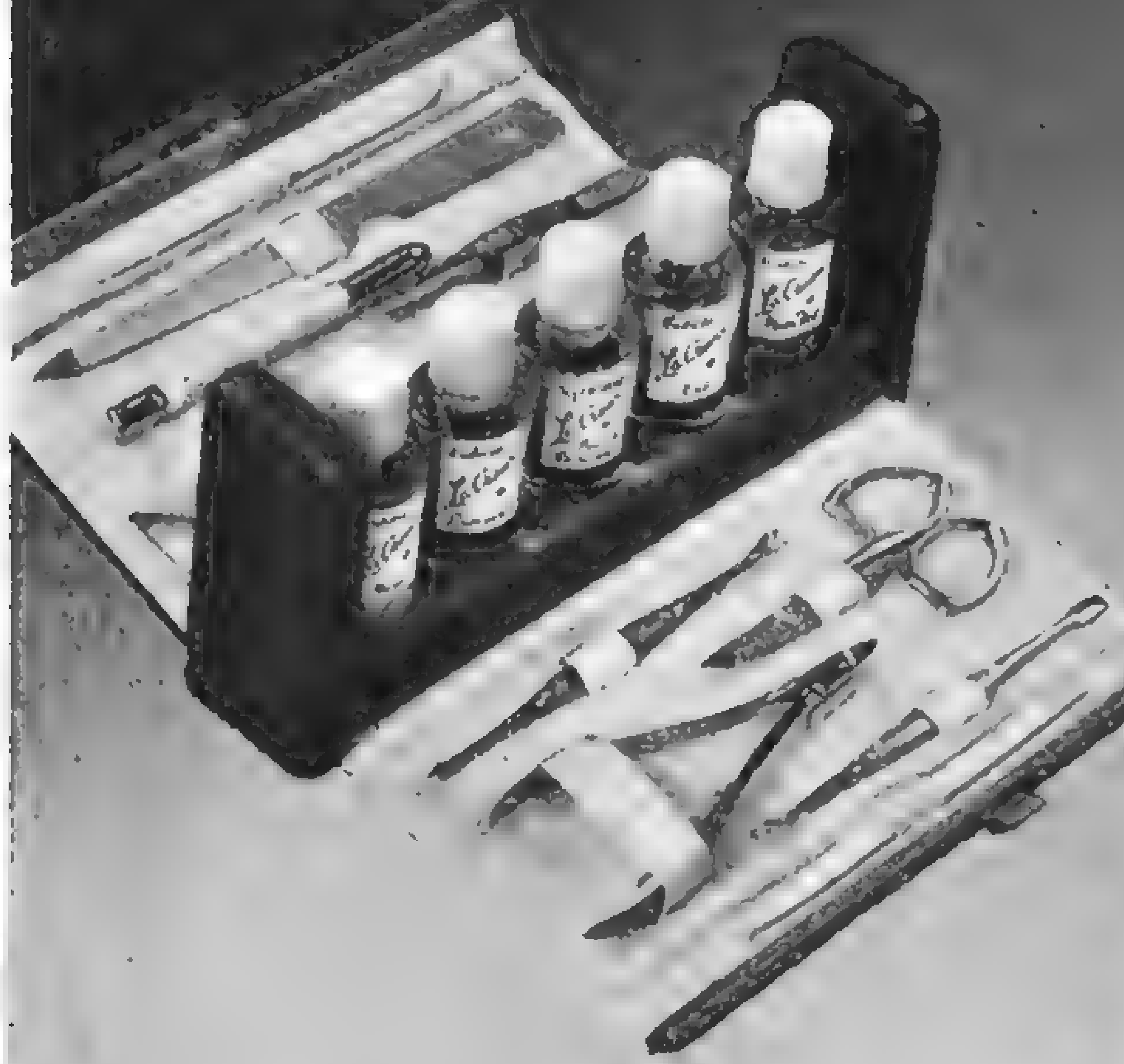
Miss W. J. A., Ellsworth Ave., Pittsburgh, says: "Your polish is perfect. I need make no comment on its quality, every one appreciates that."

Miss T. J. W., Magnolia Ave., Chicago, Illinois. "Does everything you claim for it. Does not peel and the luster is beyond compare. It surpasses every other nail polish in every detail."

PRESTIGE

"Importance based on achievements or reputation; ascendency based on recognition of social influence."

You can give a La Cross set with the supreme confidence of giving the very best obtainable, thereby adding prestige to the giver and prestige to the givee. Only a leader like La Cross can generate that type of prestige.



SORORITY No. 4014—$10
The entire sorority will want one.

TRAVELLER No. 4025—$20
Everything to keep hands beautiful.

SOPHISTICATE No. 4012—$8
Ultra-smart lambskin leather case.

DEBUTANTE No. 4023—$12
A worthy candidate for the highest society.

No. 2377 LEATHER ZIPPER—$5
Suitable for man or woman. Six styles from $3 to $7.50.

COMPANION No. 4026—$16
A faithful friend always ready for duty.

Twenty other sets from $3 to $35, all containing the marvelous La Cross Creme Nail Polish and the world's standard La Cross manicure cutlery.

WHEREVER LEATHER GOODS, CUTLERY, OR FINE COSMETICS ARE SOLD

Prices slightly higher in Canada

THE NEW
For gentlemen of judgment
with gifts on their minds

VOLUPTÉ LIGHTER-CASE

Smoking savants with an eye for a handsome piece . . . look no more . . . here is your 1937 Christmas find. The new Volupté Lighter-Case . . . room for 14 cigarettes and a lighter, cleverly cached in the corner, that lights as it lifts . . . and lights *and* lights *and* lights!

• • •

To gratify a man . . . special vest pocket features. Slim, fits flat. Light, no sagging pockets. Smooth, no rough edges to rip linings. *Equally sure to flutter a feminine heart.* Just fits her handbag, too. $5 to $20 at the most outstanding stores

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If not yet obtainable in your city, orders may be placed direct by using the attached coupon . . . Merry Christmas!

VOLUPTÉ, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me the new VOLUPTÉ LIGHTER-CASE in the following styles: Platinum or gold finish, hand engine turned design (as illustrated) $10
Black enamel $5 ☐ Plain platinum or gold finish $5 ☐
Enclosed find check ☐ *Money Order* ☐

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Christmas at the Royal Inn

Continued from pages 113-223-224

Chuck obeyed her and sat, wondering what the girl would do next that was unlike what any other woman he had ever known had done.

Lily stood at the window.

"Listen how quiet it is," she said.

"Snow makes it quiet."

"Some of it has settled, too. Just a thin sheet of white over everything like . . . like as if everything was dead. And it's all so still, as if it was never going to live again, cold and white, like that poor girl upstairs."

"Say, don't get morbid," said Chuck.

"But she'll never have a chance to have another baby."

Lily left the window and came into the firelight.

"That's all right," said Chuck, "She'll never know the difference now."

"Sleep in heavenly peace," murmured Lily.

"What?"

"It's the words of your song I was remembering."

"Oh!"

"When Mary and Joseph came there was no room at the inn but the little child was born and it lived."

She looked down at him and the redness of the fire was shining on her face and flickering in her hair. She stretched out her arms as if to ask him to take her, and in the sweetness of her face there was not only desire, but love. She was no longer the timid, curious barmaid, eager to be mauled by a pair of hot male hands, but the eternal spirit of womanhood, dedicated to creation and in that dedication, holy.

"You're not afraid?" Chuck whispered.

"Afraid of what?"

He hesitated.

"Things that happen. The way life is."

Lily shook her head and smiled a little.

"Not even—after what happened tonight?"

Lily paused a moment before she spoke.

"No. I just do what things make me, like you said, things that happen."

She came close to him and putting her hands on either side of his head, drew his face to her breast in the manner of a mother who caresses a child. ⧺

Butter, 92 Score

Continued from page 91

He paused to regard Horace thoughtfully, then spoke with delicate hesitation.

"By the way, Strathmore," he demanded, "have you any close, personal contact with eggs?"

"Why, yes," Horace blurted happily. "Dorothy, that is, the young lady with whom I am going, she is, well, her father is in the egg business."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Mr. Beamis. Hurriedly he confided to the scratch pad the words, "intimate egg connections."

"Now," he resumed, "one thing more. I am happy to assure you, Strathmore, that your opportunities here are unlimited." He bobbed a round head sagely.

"Our star writer," he confided in low tones, "cannot keep up the creative pace forever. We are only too glad to be preparing a capable young man for really original, dramatic writing."

Horace's ego left the basement for the first time in hours.

"Yes," Mr. Beamis nodded benignly. "Our star's work has brought world recognition to the *Guardian*." Reverently, he turned the folded paper to the second market page and with an obeisant finger pointed to a half column of fine type. "You won't think us boastful, I hope?"

Horace shook his head hurriedly.

"See the tone," exulted the city editor, "the color and, above all else, the graphic realism of his descriptions—the work of a true master." His face glowed with holy rapture. "See this, 'Hogs, nervous.' Isn't that starkness dramatized? Can't you just visualize a mammoth sweep of the canvas in those two words? Could Chaucer have done better? Or this, 'Cattle, uneasy.' Oh, we could go on like this for hours. And here's one, in what might otherwise be just another live stock report, that's sheer genius, worthy of a Hardy or a France! 'Spring lambs, middling shaky to strongly depressed'!"

He closed his eyes dreamily as the words rolled lusciously off his thin lips, an ethereal smile illuminating his face. But a moment later, he opened his eyes with a sad sigh. "They don't make many writers like that any more," he mourned. "No, the true Promethean spark seems lacking."

But it was just three weeks later that an agitated Horace reined down his gangly gait to a canter as he neared Mr. Beamis' desk.

"Mr. Beamis," he whinnied, wide-eyed, "a scoop!" Mr. Beamis scowled, but took the note Horace held out.

"Inside information," Horace exclaimed. "Medium Dirty Extras will soar to 32 cents!"

Mr. Beamis nodded gravely, pressed a button on his desk. Almost immediately a gaunt, white-haired giant appeared.

"Chickering," asked Mr. Beamis, "you've been here many years. Do you recall the procedure for a scoop?"

Chickering lapsed into a minute study of his trouser cuffs, sucking the blunt end of a pencil.

"Why," he finally smiled, "we always used to stop the press."

"That's it," exclaimed Mr. Beamis. He pressed another desk button. A sharp-cornered stenographer bobbed in.

"Take a memo to the advertis-

Continued on page 228

PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
IN RYE OR BOURBON

For those whose gift must be nothing less than the best—*for those whose entertaining must be above reproach*

BACKED BY A TRADITION OF QUALITY FOR NEARLY 100 YEARS

P&T
FOUNDED 1840
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
RYE
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT RYE WHISKIES
ONE QUART
92 PROOF
Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
New York

92 PROOF

America's Luxury Whiskey

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INCORPORATED, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Butter, 92 Score

Continued from pages 91-226

ing department," ordered Mr. Beamis. "Re Scoop—that's s-c-o-o-p, Miss Bluvens— Er, ah, inasmuch as we have what is unquestionably a scoop, would you please consult your schedule and notify me if we might have the presses stopped."

"I recall now," he turned to Horace. "It's all a matter of business. If some classified advertisement has come in since the last edition, they may stop the press and we may have the scoop inserted at the same time."

Miss Bluvens bobbed into sight again, this time bearing an anemic coral memorandum. Mr. Beamis studied it quietly, then smiled with evident relief.

"Well, Strathmore," he announced, "we'll just wait for the next edition. Seems that the quota of press stops for this fiscal month has already been exceeded by the advertising department. That's it, I'm glad you are so elated."

But it was in a different mood that Horace answered a summons to Mr. Beamis' desk about four weeks later. During that time he had been presented with two memorandums, one a pale burnt ochre, the other a brilliant hair tonic green, commending recent accuracy in his butter quotations. His heart, however, was definitely overweight as he reached the desk.

"Strathmore," the city editor said coolly, "this morning's 11:43 edition carried no report on Clean Candled Extras. But every opposition journal reported the fact that their price had been cut three full cents. You may well imagine my mental anguish." His pencil lunged at the scratch pad, gouged it deeply with the word "painful."

Lips pressed tightly together, Horace shook his head numbly.

"You mean," Mr. Beamis' eyebrows registered near-pathological shock, "that you offer no explanation?" His pencil jabbed deeper into the pad, lacerating it with "unforgivable."

"Strathmore," he finally pulled his eyebrows far down enough to say, "you told me once that the young lady with whom you go has a father in the egg business. But you did not tell me," he glared ferociously at Horace, "that he deals only in Clean Candled Extras!"

The knuckles of Horace's hands faded whiter than the marble desk edge they clutched.

"Strathmore," continued Mr. Beamis, "it is only too evident that her father would profit greatly should our readers be kept unaware of the price cut. Strathmore, were you covering up for him?"

Horace sprang away from the desk, hot tears of righteousness overflowing his reddened eyelids.

"Yes!" he shouted. "He would have been crucified and she would have become a social outcast had the news gone out! It was dirty work on the Clean Candleds!" His voice quavered with indignation. "The egg trust rigged the market to force him out of business!" He spat scornfully. "Them and their dirty, double-dealing Medium First Grade In Cartons!"

His meerschaum face blazing crimson, Mr. Beamis rose to confront Horace.

"Strathmore," he boomed. "You have betrayed the freedom of the press! I command you, in the name of our forefathers, to write the new prices and prepare them for our next edition!"

"Mr. Beamis," cried Horace. "Never! Only a Judas would ask me to do that!"

"Mr. Strathmore," snapped the city editor, pudgy hands fluttering with fury, "you speak as if you'd been drinking—or seeing one of those movies about newspapers!"

"I don't care," gasped Horace through an eruption of awkward sobs, "you're all a flock of vultures! Get some one else to do your dirty work, but you'll never force me to write about those Clean Candled Extras. Mr. Beamis, you can take your publication and, and shove it out the window!"

Shoulders quaking, he strode through the door, giving it a vicious slam— only to be thwarted by the pneumatic bumper.

At his desk, Mr. Beamis sat mutely for many minutes, visibly shaken. Over and over, his trembling fingers scrawled on the scratchpad "subversive—radical."

But toward lunch and time for the nineteenth edition, his lone telephone gently tinkled.

"I see," he intoned after listening a few seconds.

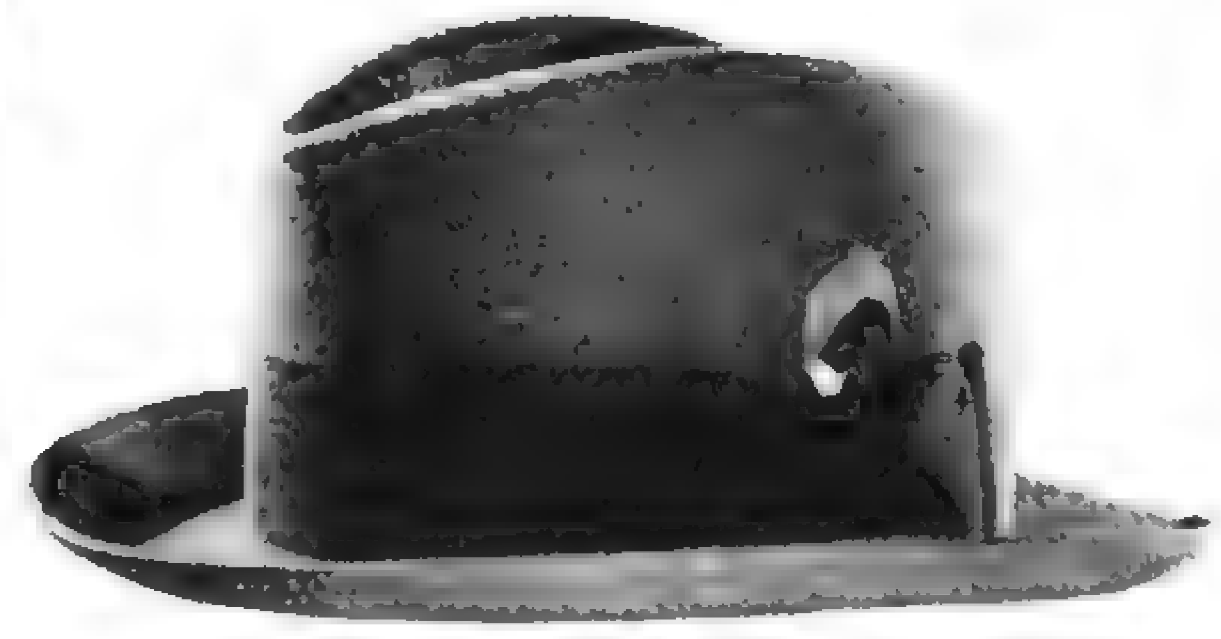
"Miss Bluvens," he dictated, "take a memo, to send me a memo, to send Mr. Strathmore a memo tomorrow morning about his reporting of eggs."

"But, Mr. Beamis," she protested, "you just sent a memo to the cashier, discharging Mr. Strathmore."

"I know," Mr. Beamis replied wearily and his pencil jabbed "unavoidable" on the scratch pad. "But the owner of the paper wants him kept on the staff. Besides," his eyes closed dreamily, "we've no one who can report the egg and butter prices as capably as Mr. Strathmore."

He smiled as the stenographer left. Then, peering about to see that no one could observe his action, he wrote, with Spencerian whirligigs on the buff scratch pad, "Owner Also in Egg Business." #

"YES... if you'll wear a hat this time"
"Wait 'til you see me!"
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



Only LEE can make a WATER-BLOC*

And wait 'til *you* see the new LEE Water-Bloc hats!

In the famous LEE family of fine hats, you'll find a Water-Bloc that looks better on you than any hat you've ever worn...and makes *you* look better...a hat that wears better than any hat you've ever bought!

Takes three times longer to make a Water-Bloc than an ordinary hat, but it's worth it...style and good looks are *Water-Bloc* in for keeps.

All Styles! All colors! All models!...at all leading stores!

THE FRANK H. LEE CO., 358 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

GUARDS... hand-felted edge... to be worn "up"...LEE CUSHION LEATHER...$5

PANTS POCKET...lightest of lightweights...hand-felted edge...LEE CUSHION LEATHER $7-$7.50

CASCADE...a ounce Water-Bloc...designed to be worn "snapped"...with LEE CUSHION LEATHER $5

Give Him a Lifetime of
PERFECT
"BARBER"
SHAVES

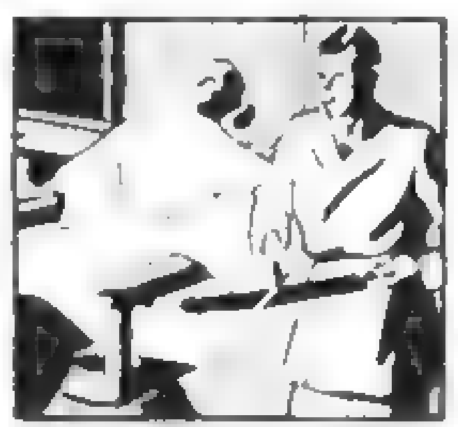
AMAZING NEW INVENTION SHARPENS ANY GILLETTE STYLE BLADE INSTANTLY...

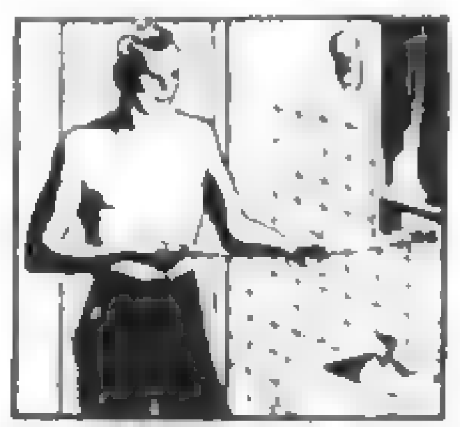
MAKES *OLD* BLADES *NEW* AND NEW BLADES BETTER...

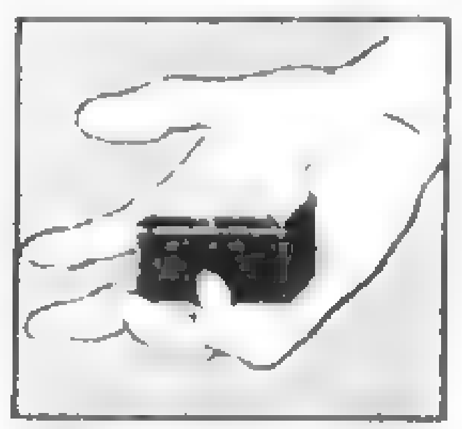
GIVES A SMOOTHER, CLEANER, SOFTER SHAVE EVERY MORNING

Now end all razor blade worries forever! At last the perfect sharpener has been invented. MAXIMAX, the new Razor Blade Conditioner, works on an entirely different patented principle. It sharpens any (Gillette style) blade better than ever before because it strops and also hones both sides of both edges at the same time. Just a few quick strokes . . . and Maximax gives every dull used blade a new keen cutting "barber edge" that fairly glides through the toughest whiskers. As many as 200 glorious, smooth, clean shaves from a single blade are not impossible.

Small. Compact. Hand-operated. Maximax Razor Blade Conditioner requires no care or attention. Offered only on a positive money back guarantee, MAXIMAX can be returned within 10 days for a full refund, if it fails to give perfect shaving comfort. Truly Maximax is the ideal "man-sized" gift—for yourself, relative or friend. Ask your dealer . . . or mail the coupon today.


Strops Blade with the Barber's Stroke


Hand Operated, Can Be Used Anywhere


Small and Compact, Fits in Palm of Hand

Packed in Black-and-Gold Gift Box

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the only PERFECT *blade conditioner*

MAXIMAX Razor Blade Conditioner is encased in beautiful bakelite. There are 5 popular colors from which to select—RED, BLACK, GREEN, WALNUT and IVORY. See your dealer or mail the coupon today.

MAXIMAX is patented in the U. S., Italy, Belgium, France, Great Britain, Argentina and elsewhere throughout the world.

AS MANY AS 200 SOFTER SHAVES ON ONE BLADE

© 1937

MAXIMAX, Inc., Dept. E
343 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

Send one MAXIMAX RAZOR BLADE CONDITIONER. I am enclosing $3.00. I can return the MAXIMAX for any reason within 10 days and you will refund my money.

Check Color Desired ☐ RED ☐ BLACK ☐ WALNUT ☐ GREEN ☐ IVORY

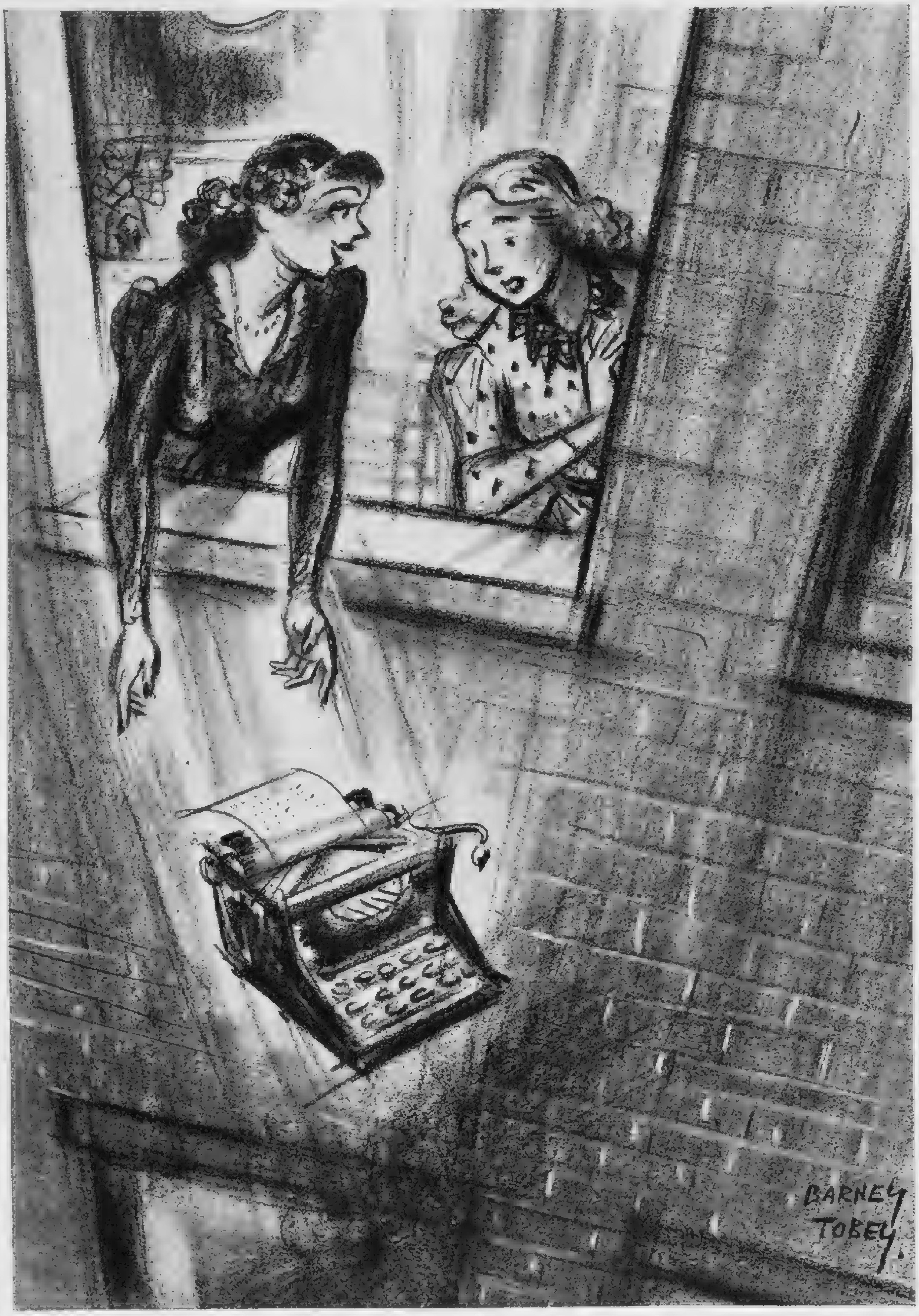
Name

Address . . . .

City . . . . State . . . .

My dealer is

Address


BARNEY TOBEY

"Well! That's that! The boss just proposed to me!"

Du Pont Spun Rayon—*"softest thing a man ever touched"*

DUPONT SPUN RAYON • IN THE CROYDON SUEDE

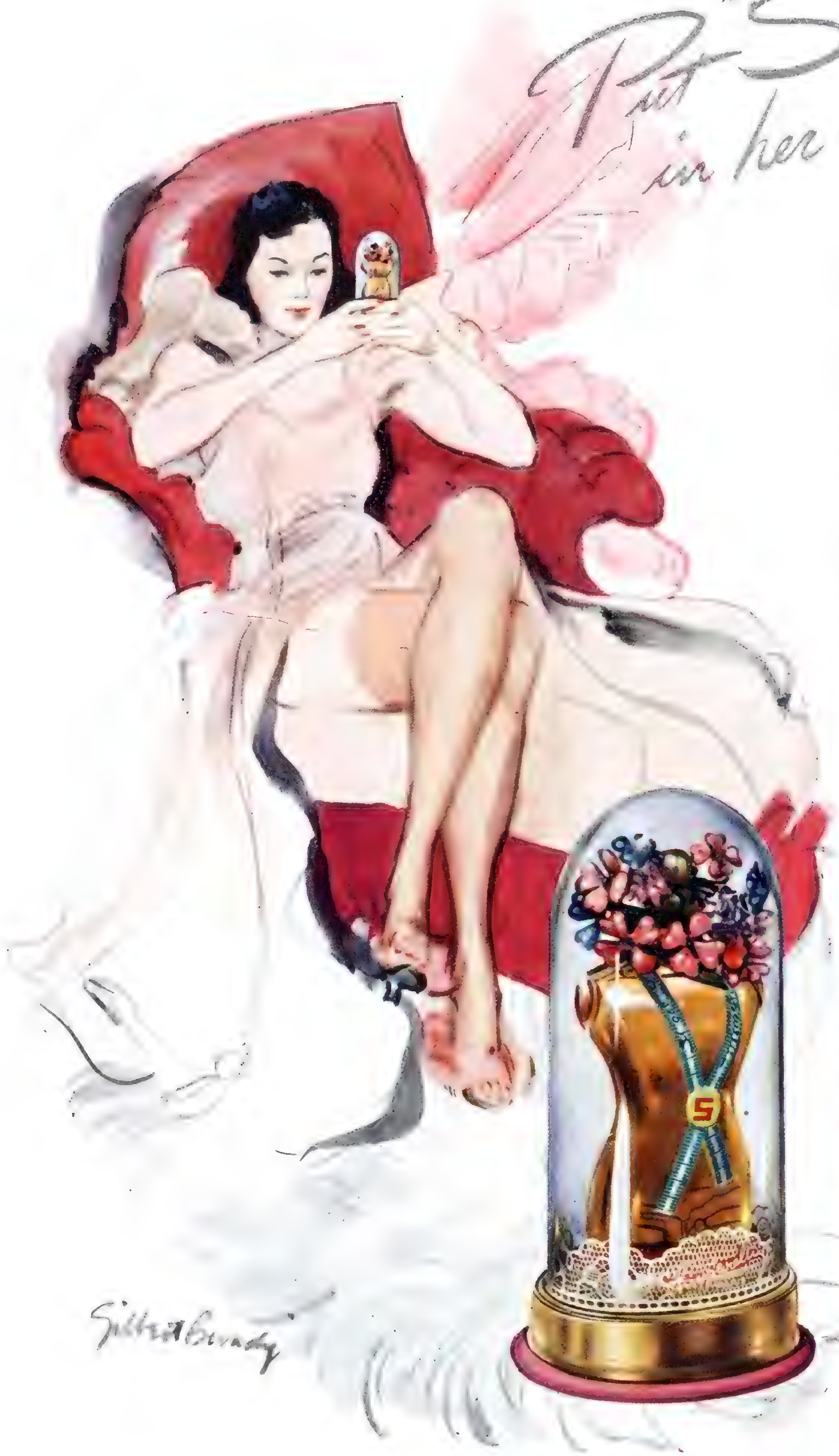
Men are taking Du Pont Spun Rayon under the chin—and liking its performance in the Croydon Suede mufflers. Croydon Suede is softer than eiderdown—takes the rich colors of liqueurs set in sunlight. It has a smart "bulky" look with no "bunchy" feel. Croydon Suede is much too soft to bunch. ***This luxury comes from Du Pont Spun Rayon . . . a yarn that is opening a world of textures to men. See the Croydon Suedes and know it. The country's best shops have all colors.

Let them top your Christmas list

DUPONT RAYON
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Croydon Suede Mufflers – Town or Country Colors

Put "Shocking" in her stocking—



IF you want to knock that Certain Young Woman for a transcontinental goal, we refer to your respectful attention Schiaparelli's *Shocking*. Schiaparelli of Paris, you know. (Anyway—the lady in question knows.)

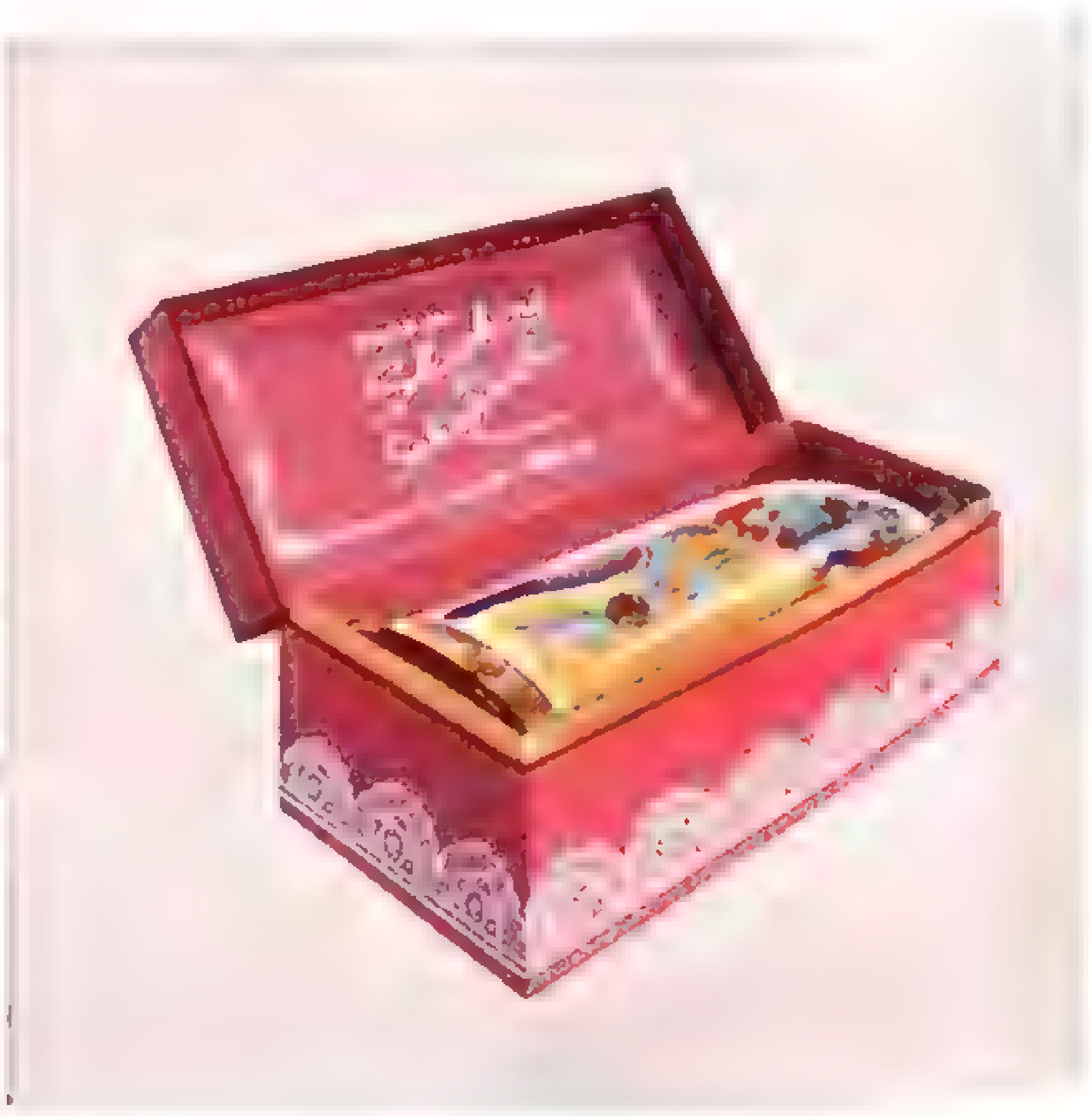
Shocking is a Creation—Schiaparelli's *very newest*. It's high-fashion French perfume, just off the boat from Paris!

About once in every decade, there appears a perfume that appeals to women like a new fly to hungry trout. *Shocking* is one of those rare perfume occasions. Its scent is strangely spicy but subtly sweet; it combines glamour with gaiety, intrigue with insouciance, romance with reserve . . .

Schiaparelli says that *Shocking* "brings out your Other Self." It gives women Ideas which they reflect, even if they don't live up to them. (It is not to be given to secretaries or Other Men's Wives except at your own peril.) But as a gift to HER who *does*, or should belong to you, *Shocking* is practically perfect.

Shocking will set you back $27.50 per unit. That it is well worth it—take our word now; and on Christmas, you will get hers!

If the better bazaars in your locale haven't caught up with *Shocking* yet (it comes from France, and there won't be much of it around for a few months), just send your check to us. Or send your card for enclosure as well, and we'll be your Santa Claus.



The startling surrealist container—*a honey! Dressmaker's form under crystal, hand-etched with Schiaparelli's signature. Bright flowers typify escaping scent. Seamstress' tape shows high-fashion origin. Boxed in gorgeous Shocking-pink satin. Made in France. Price, $27.5*

Parfums Schiaparelli

La Maison Française, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York

A World Can End

Continued from page 86

Something like that happened in *The Purple Cloud*, by S. Fowler Wright, or somebody very like him. Or the end might come as it did in *Red Snow*, another $2 dreadful—a red snow drifted down lazily and destroyed the generative powers of man so that the species died out. Somebody else, probably M. P. Shiel or one of his school, had a fairy godmother grant a wish that no man could die, even if you ran him through a hamburger machine. Mounds and mountains of flesh piled up and all the scientists were trying to find a way to kill people instead of to make them live longer.

But none of that Fu Manchu stuff bothers me, much. Those fictional terrors are like a scenic railway ride. I'm scared to death at the time, naturally, but I usually get over it with a couple of weeks in bed under the care of some reliable doctor.

Those boys are just a bunch of escapists. We'll get down to stark facts, if you think you can stand it, and if I don't shudder right out of my chair. What about the earth blowing up? How in heaven's name it has held together so long I can't understand, with that mass of seething molten rock and metal in a thin crust like a fresh chocolate soufflé. Physicists sneer at you when you mention it. But Prince Rupert's drops, to my mind, hoist the physicists by their own petard. The drops are little glass tears made by dripping the molten silicate into water. If you break off the tip or scratch the drop, it will fly into dust because of internal tension. If this earth isn't the Prince Rupert's drop of the universe, what is it? Please don't answer; I couldn't bear it.

Flood is something to think about, too. In the atlas the so-called water hemisphere shows a beautiful blue, with a few pitiful specks of land, mostly marked "to Gt. Br." The land hemisphere, and that's a laugh, has precious few more places where you can put your foot down, or would want to. Altogether, 71 per cent of the earth's surface is covered by water. And some of the ocean deeps are five or six miles straight down. A small earthquake in the right place—or a large one; it's just as easy—would rearrange things so the sea would cover all the land right up to the top of Nanga Parbat, leaving a few hundred feet on Everest and K2 for strong swimmers. (K2 is what the book says. I'll admit it sounds silly, but I suppose it's just British simplicity.) For those who like a local angle in their science, Mt. Marcy, highest of the Adirondacks, towers a miserable 5,344 feet; it would be 21,270 feet under water, even if you could get up there in time. Even the Western peaks are too stubby, besides being very inconvenient.

I am not going to bother with ice or a war of extermination. Ice need not be regarded as a serious menace for ten or fifteen years, at least. As far as the war is concerned, I will be either the last man or the next to the last, and the other guy will have to run like hell to get me. Those great fleets of death-dealing planes that all the nations are building affect me not at all. I consider the fellows flying them much more likely to be killed than I. If man was meant to fly he'd have been born with wings. But that's another matter. The things you can run away from are not terrifying. It's the things you can't escape, either in a deep cellar or in a high tree; the huge inexorable things.

Now only the most unreasonable of slipshod thinkers will contend the sun can burn forever. It must go dead sometime, and it is as likely as not to go out suddenly, for there is no source of energy, as far as I can find out from the Sunday supplements and other works of reference, after what is there has been burnt. Steam heat won't do you any good then, or calories, for it will be as cold as the Swedenborgian hell.

That's the sort of thing serious-minded people should think about when the subject of world-ending comes up. They should discourage the effete laughter of thoughtless hedonists who live but for the pleasure of the day and make no effort to set their houses in order after last night's disturbance. Come, let us die like dignified gentlemen.

I have mentioned some of the more likely contingencies (omitting *Revelations*, which see), but, after the consideration that any careful planner gives to all aspects of a situation, you can file them away.

The earth will be destroyed by collision. It may be polished off by some vast, flaming body that has been gathering momentum for millions of miles; some gigantic pirate of the universe that is not even visible now. This roaring, whistling projectile would careen past us like a drunken driver, and when it had gone shrieking into space, the earth would be as useful as a dead tennis ball that has been bathed in carbolic acid.

Of course, we may be hit by something smaller. It could be the planet *Eros*. This is a gobbet of muck about 22 miles long, which must resemble that peculiar thing labeled *Disagreeable Object* at the recent Surrealist Exhibition in

Continued at top of page 234

A Gift That Will Make Their Eyes Pop
—Airite
the radio desk set
Radio • Pen Set • Clock
—All in One

It's only 15" long, 7½" wide, 6½" high — takes so little space on the desk.
Black or Walnut............$42.50
Ivory..............................$45.00

New 5-tube Radio Set with dynamic speaker, giving great power and selectivity. With short wave equipment.

Dipaday Writing Set with Sengbusch Self-Closing Inkstand and the famous Sengbusch Dipaday Pen, solid gold 14 k.-iridium-tipped. Fills automatically when dipped and writes an amazingly long time.

8-day Clock.

by Sengbusch

Take a tip from the thousands who gave an Airite radio desk set last year—here's a gift that really thrills "hims" and "hers" in a big way. It's just a small package, but what a lot of satisfaction it gives! It gives the correct time—news, market reports, and everything else that comes on the air—and a complete writing set that never fails. A beautiful example of smart, modern design—with equipment that is the best of its kind. Now there's no reason for "Him" to clutter up his desk with these indispensable gadgets — no reason for "Her" to miss her morning recipe program.

They expect a lot from you this Christmas (as though they don't always), so show them that you know a real gift when you see one—give them an Airite radio desk set. Order one or more with the coupon below, or phone Western Union for name of your nearest dealer, per advertisement in Coronet.

Tear Out Coupon and Mail Today

Sengbusch Self-Closing Inkstand Co., 12-A Sengbusch Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

Please send me ______ (quantity) No. 3037 Black Bakelite Airites @ $42.50 each
______ (quantity) No. 4037 Walnut Bakelite Airites @ $42.50 each ______ (quantity) No. 5037 Ivory Plaskon Airites @ $45.00 each
for which I enclose check / money order for $..
Name..
Address..
City...State..................

SURRENDER

She will, if you give it
He will, if you wear it

PARFUMS
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PARIS

SURRENDER—$32, $17.50 $10.50—AND A WELCOME $5 SIZE

OTHER CIRO ODEURS: REFLEXIONS, DOUX JASMIN, CHEVALIER DE LA NUIT

A World Can End

Continued from pages 86-233

New York. *Eros* can come within 14,000,000 miles of the Earth. Astronomers say it *can* come that close, and it is difficult to see what would stop it once it had. In 1931, it was within 16,000,000 miles, and I distinctly recall having a feeling of extreme apprehension all that year, a sort of feeling that I was being watched.

Anteros, the smallest known free lance of the heavens, not much bigger than Bedloe Island, got within 2,000,000 miles of us in February, 1936. However, because of the uncertain state of Europe, or because Dr. E. Delporte of Belgium happened to catch it, *Anteros* turned and slunk away at a pace of 1,000,000 miles a day. There are still lots of things like that lurking in dark corners of the sky.

Nothwithstanding all these possibilities, any one of which gives me a mild palsy, I am forced back to my old love, comets. Comets panic me. There are 6,000 known comets, and nobody is sure how many more. It stands to reason that one of them is bound to hit us, if only by the law of averages. Two—Perrine's and D'Arrest's—by some miscalculation missed us in 1936. If you are able to read this, we will have got by Tempel-Swift's and Grigg-Skjellerup's, but Metcalf's and Neujmin's II still are scheduled for this year. The year 1938 will be pure gravy if we get through January, when Encke's is arriving again.

But 1939! No man of vision would plan anything for a year with six comets, and if you are smart you will just sit quietly and see what happens, without wasting any effort. Most people are stupid about it. New York is plotting a World's Fair that year, and I feel sorry for it. It will purport to show the World Tomorrow. Wouldn't it be ironical, as the papers say, if all those bewildering previews of Things to Come should be obliterated in October, 1939, by a comet with the homely name of Tuttle?

Remember these things. Then, in the second before the Earth vanishes in a blast that will be heard by no human ear, in that second when the skies are filled with a blinding brilliance and the sound of screaming winds, you will have the satisfaction of knowing what has happened. It won't hurt. It will all be over in a second. ⌗

The Uncrowned George

Continued from page 138

lack of understanding of fear. At the moment anything within the law was up his alley. Eagerly, he listened as Bletzer told of a fight card being arranged for that evening and of Chaney's chance of finding an opening in one of the preliminaries.

Chaney's first fight was hardly important. His opponent, Young Kid Williams, lasted all of thirty seconds. George's left caught him coming in and his seconds carried him out.

It is worth mentioning here, however, because of its bearing upon the fistic career of this pint-sized Irishman with the ten-gallon wallop as it established the partnership of Chaney and Bletzer, the former a born fighter and latter a born manager—but unfortunately not a born trainer.

That first purse of two dollars was divided in a very businesslike way and Chaney spent his portion on movies and ice cream while Bletzer busied himself singing the praises of his find. In the game of smack 'em down, thirty-second knockouts are hardly the rule, especially among novices, and the monologue of this impromptu manager fell upon attentive ears. Two weeks later, Chaney again appeared upon a Baltimore fight card, this time against a better boy who succeeded in evading that devastating left a little longer than the first sacrifice, but who, none the less, was sleeping peacefully well within the scheduled duration of the bout. Four out of five ensuing contests ended the same way—via the short cut.

None of Baltimore's world champion fistic prides rose to local acclaim as rapidly as did Chaney. Within six weeks after the Irish lad's debut, fight fans throughout the town were singing the praises of that murderous left wherever congregated those who enjoyed a deep and sincere appreciation of the beauty of a crimson nose. One postgraduate student of the art of assault and battery expressed the opinion of all when he said:

"Why, the guy's positively unhuman!"

Meantime, Kid Williams, brother of Chaney's first victim, Young Kid Williams, was bouncing right along in the proper direction and a match with Chaney became a natural. The newspapers built it up with the time-honored ballyhoo of "grudge fight." The Kid was out to avenge his brother and a lot of other hocus-pocus, none of which was at all necessary to pack the house as a fracas between two such bearcats as were Chaney and Williams at that stage of their careers would have drawn a record gate in Egypt.

The bout was held on New Year's Day of 1911, and as was expected by all and sundry, turned out to be a classic. Kid Williams was fast, game, aggressive—and tough. But none of these sterling attributes availed him a thing when he failed to get out of the way of Chaney's pile-driving left. The Kid was dropped four times within six rounds, and the last time he fell with a dull, heavy and enduring thud.

It has always been a moot question as to just when Chaney reached his peak. Some affirm he

Continued on page 236

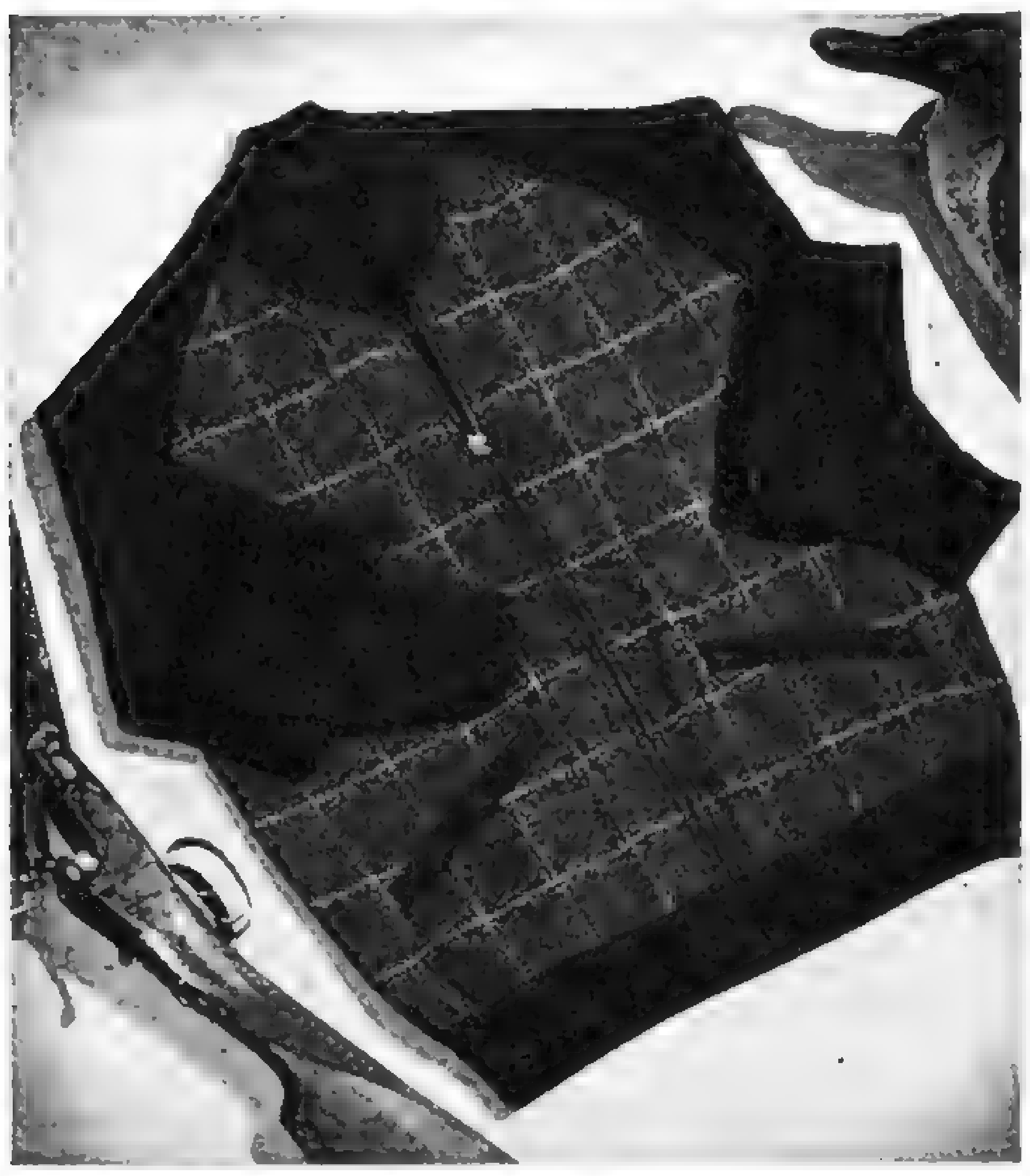
HAND-PICKED IN *London*

FINE *British* MADE *Sweaters*...

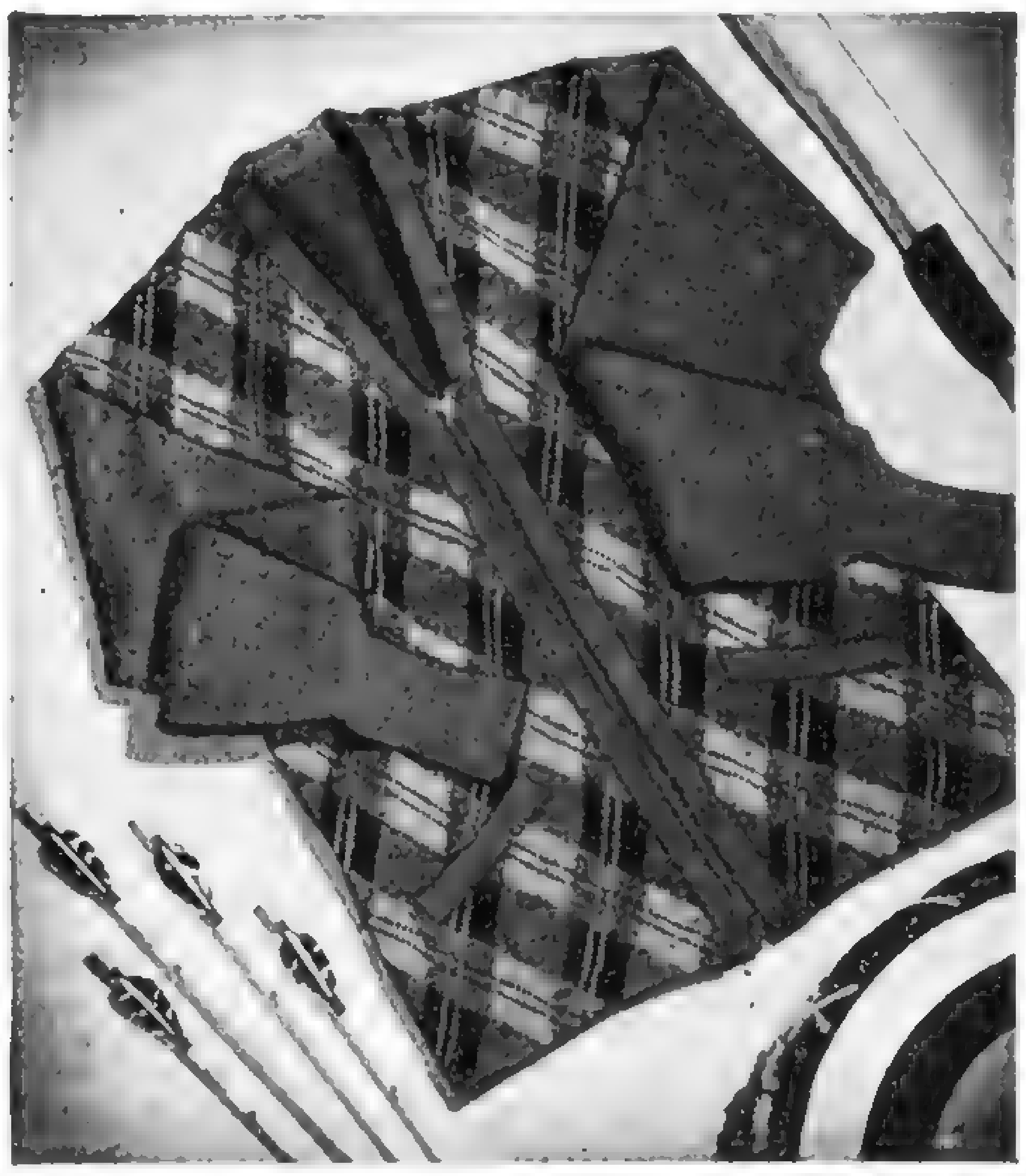
EACH WITH *Kover-Zip*, THE *Invisible* SLIDE FASTENER

● Say "sweaters" to a Briton and he'll answer *"the House of Baker."* Because, of all hoziers, Charles Baker, Ltd., have won acclaim for being able to turn a sweater into a fashion. We went through the entire collection; came back with these six . . . a really distinguished half dozen. But if we had to go to England to find such sweaters, note please that England had to come to America to get perfection in closures. For each of these sweaters closes with America's most ingenious slide fastener . . . Kover-Zip . . . the fabric-covered zipper that exposes no metal; thus blending so perfectly that it becomes a part of the garment itself.

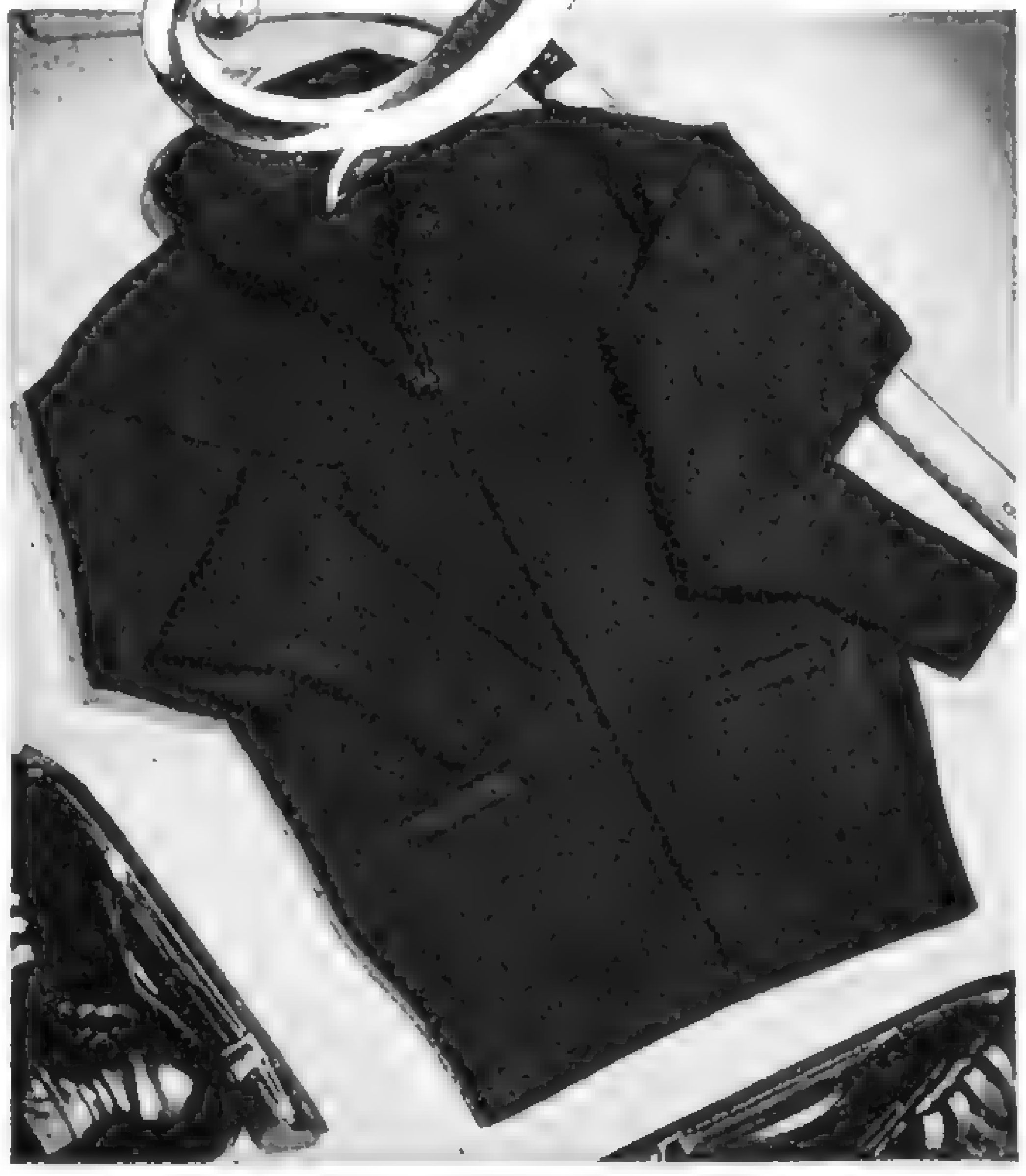
Sporting goods illustrated courtesy Abercrombie & Fitch



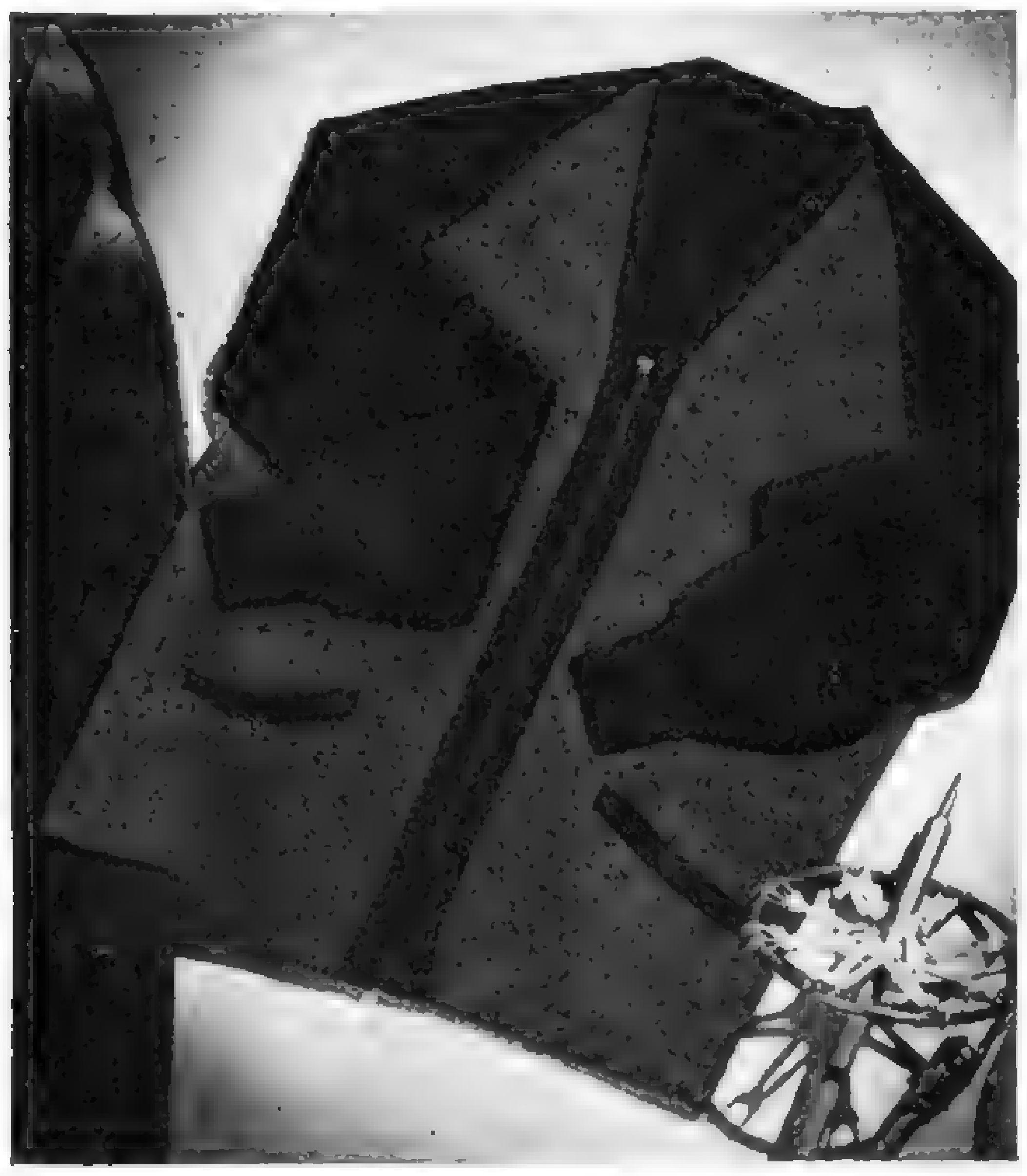
★ "And a-hunting we will go" . . . smartly! Front is smart plaid design; back and sleeves are knitted. $28.50



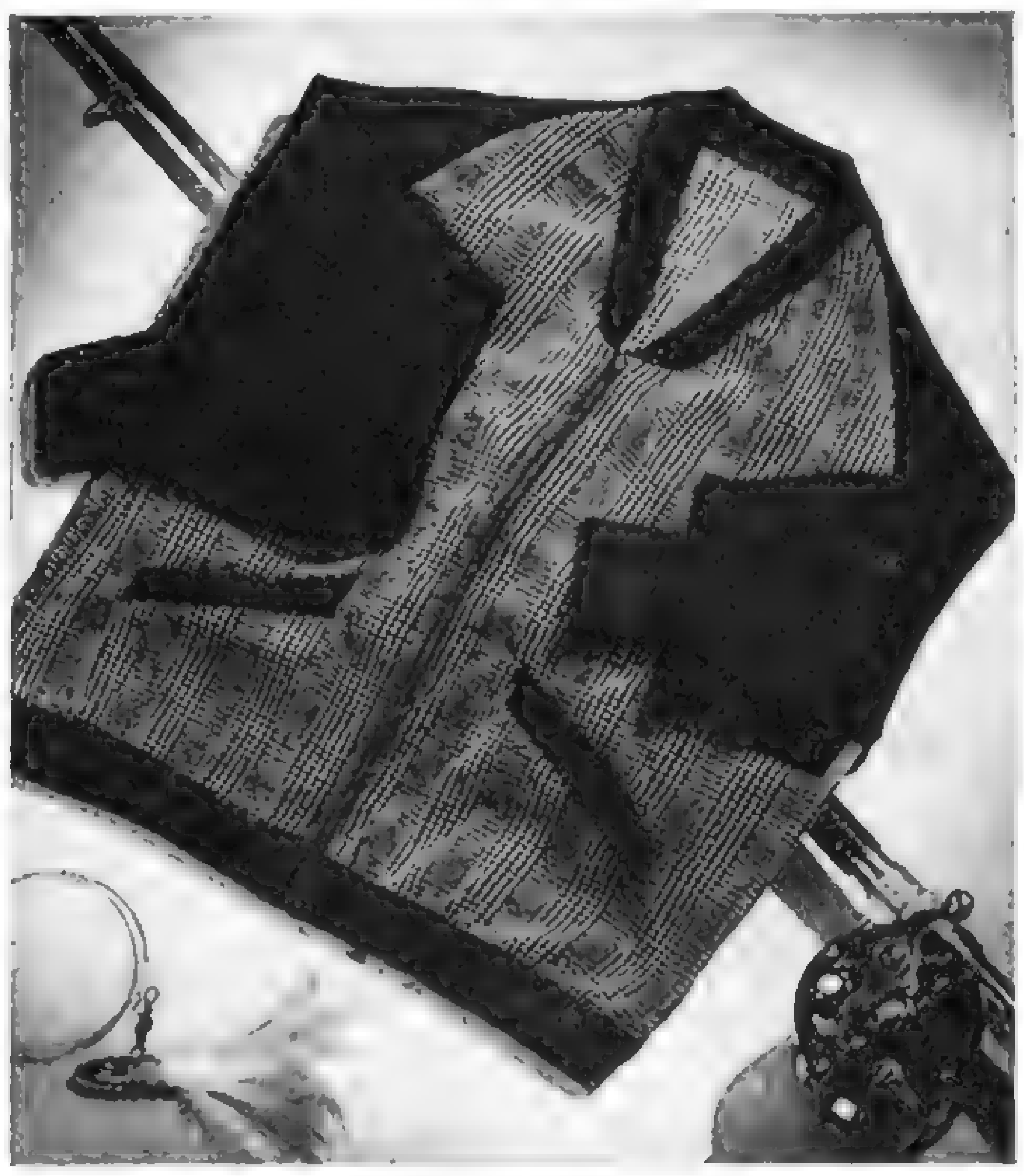
★ Argoyle plaid with plain knitted sleeves and belted back. For every outdoor purpose; comes indoors with equal grace. $17.50



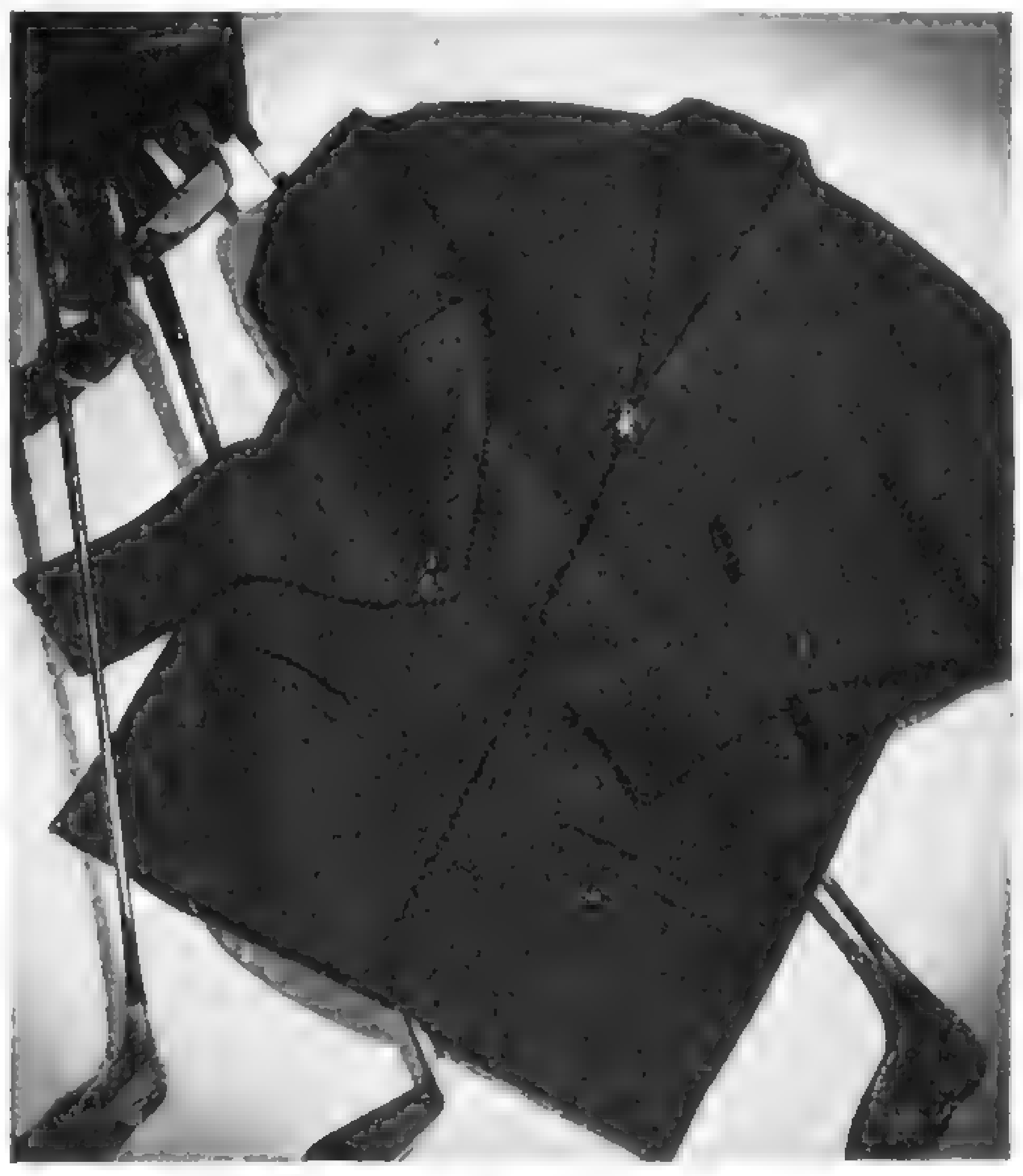
★ A warm companion for all outdoors. A very soft wool that never weighs heavily on the wearer. $35.00



★ Attractive heather front combines with knitted sleeves and back for smart appearance. Take it along to Placid. $25.00



★ A new note in jackets for the sportsman. Body is of corduroy in glen checks; sleeves and back knitted in solid color. $15.00



★ The perfect golfing jacket. Light enough to allow free action swing; warm enough to keep enjoyment in the game. . $30.00

For Him
THE HARTMANN KNOCABOUT
..and he'll love you forever
HARTMANN

The newest in men's travel-cases. Soft, resilient, distinctly British. In British Brown saddle leather (or Tan—or Pigskin). Light (for air travel) but built for abuse. And Hartmann-ly efficient, with its modern zipper-flap interior. Give him the KNOCABOUT... and he'll love you forever!

THRILL HER WITH ONE OF THESE SMART HARTMANNS

The TRAIN BOX is the newest thing in travel conveniences. It's all she need keep with her on a Pullman. For short trips, the Hartmann FITTED O'NITE CASE is perfection itself... dainty, feminine, charming. In canvas, leather, or Hartmann rawhide, the last syllable in smartness. At your favorite store, or write Hartmann—261 Fifth Ave., New York, or Racine, Wis.

FINE TRAVEL GOODS FOR 60 YEARS

THERE'S A HARTMANN FOR ANY TRIP OF ANY LENGTH AT ANY SEASON

The Uncrowned George

Continued from pages 138-234

was at his best during his first year in the ring.

"He never had anything except a slaughterhouse left, and he had that from the start," insist such authorities, which is just about the same as saying Rockefeller never had anything except oil. Others point to his score of sixteen successive knockouts, eleven years later, but there are a few Baltimoreans, including ourselves, who believe that Chaney was never quite so perfect a fighting machine as a month or so before he fumbled his greatest chance—a match with Johnny Kilbane for the featherweight belt. Notice, we say a month before, because on the day he stepped between the ropes with the former buck-and-wing performer, he was no more like the battling fury that Baltimoreans knew and loved than a marshmallow sundae is like a double shot of Scotch with very little soda.

For months, Bletzer and Chaney had camped on the trail of the champ, but when the title match was dropped into their lap it caught them unprepared. The trouble lay in the fact that Chaney, whose muscles and constitution had been hardened by early toil in the woods and fields was always in condition and actually needed little, if any preparation for a fight.

Whereas, Bletzer, the manager and self-taught trainer, entertained the delusion that the more work he piled upon his charge the greater would be his prowess.

How well we remember that month of "serious training" in 1914—serious indeed for Chaney's prospects of inflicting any significant damage upon the fast moving Kilbane. Bletzer, with a black cigar extending from the side of his mouth and a large yellow diamond upon his ring finger—the picture of a sophisticated fight manager who knew all the answers. Chaney, his black thatch protected by a head guard, obeying orders and following with childlike faith a routine that would have broken the back of Dean Detton.

Doyle's gymnasium, at that time, was a rendezvous for box fighters and others who craved a little inside information on how to avoid a punch in the nose—just in case.

There was a large gathering of the latter when Chaney reported for work and after four hours, during which he alternately tackled the light bag, the heavy bag and four sparring partners—all were of the opinion that neither Kilbane nor any other man of his poundage could stand up against his terrific punches. A fortnight later, they were not so sure.

Day by day, the tireless Bletzer, stop watch in hand, increased the work. Six rounds of shadow boxing, a dozen rounds with the mitts on, an hour or two at the bags—and the indefatigable manager was always eager for more.

Meantime, Chaney, perspiration dripping like rain from his superb body, began to look and move more like a wrestler than a fighter.

No less than seven sparring mates, all of whom outweighed Chaney from ten to forty pounds, were employed in this process of painting the lily until at last there remained only Frank Hunter, dusky welterweight contemporary of Joe Gans who, like Gans, had been schooled in the hard battle-royal college of fighters. A week before the Chaney-Kilbane fight, this dark-skinned sage of the ring told us in strict confidence:

"Dat boy Chaney kin hit jest as hard as ever, but de trouble wif him is he's slowed down so much dat no smart boys is gonna stand up stiff and straight and let him hit 'em."

This analysis and forecast proved accurate. Against Kilbane, Chaney was pathetically inadequate. Not once did that emphatic left hand land solidly upon the shifty champion, but instead, after absorbing a merciless beating, Chaney himself sank to the canvas, the victim of a right-hand smash to the jaw.

Many who saw this fight protested that Kilbane won by sticking his thumb in Chaney's eye in the first round, but the losing Irish lad's most ardent admirers declare that had he not left the greatest fight of his career in Doyle's gymnasium on Madison Avenue, in Baltimore—he would have merely laughed and turned the other eye.

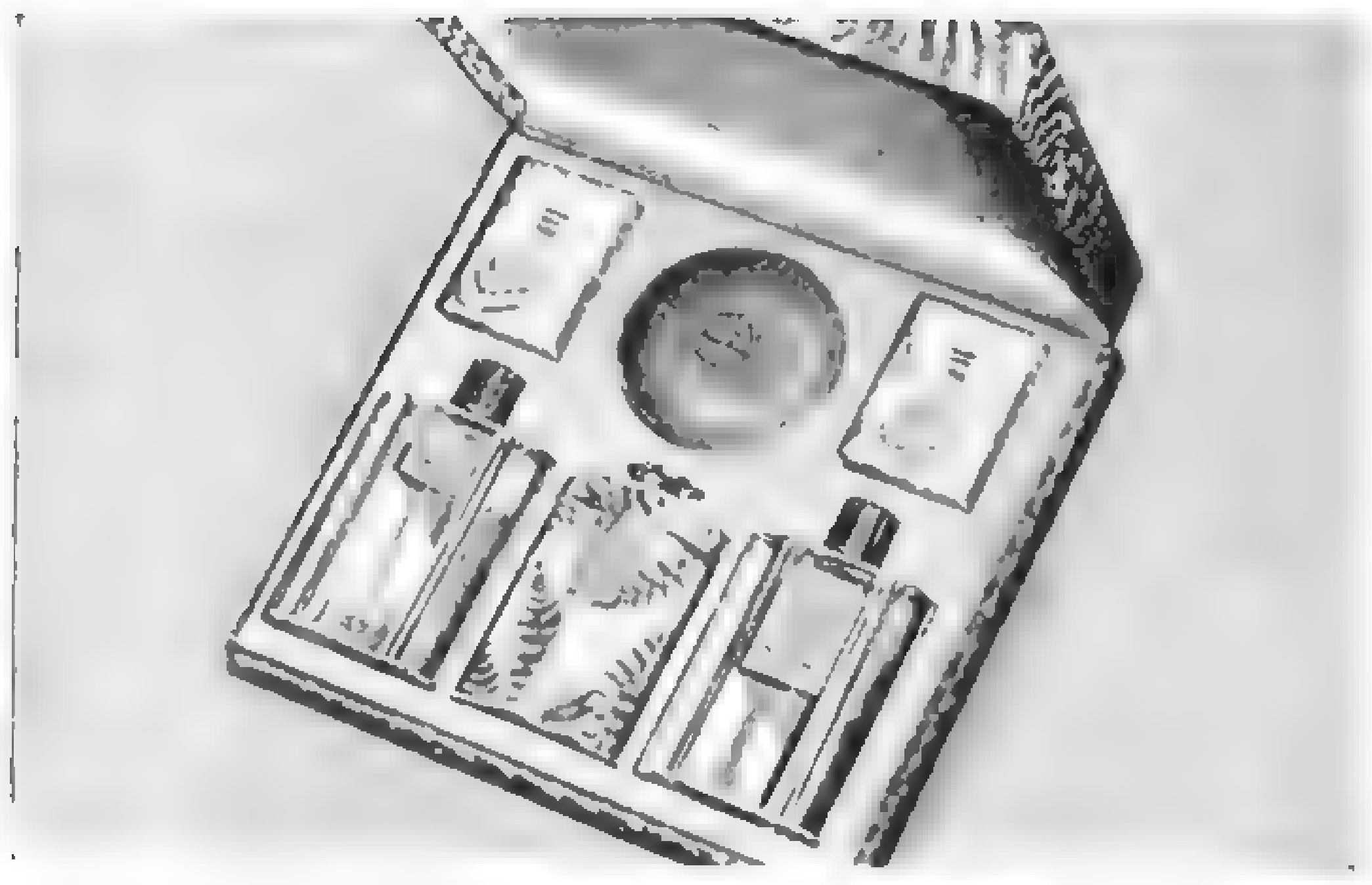
Chaney wound up his career as he had started it—by way of a one-round knockout. But there was a slight difference.

On August 10, 1925, two lightweights crawled through the ropes of a Philadelphia ring. One was the aforementioned George Chaney, of Baltimore, the other Danny Kramer of the Quaker town. Both carried high explosives, Chaney in his left hand, Kramer in his right.

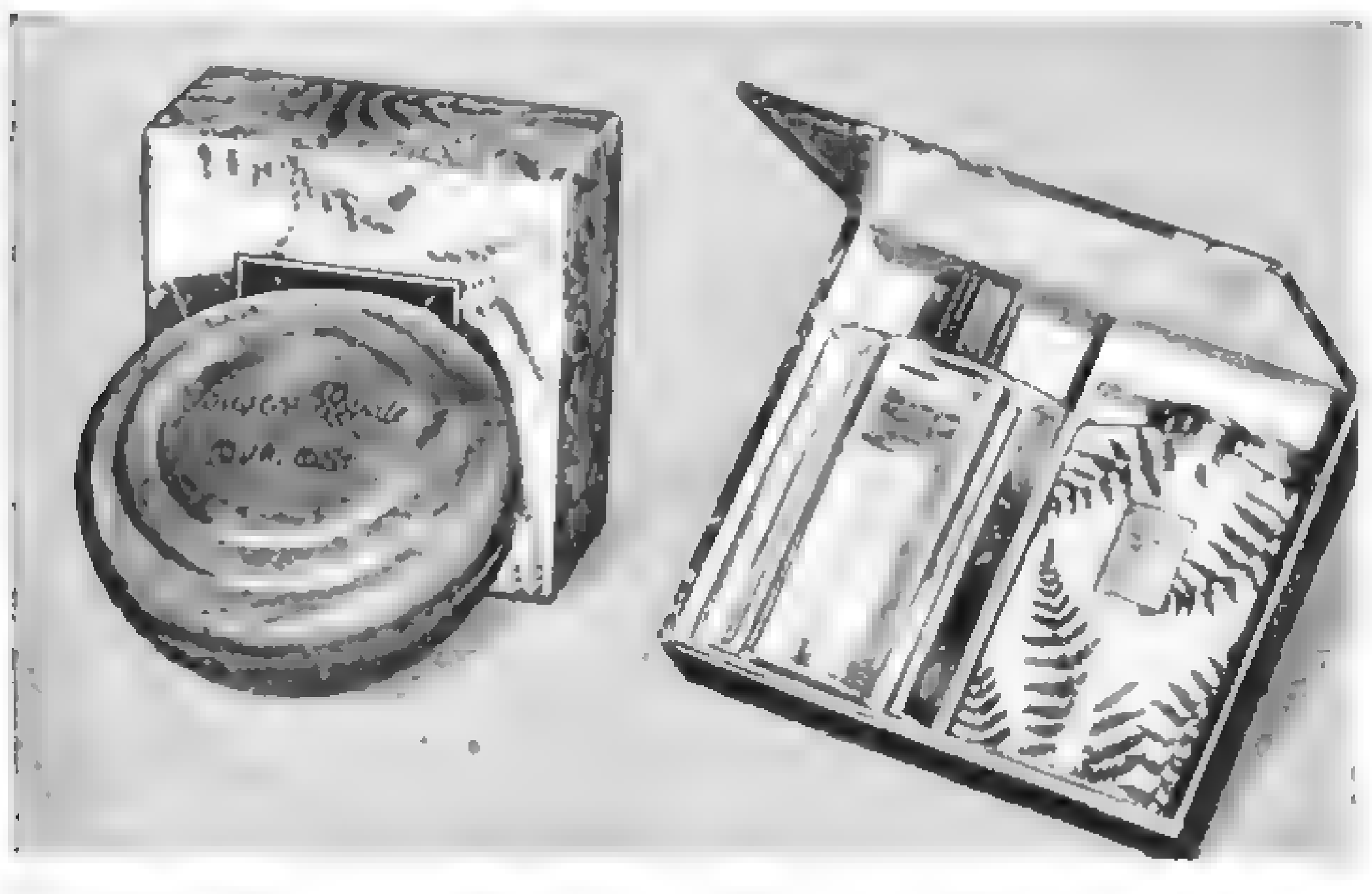
No, we have no intention of telling you all over again how Leon Rains, the fight promoter, lost a case note in record time. This was a second meeting of the boys and this time it was Kramer's terrific right which crashed through Chaney's guard—and it was the out-of-town boy who was out for keeps.

The referee's counting was all that could be asked of it but didn't mean a hell of a lot. Nobody heard him, least of all Chaney who came to quite some time later in his dressing room and began to sing *The Wearing of the Green.* But, perhaps we are stretching poetic license here just a trifle. As a matter of fact, we have no authentic record that George Chaney, of Baltimore, who knocked out one hundred two men with the most pernicious left hand in fistic history, could ever actually sing. ⌗

Give him Luxury



Fougère Royale Gift Set . . . $5.00. Contains Shaving Cream in smart Plastic Bowl . . . After Shaving Lotion . . . Talcum Powder . . . Hair Lotion . . . and two Cakes of famous Fougère Royale Soap.



LEFT: *Famous Fougère Royale Shaving Bowl of wood . . . $1.00.* A luxury gift at a low cost.

RIGHT: *Fougère Royale Gift Set . . . $1.50.* Contains After Shaving Lotion and Talcum Powder. The twin shaving luxuries that are necessities.

THIS CHRISTMAS give him something extravagantly luxurious at moderate cost—*a set of Fougère Royale grooming luxuries.*

★

The cult of the Fougère Royale shave began with *Fougère Royale* After-Shave Lotion, that cocktail for the face, with the woodsy fragrance of the Royal Fern.

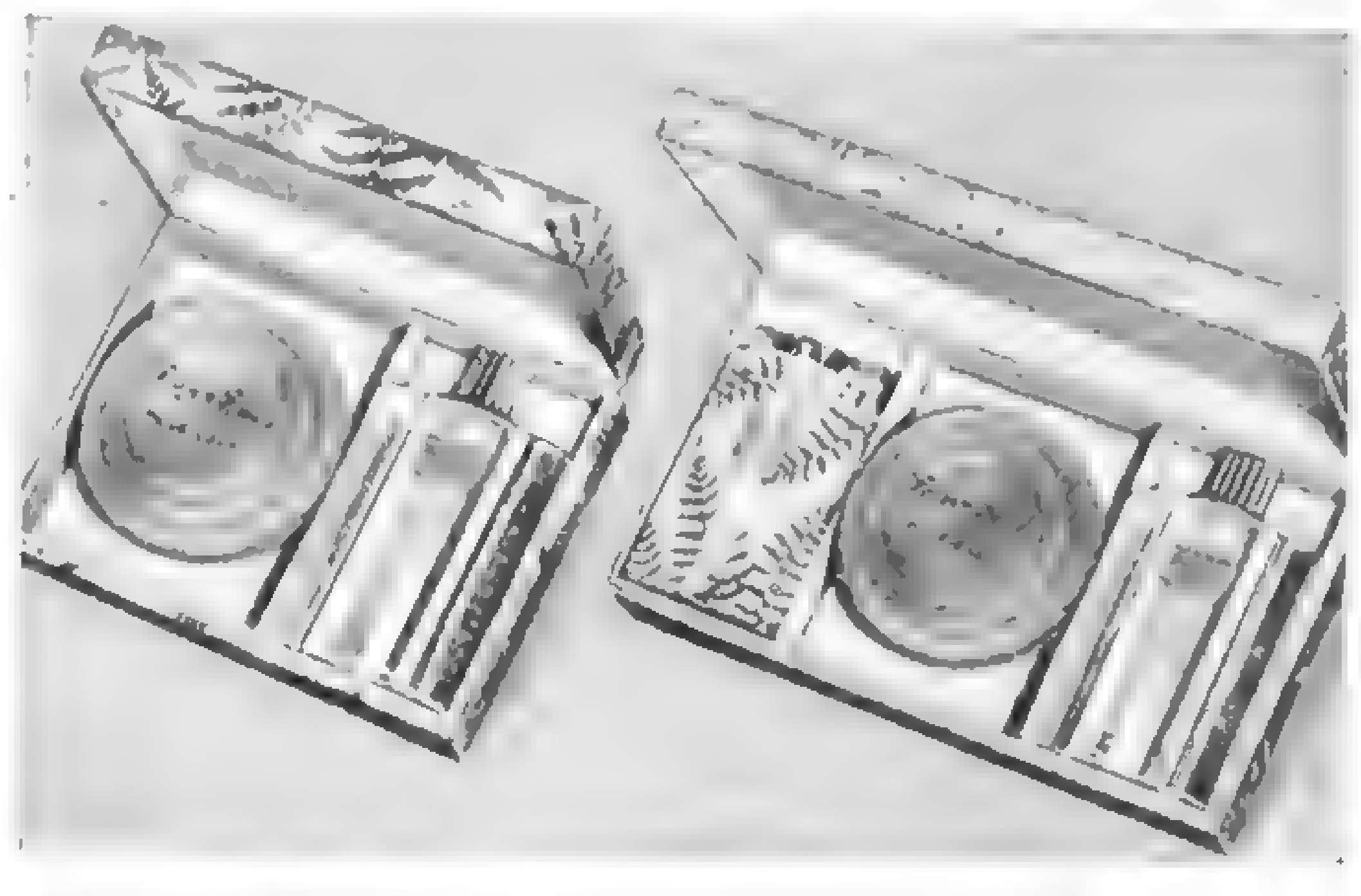
Next came the *Fougère Royale* Shaving Bowl—six months of miraculous shaves in a wooden bowl. Then, in response to world-wide demand, came *Fougère Royale* After-Shave Talcum in *masculine* skin tones. And finally, *Fougère Royale Hair Lotion* with a tingle for your scalp and strict orders for your hair to behave.

★

The big idea of *Fougère Royale* is simple—*SUPERLATIVE QUALITY.*

We promise you that any man will be all in a lather about it.

Fougère Royale Gift Set . . . $3.75
Contains Shaving Cream . . . After Shaving Lotion . . . Talcum Powder . . . Hair Lotion . . . Face Soap.



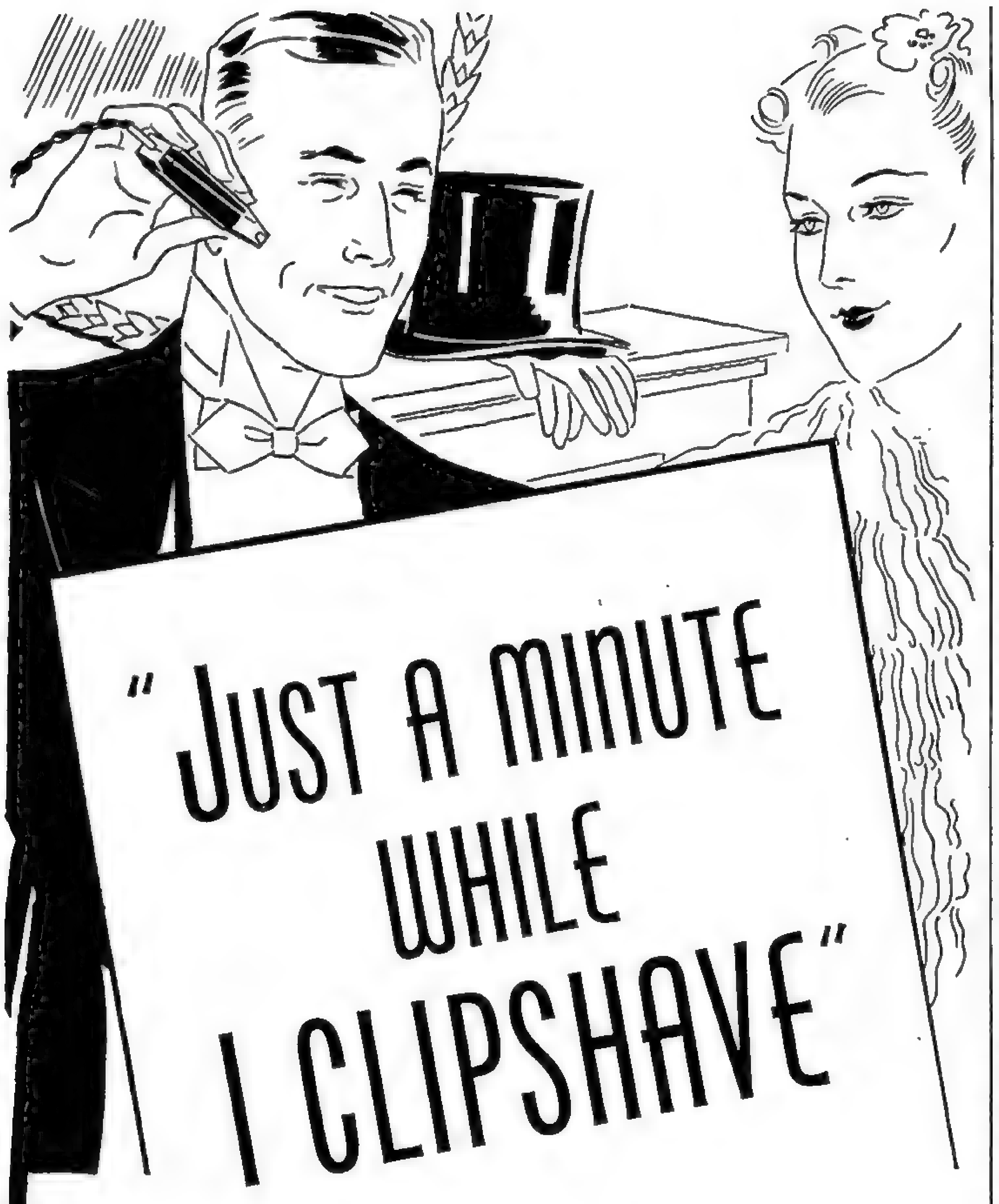
LEFT: *Fougère Royale Gift Set . . . $2.00*
Contains Wooden Shaving Bowl . . . and After Shaving Lotion. A gift no man can fail to appreciate.

RIGHT: *Fougère Royale Gift Set . . . $2.75*
Contains Wooden Bowl of Shaving Soap . . . After Shaving Lotion . . . and Talcum Powder.

FOUGERE ROYALE

Pronounced Fooj-air Roy-al (Royal Fern)

by HOUBIGANT


"JUST A MINUTE WHILE I CLIPSHAVE"

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Women like CLIPSHAVING, too—it is the best way to remove superfluous hair safely and quickly. No coarse regrowth.

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The Road to Madrid

Continued from page 62

dead time of day when all the offices would be closed; as there was no chance to deliver the truck until later in the afternoon we decided we'd better settle down to eat. The hotel seemed to be a sort of headquarters for international brigades; in the swelter of heat and the clatter of dishes of the hotel diningroom, scattered among the local militiamen at the crowded tables among which sweating waiters scooted desperately, were Frenchmen, Belgians, Germans, Poles, Jugoslavs, Italians; a cross section of Europe in arms. After lunch the upholsterer and I separated. He was to deliver his truck and go back to Paris by train.

2. Valencia

The town still centers round the Plaza Castelár with its underground flowermarket and its yellow trolleycars and its Coney Island buildings now hung with bunting and republican flags and plastered with posters, but instead of the old afternoon quiet every inch of the city is packed with a rambling crowd in which young men predominate. There's the feeling that the town's been turned inside out like an old coat and that all the linings show.

At the office of the censor of the foreign press it's cozy and and a little embarrassing like a club. You meet old friends, you read the mimeographed sheets telling you what the government wants you to know. You snap at rumors. Inside beyond a roomful of typewriters in a heavilydraped alcove the censor himself sits owllike in his big glasses at a little desk under a blue light.

The newspaper men are tendered a lunch by the minister for foreign affairs at the restaurant at the Grao, the big old restaurant on the beach where years ago . . . the paella was just as good. Through the windows of the glassedin porch you can see a warship hulldown on the blue horizon. Nonintervention. The minister with his curious whistling diction makes an excellent speech, a heart to heart talk in two languages. There's no question about our feeling that he has the right on his side. The wine is good. It's the old famous paella. But the food at official luncheons does not digest. It stays in a hard lump in your throat. You think of those who are being led. It all depends whether your heart is with the hounds, or the hares. Official luncheons are hunt breakfasts.

Afterwards two Frenchmen and an American stroll round the port. A sentry politely shoos us off the wharves. The port is crowded with freighters. As we turn away from the packed ships to walk up the long dusty road full of carts and trucks to Valencia, we see a darkgrey bow nosing past the breakwater, a big darkgrey steamship is slipping silent into the harbor: a Mexican.

We walk back to Valencia talking about the mysteries of the Mediterranean these days, the unannounced blockades, the unreported sinkings, the freighters with their names painted out that run without lights slipping through the blockades, the Mexicans as they are called; some of them are Russians but they can't all be Russian. One of the Frenchmen tells of a contract through a Tchekoslovakian intermediary, between the Loyalist government and Krupp. Europe is a tangle these days that nobody has yet unraveled. There's rarely been a time when the wise guys knew so little.

Back in the town I meet an old friend who takes me to see the place where the paintings from the Prado are stored. Double cement vaults have been built under the already strong stone vaulting in a chapel of a high renaissance church. That's where the paintings are. A huge collection of tapestries from the royal palace in Madrid has just arrived. They are being unpacked before being put away by an old man and two young men. A couple of experts, museum directors in black suits, hover around. It's quiet under the frescoed dome. They unfold the tapestries for us on the clean marble steps of the chancel, the magnificent crucifixion that Charles V always took with him on his campaigns, a *Marriage at Cana*, some enormous apocalypses. We spell out the ornate symbolic figures, the horsemen of war, pestilence, famine and death. "It's like that now," the old man says. "These are the days we are living." The young men look at the tapestries and at us and shrug their shoulders.

Casa de los Sabios is what people call the converted hotel where the government has put up some college professors and literary people who have lost their homes and have nowhere else to go. Its real name is the House of Culture. It's dreary in the parlor there, dinner is a gloomy function there. It's like being in quarantine. We feel like old trunks in somebody's attic. There in every mouthful, in every low voiced conversation, in every gesture, you feel the choking strands of the tangle that nobody dares unravel. It seems hours before the oranges come that signify the end of dinner.

It's a relief to get out on the pitchblack streets where there are unstrained voices, footsteps, giggling, the feeling of men and women walking through the dark with blood in their veins. We turn into a narrow street and walk towards a dim blue light. In the narrow stone street the smell of orange blossoms from the groves outside the city is intolerably sweet. We duck into a narrow door and through a dank stone passage enter a little litup bar. There are militiamen, a couple of sailors, a sprinkling of civilians. It smells of coffee and brandy. As we settle at a small table a frogfaced soldier comes up and introduces himself.

Continued on page 240

5 Selections from Florida's Largest System of Fine Hotels

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If you're coming for a long stay . . . you'll ENJOY MORE AND SPEND LESS at a Collier Florida Hotel. All 12 Collier Florida Hotels cater to long stayers . . . the 5 pictured are particular favorites with those who come for extended stays! And anyone who plans a Florida vacation would do well to follow the long stayers—for there are no keener judges of hotel value, none know Florida better!

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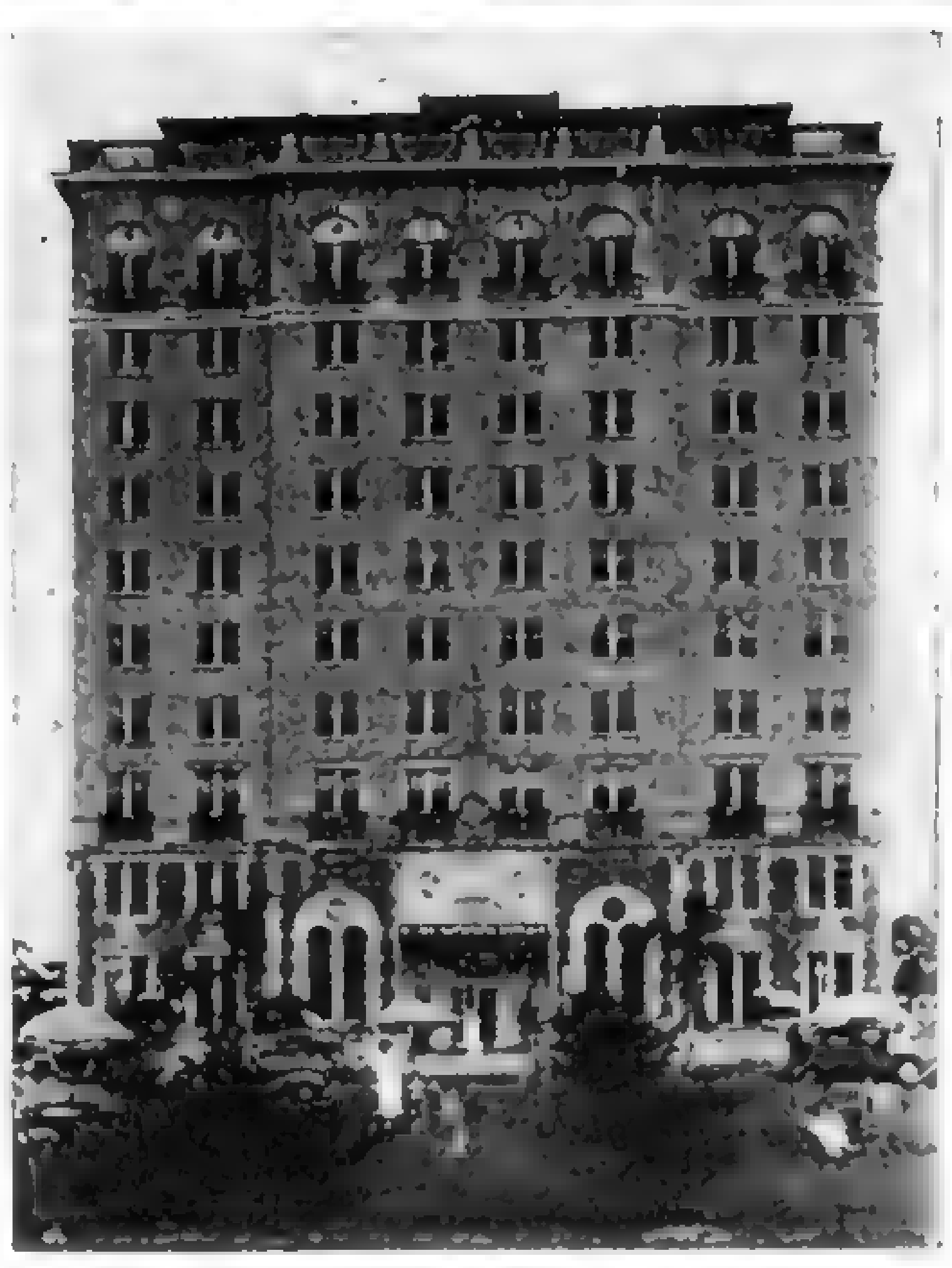
One of the most beautiful resort hotels in the West Coast. On the water. Own 18 hole golf course, tennis, traps. Bathing from hotel. 80' x 175' pool of unusual mineral water. Excellent quail hunting (Nov. 20-Feb. 15)—fresh water and salt water fishing. Restricted clientele. Delightful, club-like atmosphere. Open Nov. 20. Rates from $7. American. G. Floyd Alford, Manager.

HOTEL MANATEE RIVER • BRADENTON

Overlooking the picturesque Manatee River, a most restful and enjoyable spot to spend the winter. Handsomely built and furnished, modern, fireproof, most attractive guest rooms. Excellent table and service. Easily accessible to Gulf beaches and fine golf courses. Fishing. All diversions and facilities. Open Dec. 10. Rates from $3.50. European $7. American. L. R. Cornell, Manager.

HOTEL LAKELAND TERRACE • LAKELAND

In the heart of the citrus and lake region, Florida's highlands. High, sunny and airy, overlooking Lake Mirror is the Lakeland Terrace, Lakeland's leading hotel. Modern in every respect. Fireproof. Guest rooms long stayers like. Bathing, golf, bass fishing, points of attraction and West Coast resorts a short drive. Excellent table. Open all year. Rates from $3. European $6. American. R. J. Waller, Manager.



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HOTEL SARASOTA TERRACE • SARASOTA

Smart center of activity in smart Sarasota. Delightfully and restfully located, off the business center. Sky View Roof Garden for dining and dancing. Fireproof, entirely modern, with emphasis on cuisine and guest comfort. Beautiful Lido Beach and golf courses. Fishing, all sports. Open Dec. 10. Rates from $3.50. European $7. American. T. M. Hall, Manager.

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Give her a Revlon manicure set. If you are already *in* the dog house, one of these sets will probably get you out. "She" will be flattered, for she knows that Revlon is "fashion-right and fashion-first." And these Revlon ensembles are presented in new cases that will reflect your own good taste.

Available wherever Revlon Nail Polish is *sold*. Mail orders filled if you cannot find the sets in your city. Send check, cash, or money order.

SMART SET
Luxurious zipper-type set. Genuine leather in red alligator or black lizard finish
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Compact travel kit in royal blue suede cloth.
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Modern, practical set in brown alligator-grain fabrikoid.
$3.75

CRUISER
Popular zipper-type set of genuine leather in black, tan, or dubonnet.
$2.50

Revlon

125 West 45th Street, New York City

The Road To Madrid

Continued from pages 62-238

He's a Serb serving in the International Brigade. He wants to tell his story. We piece it out with a little English, a little French, a little Spanish. He's a political exile living in Brussels. He was living with a Belgian girl who has a little boy by a former divorced husband. It's not his child but he loves it as his own, such a smart little boy. He couldn't help it, he had to leave them to come to Spain to join the International Brigade to help save Madrid from the fascists. And now the former husband is trying to take the child away from the girl because they are reds. The court has granted the child to the husband. What can he do? He's heartbroken. It's all in a letter. He shows us the letter. What can he do? What can we do? We tell him he's a good guy and he goes away.

It's quiet at night in the Casa de los Sabios. Lying in bed it's hard not to think of what one has heard during the day of the lives caught in the tangle, the prisoners huddled in stuffy rooms waiting to be questioned, the woman with her children barely able to pay for the cheap airless apartment, while she waits for her husband. It's nothing they have told her, he was just taken away for questioning, certain little matters to be cleared up, wartime, no need for alarm. But the days have gone by, months, no news. The standing in line at the policestation, the calling up of influential friends, the slowgrowing terror tearing the woman to pieces.

And the hostages penned in the tarpaper barrack eating the cold rice with a piece of stale meat in it, playing cards on gritty blankets in corners of the floor, and the sudden hush when the door opens and the officer steps in, behind him two soldiers with guns. He tries to keep his voice steady when he reads the names. Eyes stare out of pale faces. Feet scuffle on the dirty floor of the office. "I am obliged to inform you that you have been ordered to be shot . . . at once."

And the man stepping out to be courtmartialed by his own side. The conversational tone of the proceedings. A joke or a smile that lets the blood flow easy again, but the gradual freezing recognition of the hundred ways a man may be guilty, the remark you dropped in a café that somebody wrote down, the letter you wrote last year, the sentence you scribbled on a scratchpad, the fact that your cousin is in the ranks of the enemy, and the strange sound your own words make in your ears when they are quoted in the indictment. They shove a cigarette in your hand and you walk out into the courtyard to face six men you have never seen before. They take aim. They wait for the order. They fire.

3. Valencia—Madrid

The big Hispano the Generalitat furnished the famous French journalist in Barcelona was standing outside the Hotel Victoria. That nest of newspaper correspondents, governmental agents, spies, munition salesmen and mystery women is empty and quiet now. A pale boy in a green baize apron is sweeping the stairs down. It is seven in the morning. We pile in, with our packages of food and our bags and our boxes of chocolate and extra cigarettes, and spin out of town over the bridge. As the road climbs up out of the green plains of the Huerta of Valencia into the dry mountains of the province of Cuenca we tell each other our surprise at the lack of military traffic on the road and at the fact that it is in such excellent condition. With the railway cut this road is the main feeder of Madrid in munitions and food. We pass the map from hand to hand. We talk knowingly about a number of things we know very little about.

Towards noon the famous French journalist began to call for an aperitif. We stopped in a dry dilapidated village where we found homemade vermouth in the cafe run by the U.G.T. and with the help of some little boys tried to rustle up some ham to go with it. There was nothing to eat in any of the little stores or at the posada, but we eventually fell on a completely equipped pastryshop. We bought the woman out and the famous journalist photographed the little boys and everybody exclaimed about the excellence of Castilian spongecake. When we asked the little boys what the sores on their faces came from the woman said it was because they'd been scared by the fascist bombers flying over the village.

Thirty miles further along the road in another grey stone town clustered round a towering grey stone church we stopped for lunch. In a small inn an old man and two girls were most cheerfully and seeming tirelessly serving a meal of fried eggs with tomatoes and little steaks with fried potatoes accompanied by good bread, washed down by a fine dense wine to roomful after roomful of officers, soldiers, truckdrivers, political party officials. This was far from the famine we had been warned to expect.

Then we were off chugging up over bare huge faintly green slopes of ranked hills that rose against indigo distances under continuously changing clouds, and down into a poplar avenue through the broad canyon of the Tagus; then up again over continually bolder hills until the road crossed a ridge with two towns with square towers on it. From the winding downward slope beyond we could look down into the alley of the Jarama and at the red brick walls and the pointed slate spires of Alcalá de Henares, and beyond over the strawcolored plain with cloud-shadows moving across it to the great white barrier of the Sierra.

Continued at top of page 243

A Shirt is only as smart as its **COLLAR**

VAN HEUSEN COLLAR-ATTACHED SHIRTS

The old order changeth! Well-dressed men no longer select their collar-attached shirts by color and pattern alone. They look first to see if the *collar* is the patented Van Heusen fabric. For to find this magic, wilt-proof collar is to secure wear and smartness available in no other shirt. See these *NEW* Van Heusen Collar-Attached Shirts at your men's wear dealer. There's a wealth of patterns and colors, also white broadcloth and end-on-end madras.

The collar stays smart because of the backing of Van Heusen Collar fabric.

PHILLIPS-JONES
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Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Feb. 8, 1922

WATCH

FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Check your Christmas list with this Page of Waltham Gift Suggestions

Here's the best insurance for a Merry Christmas — a Waltham Watch. The first glance tells you it's a leader in style. And the time-honored name of Waltham is your guarantee that it will tick merrily through many Christmases to come. For Waltham, longer than any watch company in America, has been producing scientifically perfect watches—designed for a lifetime of accuracy and dependability. Ask your jeweler to show you the new Waltham-Premier Watches, $45 to $225. The regular line of Walthams ranges from $17.50 up—and represents the greatest watch value in the world.

For H.S.K.

(*Left*) Wouldn't any woman love the delicate beauty of this Waltham-Premier? All the charm of the graceful *Minuet* it's named for. And the dependability that the name of Waltham has always represented.
17 Jewel Waltham-Premier movement. 14K gold-filled case. 14K solid gold hands.

For D.A.G.

(*Right*) If she has a certain something, a way of wearing clothes, a sense of color and line, she'll love this watch. It's the new Waltham-Premier, *Flair*.
17 Jewel Waltham-Premier movement. 14K gold-filled case. 14K gold-filled dial (entirely new) and attachments. Solid gold hands.

For M.J.D.

(*Right*) Every time she looks at the face of this charming Waltham-Premier, *Peacock*, she'll think of the one who gave it to her. Give her this lovely watch, to be her trustworthy, untiring companion for years to come.
17 Jewel Waltham-Premier movement. 14K gold-filled case. 14K solid gold hands.

For L.M.F.

(*Above*) It's called *Ginger*. Just the right amount of dash. But it will be just as smart in 1947 as it is today. And, being a Waltham, it's sure to be just as accurate then as it is now.
17 Jewel Waltham-Premier movement. 14K gold-filled case. 14K solid gold hands. Finest silk cords.

For R.C.W.

(*Left*) A lovely ornament for a lovely wrist! It's the Waltham-Premier, *Opera*. Waltham's 80 years of leadership in making fine watches guarantee that its mechanism is as sturdy as its design is delicate.
17 Jewel Waltham-Premier movement. 14K solid gold case. Solid gold hands.

For E.R.P.

(*Left*) Whether she's a grandmother or a schoolgirl, she'll be delighted with *Encore*. Here's a stunning, artist-designed case that will never be out-of-place or out-of-date.
17 Jewel Waltham-Premier movement. 14K gold-filled case. 14K gold-filled dial. 14K Solid gold hands.

For K.M.L.

(*Right*) Maybe he's always on time. If he is, reward him with *Pacer*. But if he's inclined to tardiness, give him *Pacer* for your own sake. He won't ignore the bidding of such a handsome watch!
21 Jewel Waltham-Premier movement. 14K applied figure dial. 14K gold-filled case. Pigskin strap.

For H.T.H.

(*Right*) Is he just as at home on the dance floor as he is on the tennis court? So is *Patriot*. You couldn't pick him a better, more dependable companion to see him *accurately* through life.
17 Jewel Waltham-Premier movement. 14K applied figure dial. 14K gold-filled case. Pigskin strap.

For W.S.H.

(*Above*) Sportsman or business man, he'll want this handsome Waltham-Premier, *Cadet*. It will keep its style as it keeps the time — for years to come.
21 Jewel Waltham-Premier movement. 14K solid gold case. 14K gold-filled dial (entirely new) and attachments. Pigskin strap.

For J.L.W.

(*Left*) It's called *Swagger*, this new Waltham-Premier, and of course it's a perfect watch for sports. But its smart simplicity makes it suitable for any occasion. And its Waltham pedigree guarantees its accuracy.
17 Jewel Waltham-Premier movement. 14K gold-filled case. Pigskin strap.

For H.B.H.

(*Left*) What man wouldn't want to own this Waltham-Premier, *Bonus*? And because it's a Waltham you can be sure that it will tick through the years with a minimum of attention and repair.
21 Jewel Waltham-Premier movement. 14K solid gold case. 14K solid gold hands. Pigskin strap.

For J.C.S.

Colonial (*Left*) 23 Jewel Waltham-Premier movement adjusted to temperature and five positions. 14K solid gold case. 14K applied figure dial — entirely new. *Skeleton* (*Right*) Transparent case. 17 Jewel Waltham-Premier movement. 14K gold-filled case. 14K gold-filled dial

First American Watchmaker **WALTHAM**

The Road to Madrid

Continued from pages 62-238-240

In the outskirts of Alcalá we begin to see troops, fieldkitchens, youngsters in illfitting tin hats, some in the mushroom German shape and others in the more elegant French shape with a keel down the middle. There were many trucks and men marching in formation on the road into Madrid, but nothing like what memories of the Western front had led us to associate with a road leading up to an army. Then suddenly the outskirts have closed in on us and we are in Madrid, passing the big terracottacolored bullring, honking our way through a broad crowded asphalt street under an enormous steely twilight sky.

As we drive into the great stone and cement city with its broad streets and squares and avenues where the skimpy trees are just coming into leaf, the twilight deepens fast on the cues of women in shawls and men with mufflers standing in line for bread and oil and beans outside the halfshuttered foodstores, the young men and girls strolling, and crowds coming out of movingpicturetheatres. The unlighted houses are dark. Their windows stare blankly in the last light. A raw wind blows dust and newspapers among the crowds and flutters the edges of hastily put up posters. The city has a grim look as if stamped out of iron. In spite of the cries of newsboys and sellers of lottery tickets and the clang of streetcars and the roaring motors of trucks and automobiles all lettered with names of brigades or political parties, there's a grim silence about the city. For some reason we have an idea we ought to report to an official. We go to a public building and rub our behinds on red plush in a chilly anteroom for a while. Everything in there is delay, red tape and obstruction, like old times. The official wouldn't think of seeing anybody till next week. We head for the Hotel Florida. It's too dark to see anything on the Gran Via. The driver is getting nervous. He wants to get his car in a garage. It's quiet and black in the Plaza de Callao. While we are piling our bags on the pavement we stop suddenly. The noise that went on when the motor stopped was machineguns. We listen. It's not very near, but up the street from the front the night pours into the city shattered and dented with gunfire. ⧻

Phony Takes All

Continued from page 137

rather silly for the studios to send out press releases of the dangers run by the stars. The press department simply knows that a great many people will take it in—and one more phony doesn't matter. Who loses by it?

I make the rather terrifying suggestion that those who live by phonies are going to die by them. If you think that I am optimistic about it, let me ask one question: how often in the past ten years have you bought anything at a fire sale? Eight of the past ten years have been particularly good ones for "going-out-of-business" sales.

Some time in 1932 I stocked up with some excellent shirts and underwear when a Fifth Avenue haberdasher liquidated. The same haberdasher has gone out of business three times since, but I am now buying what I need from the firms which not only stay in business but do not attempt to deny it. The fire sale phony is the older one and is utterly discredited. The time may come when the other phonies will go the same way.

Usually a good trailer is enough to keep me out of the theatre when the original picture comes along, but I cannot always manage this. And so, once I saw a few feet of an episode in which a gentleman was very obviously drawing bedcovers off a young woman in bed. Nothing like that scene actually appeared in the picture. Probably it was censored out after the trailer was made, but nobody made any protest. In fact, no one protests about anything—so long as money is not involved.

It is an illusion of mine that our money is being taken away from us by these little phonies. Some of the forty cents I paid to see the indelicate movie should have been refunded to me. If fifty thousand young women go to see Loretta Young in a picture because they read in a fan magazine that Miss Young—God forbid—reads Plato fifteen minutes every day while standing on her head, they are being gypped out of part of their money. If all these synthetic personalities of Hollywood are fakes, we are paying for the build-ups at the box office. If the enthusiasm of the commercial plug on the air is a fake, our money is being taken away from us because we are paying for the talent and for the network and all the other expenses on the radio program.

Still I don't mind so long as I am not too conscious of the phony. I have been trapped by intellectual faking and by political faking as often as I have been trapped by commercial faking. If I did not exactly believe that we would all have to wear tags like a dog's license plate under the Social Security Act, it is because I am accustomed to the worst types of political phonies in the last days of a campaign. No one expects either honor or intelligence in the week before the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. But the phonies in the movies and in the advertisements on the air are becoming too offensive. They assume that we haven't any intelligence whatever and if we keep on tolerating them, they will be right. ⧻

A WELCOME *Holiday Gift* with Fashion Acceptance

FIRST NIGHTER

PAJAMAS

$2.50

IN SOLID COLORS

at Leading Stores Everywhere

AS ILLUSTRATED $3.50

We brought out the now celebrated **FIRST NIGHTER** as a smart sleeping garment, BUT . . . we couldn't get the wearers to bed. They insisted on strutting themselves for the admiration of friends.

They still are a grand sleeping pajama, don't forget it. But for any informal gathering such as deckwear on cruises, lounging at home and entertaining, **FIRST NIGHTERS** are really "going to town." Even "the girls" find this mannish tailored idea a welcome addition to their wardrobe. The soft, close-fitting **OTIS BALBRIGGAN** top is cut to compliment the manly chest. The striped shirt with crew neck, illustrated, is new, smart. They come in a wide selection of fashionable three-color combinations.

Dark-toned; pleated Broadcloth trousers, tailored with cuffs and **WONDERBELT** waistbands, and pockets for handkerchief and cigarettes, make the garment. You're Style all the While when you wear **FIRST NIGHTER.**

De luxe **FIRST NIGHTER** *fine mercerized lisle* $3.50

OTIS BALBRIGGAN *tailored by*

WELDON *Makers of Style Pajamas Exclusively*

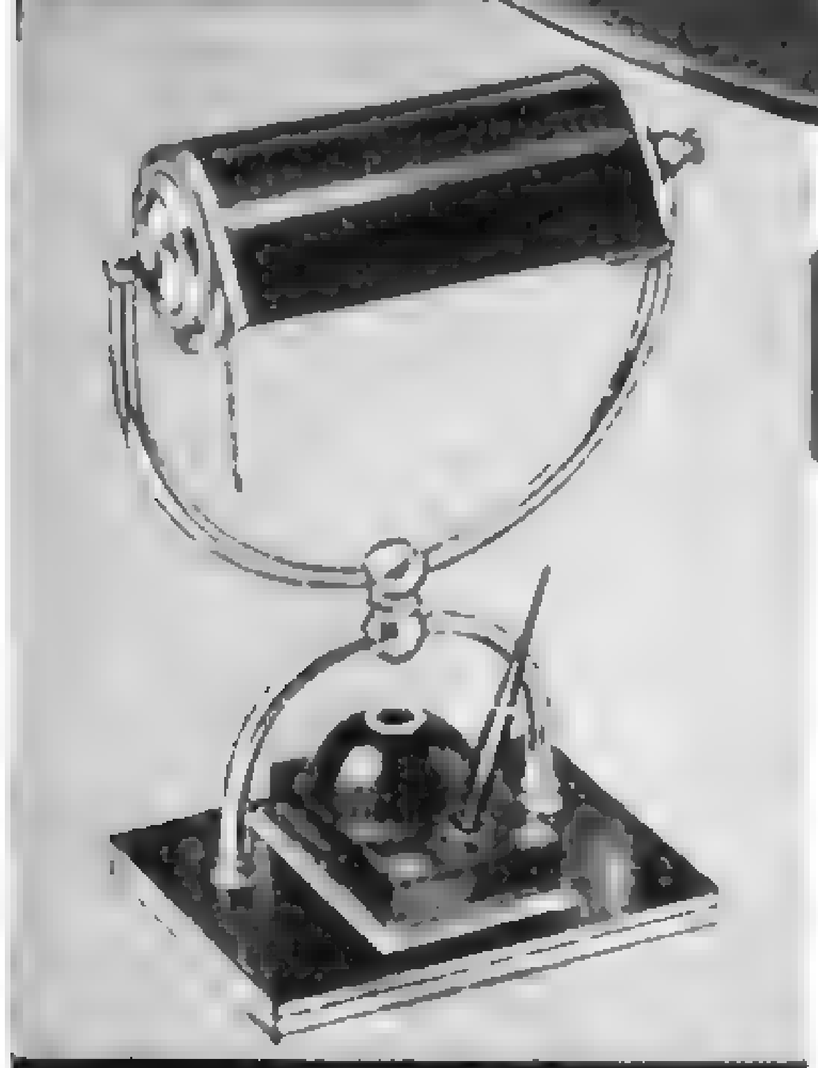
If your dealer does not carry Weldon Pajamas, we will be glad to advise you where to secure them.

LUBIN-WEEKER CO., Inc. • 1270 Broadway, N. Y. C.

you could write the
GRANDDADDY
of all
CHRISTMAS
LISTS
WITH ONE FILLING OF THE
handi-pen
DESK SET

Models in black, green, gun metal, or antique copper finish, chrome trimmed, and with or without chrome base, from ....$3.00 to $4.00
Plain black or green without chrome trim $2.50

you fill it
ONCE a YEAR★



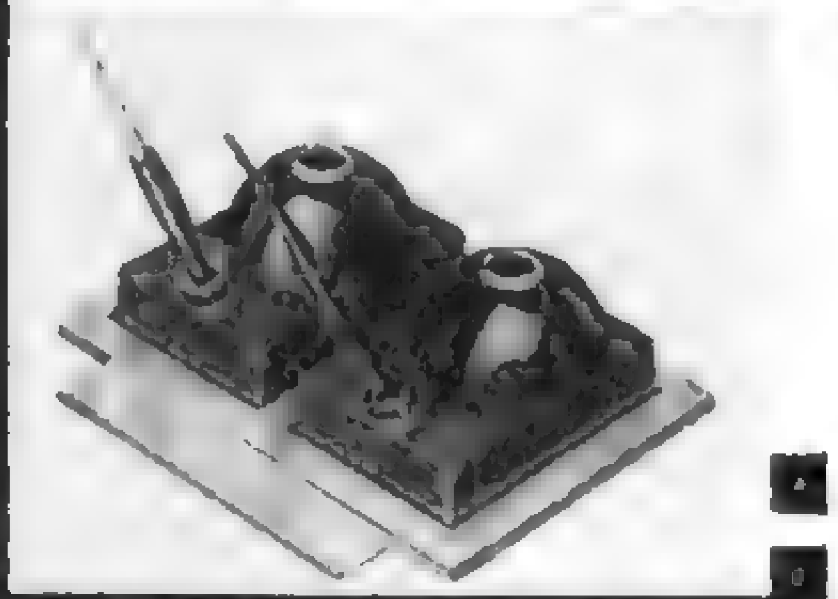
THE HANDI-PEN LAMP SET
The Handi-Pen Desk Set is here incorporated as part of a lamp of stately design and sturdy construction. Finished in lustrous chrome and black enamel. An adjustable lamp shade so you can "spot" the light just where you want it. $14.50.

Santa keeps cheerful — so can you, if your pen never runs dry. And that's what it always seems to do, just when you are getting warmed up. Unfortunately, tearing your hair doesn't help. Your only solution is the *handi-pen.*

Here's a desk set that *will* do away with this perpetual nuisance. An average writer need fill it only once a year—no constant dipping, clogging, or flooding.

This iridium-tipped, gold-plated pen, always resting in ink at the proper level, is always ready to write — with amazing smoothness and speed. There is practically no evaporation *and* it's unbreakable. Ask your local stationer about the *handi-pen* and 10-day free trial offer, or write direct to the factory for folder and information.

By Sengbusch



THE DOUBLE HANDI-PEN DESK SET
Available with chrome base in either black, green, gun metal, or antique copper finish with or without chrome trim. $7.00 to $8.50.

★ Holds six ounces of ink — enough for the writing needs of the average user for a year. Doesn't run dry.

SENGBUSCH SELF-CLOSING INKSTAND CO.
12E Sengbusch Building
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Shoot me the name of my nearest dealer who'll let me give the *handi-pen* a thorough 10-day test, free of charge. I understand there is absolutely no obligation on my part.

Also send me your free illustrated folder on Sengbusch *handi-pen* Desk Sets for general home and office use.

Name..........

Street..........

City.......... State..........

Women Are Like Gongs

Continued from page 73

own childish woodshed days you'll remember what hooey that is, and she won't believe you anyway. If there were truth in it, then there'd be no point to the beating unless you were a confirmed masochist.

You'll remember the popular song of several years ago, *My Man*, in which a lady explains she adores the guy even though he beats her. Experienced wife-smiters will recognize this as sheer sophistry. Obviously she loves him *because* he beats her. Which brings us to another rule: don't overdo a good thing.

Once you have your wife educated to a schedule of regular punition, watch carefully for a change in her attitude toward the act. When she stops calling you a beast, a brute and a fiend; when she no longer threatens to go home to mother after each session, then you must vary the routine for she's beginning to like it. If you have been beating her five times a week, for instance, cut the number down to three. This will be disturbing, and she'll wonder if you've stopped loving her. In time, of course, you can go back to the original procedure, always wary for a return of inuredness.

As to reasons for beating your wife, you alone can select those. There are some men who don't mind eating cold toast, others who can take back-seat driving with never a quiver. On the other hand, I know a north Florida fruit grower who reserves all his wife-beating activities for those occasions when his charming young helpmeet puts red polish on her fingernails. Oddly enough, although she has been tanned several hundred times, she uses the stuff at frequent intervals.

Certainly there are few husbands who will not agree that nagging is good and sufficient cause for a swing session. And since the wife who does not nag, at some time or other, is as rare as a Republican in Tammany, you can put that down at the top of your list. Next, probably, will come sulking or pouting, with putting asparagus in omelets, using your razor to sharpen pencils, getting fat, giving you red ties for Christmas and asking your in-laws over for Sunday dinner, in the order named. You can add your own personal peeves *ad infinitum*.

In Russia, before Stalin & Co. took all the guts out of the citizenry, there was once a pretty custom which allowed husbands to whip their wives in the public square. This could be done either by the gentleman himself, or by an official of the town. Unfortunately this charming fancy cannot be followed in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Ergo, one of your rules is beat your wife only in the sanctity of the home. Public trouncings, no matter how justified, will only eventuate in a fine or jail term and a reputation for being a cad. Further, from the wife's standpoint, private leatherings may be more painful by reason of the opportunity allowed for doing a thorough job, but she at least has not lost face in the eyes of society. No lady, whatever her personal views on wife-beating may be, could reasonably be expected to overlook a sidewalk spanking, whereas the same experience in the boudoir could be brushed over as just another domestic incident.

A sad commentary on that question is provided by any history of Florida. One J. W. Ewan, known locally as "The Duke of Dade," was highly admired and respected until one day on the main street he turned a lady over his knee and administered a spanking to her *derrière* area while Miami *en masse* watched. His arrest brought out the fact that he had been spanking the same lady, in private, for some months, but that did not tip the justice scales and the Duke was fined like a lowly brawler.

Although the common law still says a man may beat his wife, because a man and woman are one, and the man is that One, each state has its own rules and punishments for husbands unlucky enough to be caught. A majority classify wife-beating under assault and battery, which is highly unfair, since assault connotes the intention to do harm. Actually, wife-beating is usually inspired by a desire on the part of the husband to do his wife some good, yet that argument has failed again and again to influence stern jawed gentlemen of the bench.

Yet there are more than a few progressive, clear-thinking justices in this nation. Some time ago, in Ohio, one of the enlightened not only released a husband who had been accused of paddling his nagging wife with a hair brush, but propounded in his opinion that there would be fewer divorces if more husbands followed that example. I forbear using the jurist's name, for he is still getting indignant letters from Lucy Stoners and such.

Lacking the good offices of a sympathetic jurist, it is nevertheless possible to enjoy beating your wife without undue fear of spending ten days or so in the bastille. Attorneys of a dozen states have given assurance that under the law a husband may wham his wife all he pleases, provided he can prove that said whamming was for the purpose of preserving connubial harmony and bliss. The act, it is true, can be offered as sound grounds for divorce, a matter which does not concern us at the moment. The point is, given an honest face, a forthright look and a good mouthpiece, any husband can beat a wife-beating rap.

In truth, law enforcers themselves are turning more and more to corporal punishment as a preventive and corrective measure. The latest, and one of the most

Continued at top of page 246

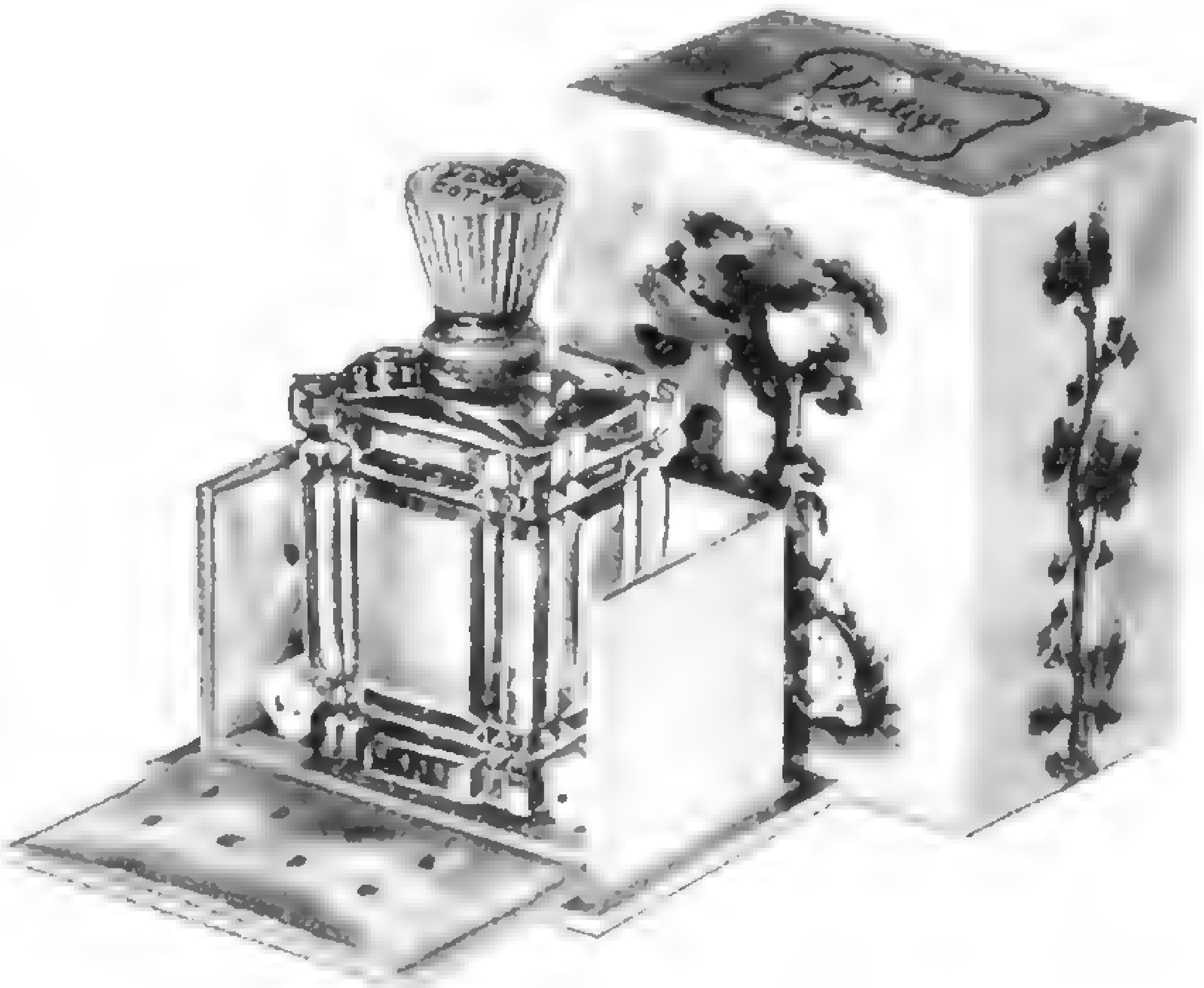
No
gift
transcends
the
glory
of

Perfume

Long past Christmas... she'll thrill to the special sentiment that your gift of Coty Perfume conveys. For perfume is glamorous beyond all other gifts... and Coty surrounds magnificent scents with added brilliance: flacons of luxurious beauty... packages of dramatic richness... and many ensembles that combine the practical with festive, feminine charm.

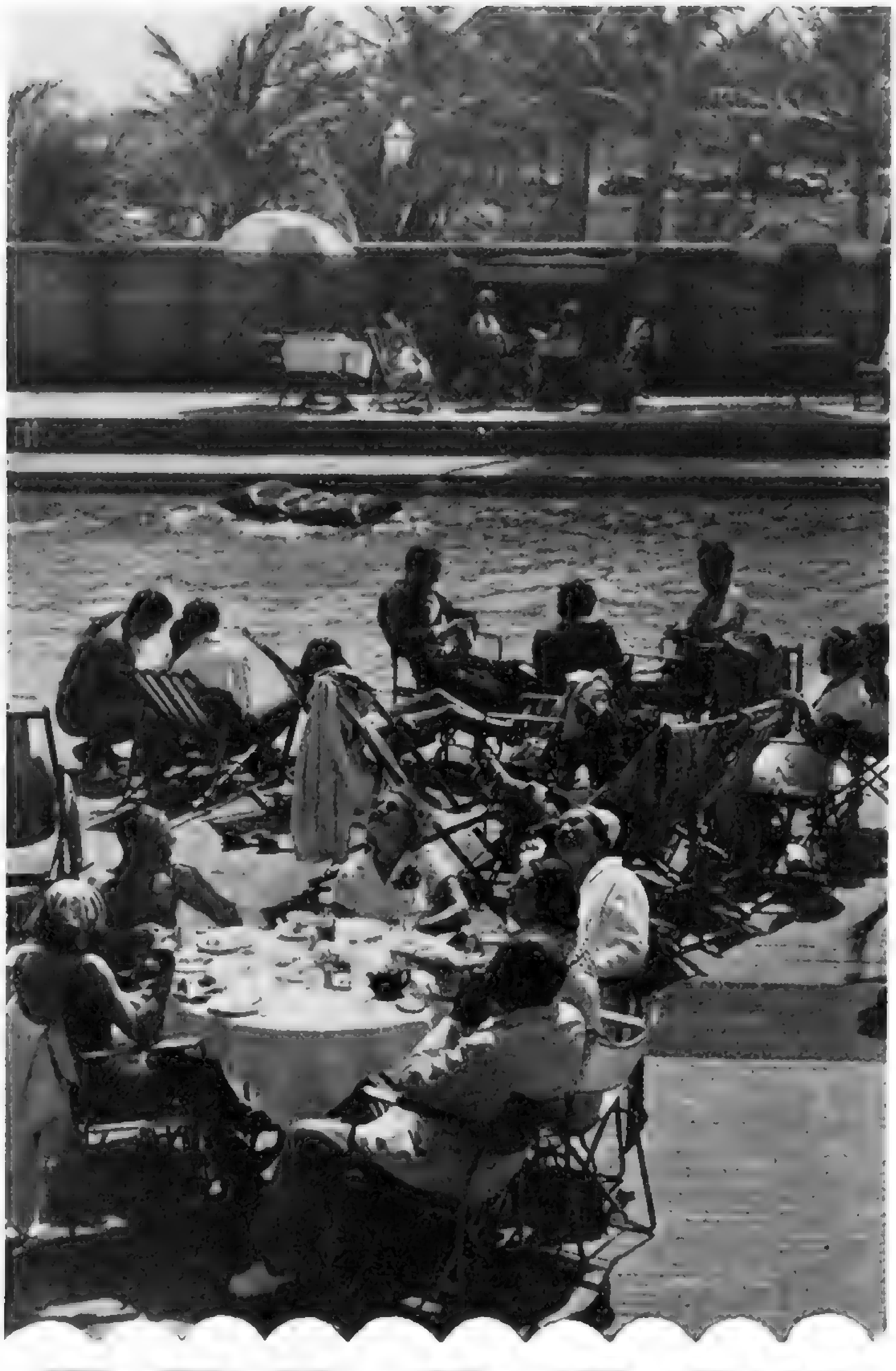
Coty

Emeraude Perfume, rich. exotic... $9.75 to $1.



"Le Vertige," The Perfume of the Dance, $35 to $10.

Treasure Chest... containing 8 Coty luxuries, $13.75



MIAMI

Lines by a
BEACH-COMBER
"DE LUXE"

"YES, SIR, this is Miami's year—and it's going to be my year in Miami. Currently, they are building at a $1,000,000 a month rate—new facilities, new activities, new interests. They're going to be my interests, too, along with golf, swimming, bathing, big game fishing—life, gaiety, romance under the Spell of the Tropics! Miami's the place for 'beach-combing de luxe' and you'll find me there for at least a part of this winter—a typical, tropical son of the beach."

Tired Business Men, relax! Miami has an answer to your problems, too! Close expensive Northern homes, move your families here and join them frequently on weekend commuting trips that will bake out winter chills and ills in ultra-violet sunshine! Picture your children here—sunkissed, healthy—schooling, playing, living outdoors. Mother—free from housekeeping drudgery—awakened to a new set of social and cultural interests—because Miami is a city of homes as well as a rendezvous for play-time America. Don't dismiss this idea with a casual "oh, that's impossible." This is Miami's year—and your year for Miami!

★ You owe it to yourself, to your family, to get the whole picture. Miami's new Official City Booklet is the most complete ever compiled—photos, sports programs, tables of accommodations and costs indexed for ready reference. Write today or use the coupon below for quick results.

Free

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

(1)

Chamber of Commerce
MIAMI, FLORIDA
Please send me the Official City of Miami Booklet entitled "The Pursuit of Happiness"

*Name*____________________
*Address*__________________
*City*____________*State*_______

Women Are Like Gongs

Continued from pages 73-244

significant moves in this direction comes from Marshal Edward Carpenter of Powhatan, Ohio—what progressive folk those Buckeyes are!—who has applied a paddle to some 200 minor malefactors, male and female, in order to stamp out juvenile crime. That, by the way, he has literally done, meanwhile providing Powhatan with an excellent crop of future husbands and wives.

New York authorities currently are overlooking the national publicity given a lower East Side Italian who makes his living manufacturing cat-o'-nine-tails in three sizes—small for children, medium for mild wives and large for wild wives. The good man's face has been printed far and wide, grinning over a tableful of his handiwork, but thus far no peace officer has thought it necessary to put a stop to what is, apparently, an asocial pursuit.

Reasonably assured of a square deal from the law, in the event your squaw objects too strenuously, you can next proceed to a consideration of the devices required for a regime of scientific wife-beating.

There are schools of thought which lean heavily toward the light, or whimsical, class of cudgels. These include such garden variety things as slippers, small books, rulers and shingles, and are ideal for brides and ladies with tender hides.

A somewhat lustier group of husbands favor the Old Reliables—razor strops, belts and riding crops. This clique, however, is composed of Gentlemen of the Old School and silver wedding anniversary approachers.

Heavy voting, of course, is cast by the Simon-pures who feel that nothing can quite equal the male palm as an instrument of hymenal correction.

Last in the line-up come the opportunists who employ any old thing they can lay their fingers on at the psychological moment. Several of this group had to cast absentee ballots, being incarcerated in federal prisons for homicide.

Whatever your choice of weapons, the matter of selecting that portion of your soul-mate on which to operate is rather definitely settled by nature. Certainly when the forces of evolution got together and formed woman with that utilitarian cushion of flesh appended to her os coccyx, it was with more subtle intent than the mere provision of something to swing in the rumba. No, among gentlemen, there can be no quarrel with choice of the caudal.

But if *my* wife reads this, I'm kidding. #

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 144

dorse it. In view of his generous sound and forthright concurrence in the aims and purposes of the higher drama criticism, I can only hope that he will at the next meeting of his brother managers again not only emphatically reiterate what he has told them regarding criticism in the past but will further attest to his unimpeachable probity, courage and sincerity by suggesting that a silver plaque, suitably inscribed and maybe accompanied by a case of beer, be awarded annually to that critic who, irrespective of its producer, has done his best to shoo off the proudly growing stage of New York any such inferior play as *French Without Tears*.

At this point it is quite possible that you may wonder just what kind of stuff this *French Without Tears* and this *George and Margaret* are. I shall tell you in just two Dreiserian syllables. The former is the kind in which the dialogic humor runs like this:

Kit: I don't agree with you. You can't judge women by our standards of Right and Wrong.

Alan: They have none of their own, so how can you judge them?

Kit: Why judge them at all? . . . You've just got to take them or leave them. I'll take them.

Rogers: I'll take vanilla.

And the latter is the kind in which the humor runs like this:

Alice: Dudley, do go out and buy some good cigars. Malcolm, what's a good cigar?

Malcolm: Half a Corona after lunch, I should say.

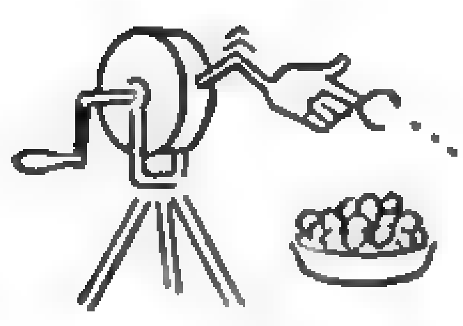
Alice: Oh, we don't want to appear mean. Get whole ones, Dudley.

While the English are occupying themselves in the manufacture of such candy-balls, their Irish neighbors are doing their best to write plays that may give a renewed life to the theatre. In these Irish, I firmly believe, lies more than in any other people the immediate future of the better drama. And one of the newest talents among them is the Teresa Deevy whose *Katie Roche* figures in the Abbey Players' repertoire.

That this Miss Deevy has not yet completely found herself is apparent. But also apparent is the fact that when she does completely and dramatically find herself she should give us plays that will add a measure of luster to the already admirable Irish record. In this particular play she attempts, often successfully, to delineate the character of a young woman whose impulses and actions frequently war with her mind and whose mind in turn frequently wars with her impulses and actions. That, I appreciate, is a pretty weak and faulty way to put a finger on her theme and her play, which are veined with feline and obreptitious touches, but as the London *Times* critic said upon reviewing the exhibit, it is almost impossible to convey an idea of its quality on paper. Why

Continued on page 248

This Christmas . . .
make people think you're grand
this new easy way

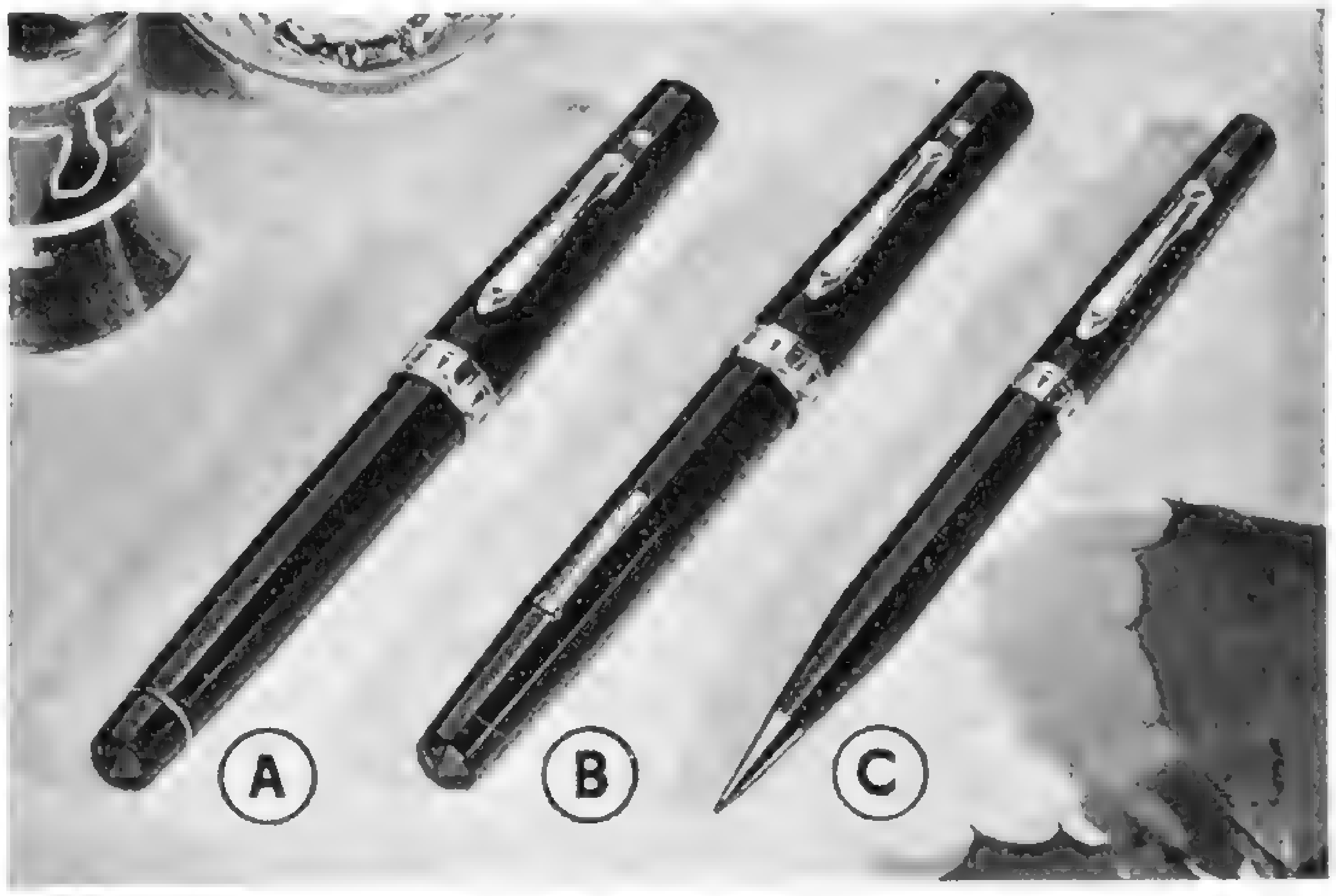


DON'T GIVE THIS—This hand-turned pitter pushes the pits out of prunes with almost-human deftness. But even for Aunt Etta, an Eversharp Pen is a better gift—and *sure* to be appreciated.

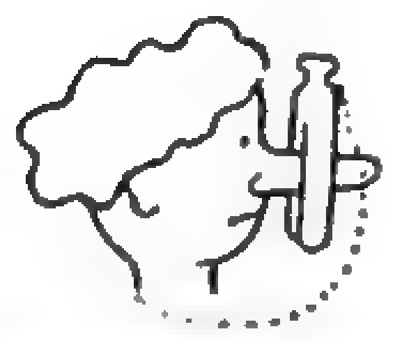
GIVE THIS—Eversharp's gold-filled pen and Repeating Pencil set in a dubonnet gift box, $17.50. Pen, $12.50, pencil, $5. Or you can get Eversharp's half gold-filled and half pyralin set (pen and Repeating Pencil) at $13.75. Pen, $10.00. Pencil, $3.75. Pens in both these exquisite sets have Eversharp's famed *Safety Ink Shut-Off. Adjustable Point, 50c extra.

WE
DON'T
WANT
ANY

THIS IS RISKY—Here is a patented doorbell answerer, with a peddler-foiling hand that flies up and says, "*We don't want any!*" But it might scare away someone's rich uncle—better give an Eversharp Pen.



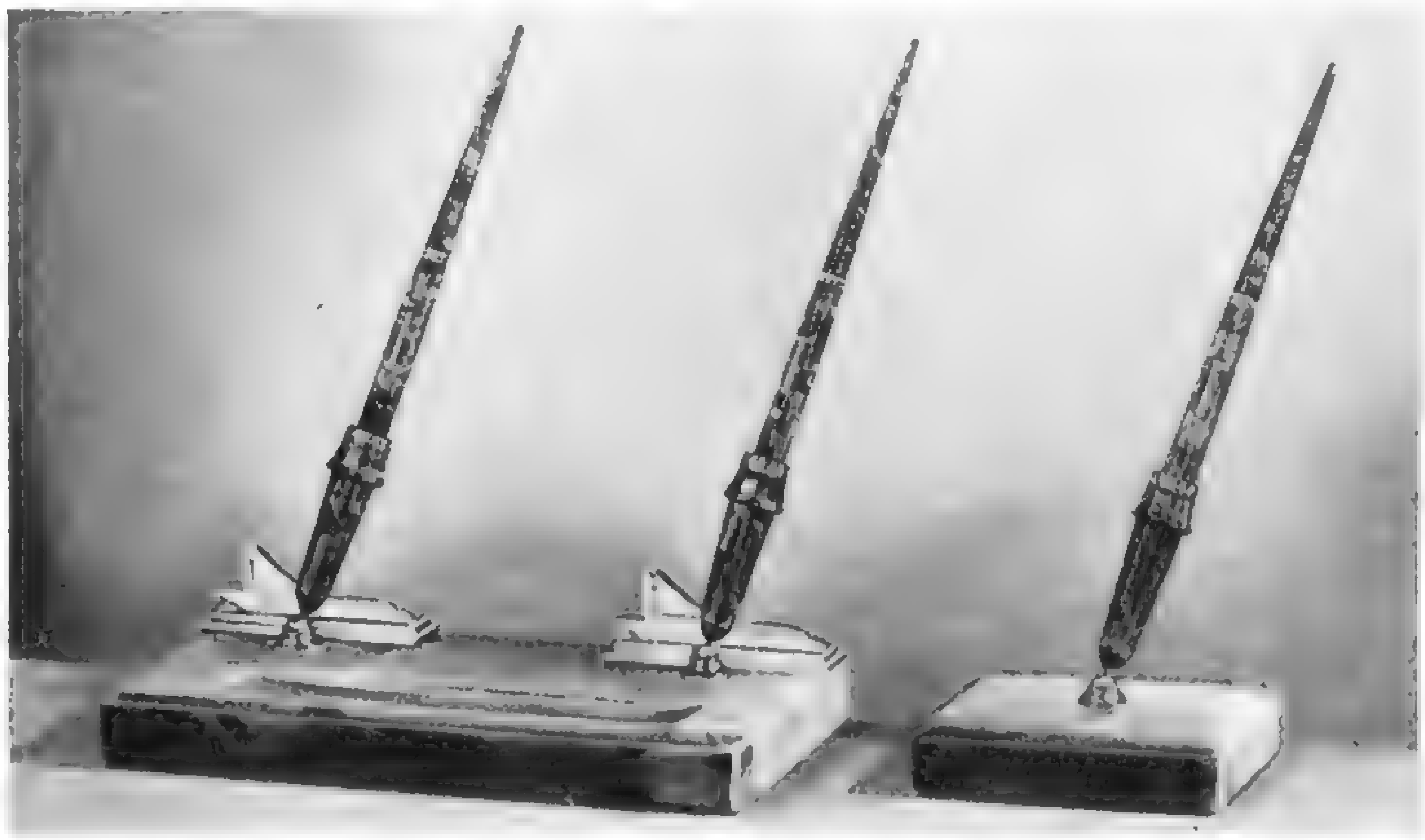
HERE'S SOMETHING SAFER—(A) New Eversharp *Deluxe* vacuum-filler pen. (B) New Eversharp *Royal* lever-filler pen. Exclusive Safety Ink Shut-Off. (C) Matching pencil. Classic Doric design, jet black pyralin and other colors. Pens $5 and up. Pencils $3 and up. $7.50 and $10 pens guaranteed-for-life, with Adjustable point, 50c extra.



DIFFERENT, BUT—This patent odor eradicator may seem the perfect gift for someone who lives where Incineration is a major industry. But—an Eversharp Repeating Pencil will receive a warmer welcome.

BETTER PLAY SAFE—Give a handy Eversharp Repeating Pencil. Press top for new point. Feeds continuously. Fill but twice a year—holds enough Eversharp Square Lead for six months' writing! Black pyralin and rhodium, $2. Black and green pearl pyralin and rhodium, $2.50. Black or dubonnet pyralin and gold-filled, $3.50. Gold-filled with black or dubonnet pyralin trim, $5.

STEER CLEAR—of such gifts as flashlight bedroom slippers, alleged to be marvelous for walking around in the dark. The Eversharp desk sets below are something anyone will appreciate more.



THESE ARE GIFTS TO BE CHERISHED—(1) Desk set (two pens or pen and pencil) in silver shell pyralin with white gold-filled trim. Base of rare gray Aragonite onyx. This set is $40. (2) One Eversharp silver shell pyralin pen and gray Aragonite onyx base, $10. Other sets, in beautiful materials, $5 to $85

All prices slightly higher in Canada

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EVERSHARP

PENS . . . . PENCILS . . . . DESK SETS

THE WAHL COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

READY...

. . for adventure, for perfume is an adventure . . a gift received with an open heart, worn with a singleness of purpose . .

be remembered by the perfume classics from the hand of

Jeanne Lanvin

Lanvin paris

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 144-246

it should be, I don't quite know, as—despite what we are often told—the quality of almost anything may be conveyed on paper provided the critical reporter has the proper amount of penetration and the literary gift for translating his thoughts and impressions. It is, therefore, doubtless only the London *Times* critic's and my own shortcomings in these directions that prevent us from catching on paper the essence of this specific play. I have tried to work out a way to accomplish the trick, but I confess failure.

Yet, though I personally, like my critical brother across the sea, seem to be unable to do it, it should not be so very difficult. Miss Deevy writes very simply, and very directly, and without dramaturgic circumlocution. But her very simplicity and directness paradoxically add to the reporter's confusion when he takes up his pen and endeavors to poke it under and into the odd sub-content of her work. On the surface, her play is ABC: a young woman of dubious birth marries a man considerably older than herself, feels within her the urge to take up again with a younger love which she has abandoned, and is very unhappy about it all. But that is no more the play than a young man who suspects his mother of having conspired against his father is *Hamlet.* The play seems to lie rather in a group of persons who try pathetically to secure happiness and contentment and who are met at every turn by the fateful necessity of a doomful compromise. It is in her periodically acute handling of inner character that the playwright demonstrates her skill. And if at times her characters seem to get out of her hand in her capacity as a clear and vivid dramatist it is only because, very probably, they have originally got out of God's hand as completely intelligible, rational and consistently routinized human beings.

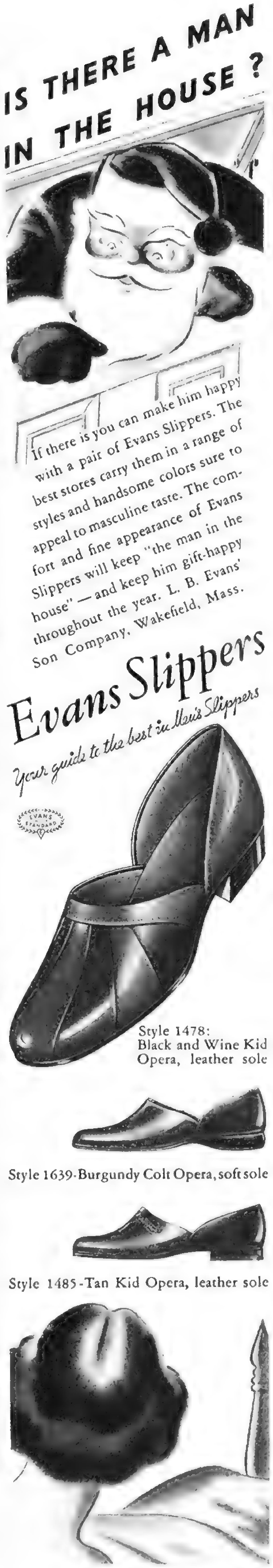
That the play is a really fine play, as the critic of the London *Times* hails it, I cannot agree. It is, I think, by no means all of that. But it is at least a play with pride in its heart, and honesty in its mind, and a contempt for the facile and superficially impressive stage that so many of Miss Deevy's fellow playwrights directly across the water to the east so highly esteem. Its leading defect, as I have noted, is the inability of Miss Deevy, thus far, fully to master the primary, cardinal colors on her dramaturgic palette. The secondary shades she handles well, but the reds and blues have about them too much obviousness and harshness.

Another play out of the Irish theatre that is imminently due for unveiling as I write this is the *Shadow and Substance* of Paul Vincent Carroll, author of *Things That Are Caesar's.* Here, again, we get something infinitely superior to the prevailing flood of English lollipops. Taking as his theme the theatrically venerable one of a dubious and corrupted faith purified and regenerated by a faith full in its own innocence and chastity, Carroll has sung it into a new vigor and beauty and has, through his dramatic eloquence, made even its clichés frequently non-apparent. Surely a playwright who in this day can lay hold of that hokum figure of the drama of forty years ago, the young girl whose passionate purity of belief converts the mica of others' beliefs into true gold, and who can give it a touch of nobility, a measure of persuasion and a share of dramatic fecundity is an uncommon fellow. And Carroll seems to be such a one.

But that is not all. In the hands of a lesser playwright the essential sentimentality of the theme would in all likelihood stubbornly come to the surface, however much he struggled to suppress it, with all the sickening sweetness of the sugar at the bottom of an old fashioned. Not so in Carroll's case. So artfully has he mixed the sentiment with bitters, so adroitly has he held in check the old business of hearts too good to be true, that the effect is not for a moment gagging. It is only when, for some unaccountable reason other than the probability that some ass has impressed him with the need for comic relief, he permits himself to violate the motif and tone of his composition with a dab of that fraudulent and unconscionable hooey that one feels like standing him up against a wall and for the sake of his immortal professional soul bombarding him with *pâtes* of juicy squash. Nor would it be a bad idea to reserve at least one of the *pâtes* for a final heave at him when he pulls the ancient and ignominious dodge of having a character, for presumable comic effect, heavily mispronounce certain names.

These, however, are not too grievous faults in what is otherwise a play of very genuine emotional power. With any such play it is unfair to exercise a too hard and sharp mental approach. To do so is akin to laughing in church, however rationally and justifiably, or soberly philosophizing at a pleasure park why one ever allowed oneself the questionable stimulation of a switch-back roller coaster, or closely analyzing one's best girl. Such things are designed purely to jounce the emotions and must be accepted in that light. It is to Carroll's considerable credit that he does the job as intelligently as such a job probably can be done. And it is to his further credit that he is able to fool you, in the process of being pleasurably moved and agitated, into imagining that you have been using your mind all the while. As one great thinker, in other words and accordingly, I like his play.

But the least error in the delicate casting of its rôles will spell its theatrical doom.



IS THERE A MAN IN THE HOUSE ?

If there is you can make him happy with a pair of Evans Slippers. The best stores carry them in a range of styles and handsome colors sure to appeal to masculine taste. The comfort and fine appearance of Evans Slippers will keep "the man in the house" — and keep him gift-happy throughout the year. L. B. Evans' Son Company, Wakefield, Mass.

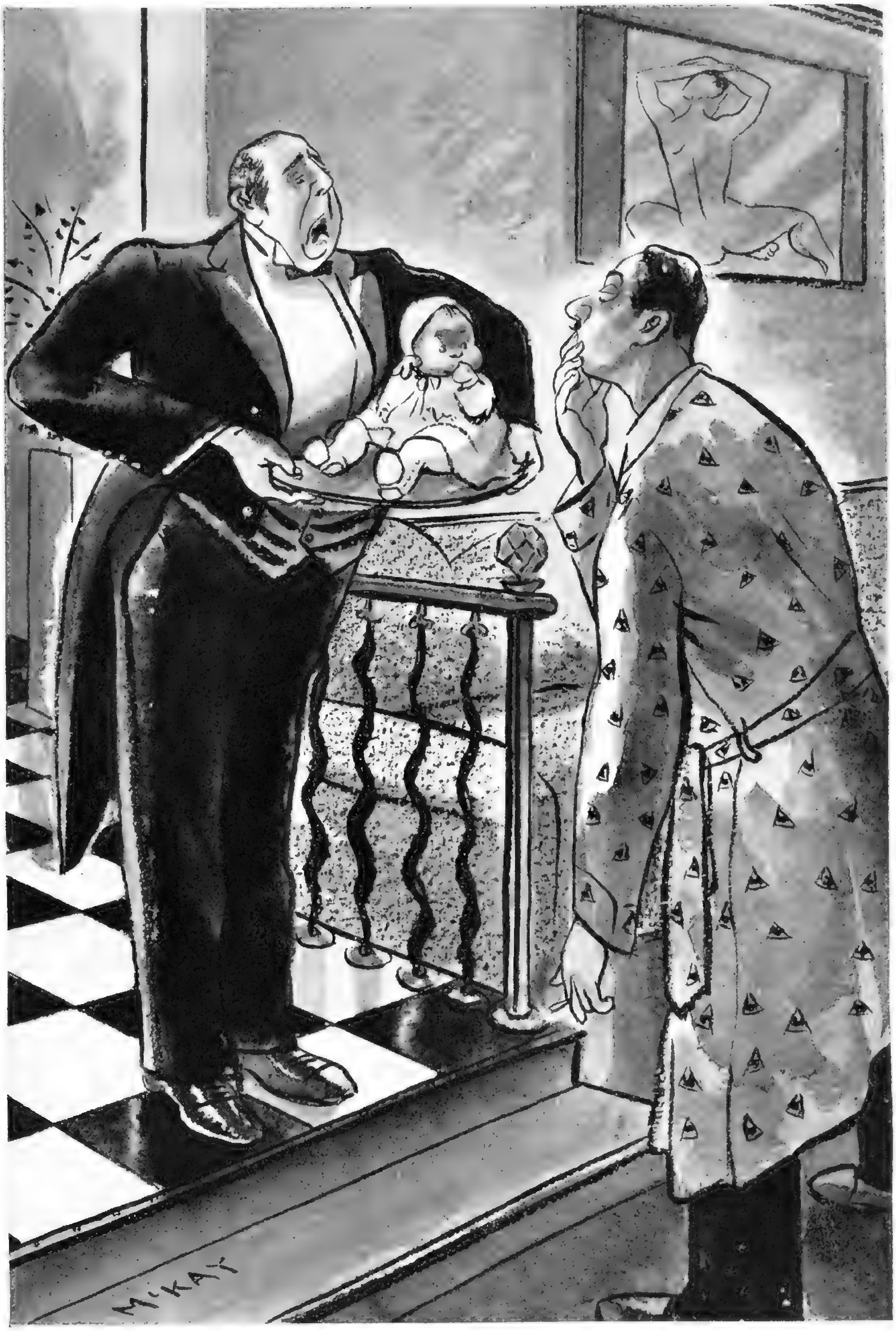
Evans Slippers

Your guide to the best in Men's Slippers

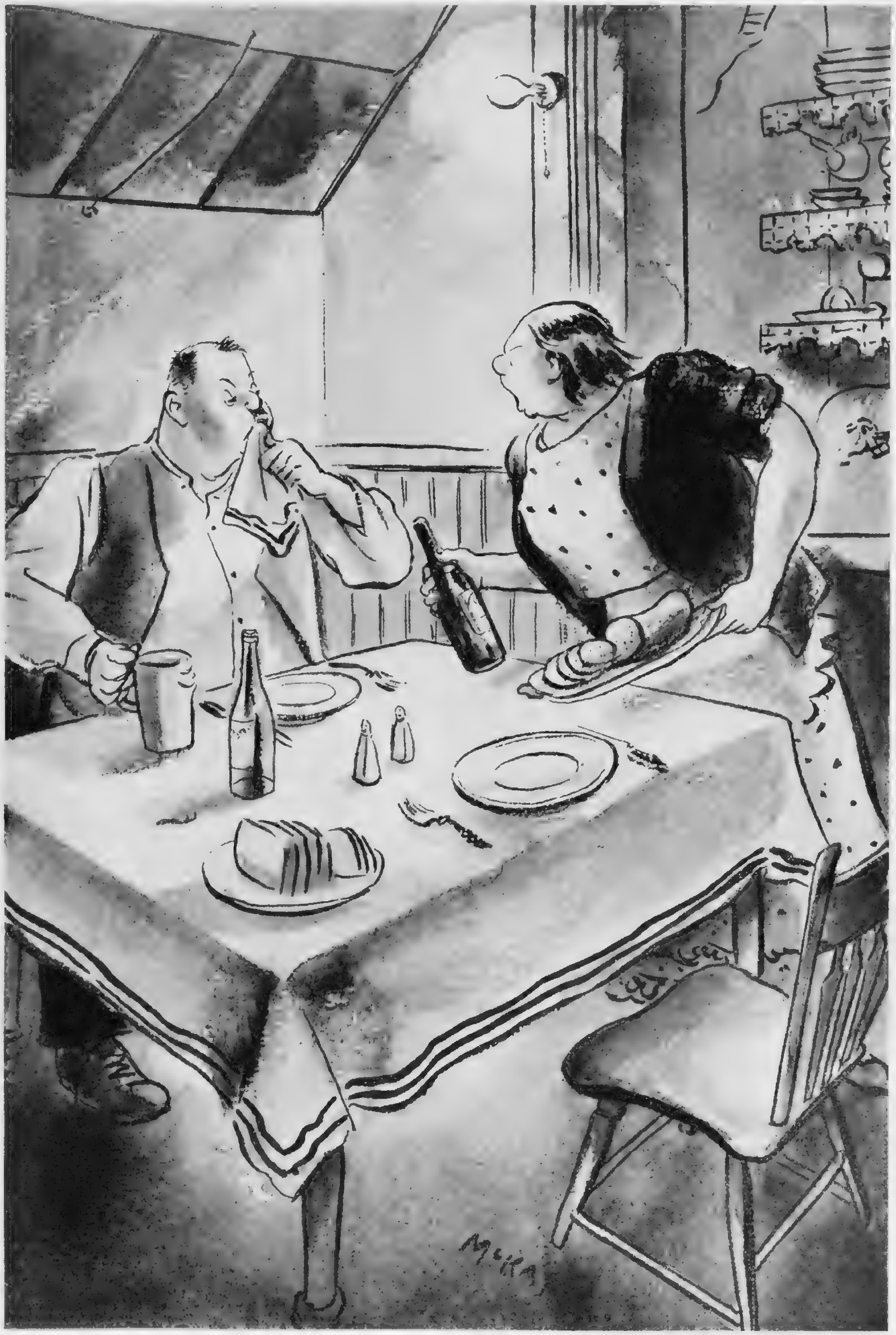
Style 1478: Black and Wine Kid Opera, leather sole

Style 1639-Burgundy Colt Opera, soft sole

Style 1485-Tan Kid Opera, leather sole

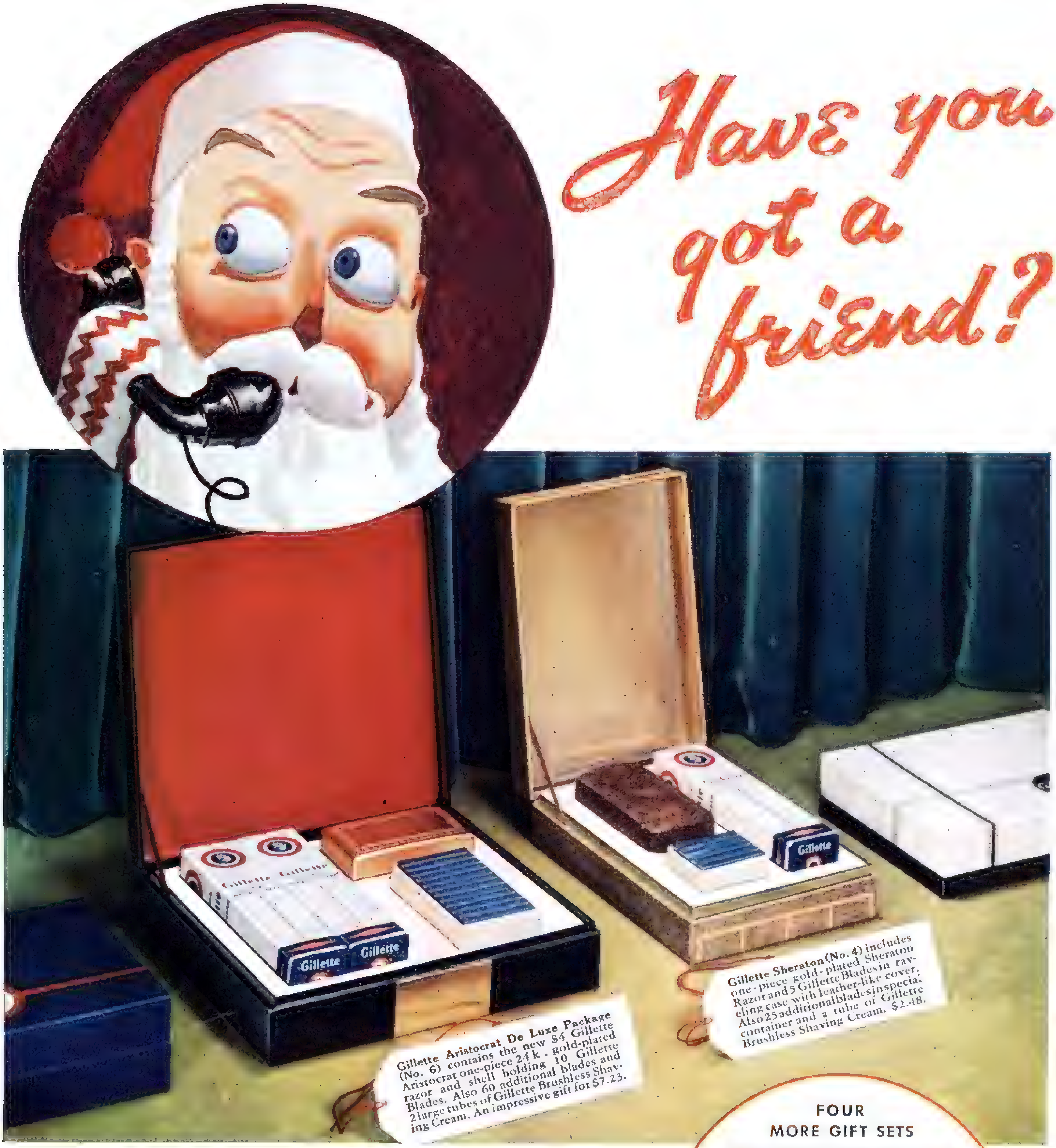


"I told her you were out, Sir—so she said she'd leave a message!"



"Baloney an' beer!! Baloney an' beer!—What happened to yer promises of caviar and champagne?"

Have you got a friend?



Gillette Aristocrat De Luxe Package (No. 6) contains the new $4 Gillette Aristocrat one-piece 24 k. gold-plated razor and shell holding 10 Gillette Blades. Also 60 additional blades and 2 large tubes of Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream. An impressive gift for $7.23.

Gillette Sheraton (No. 4) includes one-piece gold-plated Sheraton Razor and 5 Gillette Blades in traveling case with leather-like cover. Also 25 additional blades in specia. container and a tube of Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream. $2.48.

JOT these swell numbers down in your book. Look 'em over the first chance you get. They have lots of eye appeal—plenty of umph—and any adult male friend of yours would welcome one for his very own. Choose any number from 1 to 6 and you can't go wrong. They're in perfectly good taste and wonderfully appropriate for the occasion. Just call for Gillette Gift Sets at your dealer's. They make a grand impression—and are easy on the pocketbook. Combinations containing Gillette's ingenious new one-piece razors, superior brushless shaving cream and super-keen blades are included in the assortments. This Christmas give months of shaving comfort—and you'll have a friend for life.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, MASS.

FOUR MORE GIFT SETS

Gillette Aristocrat Package (No. 5) contains new $4 Gillette Aristocrat one-piece 24 kt. gold-plated razor and shell with 10 Gillette Blades. Also 20 additional blades in special container and a large tube Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream. $5.00.

Gillette Red and Black Package (No. 1) has gold-plated Gillette Razor in traveling case, and 15 Gillette Blades. An exceptional value at only 98¢.

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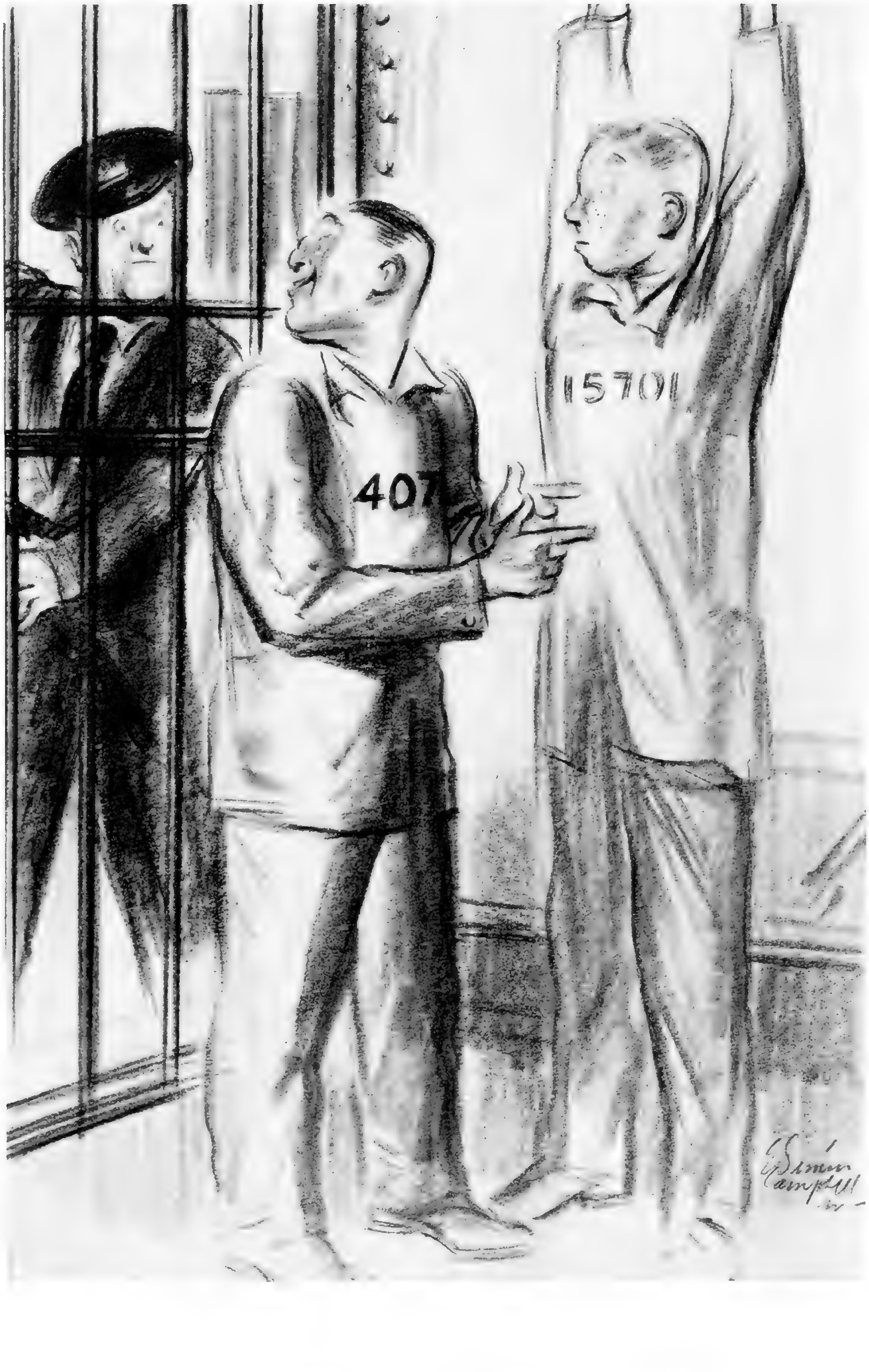
Gillette Red and Black Package (No. 3) holds gold-plated Gillette Razor and 30 blades, plus a tube of Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream. $1.97.

Gillette *Gift Sets*



"Just brushing up, sir . . . I get out tomorrow"

Fun in Prison

Continued from page 141

had succeeded in getting hold of a good-sized ham. This was a prize because he was sure of plenty to eat for a time and also could use a slice or two to obtain small favors from others. But he had the mishap to drop the ham as he and the rest of his cell row were marching in from work. A guard saw the ham on the floor, though he didn't know who had dropped it. He halted the prisoners and demanded: "Who stole that ham?"

Nobody answered. "Whoever it was might as well tell," said the guard. "If I don't find out who took that ham, the entire cell row will lose all privileges. Once again I ask you who stole that ham!"

Somebody yelled: "*What* ham?"

"That ham right yonder," replied the guard, pointing to where it had been on the floor.

But the ham was gone!

As a banker I had held aloof from taking part in local politics. Some of my former customers would have thought it funny how much I played politics in prison. I discovered that this was vitally necessary to make life bearable. If politics is the art of doing favors in expectation of receiving favors in return, then there is more of it in prison than almost anywhere else. Men are willing to make sacrifices for trifles because trifles have become important.

As there were relatively few men in the penitentiary of my clerical experience I found myself after a few months in the office that handles incoming prisoner mail. One day my assistant called my attention to a name on a certain letter. The name meant nothing to me but my assistant told me it was the man who had charge of the milk in the kitchen.

"If you took his letter to him directly," said the clerk, "there's no knowing what he might do."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"He might even force a glass of milk on you," he said. "You'd have to take that risk," he grinned.

Back in the days when I sometimes entertained lavishly in my home I never dreamed that the time would ever come when I would cultivate a man for the sake of a possible glass of milk. But I carried that man's letter to him as soon as I could. Sure enough, he smuggled into my pocket a pint of milk.

A prisoner from Massachusetts —like myself once in the banking business—tried to make the best of the situation by joking about everything. If a meal was particularly unpalatable he insisted that it was just what he liked.

"The cook is trying to mother me," he would say, "and is preparing what he thinks will tempt my jaded palate."

Sometimes I stayed away from a meal because I preferred to go hungry rather than face unappetizing food. My banker friend never failed to console me for my misfortune in missing what he called a feast.

"Too bad you didn't go to the table," he'd tell me, "because I never tasted such good food as we had today—delicious mushroom soup, alligator pear salad, nice guinea hen, and for dessert *baba au rhum*."

In the yard one day as some other prisoners passed us on their way to the baseball field, this man said with a twinkle: "I sometimes think we don't fully appreciate our blessings. You know those physical culture camps like Muldoon used to run, where they charge a high fee for making guests keep regular hours, eat simple food, and go through rigorous daily exercise. Well, here we are getting the same things for nothing."

Though he had a loathing for every phase of prison life as we all had, it appealed to his sense of humor to pretend that everything was exactly to his liking.

Prisoners sometimes laughed, I repeat, over episodes that were less funny than tragic. Several prisoners were seated on a bench one afternoon looking at a tennis game. One of these, serving a sentence of a year and a day—which meant that with time off for good behavior he would be released at the end of nine months and eighteen days—was lamenting to a quiet fellow at his side the slow passage of the weary weeks. He still had nearly six months to go. It occurred to him that perhaps the other prisoner was in for a still longer stretch and it might be polite to ask him.

"I'm doing life," said the quiet fellow casually.

The short-termer, feeling apologetic, stammered that he was worried about his wife.

"Have you a wife?" he asked.

"She went away with another guy and that's why I'm here," enigmatically replied the lifer.

Mention of the tennis courts recalls something that might more properly be considered humorous. I knew a prisoner who had been a member of a gang of mail robbers. He was known to have killed eleven people and was suspected of murdering several others—at least one in a manner decidedly horrible. Before he became a mail robber he had been a baker. As there was a scarcity of bakers in the prison population—and as this fellow had been a model prisoner for several years—he was assigned to work in the bakery. I cultivated him because he was sometimes able to fill my pockets with biscuits. He always tried to return a favor no matter how slight. If I gave him a cigarette and he promised to give one back within a week he always did so. (This practice of keeping one's word was characteristic of mail robbers I discovered. There was nothing petty about them for they had taken a chance in tackling Uncle Sam himself.) By way of doing this man a favor I tried to interest him one day in playing tennis. At first he scorned the idea as be-

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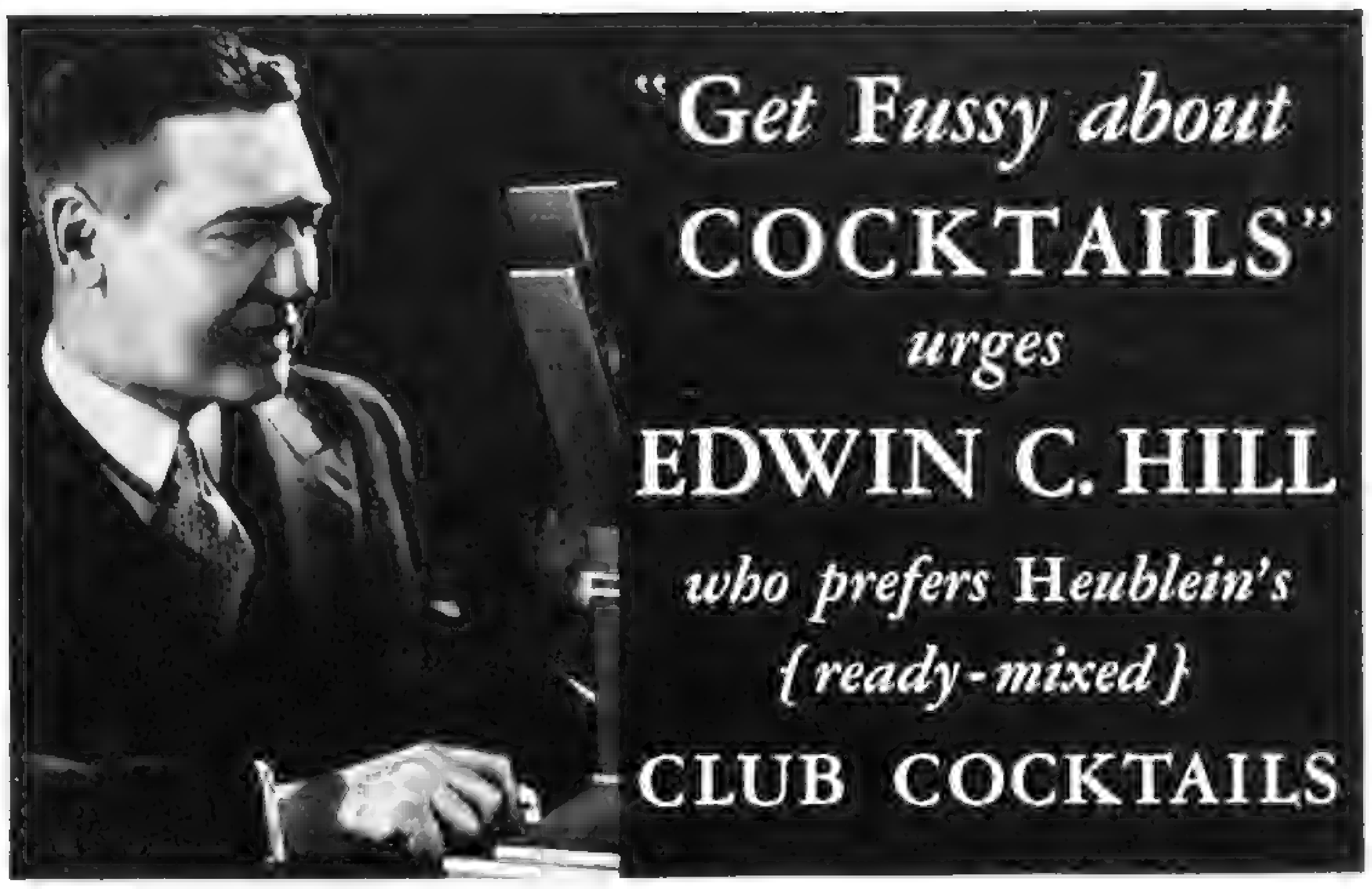

"I'M *hard to please when it comes to cocktails," says* Edwin C. Hill, *celebrated reporter, radio commentator, globe trotter. "Only a few barmen can mix cocktails just right for me. That's why I always have a few bottles of* Heublein's *superlative, ready-mixed* CLUB COCKTAILS *handy. You'll enjoy them as much as I do when you've tried them, I'm sure."*

TAKE Mr. Hill's suggestion. Try Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS. Your first taste will tell you why these are America's most popular cocktails. You'll find them delicious, wholly satisfying. They're made of costliest ingredients, blended by Heublein's veteran experts. And, saving you fuss and bother, these super-quality cocktails come always ready-mixed in the bottle, ready quickly to ice and pour. Only a few veteran barmen can match them in flavor. Not one home-mixer in ten thousand can even approximate it. Each bottle, with proper shaker-icing, supplies eighteen to twenty bumper drinks. What is left in an opened bottle keeps indefinitely. Order a bottle of your favorite variety today.

JUST ICE AND SERVE
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THE CLUB
MANHATTAN
COCKTAILS
18 *to* 20
bumper drinks
in each bottle

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By HEUBLEIN of HARTFORD

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IT'S CINZANO FOR MANHATTAN'S MANHATTANS

CINZANO VERMOUTH is widely enjoyed in Manhattan (and, of course, in Manhattans). There are two reasons for this. First: New York has so many cosmopolitan travellers from lands where good vermouth is part of good living. They prefer CINZANO. Second: native-born New Yorkers are great cocktail consumers. Sooner or later they try a cocktail made with CINZANO. And from that point on, it's always CINZANO for them!

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FROM ITALY
Alcohol 15.6% by volume

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FROM FRANCE
Alcohol 18% by volume

CINZANO
VERMOUTH

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.; SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

Fun in Prison

Continued from pages 141-253

neath his dignity. He said the game was for sissies. But finally he consented at least to look on and learn the rules. Those of us who played had established a rule that there should be no bickering. The player receiving a ball was to be the sole judge whether it was in or out of bounds on his side of the court. If he cheated about this the opposing player could cheat in return. But most of the time the prisoners played fairly enough. My friend the mail robber watched the game for several days in succession and appeared to be much in sympathy with the idea of self-imposed fair play. One morning he noticed that one player, a loud-mouthed fellow, repeatedly questioned his opponent's decisions, though he himself was obviously cheating.

"Maybe I'd better go over and speak to that fellow," suggested the mail robber. I told him we'd better say nothing until the end of the game. But a moment later he simply couldn't stand it any longer. He jumped up with a murderous look of indignation that alarmed everybody, walked over to the offending player, and with a preliminary string of profanity said: "You yellow-livered blankety son of a sea-cook, can't you understand this is a *gentleman's* game!"

At the time of my imprisonment I belonged to a number of clubs. I immediately resigned from all these, but there was one in which each member had to own a share of stock. I was considered still a member until I had sold my stock and this I was unable to do because membership in an expensive club, burdened with indebtedness, was not in demand. Bills for my dues kept coming to me and later I began to receive notices from a lawyer. He evidently did not know I was in prison but wrote me at my former business address. Finally he sent a letter in which he said: "If I don't receive a check from you within ten days I shall have to cause you some trouble."

Naturally, I had not replied to his letters before, since prisoners may send out only a limited number of letters and I did not wish to waste one on a stranger. But now I could not resist writing to him: "It may interest you to know that I am under sentence of five years in Federal prison. Moreover, I have tuberculosis in both lungs; my wife and children are dependent on the charity of friends; my debts exceed one million dollars, and I have not a penny of cash. You say you intend to cause me trouble. Just what form of trouble are you planning for me?"

I gave a copy of that letter to one or two acquaintances in prison and I think within two weeks every inmate had heard about it. If a fellow convict looked at me and grinned I knew he must have read the letter. All seemed to think I had a rich joke on that lawyer. ⧺

The Death of a Fox

Continued from page 102

the capture didn't appeal to him. It was a great game catching this big "Charlie"; he wanted to keep on playing it.

The trapper slept well, but upon awakening he seemed to remember dreaming of the incessant barking of a fox. In his dreams the barking had dwindled away to a happy laughter.

After a hearty breakfast, Jacques started on his trap line. The path led over the crest of the hill. It was the same slope from which the fox had barked his defiance, when the trapper had lowered his rifle.

Jacques stopped short. Fifty yards from his cabin were the fresh tracks of a fox. The animal had apparently spent some time on the spot. There was blood on the snow and—to the amazement of the trapper—partridge feathers!

Jacques hurried the two miles to the edge of the hardwood lands where he had made the water-set. He hurried because the feathers were from a hen partridge and the tracks those of the big Patch.

The bait was gone and the trap had been moved a little to one side. The fox had not stepped on the moss but had taken one step into the water and reached. It was a big animal and this was possible.

There was some mistake in the water-set, which had never failed him. What was it? Why had the clever Patch become suspicious?

Jacques knew that only man-scent could have made the animal suspicious. Why the big creature had taken the partridge to the hill overlooking the cabin was another question. The incident was rather uncanny.

Following his first failure with the water-set, Jacques made four more attempts.

He shot the partridge and baited the set carefully. He used four traps and once practically encircled the bait with the steel jawed inventions. On this occasion Jacques found neither bait nor traps tampered with, but he saw where the big reynard had circled the set and had apparently not risked reaching for the partridge. It was after this final display of cunning that the trapper realized he was up against an animal which had met him trick for trick and had outguessed him.

Desbarres did not attempt to trap the big Patch fox any more that winter. . . .

It was June. Jacques was hoeing his small potato garden. Overhead a lone crow was flying. The trapper paused and watched the crow. It would be a difficult shot, he thought. Then it came to him: When he had baited the water-set he had used a partridge shot through the breast with a twenty-two bullet. It was stupid that he

Continued on page 256

LANGTRY. 17 jewels. Smart new model in 14K yellow gold. Silk cord and solidgold fittings. $65.

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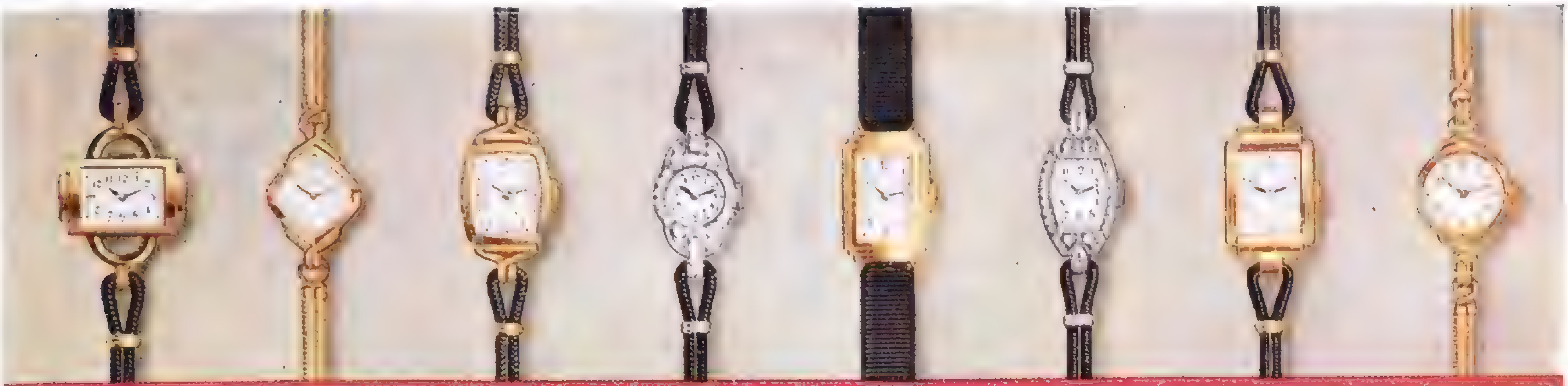

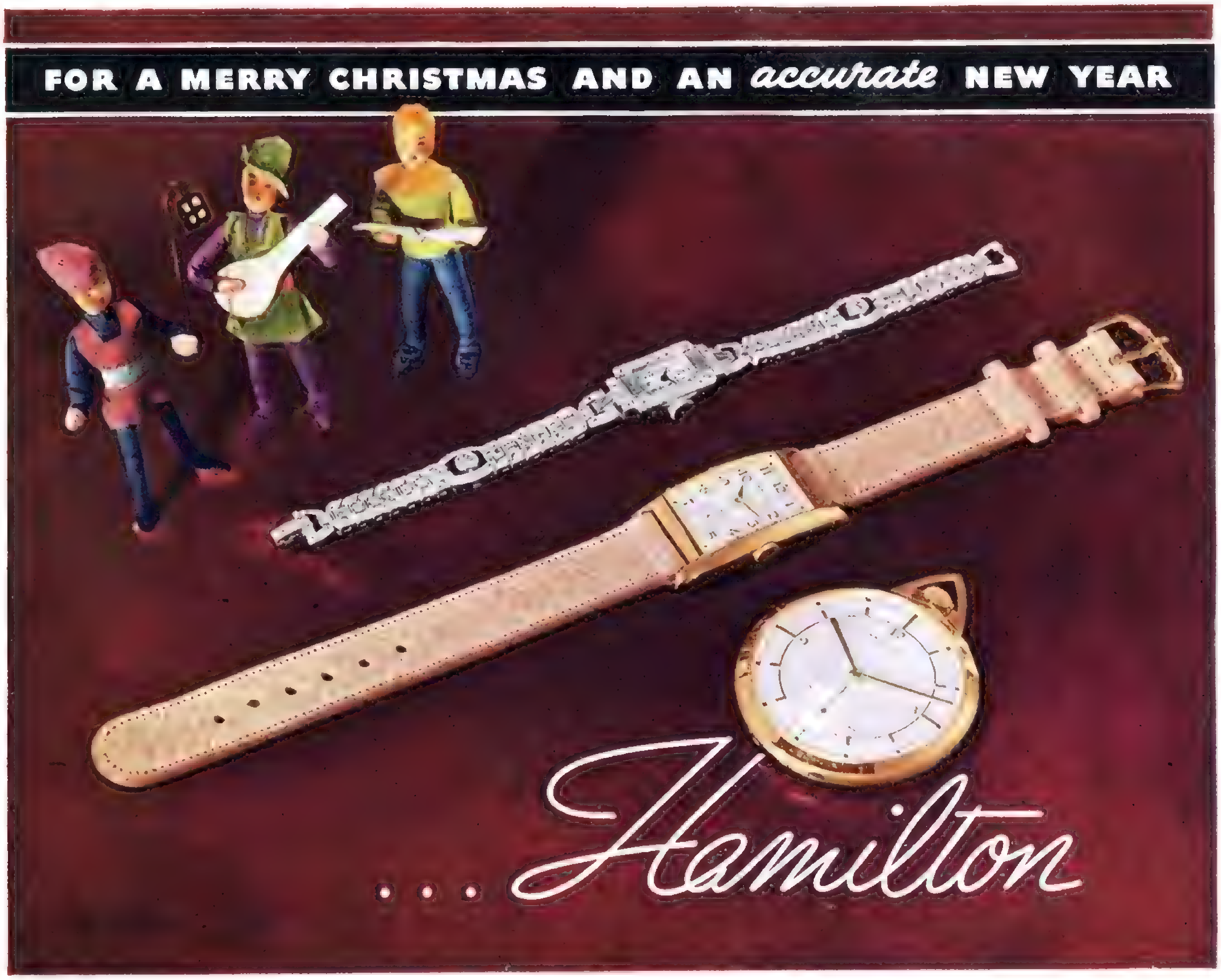
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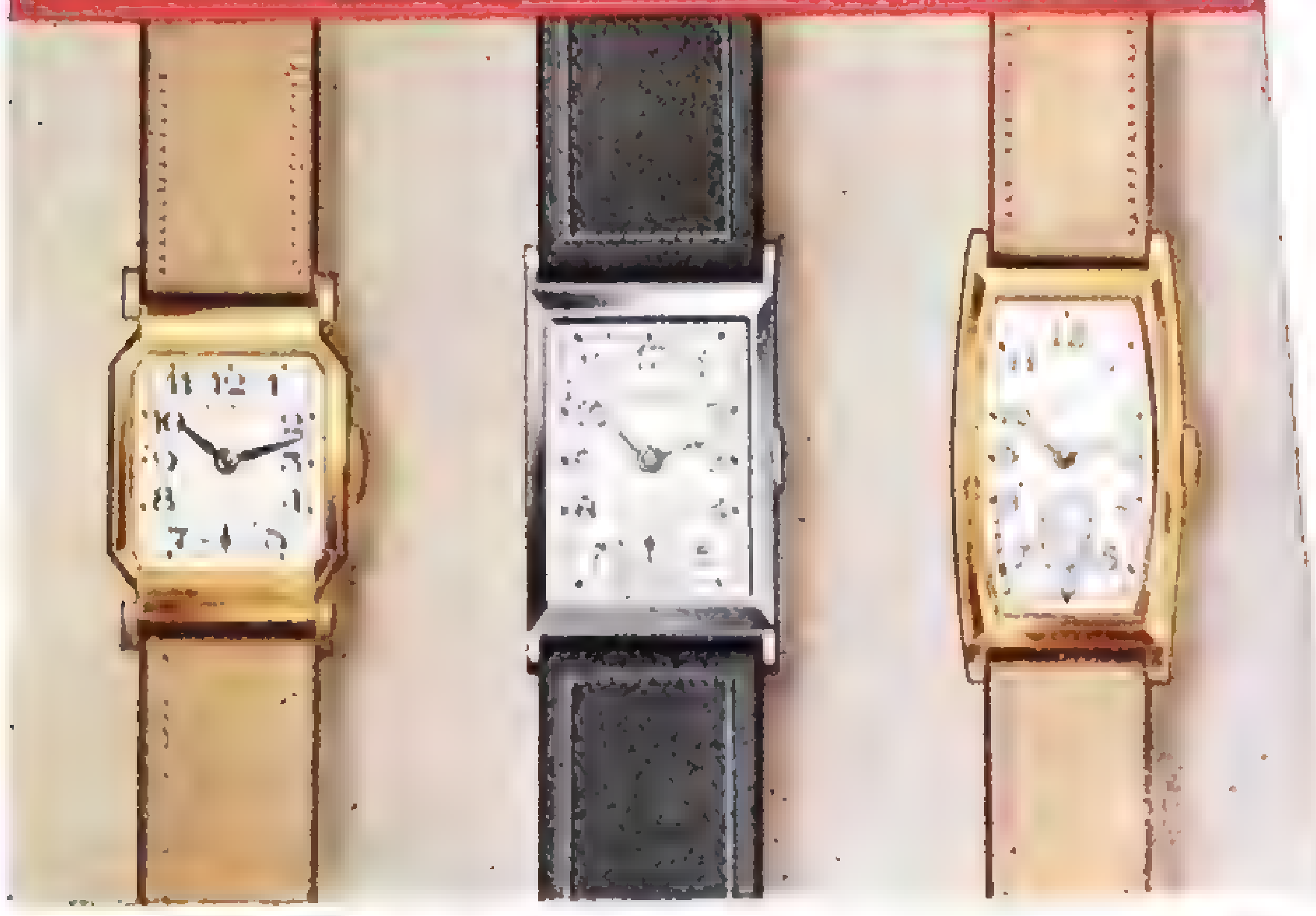

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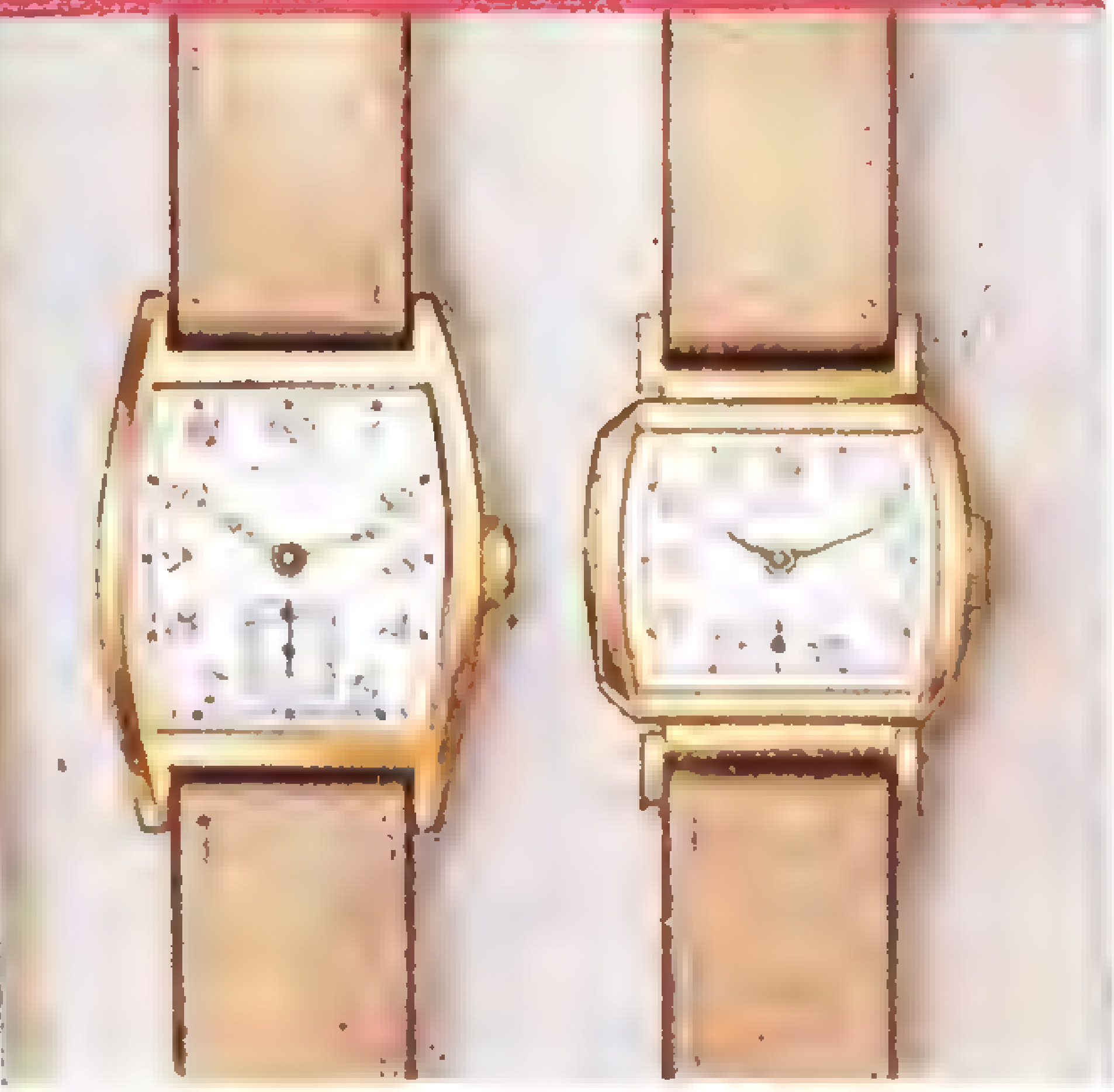

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The Death of a Fox

Continued from pages 102-254

hadn't thought of it sooner. The bullet, of course had been handled and as it passed through the flesh and blood of the partridge it must have transferred a faint trace of man-scent to the bait.

This was a far-fetched conclusion, but then the big fox was no ordinary animal. Yes, without doubt it was this slip-up which had given the trap away.

He would outwit that animal yet. Knowing that his reputation depended on it, he had devised a new method. It would be fun to tell the writer feller how he had caught the fox; he would make it a swell story.

Jacques dropped his hoe. He found an old wooden bucket and a long pole. With a spike he made a hook at one end of the pole so that the bucket could be carried by it. He drove a nail through the upper rim of the bucket, letting the point protrude inward and placed both at the lower end of the garden where they would not be touched.

It would be some months before he would trap again and by that time the pole and bucket, necessary to his plans, would be free from all human taint. The big fox, Jacques knew, was still about the hardwood lands. He had seen its tracks less than a week ago.

Long before the first frost Jacques made tedious preparations to catch the animal. He went back and followed the brook until he found what he wanted.

About ten feet from the bank of the stream there was a ledge of granite. Here the trapper found a small recess in the rock. Further up the stream he found another natural recess, both these ran into the bank about three feet. At the upper spot there was no tree crossing the brook so Jacques cut one.

Then, for a distance of a half mile he removed all obstructions from the brook; that is, anything over which a fox might cross, but these two trees, each opposite a recess.

In both cavities Jacques set three steel traps and anchored them by long chains to granite boulders. He covered the set traps with thin slabs of stone so that they would not be accidentally sprung.

The trapping season was well under way before Jacques again went near these traps. But never for a day had he forgotten the Patch. The ultimate capture of that particular animal had become an obsession with him. Several times, lately, he had seen it. He could have shot the big fellow, but the sly creature seemed to sense that there was no danger, for it would stand and watch Desbarres and then move leisurely away.

To Jacques the fox seemed almost human. The odd black marks, which ran from the mouth up to the pointed ears, gave the animal a diabolical expression. It appeared to grin at the trapper. In his disturbed dreams at night it actually did grin and when its staccato bark turned to a laugh Jacques would wake with a start—his heart thumping madly. Sometimes the bark was real for often the animal would visit the hill overlooking the cabin.

The trapper watched the sky and patiently waited.

One morning he awoke to find the air damp. A light breeze was blowing from the Southeast and large, soft snowflakes were falling. An hour later the snow turned to rain.

Jacques took his rifle and went into the woods. In half an hour he was back with a rabbit which he had been careful to shoot through the head.

He stopped at the lower end of the plot that had been his garden, and where some months ago he had left the wooden bucket with the nail in it. Using the nail as a knife he ripped the rabbit open and let the entrails fall into the bucket. Jacques took care not to touch the bucket nor any part of the rabbit but the head.

The soft slush squashed under his rubbers as he walked toward the hardwood lands carefully carrying the bucket suspended at the end of the pole. When he came to the brook he stepped in and followed it until he reached the concealed traps.

The first tree across the brook gave no indications of having been used as a bridge by animals. But, in the snow on the next tree, one hundred yards upstream, he could faintly discern the unmistakable tracks of the big fox.

Jacques put the bucket in the shallow water of the stream and with the pole removed the stone slabs from the traps.

In place of the stones he scraped dead leaves lightly over them, concealing the chains and all. Next, and still using the pole, he fished the entrails from the bucket and carefully smeared the bait and blood around the inside of the recess and behind the traps.

At last he was finished. There was no possibility of man-scent. The Patch fox would be bound to smell the bait and investigate, but between the fresh bait and the curious animal would be the savage jaws of three steel traps.

Jacques did not travel his trap line further that day. Carrying the bucket and pole, he waded the brook a mile toward his cabin before stepping from the water.

Once back, he attempted to amuse himself by reading an old adventure magazine. He soon threw it aside, and for several hours, while the rain fell outside, a large, worn sporting goods catalog took all the concentration he could sum up. Finally, a glance out the window told him that his judgment of the weather had been right.

The rain had once more turned to snow. This was what he had been anxious about. The rain would wash away all human taint, however accidental and infinitesimal, from the trap setting. The

Continued at top of page 258

"Grippers for us from now on," say

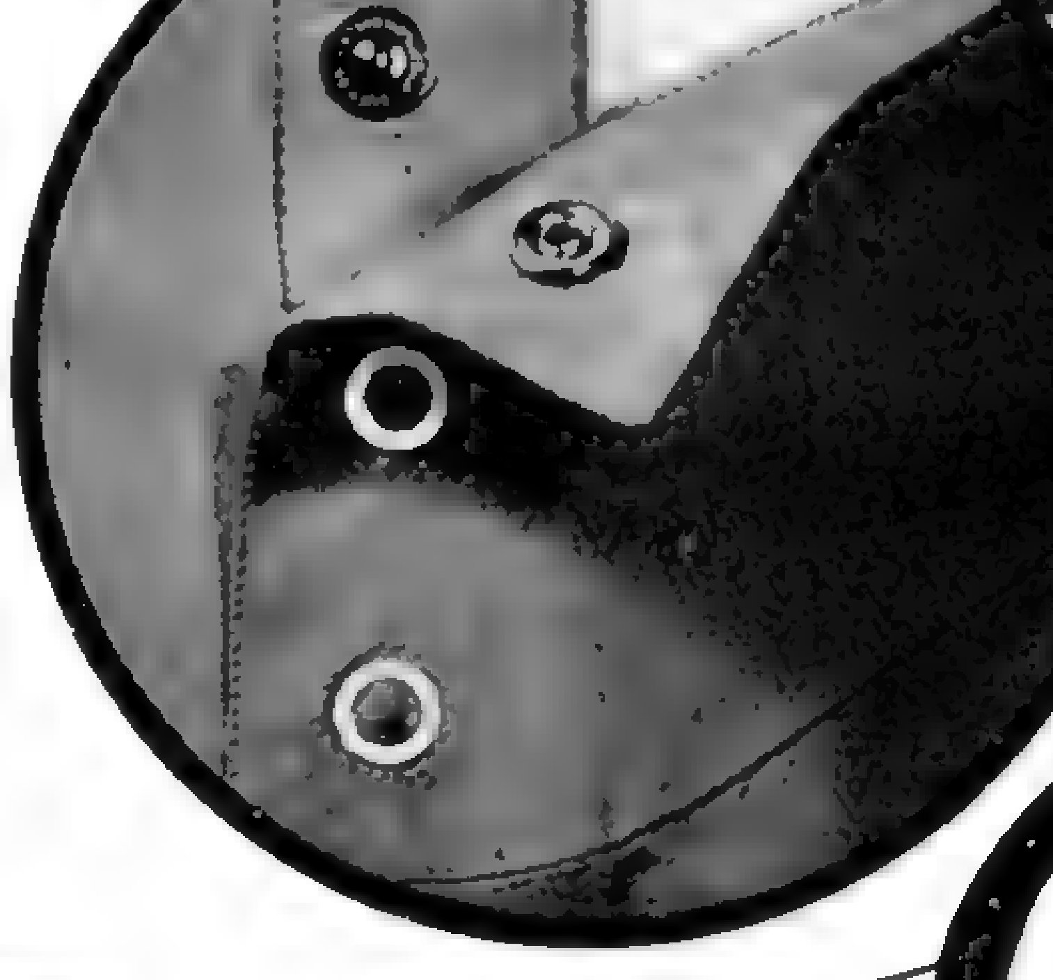
GOLF'S TWO WONDER BOYS

Ralph Guldahl, *(right)* U. S. Open Golf Champ, 1937, says, "My congratulations to the men who invented Grippers. Buttons on my shorts used to cause me a lot of grief, but Gripper fasteners always stay on the job."

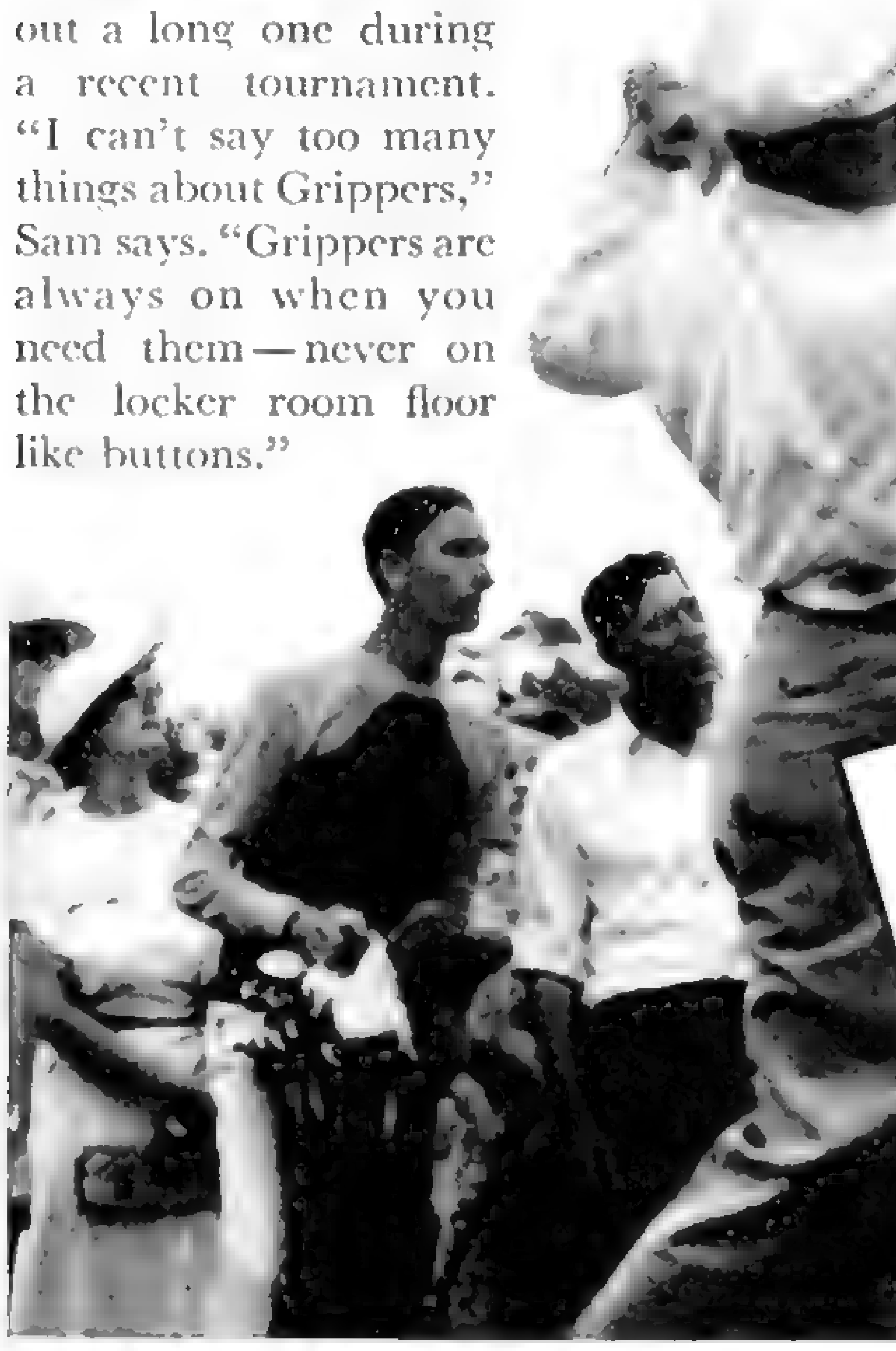
You'll see Gripper-equipped shorts in locker rooms all over the country. Men have been quick to appreciate the convenience and reliability of this new type of fastener developed for men's shorts.

"Grippers save mending," say Housewives

"Gripper fasteners on men's shorts are certainly an improvement over buttons," says Mrs. Edward McGrew of Evanston, Ill. "They launder so well. It's wonderful not having any more buttons to sew on or torn button holes to mend, Grippers mean as much to a woman as to a man."



Sam Snead, socks out a long one during a recent tournament. "I can't say too many things about Grippers," Sam says. "Grippers are always on when you need them—never on the locker room floor like buttons."



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Grippers are indestructible, troubleproof . . . because they're radically different in design. Don't confuse them with any other type of fastener. The Gripper stud is almost solid metal. It can't flatten down. The Gripper spring catch has a heavy guard that protects the flexible inner catch permanently. These features are patented. So be sure you insist on genuine Grippers. The name is stamped plainly on each fastener.

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The Death of a Fox

Continued from pages 102-254-256

light snow, following the purging rain, would cover all traces.

Yes, the set he had so long planned and so carefully executed was a certainty. No fox, even one endowed with a sixth or seventh sense as the big Patch appeared to be, could avoid being caught by the masterpiece. Tomorrow morning would tell the tale.

Contrary to general order Jacques overslept. Perhaps the excitement of setting the trap had tired him more than actual physical work.

He was awakened by someone thumping on the door and a genial shout of: "Jake, Jake!"

Jacques turned out and pulled the latch string.

"Well, well, you confounded old lazybones!"

The old trapper beamed with pleasure. His unexpected visitor was Hoskins, the writer feller. What a story he would have to relate about the fox! If the fox was caught, but Jacques had no doubt of that.

"Guess what I have!" demanded Hoskins, while Jacques shook up the fire.

"Whisky?" ventured the trapper.

"And then some!"

Hoskins opened the door of the cabin.

Jacques, busy with the fire, did not look up at once, but when he did he saw on the snow the Patch fox. It no longer looked large, and a slug from a thirty-thirty had ripped up one side and mushroomed out the other.

"It was an easy shot," boasted Hoskins. "I was coming through the hardwood and I saw it sneaking across the brook, on a log." #

The Roman Coin

Continued from page 94

There is some kind of Eyetalian in short pants!"

William, in denim overalls, came running, stopped suddenly, and studied the visitor for a moment. He said, "Yu otta know bettern t' drink so much at them masquerades, mister. Run along about your business, now," and drew his brood inside and shut the door firmly, the children giggling sillily meanwhile.

Vatinius put his hand to his brow, disturbed and perplexed. What territory was this that did not recognize an honorable citizen of Rome! He walked down the highway trying to fathom his situation. He remembered having drunk a powerful draught of some potent liquor; perhaps he was dead and this was the beginning of that astonishing journey. Well, he would keep his ears and eyes open, try unobtrusively to observe what he could of his surroundings, conduct himself by cue as one did at the emperor's table. He— A black wheeled chariot hissed up from behind him and shot on ahead. This remarkably constructed vehicle, to his amazement, rolled of its own accord as though downhill, without horses. "By Minerva and by Mercury," he exlaimed involuntarily, "what portent does this damnable machinery foretell!" After the experience had been repeated a dozen times, with the occupants of the automatic chariots staring at him as they passed as though he were an Egyptian mummy come to life, Vatinius suspected the worst. He had been consigned to Hades, and Bacchus was laughing at him.

Perplexed and upset as he was Vatinius decided to accomplish the transition which would reduce his conspicuousness—he stole from a momentarily unoccupied dwelling a suit of clothes, some shoes, and a hat. Casting his own raiment aside he donned the stolen costume, wishing meanwhile with all his heart that Carvilius might have seen him in this mad burlesque. A village soon arose about him. He had determined to curb his astonishment at anything he might come upon, but the indescribable oddness of his new surroundings drew a gasp of amazement from his open mouth.

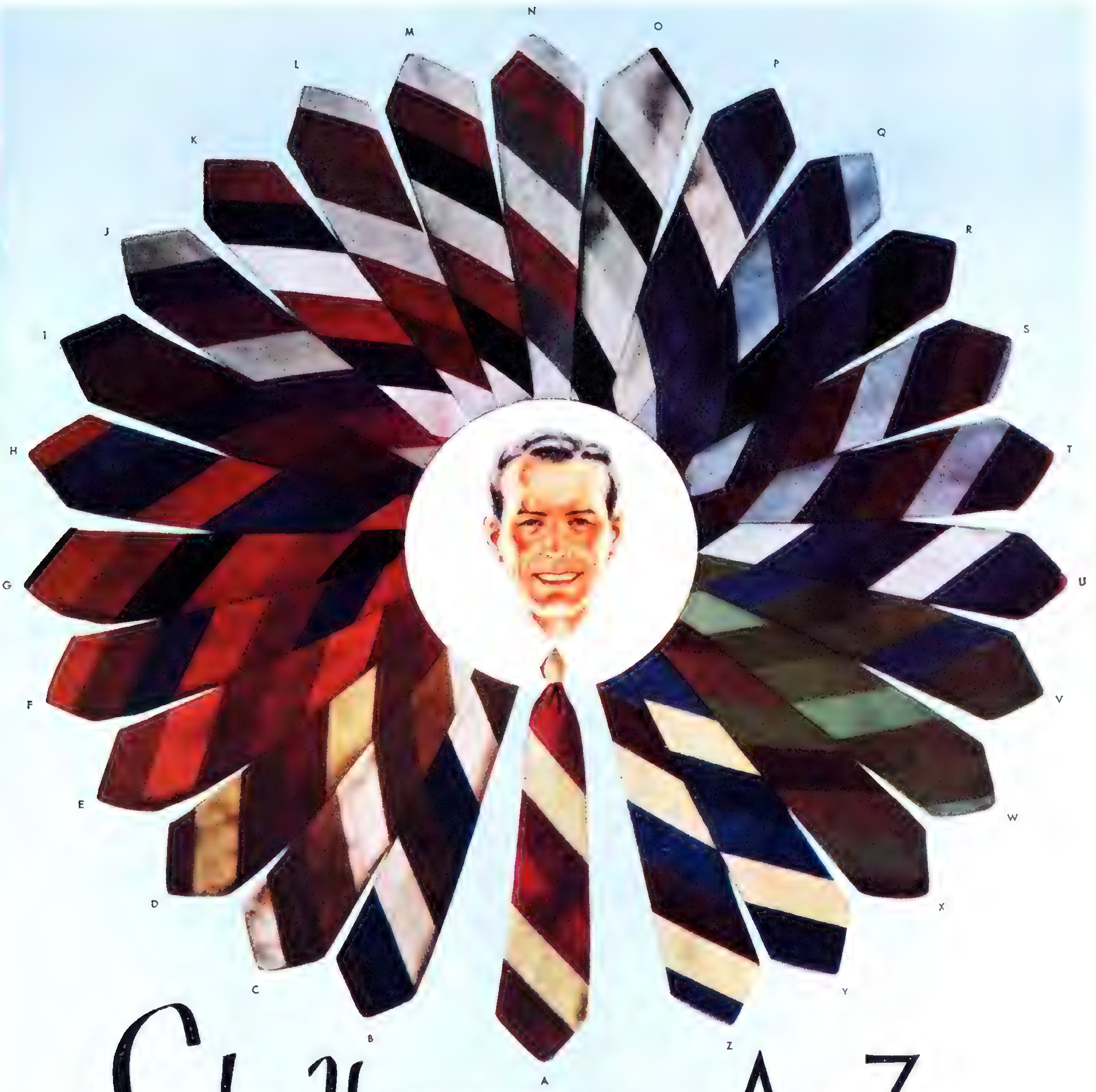
He was beginning to experience the pains of hunger. If this were the Hereafter his new estate still subjected him to the mortal needs. He had transferred the few denominations of denarii pieces in his purse to his new clothes; he now picked out a bakeshop with a huge glazed window, entered, pointed to a long loaf of bread, tossed the coins on the counter, and was about to leave when the proprietor called after him to return.

"Listen, mister," said the baker. "What kind of money you tryin' to pass over on me?"

Vatinius, realizing that the man was questioning the value of his coins, gestured, inviting him to examine them more closely. It was unbelievable that even in Hades the wretch lived who dared question the currency of the great Roman Empire. And sure enough; the baker squinted, clinked the money, examined it closely, and nodded his approval. Vatinius, relieved, turned to go. The proprietor said to an assistant, "Well, what can I lose? A tramp just come in and swapped me those old pieces. They look like French money from way back and oughta have some value. My kid collects them things."

Pleased with his success Vatinius now strolled down the avenue, munching his loaf. It was fine-textured white bread, and he speculated on how he could procure a measure of sour wine and, perhaps, a cheese. He couldn't imagine why passers-by looked at him and smiled; surely his clothes were now not unusual. Suddenly he was accosted by a thin man without a hat, a man whose clothing hung

Continued on page 261



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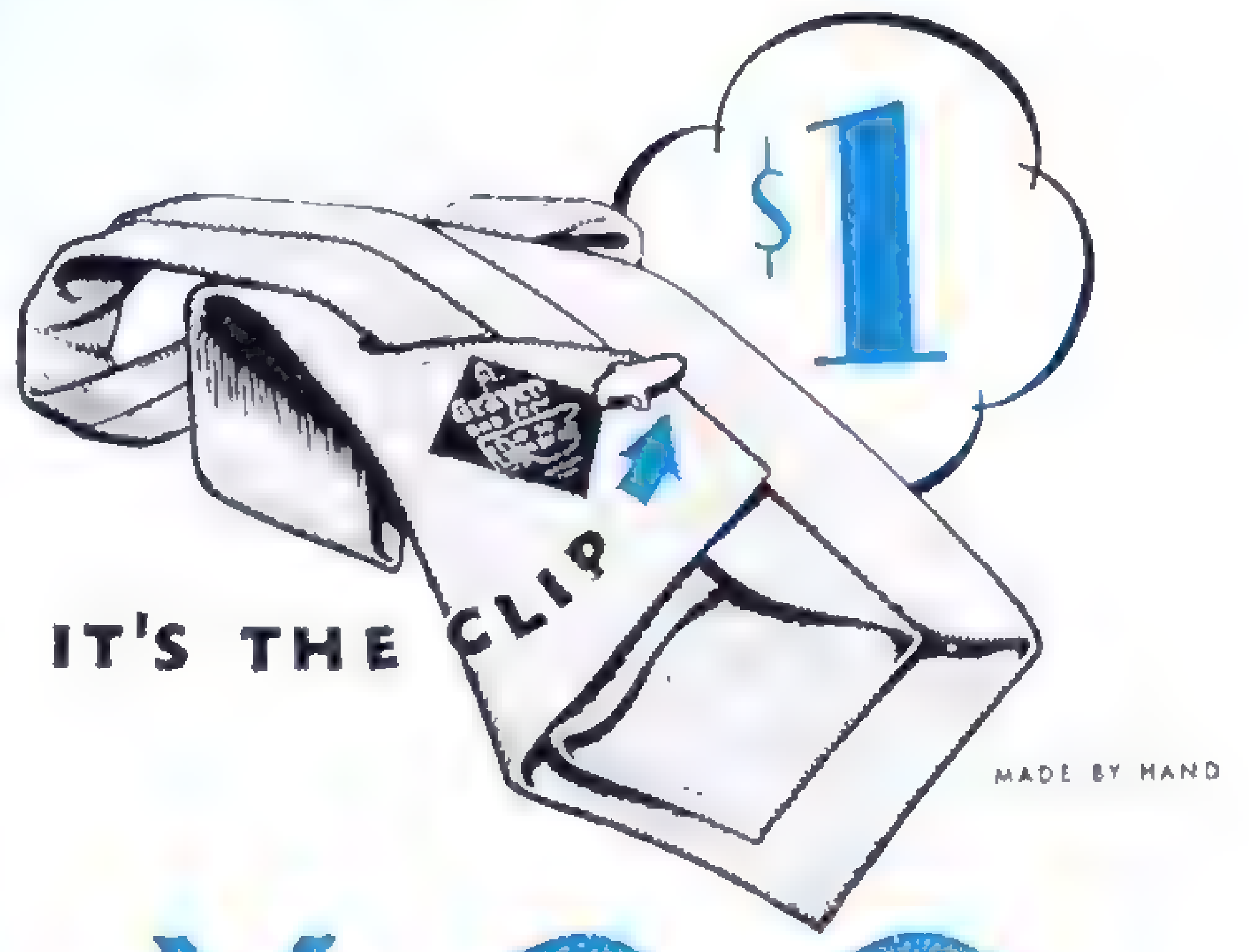

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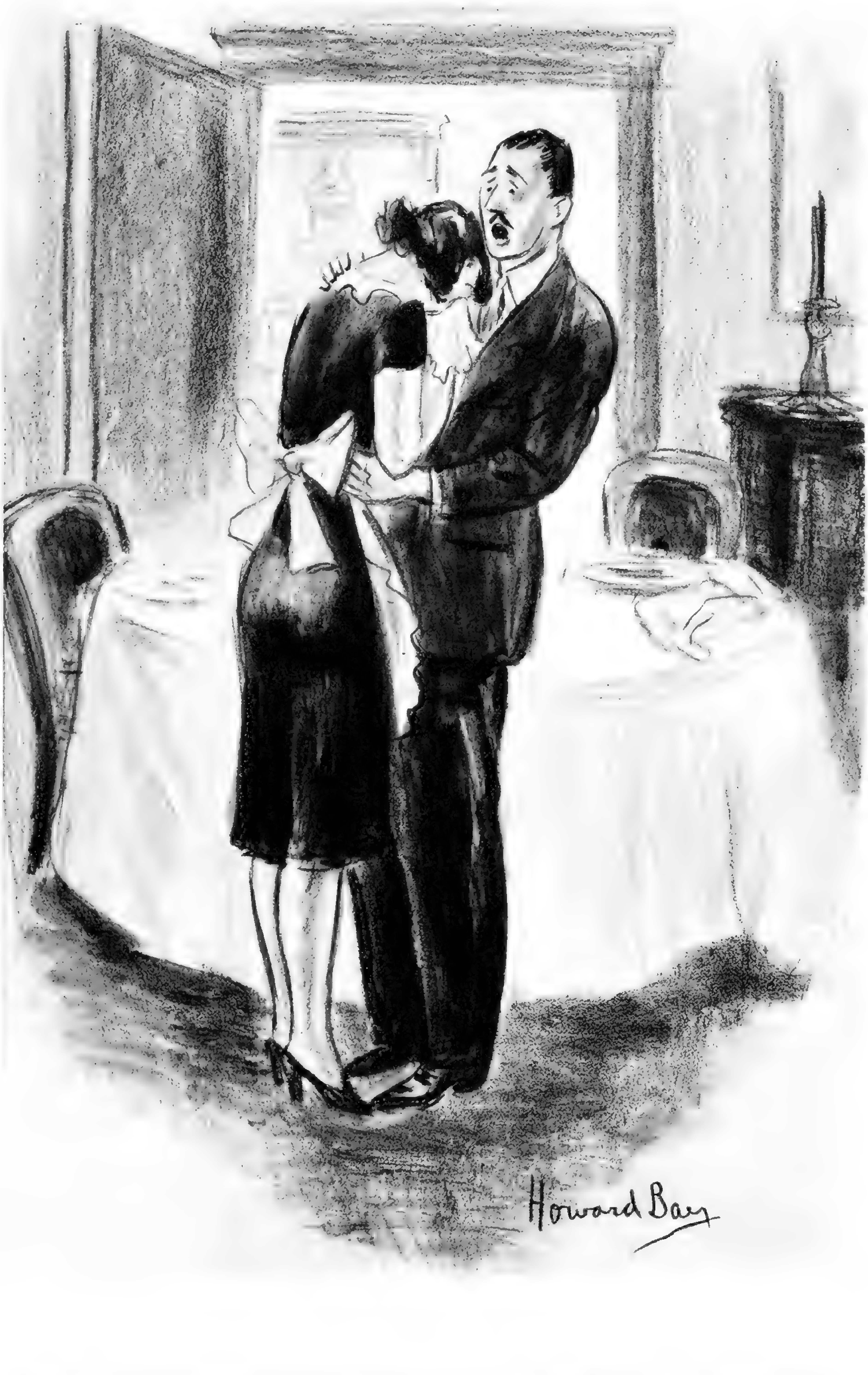

"But my wife will be back tomorrow and you still have your policeman"

The Roman Coin

Continued from pages 94-258

on him loosely, but whose eyes were sharp and clear. He seemed to stare at Vatinius with an expression almost of recognition.

"I am very hungry, sir," said the stranger. "Would you share with me a bit of your bread?"

For the first time Vatinius was really angry with himself for not being able to understand. He resolved then and there that, were the gods good enough to restore him to his native land, he would bestir himself with linguistic studies before all else. "I am sorry," he said absently. "I do not understand your language."

"*Nihil umquam audivi iucundius*," the thin man stared. "Do you not say in Latin that you don't understand my language?"

"Amusing!" cried Vatinius, staring back. "*Non haec sine numine divom eveniunt! Num dubium est?*"

"Come," said the hungry man. "Hand me a bit of that bread, and then tell me why you insist upon exlaiming in the language of Virgil and Horace. Let us walk. I've met many queer people in my roadside wanderings, but never—"

Vatinius, excitement sending visible tremors through his frame, let loose a flood of Latin the like of which John Woods had never heard issue from human lips.

"Let us decide immediately," he murmured, "which one of us is crazy. Your chance first. Speak slowly and tell me who you are and how you come to be here tramping and why you will speak nothing but Latin with an Italian accent."

"Please speak my tongue," said Vatinius. "I cannot understand you."

Woods shook his head dubiously. "Latin is a dead language and does not come off my lips as readily as from yours. But I will try. *Ecquid me adiuvas? Rogavi quid fecisses?*"

"*Nescio ubi sim*," Vatinius broke off a piece of his loaf and handed it to his companion. "*Haec nihi fere in mentem veniebant—*"

"Slower!"

"Well, I was dining with my good friend Carvilius," said Vatinius, and went on to relate his entire adventure until the present moment. Woods stared at him incredulously.

"*Quae libertas ut laetior esset regis superbia fecerat*," repeated the stranger after Vatinius. "Go on, go on." Beads of perspiration were standing out on his brow.

"Suddenly I awoke in a cornfield not far from here. The hissing chariots startled me. People spoke strangely." He told him how he had got rid of his clothes and hiked into town. "I do not know what it all means."

Woods let a breath escape. "I will explain," he composed his words in the stilted language as best he could, "and permit you to decide the question of sanity. You have somehow got across a space of some two thousand years and four thousand miles. The language you speak is only remembered by priests and professors and poets. You—"

"What are you?" asked Vatinius.

"Oh, let us say a shabby sort of scholar."

"Will you teach me your language?"

"I'll try. The verbs are no worse than yours. But man. You don't seem particularly astonished at the revelations I've just made. Don't you credit them?"

"Certainly. But why should I question a whim of the gods? The only reasonable thing to do is to derive as much instruction from the opportunity as possible. How, may I ask, do you support your existence?"

"I—Well, I tramp around and study and work here and there when I have to. I have a friend who will send me a little currency if I write him a heartrending letter, and—"

"We are not so different as you might suppose, then," Vatinius grinned. "Well, my friend, what do you suggest?"

"Perhaps," said Woods, "we can ask some good husbandman for a few days' work cutting wood or whatnot in order to earn the wherewithal to buy food to continue our journey. I have a magnificent idea. We shall go to New York."

"Why not stab some prosperous traveler?" asked Vatinius. "It is simpler and more logical than working at slave's labor, as you suggest."

"No doubt," said the thin man. "In the meantime we'll choose the horrible alternative. I'll try to explain as time passes. Take my word, for the moment, on faith. Let us speak to this farmer."

"You do not have slaves to work the fields?" cried Vatinius.

"Mmm," said the scholar.

The farmer luckily was in need of some help in his hay field. Vatinius was awkward at it. He swung the pitchfork with gauche sweeps, thinking meanwhile that he would suggest to a legionnaire acquaintance the adoption of some such weapon in warfare. When they had finally completed several days of assorted farm labor they once more set out upon the road, finally securing a lift in a huge furniture van.

"Where are we for?" inquired Vatinius.

"A town. Ten times the size of Rome."

"Liar," proclaimed Vatinius.

"Not so," chuckled Woods. "The buildings are taller than twenty of your temples set one upon the other."

"I shall believe it when I see it."

"'*Restat ut hoc dubitemus*,' as the saying goes. We've had two thousand years to improve on Caligula."

"That, too, remains to be seen. Can we not procure a measure of red wine? My tongue is rasping my palate."

Continued on page 263

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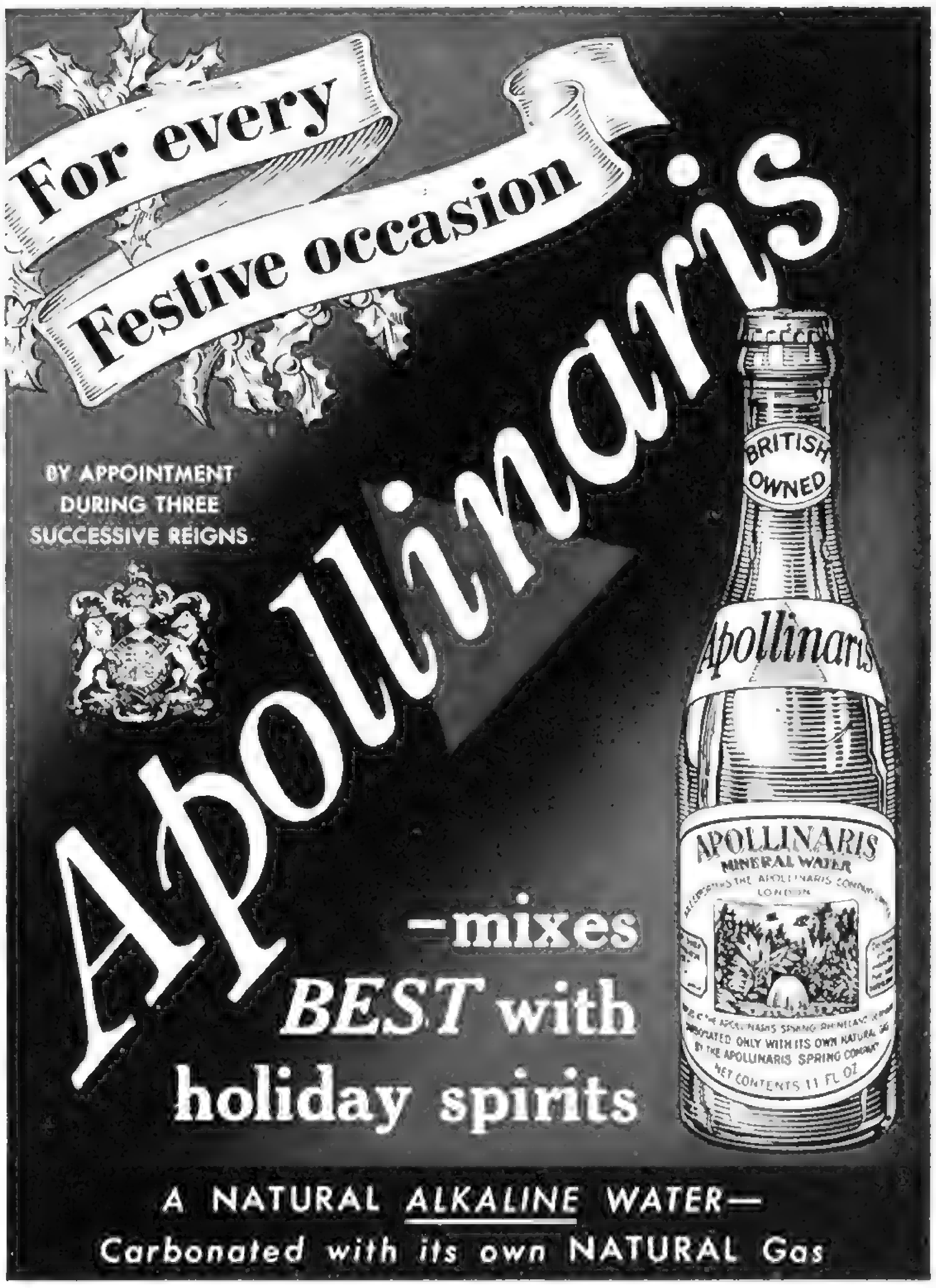
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The Roman Coin

Continued from pages 94-258-261

By easy stages the two men finally managed to traverse the distance to their destination. Woods explained that they were negotiating the bottom of an immense river. When they had come upon the city Vatinius glanced skyward and shook his head. "It is very impressive," he murmured. "And very ugly. Cyclops has cast his building blocks in a reckless heap. You must have many strange gods to worship in these tall temples."

"Many. But one combines the power of them all. His name is Jack."

"Jack?"

"The god of money. Sometimes he is known as The Old Mazuma."

"He must be full of odd furies and whims to be thus so handsomely worshipped and placated."

"Furies and whims indeed, generally making slaves of his priests and madmen of the members of his cult. The little gods are all as hungry for human blood as ever. These chugging chariots that we've been riding in must be placated; the airplane I pointed out to you takes its toll in the name of the sub-diety, Hell-of-a-Rush."

"You still have children, however, in the old-fashioned way?"

"Ah. We still have children in the old-fashioned way."

Woods called upon his acquaintance and promoted a goodly sum due to the fact that his friend, who was a manufacturer of red ink, had just concluded a profitable deal with the American government. In the next few days Vatinius and his companion were enabled to view in some style the many sidelights of the great city—theatres, broadcasts, taxis, tennis matches and ball games. Vatinius wondered why, when the batsman was struck out by the pitcher, he did not beat his opponent over the head and take his base anyway. In the museum he was astonished to come upon the likeness of Caesar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, and their consuls, and speculated, if he returned to Rome, on how best he could use the knowledge that Claudius would succeed Gaius as the dictator of the Roman empire. Meanwhile Woods made him clear up some moot points in Roman history. Vatinius was amazed at the number of books written and published. "How can the uncultured understand what is written by the philosophers?" he enquired.

"Oh, don't worry about the uncultured. We write in terse, simple prose, many of our authors famed for stripping life of all emotion and color and beauty; our fiction is as naked today as your Roman Matrons in the baths. Poetry, too, has fallen upon evil days."

"Poetry," Vatinius declared, "is always fallen upon evil days." He sighed. "Let us repair to some well-stocked winery, there to drown our several sorrows. I am suddenly filled with melancholia. I would I were in Rome amongst my good companions."

"Let us, then," said Woods. "Do you mean to say you still prefer the antique discomforts of an ancient civilization?"

"Here death is too precious, noise too cheap, life complicated. A measure of—of dago red, if you please. I am beginning to get the hang of your language."

"A gallon of Chianti, Joe. Yes, but complications make excitement. We leave this madhouse with regret, proving it is still pleasant to be alive."

"Fill my glass again, brother. This stuff is too voluptuous for a Roman belly, but when in barbarous lands do as the barbarians do."

"Tell me. Were you to return would you not live your life in constant fear of the tyrant's dagger?"

"Here I am in fear of the auto's sideswipe. It is impossible to distinguish between slaves and freemen. Your gladiators are women dressed in trousers. If your rulers are not tyrants they are robber barons too miserly to give shows to the populace."

"Another beaker of the essence of Italian landscapes, my friend. You are becoming morbid. You—"

A noisy interruption took place. "I say y' din pay fer that last bottle of Boibun," said Joe, the barkeep.

"I say I did."

"Kick in," said Joe, "or y'll go out in a hoise."

"You and who else is gonna put me in a hoise?"

A bottle flew through the air. It went wide of its mark and crashed, in a mass of splintered glass and pungent liquor, flush on the skull of the unoffending Vatinius. He murmured softly, "*Vulnus super vulnus, super vinum. Peream male si non optimum erat . . .*" and toppled from his chair. His head struck the floor with a bang.

John Woods leapt up from his chair and knelt down beside him, imploring him to speak. "*Vivere dignus eras, Vatinius!* You are worthy to live. Speak to me. Speak."

"Speak to me," repeated Carvilius. When he saw that Vatinius had finally come to his senses the poet shouted joyfully to the assembly crowded about the dazed Vatinius. "He is alive!"

Vatinius looked up weakly at Carvilius, then lifted himself shakily to a sitting posture. Fluvius, deep wrinkles in his brow, helped him gently to a more comfortable position. "Forgive us, Vatinius. I knew not what I was doing when I mixed that dreadful liquor."

Vatinius drew a breath. He peered into the relieved countenances of his companions gathered about his couch. "Where is my friend, John Woods?"

"What strange thing do you call John Woods?" said Carvilius.

"Drink this," said Antonius. "It is good sour wine."

"You moaned strange words in

Continued at top of page 267

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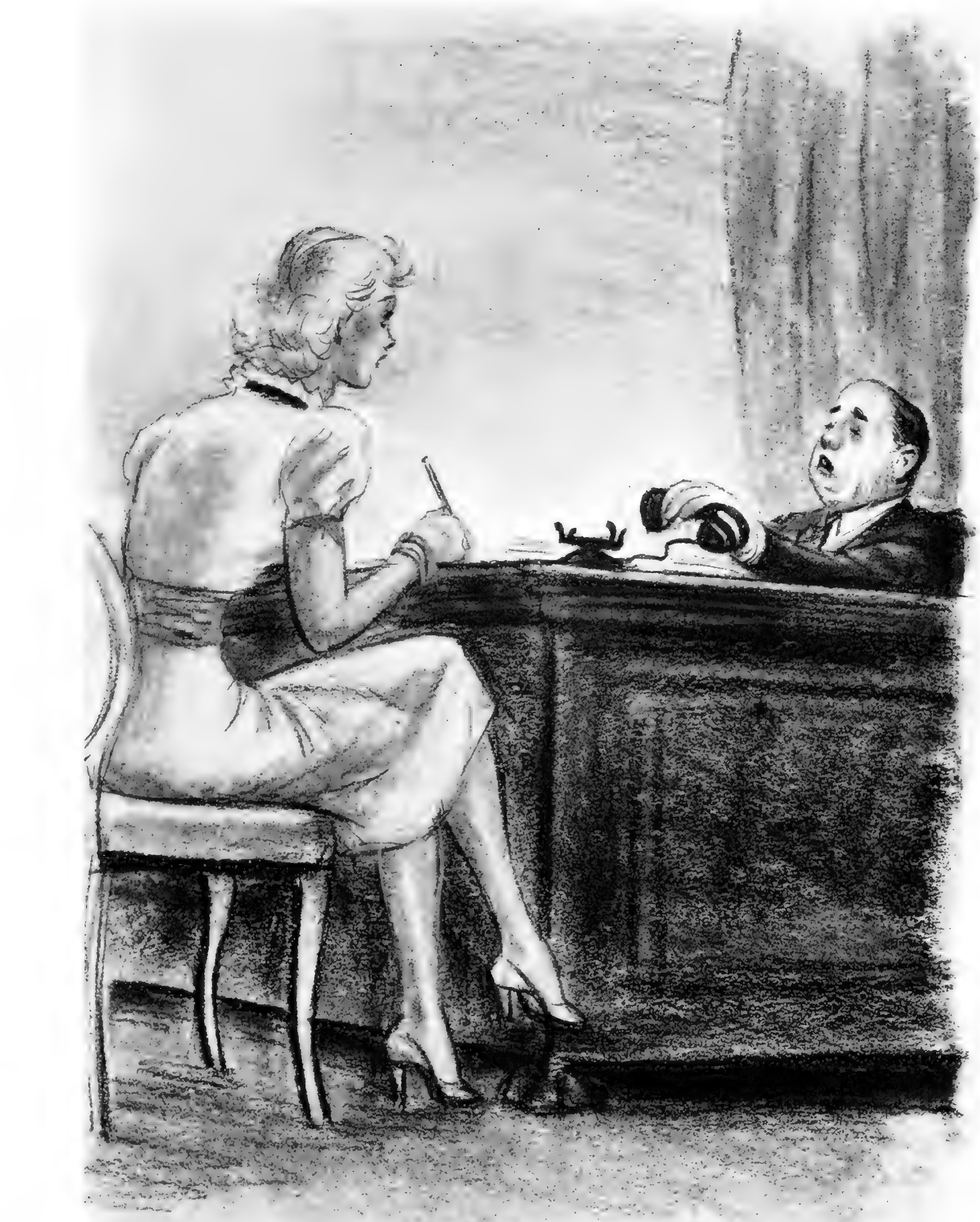

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The Roman Coin

Continued from pages 94-258-261-263

your coma," said Carvilius. "What was it you saw? Perhaps you had a glimpse of immortality. One meaningless expression I recall came from your lips. Hitch-hike. What does it mean?"

Vatinius hesitated for a moment. Common sense ruled his decision. "I don't know," he lied.

Woods awoke from his reverie. He had been sitting on a white picket fence just outside of Summerville, Ohio, contemplating the figure on the old Roman coin the baker had given him by mistake in change. The mind could do funny tricks. Here he'd been sitting for the last hour imagining the fantasy of a young Roman named Vatinius who had lived by his wits and his dirk in the shadow of the Pincian Hill some two thousand years ago, and who, if he were alive today, would . . . Woods shrugged, stepped down from the fence, walked out on the road, and thumbed his arm at a huge furniture van. ⧻

Black Wind and Lightning

Continued from page 79

of yours!" he yelled. "Do something! Help me! Where did that man go?"

"He went out the door," I said, "and you'd better follow him if you want to stay healthy. A man can stand just so much."

He got up and glared at me.

"*There came a time when there was no more light,*" he said, "*and the dark grey clouds gathered and there was black wind and lightning.*"

He reached over and speared his glass of beer and drank it.

"*And then came catastrophe,*" he said.

He turned and walked out.

I reached down and got my private bottle of whisky and had a swig for myself. I needed it.

The next night there'd been a prizefight near the joint and there were a lot of customers. The boss was there helping me serve 'em. I worked down toward the end of the bar and two guys eased up to it and sat down.

They were the two guys that'd done all the talking about purple comets. Seeing 'em together, I couldn't tell any difference between them. They looked just as much alike as two walnuts.

"I'll have a beer," the first guy said.

"Same," said the other.

"Did you make him give your comets back?" I asked.

"What comets?" the first guy said.

I pointed to the second guy.

"Those comets of yours," I said. "You said he'd swiped 'em from you."

"What are you talking about?" asked the second guy. "Losing your marbles or something?"

"What do you think you're pulling off?" I said. "You two tomatoes trying to pull my leg or what?"

I was speaking pretty loud and some of the customers came over to listen.

"This beer jerker's losing his buttons," the first guy told one of the customers. "Talking about comets and things."

"Purple ones!" said the second guy.

"What's biting you, Jack?" the customer asked me.

"Nothing," I said. "Only these two wise guys came in yesterday and put on a song and dance about some comets they owned."

"What are you talking about?" the second little guy said.

"Those purple comets you birds were kidding me about," I said. "You know damn' well what I mean. I mean those purple comets that thunder through the limitless void in the endless reaches of spaceless eternity!"

The customers started laughing and the boss came down to see what it was all about.

"What's going on?" he asked me.

"Nothing," I said, "only a couple of guys who need a poke in the puss are trying to make a fool out of me."

I turned to the first guy.

"You know damned good and well you came in here and started jabbering about black wind and lightning and comets thundering through spaceless voids," I said.

The two little guys looked at one another and then looked at the boss.

"My brother and I just got off the train from Boston," the second guy said. "We've never been in New York before, so we've never been in here before and, of course, haven't ever seen this man before."

I made a grab at him.

"You dirtly little liar!" I said. "I'll bust your beak!"

The boss grabbed me.

"What's this business about purple comets and black wind?" he said. "What's biting you?"

"Nothing," I yelled. "Only this guy said he owned 'em and the other guy said he'd been robbed and . . ."

The boss was a big guy. He grabbed me and started shoving me along while the customers slapped one another on the back and roared.

"I warned you for the last time about drinking on the job!" he said. "So now you've got a lot of time to drink in, because you're canned!"

He gave me a shove toward the door. I turned and was going to argue, but all the customers started laughing at me and saying things about black wind and hot air, so I decided to let it go at that.

I looked back just before I went out. The two little guys had their arms around one another and they were almost falling off their stools, they were laughing so hard! ⧻

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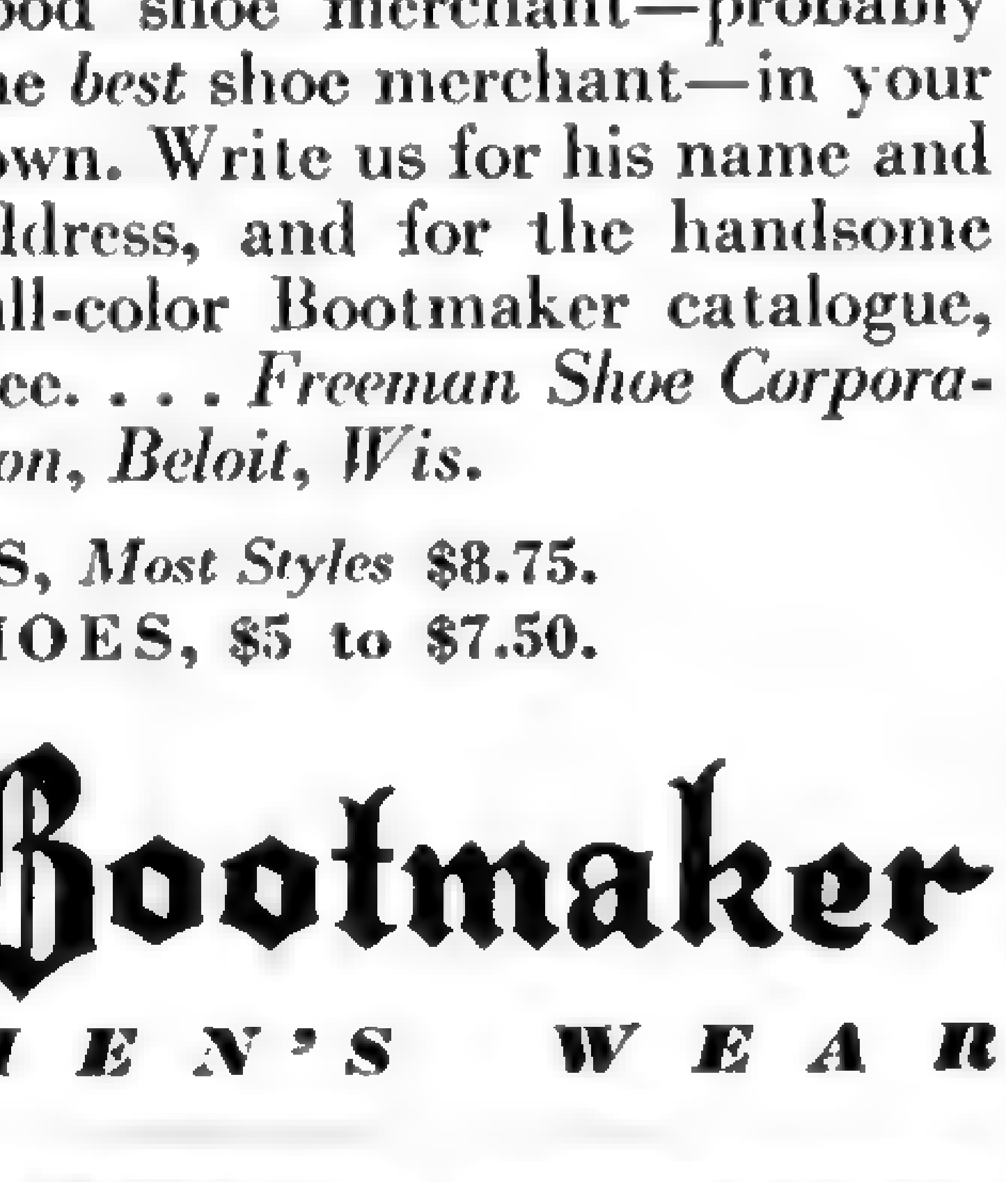

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 166

the thing becomes a matter of judgment. But if your interest is kept awake, if the whole thing gives you a bubbly amusement, you may admit that it had a gay pace. Couldn't that be in the script? It could. But in this instance it did not appear to be in the script. The lines weren't so memorable, or laughable. It was the way they were put across. Well then, didn't the actors put them across?

Can you remember the actors? Not especially. You remember that there was a certain effervescence to the thing, a tempo—everything seemed to be held just the right length of time, cut at just the right moment. There's the secret of light comedy. In the cutting. A foot too short, and there's no time for the laugh. A foot too long and the laugh is smothered. A rhythm, then, must be found and maintained. That's the director's job.

To question the place of a director is like questioning the place of an orchestra conductor. You might have virtuosi in every chair; they would destroy each other's performances unless the conductor brought them into harmony, and contributed an idea, an interpretation, to their collective performance. Yet in such a case the conductor would not necessarily have to be a greater musician than his performers; he could, in fact, be merely a good organizer, a good administrator, keeping fine musicians together in the rendering of a fine score. If he was himself a genius, the result of course would be all the greater. But there are degrees in these things; there can be no criteria; only an understanding of the functions of the various parts, so that one may be able to recognize, in cases like *The Gay Desperado*, an outstanding service from one of those parts.

The analogy serves further. Let us take the case of an orchestra playing with a concert soloist. Mischa Elman appearing with Stokowsky's men is, let us say, comparable to Paul Muni's appearance in a finely cast film directed by William Dieterle. How, Mr. Gelman wants to know, can he tell whether to credit Elman or Stokowsky for the performance? There, the matter is quite simple. A film of this type is built, like a concerto, around a solo performance. In the solo passages the virtuoso is on his own. You might come out of a film saying the star characterization was swell but the rest was putrid. Very simple; credit the actor, blame the director. If, however, the whole thing seems to go off on an even tenor of excellence, there is no especial way to separate the work of the director from the work of the actors. All have come into harmony.

But what would happen, Mr. Gelman probably wants to know, if Mr. Muni had a bad director? Could Mr. Gelman then tell whether the actor or director was at fault? First, a top flight actor would know enough about films not to permit his performance to be directed by an incompetent. His performance itself—the gestures and intonations with which he creates a character—is his own responsibility; though he might permit a sympathetic director to give him certain suggestions as to the combining of these intonations and gestures, the speed, the tempo, the volume—in these details, it would be the director's right to interfere, for the sake of harmony with the mood and pace of the entire work.

When, for instance, Mr. Schildkraut as Dreyfus, was let out of his cell, then wavered in the sunlight, then slipped back into his cell to try the feeling of going out again—there was a splendid piece of acting. But the idea of having him go out of the cell twice was the director's.

And there we come to the creative function of the director. It is not only his job to give mood and pace to the material provided him. He must invent "business." That is a large term for physical action, for gesture, pantomime, and almost everything connected with movement on stage or screen. Eating a meal is "business." Toying with glasses is "business" for an Arliss type. "Business" is written into the script, sure enough; and again, little hand-prop business, such as Zola's chain-twirling, is often the invention of actor rather than director. But the imaginative director is the one who can give his players things to do, things that harmonize with the lines they are uttering, and make even clearer the progress of the story.

This is especially important in comedy. *My Man Godfrey* was a director's triumph for Gregory LaCava because of the vast amount of abandoned running-around, the dish-flinging, the monkey-jumping on the sofa. Maybe the script had some of these things; maybe Mischa Auer thought of the monkey tricks, but still it would be the director's job to give them all the same mad flavor, to put them into places where they would register.

When you get a picture full of good bits, but without flavor of its own, a picture studded with stars, and yet no sparkle, you can figure the director is at fault. *Artists and Models* was a heavy piece of directorial assemblage.

Now there is still a higher function of the director, a function whose fulfillment is increasingly rare. That is his true and large creative function, his contribution to the technique of cinema itself. There you get into things that are a bit abstruse.

In such films, it is difficult to separate the jobs of director and scenarist, for the director must be completely wedded to his material. He becomes a composer-conductor, or at least a conductor who

Continued on page 271

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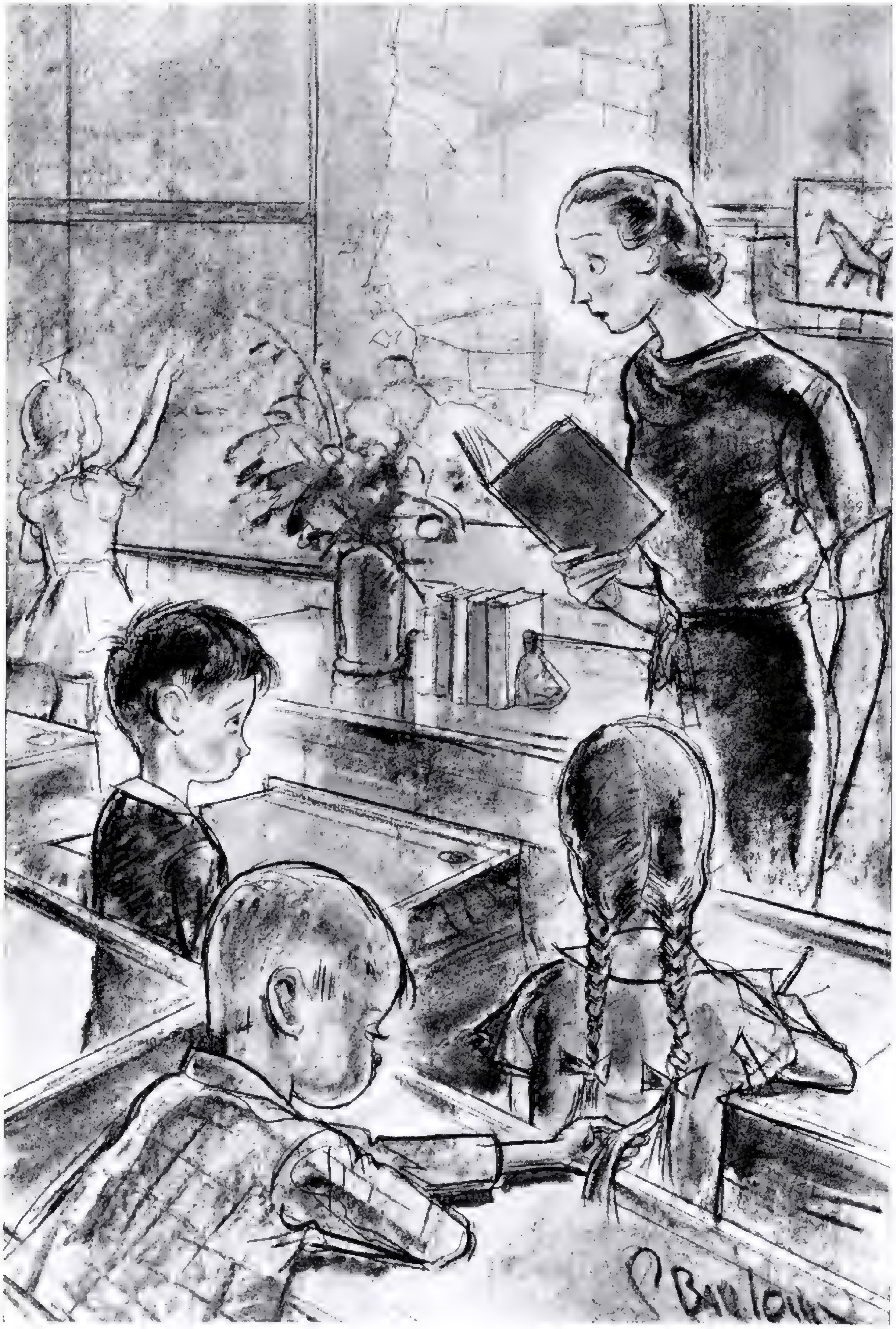

"I was just tryin' to figure out what there is about you that Pop thinks is so hot"

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 166-268

has made his own orchestration.

Frank Capra still sits in with his scenarist, during the creation of a film-story. But we must go back to such men as Pabst, Lang, Chaplin, Eisenstein for real examples of this function. They were like artists in any field—they had something to say, and they found new forms, new ways in which to say their thing. D. W. Griffith, even though we see his great work today as nothing but misguided propaganda for the Ku Klux Klan, was possessed with a huge idea, and he invented new methods of cinema story-telling, to get that idea within the boundary of a feature movie. The Russian Eisenstein was possessed with another need. He wanted to make a film audience actually experience something that had happened to another sort of people. In *Potemkin*, he used an impressionistic, rhythm-dominated montage to work upon the emotions of the audience, while he fed their eyes scenes of utmost, detailed realism. That building, building of seemingly irrelevant scenes, from disconnected quarters of the boat, until they joined to form a picture of a collective action, was a new way of telling a film story. Before, the story would have had to be centered around a single individual.

Pabst contributed pictorial qualities, the composition of each scene as if it were a painting. Fritz Lang added to this the composition of movement. These directors had excellent actors, too, great actors, Jannings, Lorre, but they utilized their actors as integral parts of the film rather than as show-pieces. Occasionally there is the exciting film made with unknowns—Mervyn LeRoy made one only a few months ago—*They Won't Forget*. Are these "unknowns" minor actors? They are good actors, competent actors, utilized in a director's piece.

Alfred Hitchcock, the British director who gained prominence last year through his handling of slow-built suspense, does not seem to depend particularly upon the virtuosity of his actors. One feels that the effects are in the timing. René Clair, too, was distinguished for the individual mood and tempo of his films, though he derived somewhat from Chaplin.

But today, one cannot often find distinguished direction. Call the list of directors who "contributed something" to the film art: you find them scattered over the world. Eisenstein did his work in Russia, Pabst, Lang found their methods in Germany, René Clair came by his individual cinematic approach in France, Hitchcock, in England, and the last director to spring into prominence, Joris Ivens, did so through a few documentary films made in Holland. It seems almost an axiom that high creative direction, the finding of new patterns of filmic expression, has to be done outside of Hollywood. This is no belittling of Hollywood. The level of direction is constantly rising. But it is a level.

When people are all working at the same art in the same place it is to be expected that there will be no sudden peaks of creative discovery among them. John Ford may make an *Informer* this month, but next month he's got to do *Wee Willie Winkie*. The directors are all working with the same material, the same actors, the same scene designers, the same producers. They may make outstanding films, yes. But the revolutionary film, the "new approach," almost axiomatically has to come from outside.

GOOD TRY

With the above for guidance, Mr. Gelman, let us try to place blame for the failure of *Big City*. Here is a film that starts out to be everything I'd want it to be. It's about a New York cab driver, and his foreign-born wife. It has excellent actors—Spencer Tracy, Luise Rainer in the leads, and Victor Varconi, splendid in a small part. It has a good director, Frank Borzage, who (remember *Our Daily Bread*) has consistently shown himself to be sympathetic to folk-films. Plenty of money has been spent. Look at the big finale with all the ex-champ prizefighters from Jack Dempsey to Jim Jeffries on the job. Yet the thing is not good entertainment; it drags; the characters never seem important—is that because they are humble people? Does the failure of this film prove the Hollywood contention that only glamorous folk can make an interesting film story? *Black Fury*, *Fury*, *They Won't Forget*, have already knocked down that notion.

The failure, to my mind, is due to a slightly patronizing approach toward the characters, and to the introduction of false, or Hollywood themes. The whole taxi-gang-war business is treated in straight gang-film fashion, while an attempt is made to treat the home life of the taxi driver in sociological terms. For instance, the scene in the Greek Orthodox church, with the priest chanting services for the murdered cabby, is quite effective, almost beautiful in itself, but it seems stuck into the picture, and is turned off-key as soon as the detectives appear at the door. Presumably they are introduced to keep up the story-suspense. Now, a film that leaned heavily and honestly on the quality of foreign life in New York, the picturesque old-country customs, the gradual breaking away from them, the hard life of the cab drivers, could, I think, be successful. But when it is interlarded with class B gangster scenes, it falls apart.

Basically, then, *Big City*, suffers from temerity in conception. Producer and story-writer are at fault for not having gone wholly into

Continued at top of page 272

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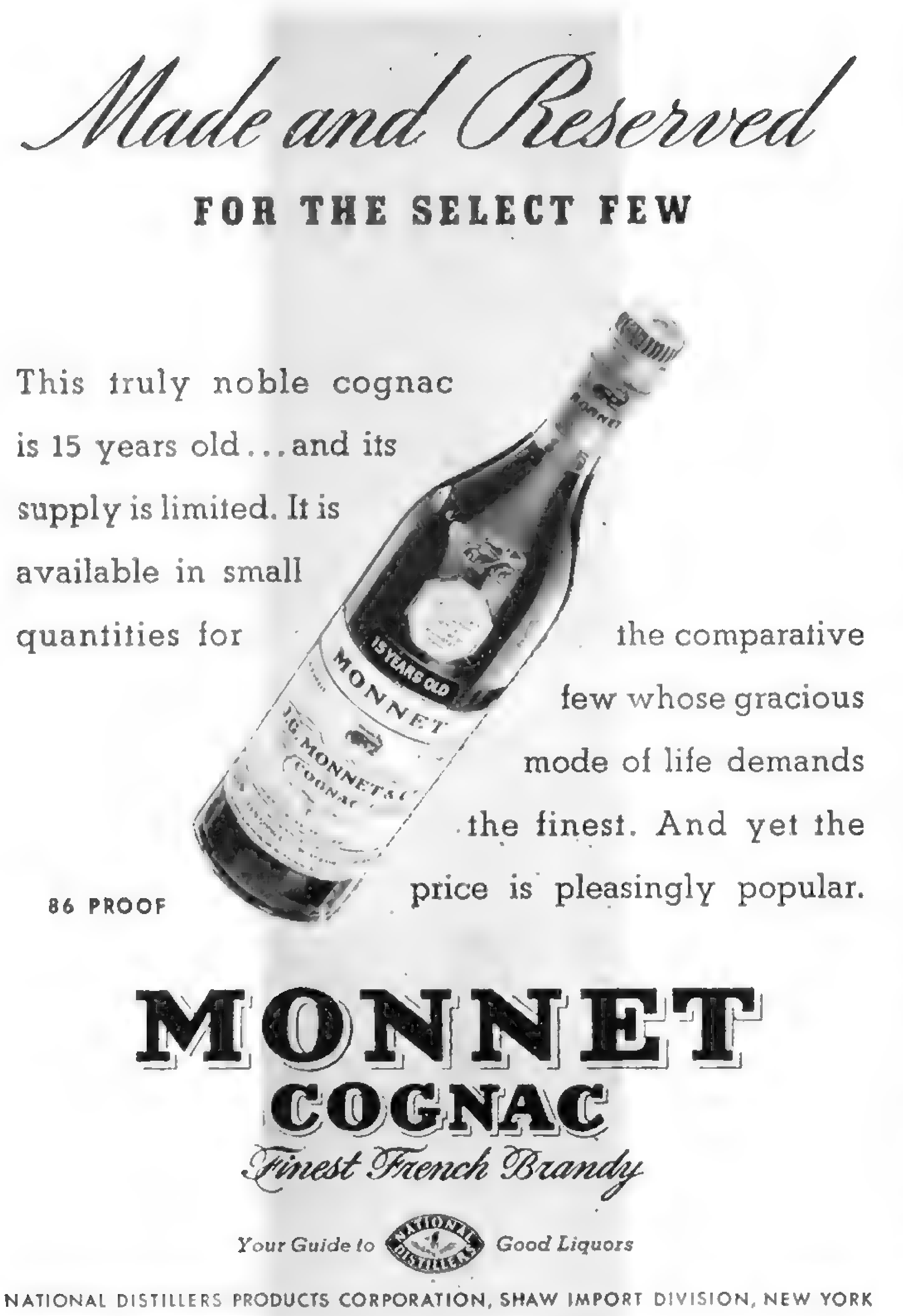

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 166-268-271

their theme; they wanted to safeguard the financial success of their picture by keeping enough Hollywood in it to put it across as a smashing gang-action piece. Instead, they lost both angles.

That's not all that is wrong. It happens that in this film Spencer Tracy gives an adequate performance, but Luise Rainer is not up to form. She goggles her eyes out trying to be a cute newlywed, but conveys only the idea of an affected actress. Perhaps she was confused because she couldn't feel the real line of the character. There was nothing there for her to grasp. Instead of playing down, as Tracy did, for he must have sensed that this would emerge as more Hollywood than anything else, Luise Rainer tried to make something out of the part.

As to the direction—one can't say. There is nothing outstanding here. No mood or scene effects that are obviously to be attributed to Borzage. Perhaps he had a lot to do with making the story what it is. For that, one would have to know the inside progress of the making of the film. The responsibility would be between him and Krasna, the producer. Maybe, too, Rainer could tell a story of the director's having given her that gog-eyed line of performance. Then, Mr. Gelman, her failure in this picture would be partly due to her director.

But from the outside, we can only conjecture about such details. There is no way of knowing, exactly. It appears that they all were right, at heart. If they had not been in Hollywood, a better film would most likely have resulted, in this case. ⧺

Through the Wine Glass

Continued from page 164

before serving an ancient or honorable tipple. The ordinary brandy is put into the goblet and then swished around until all of the inner surface has been washed. It is then thrown out. This ensures the glass from any foreign substances and permits the connoisseur to have the full delight of the bouquet. It was Raoul Dufy, the famous French modern painter who first introduced me to the ritual, in the cellars of Le Bon Vigneron, in Paris. The host brought out some brandy that had been in the family for fifty years and cleaned the goblets with some ordinary twelve-year-old stuff. To one who had just come from a prohibition country where any actual brandy was unprocurable, the ritual seemed unnecessary and a cause for groaning. So I groaned and tried to figure out a system to take options on the washing brandy. But along about five o'clock (the luncheon had begun at noon), I decided that it was a wise procedure.

The care of fine glasses is important. They should be washed in cold or luke warm water, with a few drops of bluing to add luster. Set them to drain on a corrugated metal tray, or put a folded Turkish towel on the rinsing rack, so that if a cherished piece slips, it falls on a soft substance. It is better not to use a wooden board as it often retains food odors or soap particles which convey themselves to the rim of the glass. The goblets should be dried at once with a clean towel, preferably linen or fine cotton. Use a soft brush for washing cut glass, and after wiping, place each piece on a soft, dry towel to absorb any moisture which cannot be reached in wiping.

Do not put your glasses away in a closet, rim down. If you do, they will become cloudy and often retain impurities from the shelf. The best way of caring for glasses is by fixing your closet shelves with rabitted moulding in parallel lines, on the under side of the shelves, and hanging the glasses by the base. Unless the closet is a tightly closed one, it is well to go over the glasses before using.

So many correspondents have written in to ask about rimming a cocktail glass with sugar that the practice might be mentioned here. The chief effect is an esthetic one, according to the writer's opinion. Some of the better bars make a point of it, especially bars that cater to women trade. The stunt is to moisten the rim of the cocktail glass with water and then dip it lightly into a pan of powdered sugar. In pouring the cocktail mixture into the glass, care should be taken to preserve the sugar rim and to pour only to the lower edge of the sugar. Some of the fancier bars have even used the sugar colored with vegetable dye to give an added color tint. As a rule two-fisted drinkers can't be bothered by such didos.

Now as to serving, your man will doubtless know all the etiquette. But if your Jap is away on vacation, civilizing China, here are a few simple rules. Place the glasses in a straight line to the right of the water goblet. The goblet itself should be of the same set, for the fullest decorative effect. The glasses take their place according to size, away from the water, or in the case of one or two wines at a dinner, in order in which they will be used. Personally, the writer likes to see them set up as soldiers in a line-up; the butler can move the one next to be used when he removes the former course and pours the next.

Never, never serve the wine glass full. Two-thirds full is the accepted custom. At first sight this may seem as stinting, but frequent trips of the butler will soon dispense that fear.

Generally speaking, white wines are served before red wines, dry wines before sweet wines, lighter wines before wines of heavier tex-

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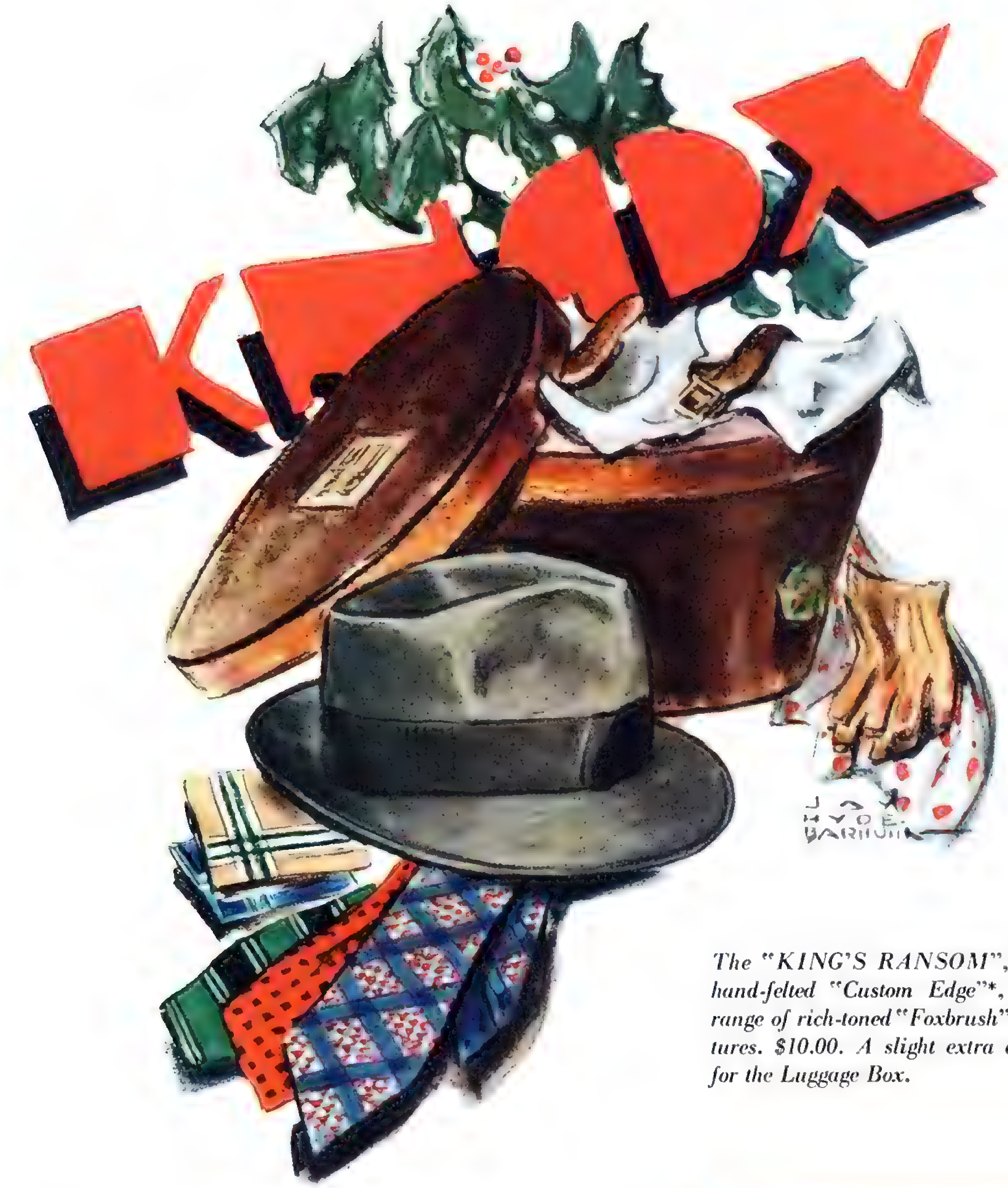

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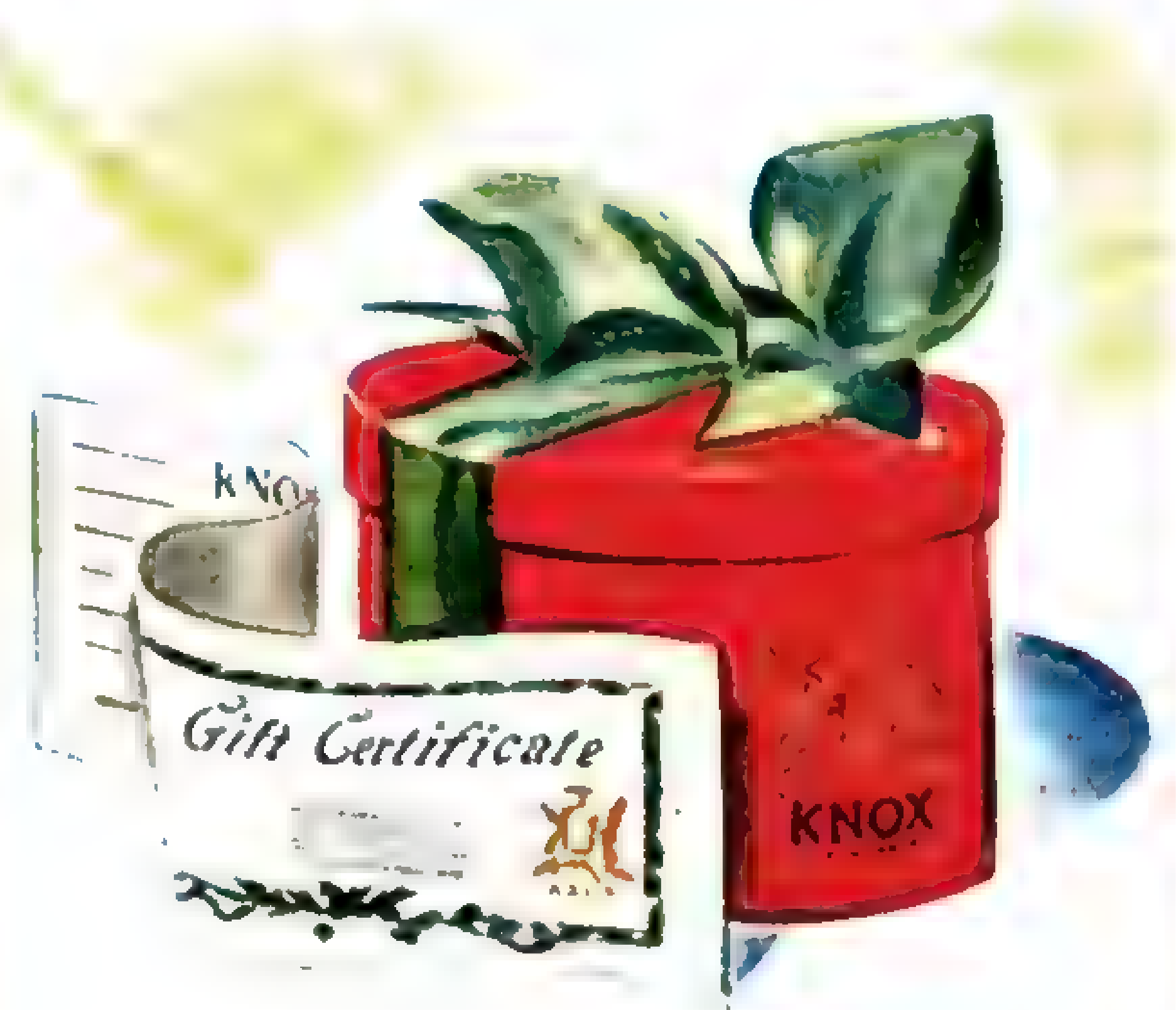

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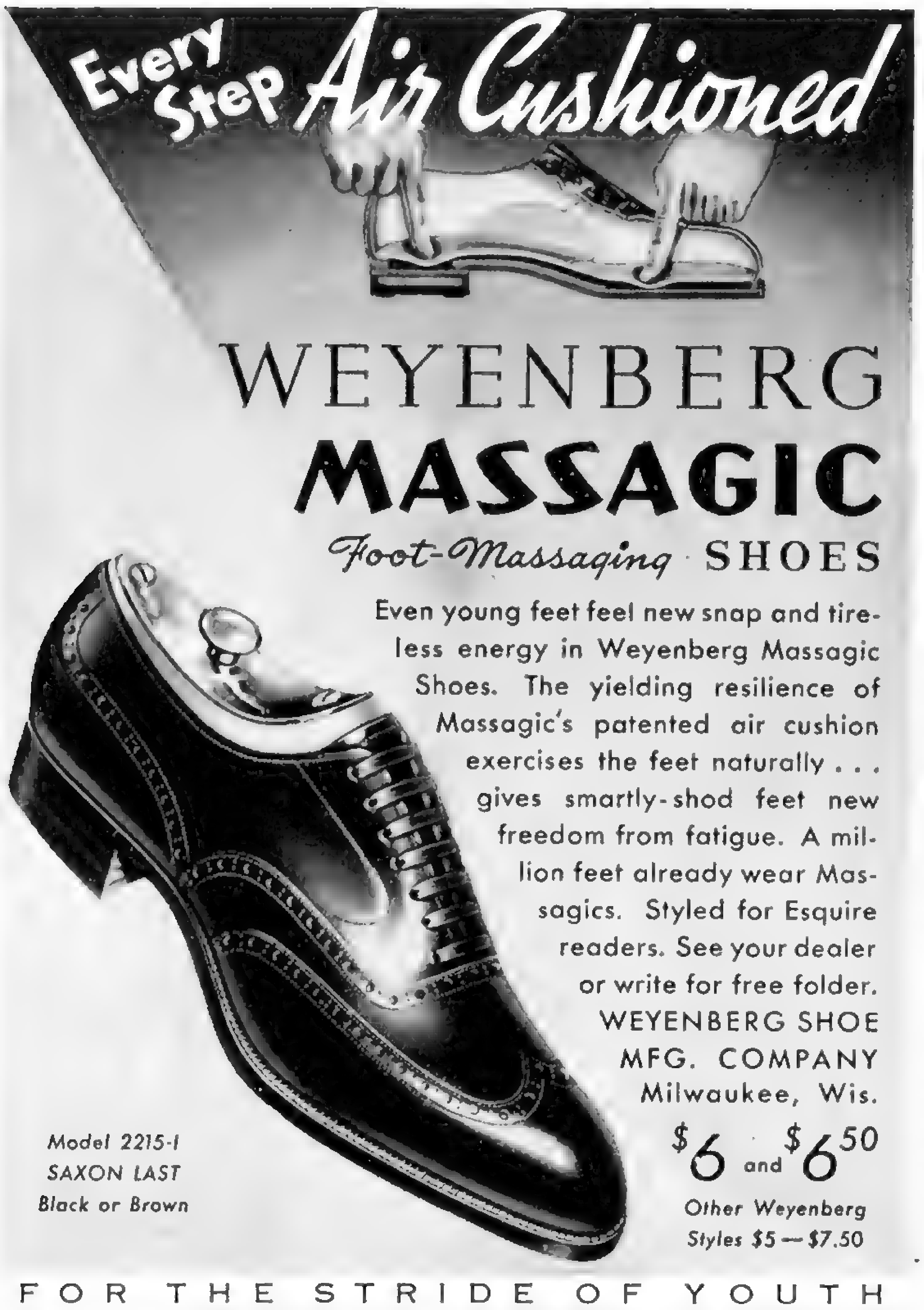

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Through the Wine Glass

Continued from pages 164-272

ture, young wines before old wines. Thus the appetite is stimulated by the dry wine, whereas it would be killed by a sweeter one. Start with the weakest and most delicate wine and work up to the oldest and fullest bodied.

A dry wine never follows a sweet dish, since it will then taste bitter. If it is desired to serve a dry wine late in the meal, serve it after cheese, which will bring out its full bouquet. Dry white wines accompany fish, while red wines accompany the roast. Game effectively draws out the flavor of a claret or burgundy. Serve dry champagne with fish and sweet champagne with desserts.

Long usage has established a traditional temperature which seems best to bring out the essential virtue of a particular type of wine. Claret, for instance, is drunk at room temperature, since warmth develops its bouquet. Burgundy need not be quite room temperature. Sixty degrees is warm enough. White burgundy should be served at cellar temperature (usually 55 degrees). Sherry and port are served at room temperature—but white graves, light sauternes and the majority of light, white wines, should be chilled, but not iced.

Only the more formal state dinners have the full complement of wine. The usual dinner will carry one serving of white wine and two or three servings of the red. But it is a boon to have the complete set of glassware in your apartment and we know of no more gracious gift. The set might include four-ounce claret glasses, ten-ounce water goblets, two-ounce wine glasses, five-ounce champagne glasses, and one-ounce liqueur glasses.

Your choice of the selection, naturally, depends on the extent of the gift. If it is a casual token, a set of six cocktail, sherry or old-fashioned glasses would be handsome. Accompanying this should be a basket containing a bottle of the potable suggested by the glasses. You can run down the lists and make your own combinations from the simple start of a half-dozen and one bottle to the complete set accompanied by cases of champagne and liquors or a varied assortment of each potable indicated by the glass. Let your purse be your guide but remember that it is a lasting gift and as our old friend Aeschylus said, "Wine is the mirror of the heart."

At the bottom of the page are some of the accepted designs in glassware as manufactured by the best makers.

CHRISTMAS POTIONS

In case you have forgotten the recipe, here is one of the best of the strictly American Yuletide bowls. In a land where tradition is young and tender, it is comforting to know that the egg-nogg has survived as long as the Constitution.

Take six fresh eggs and beat the yolks and the whites separately. Add ½ cup of granulated sugar to the yolks, beating it in and add ¼ cup sugar to the whites after they have been beaten. Stir into the yolks one pint of rich cream and one pint of milk. Then stir in slowly one pint of good rye, bourbon or brandy and one ounce of good heavy rum. Set aside for three or four hours so that the eggs will cook in the whiskey. When ready to serve, beat the whites in lightly and sprinkle nutmeg on top if desired. For serving, place in a container of ice, so as to avoid weakening the drink with melting ice. Around Baltimore brandy is used instead of the rum for added flavoring.

The recipe supplied by Howard MacAdams for a Scotch punch has proven one of the most popular of the celebration drinks. It can be served hot as well as cold and if heated in a stone jug is a natural for after-skiing, skating or hunting parties.

Put two fifths of Scotch whiskey and one fifth of best brandy in a stone or glass jug that can be sealed. Now brew a cup of tea, medium strength, from green tea leaves, and add this with the rinds of six lemons, one teaspoon of cloves, one tablespoon of all-spice and thirty lumps of sugar, to the liquor. Seal the jar and allow to stand at least six weeks in a cool place.

A holiday punch much favored in England is called the "Sir Charles Punch." The directions are for individual drinks.

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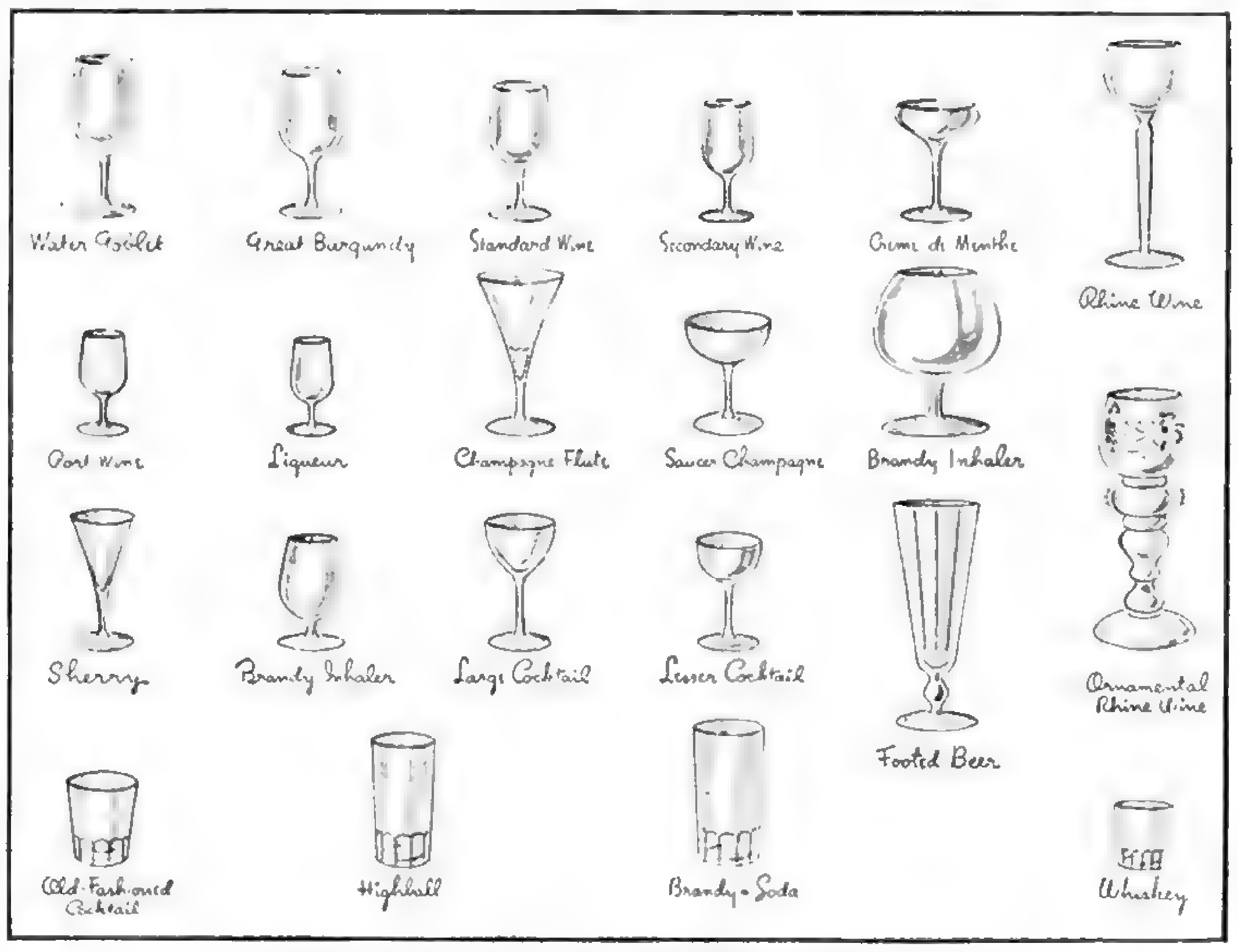
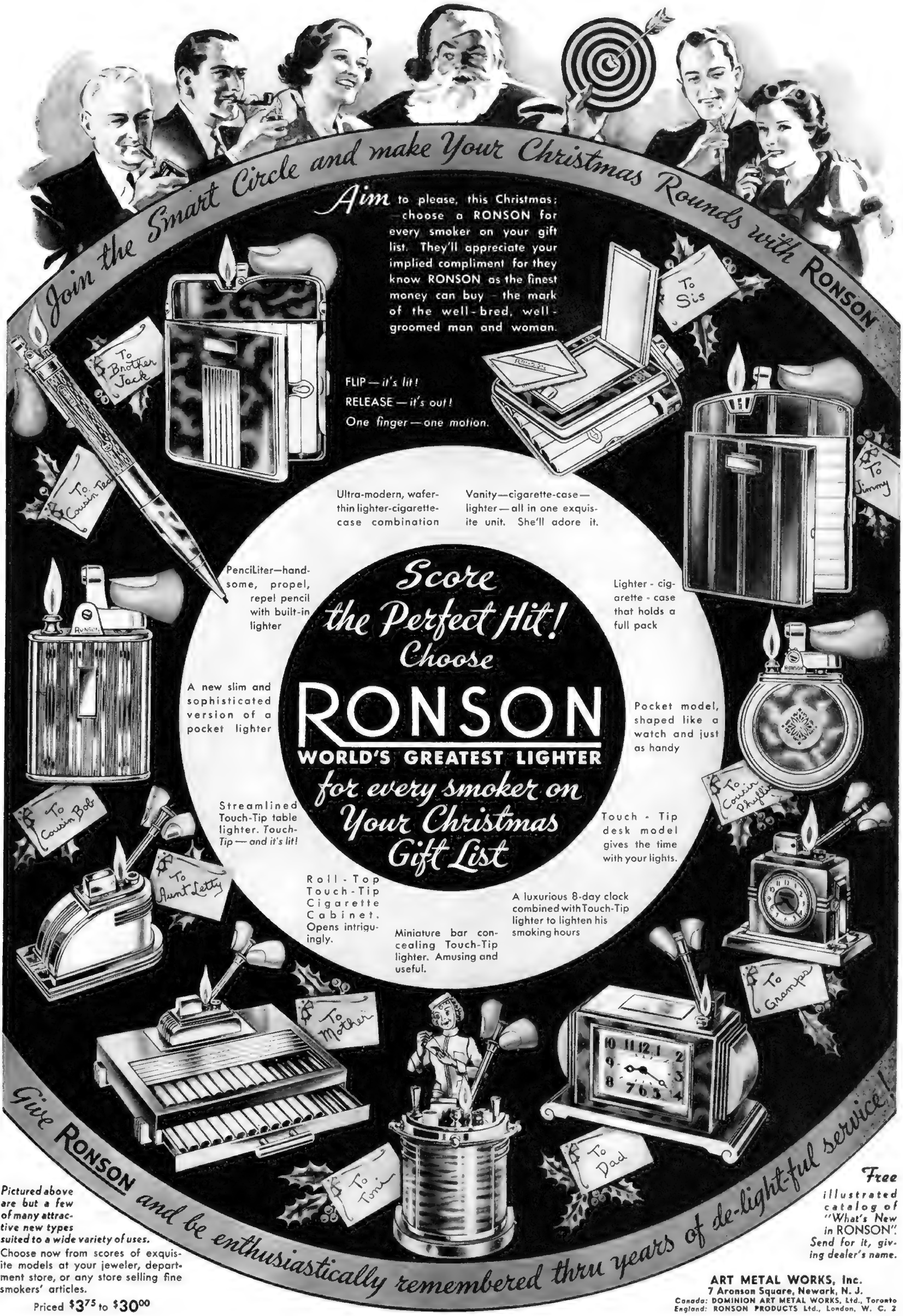


Guide to proper use of accepted designs in glassware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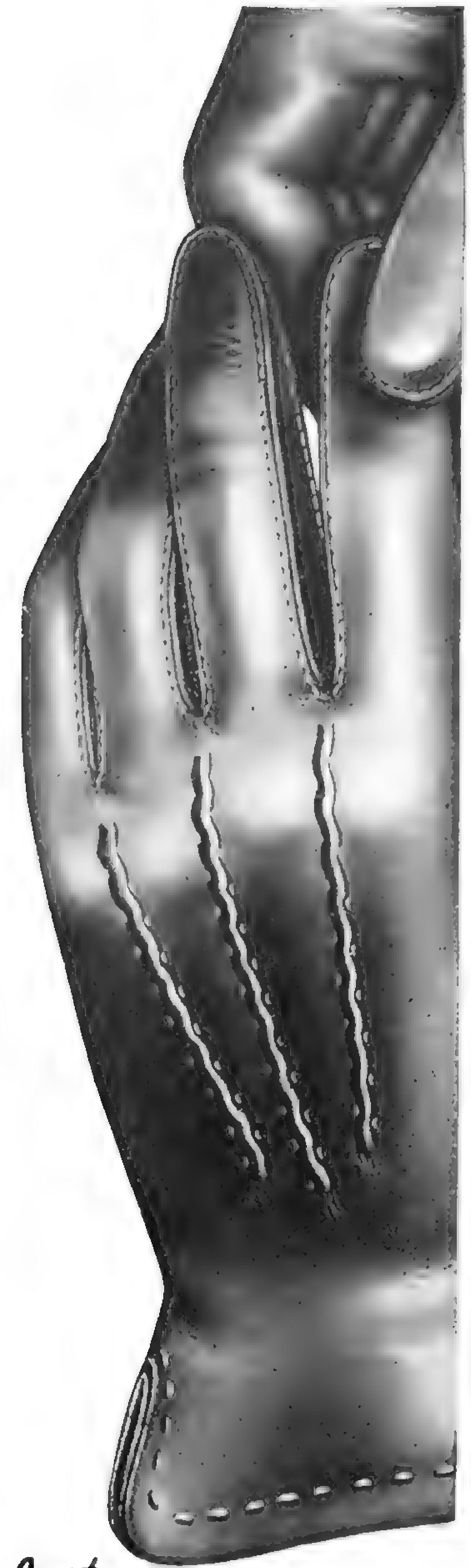


Just what its name implies

—"tops" in gloves. Hansen sorts 100 of the finest South African capeskins to get 6 or 8 of Thorobred quality. Hand-crafted back and hem. In tan, brown, gray, or black—slipon or clasp. $5.00 the pair. HANSEN GLOVE CORPORATION, Milwaukee.

Thorobred
HAND-CRAFTED
BY
HANSEN
MILWAUKEE

Through the Wine Glass

Continued from pages 164-272-274

Fill a large tumbler half full with shaved ice. Add to this one teaspoon of granulated sugar, one wine glass of Port, ½ glass of brandy, ½ glass of curaçao. Stir well with a spoon. Ornament the top with slices of orange, pineapple and split grapes.

A favorite in the Rhine district is a punch that can be served on frosty days. It is called "Old Berlin Castle Punch."

Take a granite saucepan and melt two pounds of loaf sugar in one quart of water, letting the mixture come to a boil. Now reduce the heat under the pan and add two bottles of Rhine wine, not permitting the mixture to boil. Soak a lump of sugar in a silver spoon and set it afire holding it over the pan. Pour gradually over the sugar a pint of good rum. Serve very hot as it comes off the fire.

One of the most popular drinks at Christmas in the continental cafes is "Soyer au Champagne." This is an individual recipe.

Take a large tumbler and in the bottom put two large tablespoons of vanilla ice cream. Add 2 dashes of Maraschino, 2 dashes of curaçao, 2 dashes of brandy, then fill to the top with Champagne. Stir and add a slice of pineapple, a slice of orange, a slice of lemon, 2 cherries and 2 strawberries.

A graceful custom in Paris houses is to serve a hot wine punch as the guests enter the home on a frosty night. This is usually served the moment the butler has taken your wraps, a custom that doubtless comes from the fact that the Paris houses are not as well heated as American homes.

Boil three spoons of sugar in a half pint of water, add six cloves, three small pieces of stick cinnamon, rind of whole lemon cut very thin. When this comes to a boil, add one bottle of good claret or Burgundy and serve piping hot.

An old American custom seems to have gone with the return of liquor control boards—holiday Tom and Jerry. In some states it is against regulation to have prepared drinks ready, so the familiar urn and bowl of batter is missing at Christmas time. The Tom and Jerry, or Flip as it was then called, was a favorite of our ancestors of Revolutionary days.

Take as many eggs as persons served. Beat up the whites and yolks separately. Add one teaspoonful of granulated sugar for each egg and mix whites with yolks. When ready to serve, take two tablespoons of this batter and put in a large tumbler. Now add one pony of brandy and one pony of Jamaica rum. Fill to the top with hot water or hot milk and stir until smooth. Usually a little grated nutmeg is sprinkled on top.

The use of cordials in cocktails has become firmly established. As so much of civilized drinking is in the taste and pleasant after-glow, it is a good variation on the standard mixtures. There follow some of the cocktails using cordials, mainly from France where most of the liqueurs originated.

TROPICAL COCKTAIL
1 dash of bitters
1 dash of orange bitters
⅓ Crème de Cacao
⅓ Maraschino
⅓ French Vermouth

TURF COCKTAIL
2 dashes orange bitters
2 dashes Maraschino
2 dashes absinthe
½ French Vermouth
½ gin
Shake well, ice, and serve with olive.

ANIS DEL OSO
1 glass Anis Del Oso
1 glass Grenadine
Balance soda water in tall glass.

BYRRH—CASSIS
1 glass Byrrh
½ glass Cassis
Balance soda water

QUEEN ELIZABETH
¼ Benedictine
½ French Vermouth
¼ lime juice

CHAMPAGNE DES PAUVRES
1 glass of brandy
½ glass lemon syrup

FRENCH VERMOUTH AND CURAÇAO
1 glass French Vermouth
½ glass Curaçao
Balance soda water

DUBONNET
1 glass Dubonnet
½ glass lemon syrup
Balance soda water

KIRSCH AND CASSIS
1 glass Cassis
½ glass Kirsch
Balance soda water

PRINCE GEORGE
⅓ Grand Marnier
⅔ Bacardi
Juice of half lime
Twist of lemon peel

VIRGIN
⅓ Forbidden Fruit
⅓ White Crème de Menthe
⅓ Gin
Shake well and strain

VALENCIA
⅔ Apricot Brandy
⅓ orange juice
2 dashes orange bitters

VOLSTEAD
⅓ Swedish punch
⅓ Rye whiskey
⅙ orange juice
⅙ raspberry syrup
1 dash of Anisette

WARDAY'S
1 teaspoon yellow Chartreuse
⅓ Applejack
⅓ Italian Vermouth
⅓ Gin

TRIPLICE
⅓ Benedictine
⅓ French Vermouth
⅓ Gin

WEDDING BELLS
⅙ Cherry Brandy
⅙ orange juice
⅓ gin
⅓ Dubonnet

WHITE LADY
⅔ Cointreau
⅙ Crème de Menthe
⅙ Brandy

XANTHIA
⅓ Cherry Brandy
⅓ Yellow Chartreuse
⅓ Gin

BOSOM CARESSER
⅙ Curaçao
⅙ Brandy
⅓ Madeira
1 teaspoon grenadine
1 yolk of egg

ALEXANDER
½ Gin
¼ Crème de Cacao
¼ cream

BATISTE
⅔ Bacardi rum
⅓ Grand Marnier

SIDE CAR
⅔ Brandy
⅓ Cointreau
Dash of lime juice

POUSSE CAFE
⅙ Maraschino
⅙ raspberry syrup
⅙ Crème de Cacao
⅙ Curaçao
⅙ Chartreuse
⅙ Brandy

(The trick is to pour these slowly, one by one, into a liqueur glass so that the colors stay in their strata. This is not governed by law, but specific gravity. You can choose your own colors.)

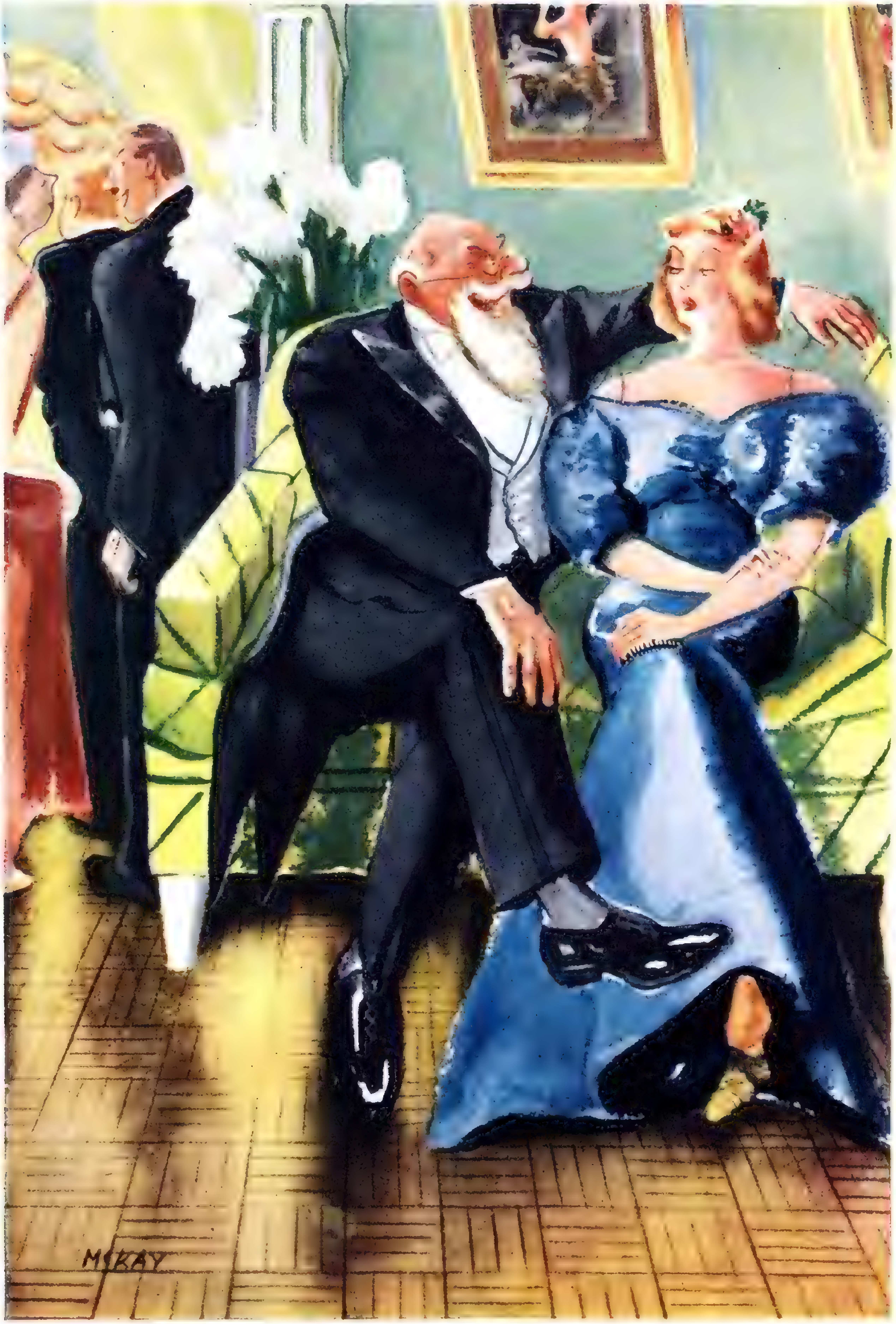
OPERA
⅓ Gin
⅓ Dubonnet
⅓ Crème de Mandarine ⧺

This new leather . . .

has a distinct natural grain with a handsome pebbled effect. So soft it fits like your own skin—so tough it wears and wears and wears. Hand-sewn back and true Hansen quality throughout. In tan, brown, gray, or black — slipon or clasp. $4.00 the pair.

HANSEN GLOVE CORP., *Milwaukee*

Morocco grain
BY
HANSEN
MILWAUKEE



"My wife used to be jealous—now she doesn't care what I do!"

For year-round impersonal gift or prize a No. 200 Zippo, inlaid in color with Reveler as shown, or Scotty, Bulldog, Anchor or Fisherman, is recommended at $2.75.

No. 350 Two-tone chromium case engraved with engine turned designs $3.50.

No. 1500 Sterling Silver $15.00. Gold Filled and Solid Gold Zippo Lighters also available.

Inlaid Monogram as shown on this No. 200 lighter includes three initials on green, blue, black or red enamel.

No. 200 The man's gift of the year. In two-tone chromium $2.00. With monogram $3.00.

She passed the fan test

Painting by ENOC BOLES

WINDPROOF

A gale can't blow it out. Here is the *one* lighter that *always* lights—it never fails. A *zip* of the wheel and you have a man-sized flame. The ·ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER is a *one* hand lighter which gives you a great advantage when driving, even when alone. The man-sized flame is better than a flash light to locate keyholes (and etchings) in the dark. It's a real guiding light, at sports or play—outdoors or in.

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER is the great pal of the pipe lover—lights a pipe as easy as a cigarette no matter how hard the wind blows.

ZIPPO is the only lighter with an unqualified life-time guarantee. *No one has ever paid a cent to repair a ZIPPO.*

Other little features are the gadgetless design (refueling is simplicity itself); 10 day fuel supply; permanent wick; no flint adjustment; rugged construction.

Remember there is only one genuine ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER — patented, demand it by name. Set in handsome black and silver gift boxes from $2.00 up.

***TRY THE FAN TEST**

*ZIPPO is the one lighter that will pass the fan test. Your dealer will prove it to you.

Hundreds of thousands of satisfied users of ZIPPO LIGHTERS.

If your dealer cannot supply item desired, order direct. Mention dealer's name.

ZIPPO MANUFACTURING CO., BRADFORD, PA. *New York Office:* 52 Vanderbilt Ave.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION: *Look for this engraving* ZIPPO MFG CO BRADFORD, PA ZIPPO PAT. 2032695 MADE IN U.S.A *on the bottom of every genuine* ZIPPO LIGHTER

ZIPPO
Windproof **LIGHTER**

EXECUTIVES ATTENTION: *Here is the answer to your Company's gift and Christmas present problem. Zippo Lighters with your firm's trademark, insignia, or product, faithfully reproduced (inlaid in full color or engine turned); or with personalized monograms, make you remembered many times a day—long after other gifts are forgotten. Prices are based on quantity.*

New Tunes for Old Wars

Continued from page 59

principle put into effect. Armed Japanese soldiers at every street corner stopped and searched all passers-by and vehicles, and arrested any individuals they chose, imprisoning them in improvised military jails to await trial by military officers.

This all looked and acted like martial law. It conformed to definitions of what martial law meant. But when I cabled that there was martial law, what I said was officially repudiated as false news, and the Japanese delegates at the League denied it, and when the British delegate was asked by his nationals, he discredited the news with the noncommittal reply: "I have no official information."

Obviously, with British consulates scattered all through Manchuria, if he had received no information, it meant that this unusual situation didn't exist, and thus his statement was generally interpreted.

Yet it was impossible for British consuls to leave their offices without undergoing the same challenge as anyone else, and without being forced to show their credentials to the Japanese sentries at the street corners. So I went to see the British Consul-General.

"Have you any information as regards this city being operated under martial law?" I asked.

He drew himself up haughtily. "I'm not a newspaper reporter," he replied. "I don't gather reports for the press."

"I'm sorry," I answered. "But as I'm a newspaper correspondent, I'd like to ask, when Sir John Simon as British Foreign Minister gets up at Geneva or in the House of Commons and answers questions such as the one I asked you, where does he get his information?"

"O-oh," he drawled. "That comes from the Legation at Peiping."

Hundreds of miles away, on the other side of the Great Wall of China, completely cut off from the scene of hostilities. In other words, when Sir John did say "I have no official information," he probably was telling the truth. No official information had come.

But he was getting plenty of unofficial information from the British agents and the so-called language students attached to the diplomatic service whom I was running into everywhere in Manchuria.

Thus I stumbled onto one of the most efficacious bits of diplomatic strategy of the post-World War era. It was this tactic that made it possible for the British to torpedo efforts to bring the treaties into action, and to checkmate the naïve American Secretary of State, Mr. Stimson, when there yet was time to save the situation.

When the facts became too brutal to be denied or ignored, it was in the name of that most notable of British virtues, fair play, that London sabotaged efforts at Geneva and Washington to preserve the treaties before it was too late.

The League Commission of Inquiry when it finally was agreed on at the suggestion of Japan itself, succumbed to this tactic, arriving at the scene a year late, after the puppet state of Manchukuo had already been organized. Yet during all the intervening period, it was not "fair play" to bring up the subject of treaty abrogation while it was supposedly under investigation.

Without these dilatory tactics, the new technique could not have succeeded. Even on such matters as a proposed arms embargo, Anthony Eden announced in Parliament that as the League Council was then in session, "nothing should be done to interfere with negotiations to bring peace between the belligerents."

Even after the Japanese had finished what they set out to do, when Sir John was asked what he was going to do now that the report of the Commission of Inquiry of the League had been published, he replied that the Japanese had not yet answered it, which Tokyo obviously was delaying in doing, and added: "we must be fair to both sides . . . we are bound to play fair in this matter."

Another fundamental principle in this new war technique is to discriminate bluntly between what is reality and what is verbosity. Each time that Mr. Stimson would send a note to Tokyo, officers of the Japanese headquarters at Mukden would buttonhole me and ask:

"Is America going to send troops?"

I'd shake my head skeptically. They'd then shrug their shoulders with a scornful smile. They were talking cold turkey. This was the same attitude I was to meet with later in Ethiopia.

"Will England fight?" the Italian officers would anxiously ask. When we newspaper correspondents would express doubt, they, too, would shrug their shoulders with that same scornful smile.

I met this attitude again in Spain. I wondered whether next time it would be in Czechoslovakia.

There was a third principle to this technique. It was that as war was officially outlawed, it no longer existed, and declarations of war could no longer be issued, no matter whether bombs, shells and gas were used by an invading army. For lack of any other term, the name Kellogg War seems the most appropriate designation for these undeclared conflicts, after the Kellogg Treaty that brought them into being.

II

What Sir John Simon did to checkmate Washington in its effort to do something about the Pacific problem, Pierre Laval as Premier of France did to Great Britain in

Continued on page 280

JULIUS WILE

PRESENTS

"AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT"

IN

4 ACTS

ACT 1

TIME: *Before dinner*

ITALIAN VERMOUTH: What are *you* doing here, Rummy? Whoever heard of making a "Manhattan" with rum?

LEMON HART RUM: Listen, Latin, and learn. ⅔ of me, ⅓ of you, a dash of bitters and the smart host has a cocktail that's delightfully different.

BITTERS: In fact, it's called a *Hart's Delight.* But not if it's made with ordinary rum. Use Lemon Hart Rum, bottled on the docks of London where the just-right climate makes its flavour just right.

LEMON HART RUM *(Aside)* Folks, next time *you* make cocktails, why don't "Ja-maica" *Hart's Delight?* You'll like it.

"The Rum with a Reputation." Lemon Hart Jamaica Rum—soft and mellow—90° Proof. Lemon Hart Special Dark Rum for Planters Punch—8 years old—97° Proof. Lemon Hart Liqueur Rum—excellent straight—15 years old—86° Proof. Lemon Hart Demerara Rum—darker, heavier—96°, 114°, 150° Proof. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y. *Sole U. S. Agents.*

LEMON HART

RUMS

LEMON HART
JAMAICA RUM
LEMON HART & SON

JULIUS WILE

PRESENTS

"AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT"

ACT 2

TIME: *With dinner*

SQUAB: Well, you're just bubbling over with pride, aren't you?

BOLLINGER: And why not? Hasn't Bollinger been among England's most popular champagnes for 100 years? And *I'm* Bollinger, 1928—the vintage of the century!

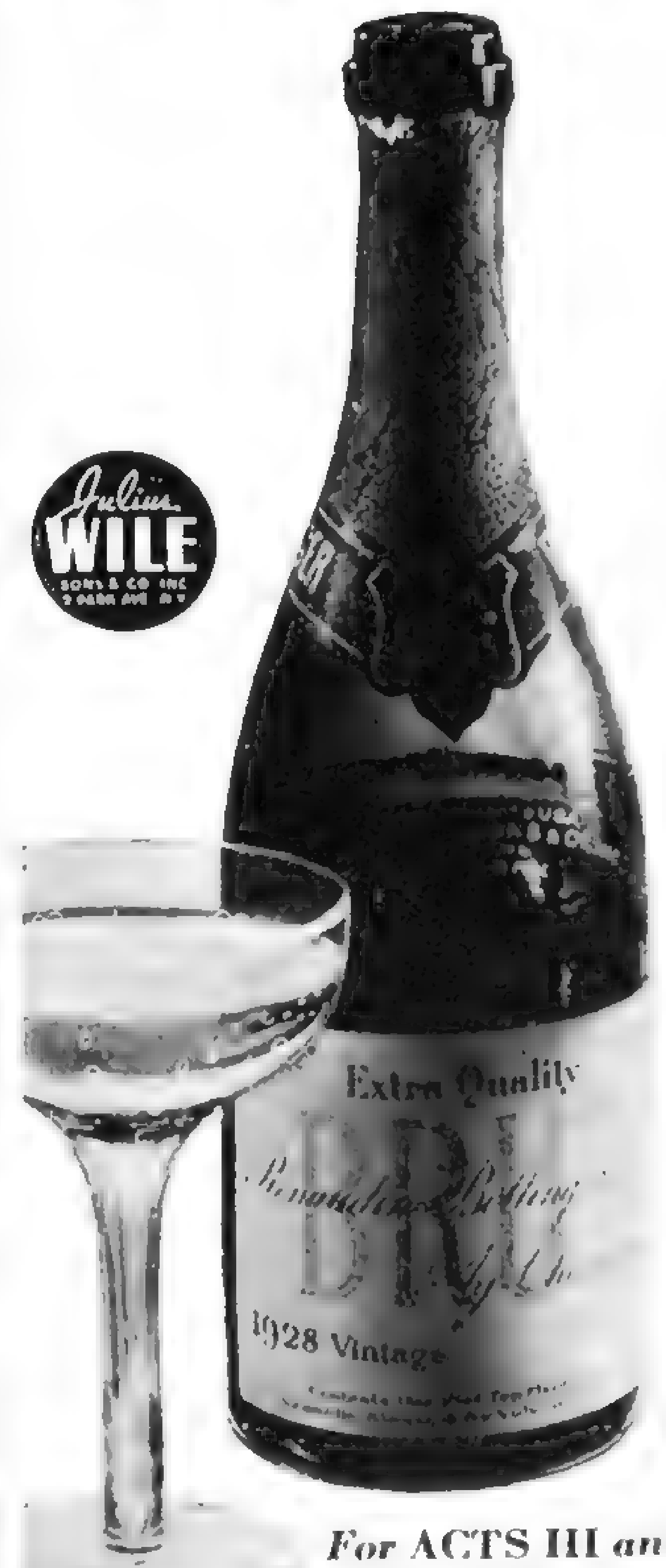
SQUAB: Didn't I hear the host say a champagne is only as good as its maker?

BOLLINGER: Right! M. Jacques Bollinger personally supervised *me* from grapes to bottle. And connoisseurs know *that* means champagne at its best.

Bollinger's degree of dryness just suits. You can get both Bollinger Brut and 1928 Vintage Bollinger. Ask for it by name. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y., *Sole U. S. Agents.*

BOLLINGER

CHAMPAGNE



For ACTS III and IV, turn page—

JULIUS WILE

PRESENTS

"AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT"

ACT 3

TIME:

After coffee

COFFEE: So you're the chap whose name is always linked with mine. Tell me, what's the secret of your success?

BENEDICTINE: My secret formula . . . my unique flavour. I was first made by a Bénédictine monk in 1510—over four hundred years ago.

COFFEE: Whew-w! And during all those years you've never been imitated?

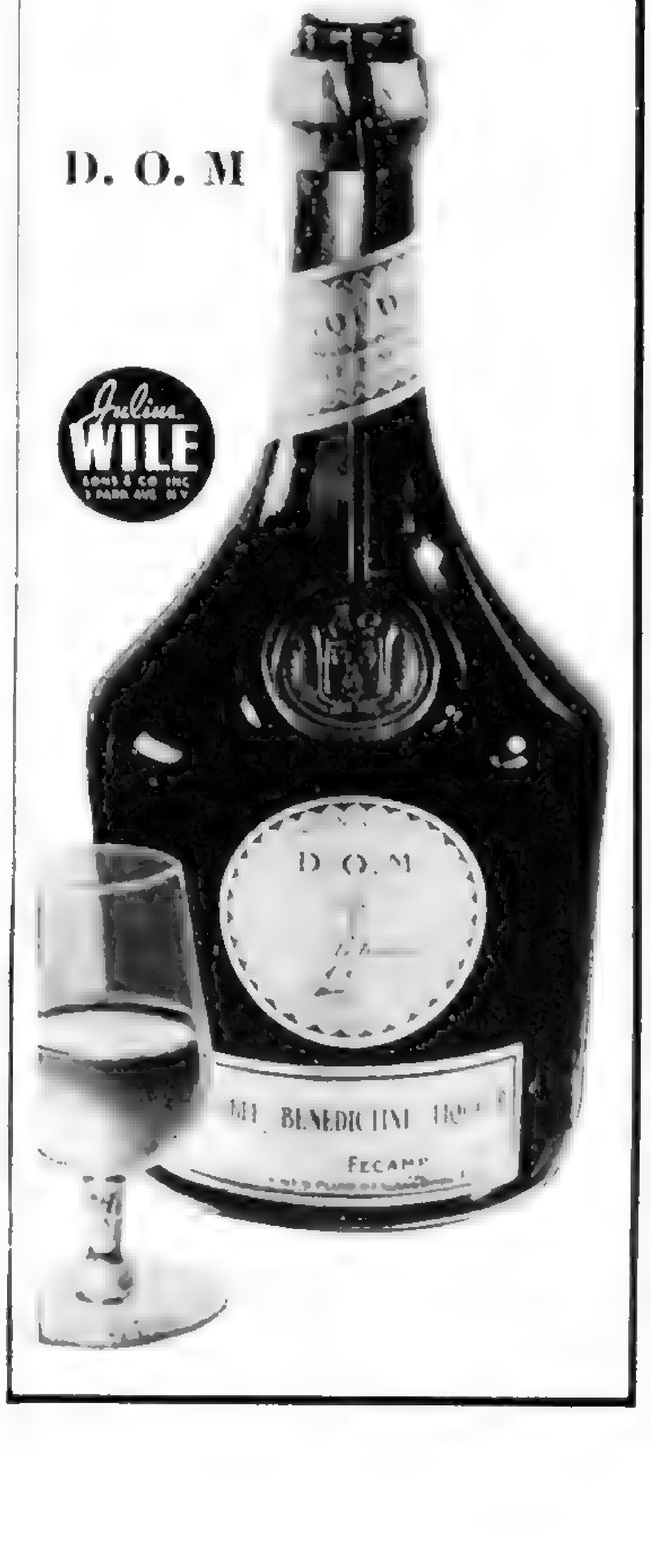
BENEDICTINE: No! Lots of people have tried to imitate my flavour, but it can't be done. I'm the one and *only* Bénédictine.

King of after-dinner liqueurs for 400 years. Pour into liqueur glass . . . sip slowly. Also *mixes royally in many cocktails. 86.° Proof.* Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y., *Sole U. S. Agents.*

After Coffee a

BENEDICTINE

D. O. M



New Tunes for Old Wars

Continued from pages 59-279

its anxiety over the Mediterranean. England suddenly became pious now that its own interests were involved, but Laval gave it a dose of the medicine that England had fed Stimson.

It was in the name of "conciliation" instead of "fair play" that Ethiopia was sacrificed. At each suggestion that something be done to stave off the war, and even after it had already broken out, Mussolini could depend on Laval to employ dilatory tactics called "conciliation."

How securely the Duce could depend on Laval was only proved when it was much too late. Early in 1934 Laval went to Rome, and when he returned, it was with a batch of feathers in his cap. It was not disclosed, however, that the biggest feather of all was kept by Mussolini. It was Laval's pledge to put no hindrance in the way of Italian manifold destiny in Abyssinia.

When we foreign correspondents, and the inquisitive French reporters, too, asked at the Foreign Office at Paris if there wasn't a wee little secret commitment somewhere behind the brief communique of what had happened at Rome between Laval and Mussolini, the polite government spokesman arched his eyebrows in a way that showed how we had hurt his feelings. He undoubtedly was perfectly honest about it, too. That was part of the new technique. He simply wasn't informed.

Developments were to prove the existence of that secret agreement, nevertheless. When the pressure from England was at its greatest, and Laval was hesitating on whether to moderate his dilatory tactics, a significant interview was given by the Duce to Ward Price, one of his favored mouthpieces. In this interview, which the Duce read over and corrected himself, he made a curious remark about his trust in Laval.

The meaning was plain to those who had followed developments. They had only circumstantial evidence to go on, but how accurate it was was shown finally when Marshal de Bono wrote his book on how he and the Duce had planned the invasion of Ethiopia for years ahead. In it he glibly tells how the Rome conversations between Laval and Mussolini "gave us reason to hope that if we did have to take action in Ethiopia, France would put no obstacles in our way."

Yet this was the very promise that Laval had not hesitated to go before his own Parliament and deny. His actions spoke louder than his words, though. Whereas the Chinese in 1931 had to fight both the Japanese and the English, one militarily and the other politically, this time Ethiopia had to fight both Italy and France the same way.

The acute Lloyd George, past master of those things, saw through it, however. When the British Foreign Minister at that time, Sir Samuel Hoare, was cornered into cautiously admitting that France "has disassociated herself economically in Ethiopia," Lloyd George pointed out on the floor of Parliament that "this has a meaning in diplomatic language. If it means anything, it means a free hand."

Laval fully lived up to his secret agreement. Incidents began to develop soon after he returned to France, and then Italy began to pour troops and munitions into East Africa. The British paid little heed to this in the beginning. Sir John Simon was still Foreign Minister. With all of his old cunning, he parried questions such as: "Would it be possible to do something in this matter before it goes too far for anything to be done?"

When I sailed for Ethiopia from France, stopping off at Port Said, one of the most impressive buildings I noticed close to the entrance to the Suez Canal was the British Consulate-General. Unless every member of the Consulate was deaf as well as blind, they could not have avoided for months past seeing and hearing the troopships loaded with Italian soldiers who kept up a constant din: "Long live the Duce! Down with Ethiopia!" Unless they stuffed their ears, these diplomats couldn't have helped also hearing the Suez Canal employes exclaim over the vast amounts of ammunition that the Italians were sending through.

Yet when questions were asked, the British Government would doggedly repeat its old formula: "We have received no official information."

This continued until, indeed, it was too late to do anything about it. With the same dilatory strategy that the Japanese had employed in suggesting a Commission of Inquiry to be sent out by the League, Italy proposed a Conciliation Committee.

The Ethiopian delegate at Geneva agreed, but "on condition that no military preparations were made. This was the crux of the question," he pleaded. Sir John didn't bat an eyelash. "If the situation were complicated with yet other conditions, the whole might become unnecessarily complicated," he said. This entangled phrase itself lulled the Abyssinian delegate into silence, and thereupon the extraordinary session of the League, convened months after the initial outbreak at Walwal, adjourned after it only "took note" of what both sides had said.

Yet a single move would have been sufficient to block the Italian adventure. That would have been to close the Suez Canal to troopships. It would have been perfectly legal, for the Powers had solemnly agreed to scrap all agreements that conflicted with their duties as League members. Yet when this suggestion arose, Laval with British acquiescence brought up an old pre-war clause of the

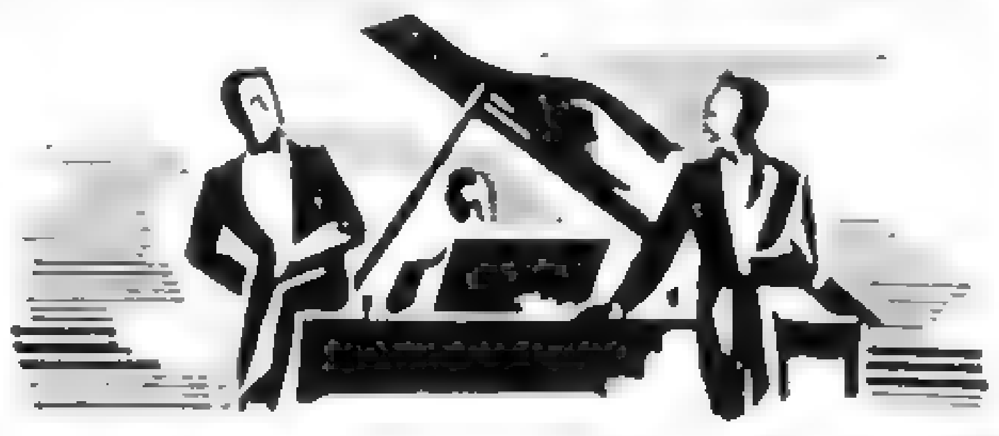
Continued on page 282

JULIUS WILE

PRESENTS

"AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT"

ACT 4



TIME:

Throughout evening

SODA: So *you're* the famous light Scotch all New York is talking about! Going places, aren't you?

PETER DAWSON: Why not? Folks these days prefer a Scotch like me—pleasantly light in body yet satisfyingly rich in flavour.

SODA: Well, you ought to be good. You're sponsored by the world's largest Scotch purveyors. But how will you mix with me?

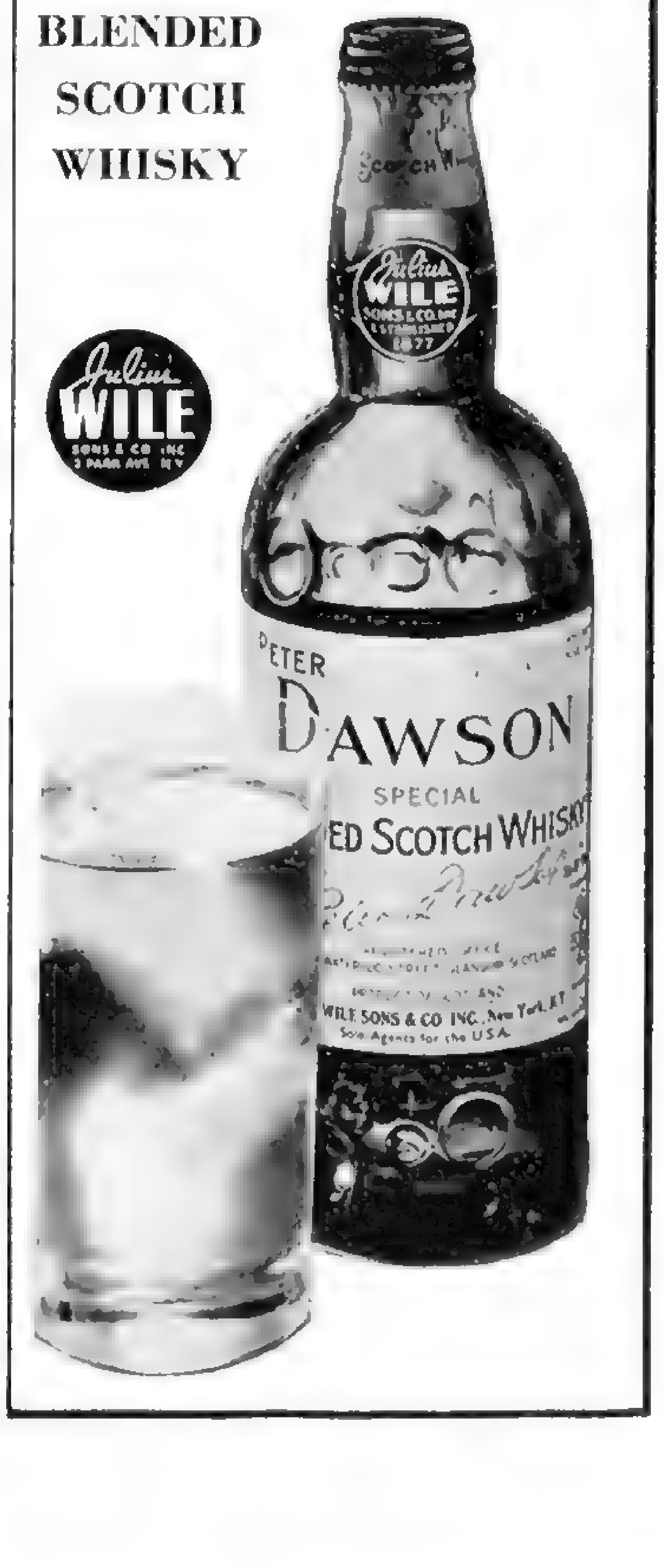
PETER DAWSON: Here comes the host. You're about to see that while I'm light in body my rich flavour just hits the spot in soda.

The famous *light* Scotch. Bottled in Scotland. 86.8° Proof. Every drop 8 years old. Also *Old Curio*—12 years old. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y., *Sole Distributors in U. S.*

PETER

DAWSON

BLENDED
SCOTCH
WHISKY


Julius WILE SONS & CO INC 3 PARK AVE N Y
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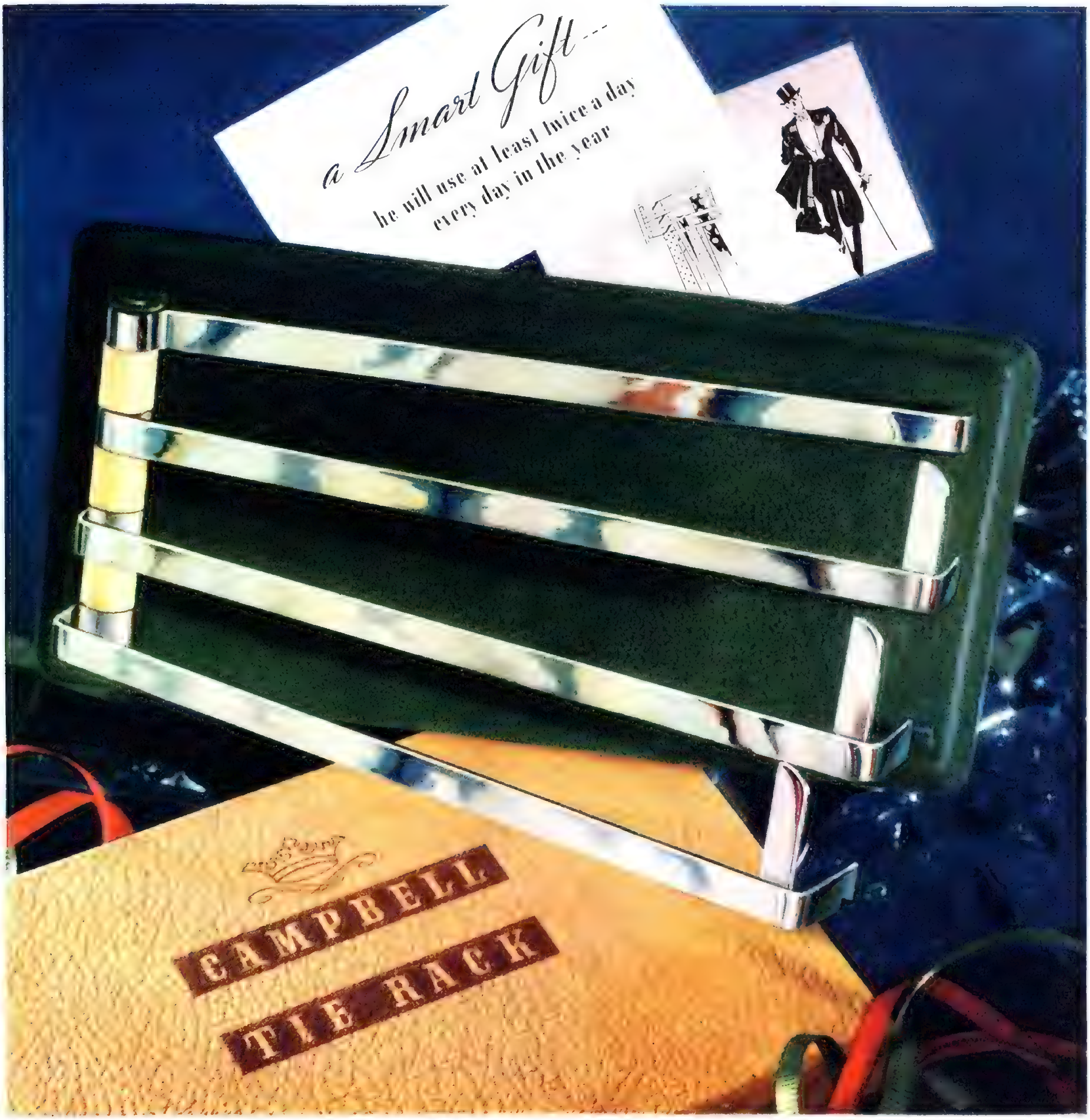


"Chrome-Suede" Model in Emerald Green.
Color Photography by Doolittle

Campbell TIE RACK

$1 "Kem-Art" in ivory-and-brown duo-tone only. **$2** "Chrome-Suede" in gift package. Be sure to designate color desired...Rust Red, Cobalt Blue or Emerald Green.

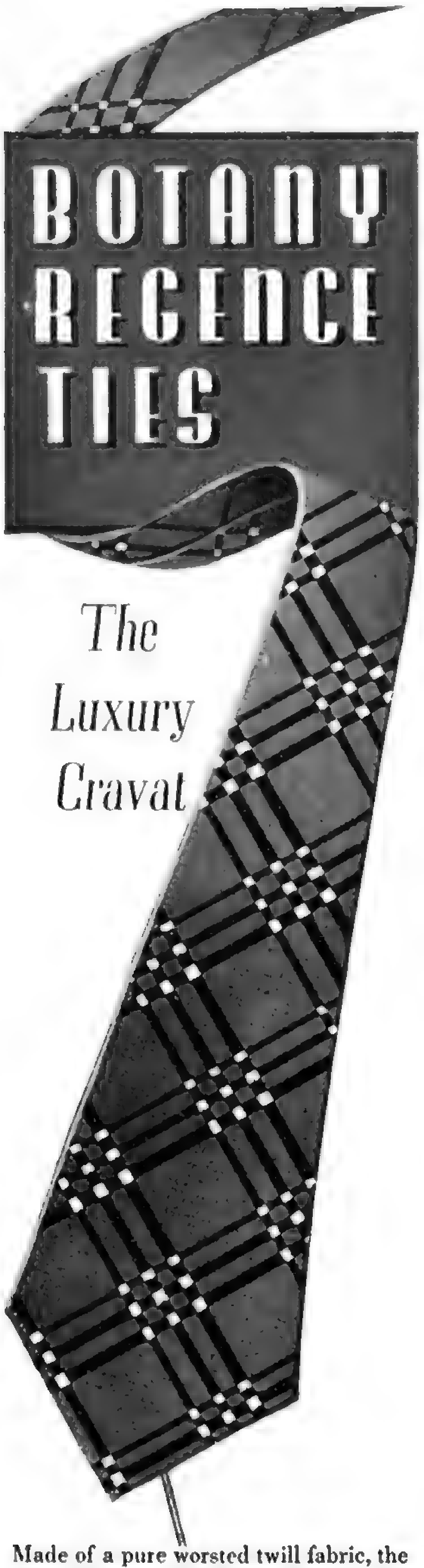
CAMPBELL PRODUCTS CO.
287 N. Allen Avenue • Dept. X
Pasadena, California

The Campbell Tie Rack gives a premium in workmanship and material, is simple and beautiful in design, efficient in operation. All in order, there they hang... 32 ties without overlapping, 64 by doubling up. Unlatching the bars exposes each tie full length...easy to compare and select...just as easy to replace. The irksome task of caring for your ties becomes a pleasure with the Campbell.

At $1.00 you have plus-value smartly expressed in the new "Kem-Art" Campbell...named from its beautiful, enduring finish...ivory-toned bars with a backplate of rich chestnut brown.

The "Chrome-Suede" Campbell at $2.00 rewards you with the distinction of triple-plated chromium bars...aristocrat of metallic surfaces...gleaming against a velvety suede-like background...in a choice of three colors, Emerald Green, Rust Red or Cobalt Blue. Its special gift package...pigskin in texture and hue...is every inch a MAN'S package.

Ask at any department store or men's shop. If the Campbell is not there, send check, money order or currency direct to us. (Postage extra outside of U.S.A.) Solve the problem of gifts to ANY NUMBER *of* MEN *by ordering Campbells for them* TODAY!



Made of a pure worsted twill fabric, the Botany Regence Tie is most luxurious in appearance and feel. In spite of its soft elegance, this tie will resist wrinkling and give long and satisfactory service. Botany dealers have complete assortments of the new patterns. Write us... and we will direct you $1.50

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS • Passaic, New Jersey
THE BOTANY TIE. The Botany Robe. Men's & Women's Wear Fabrics. Botany Top-Dyed Knitting Yarns.

New Tunes for Old Wars

Continued from pages 59-279-280

Suez Canal treaty that forbid the closing of the waterway to ships of any kind in time of war or peace.

Gradually, it began to dawn on some members of the British Government that Ethiopia was of concern to Empire interests. Public dissatisfaction was rising alarmingly over the dilatory tactics of Sir John, and he was sacrificed. Hoare was put in his place. The tail of the British lion began to twitch in horror at sights which it had not deigned to notice in Manchuria or even in Ethiopia a bit earlier. Eden temporarily became a diplomat with a pulse that beat to an international tune.

But so many influential Britishers had become moonstruck by Fascism that under the leadership of Lord Rothermere, they were unwilling to trammel it in any of its deeds. This conflict of policy within its own ranks prevented the British Government from sticking to any definite line. It is this that is called opportunism, but in reality it was the veering and the tacking that was forced on the British Cabinet as a result of this Tory hesitancy.

When a definite step of any sort finally would be agreed on, Laval could always be depended on to object piously that nothing should be done to upset Mussolini. Only this way, he insisted, could "conciliation" be effected between the two parties.

Then, after a Conciliation Committee was formed, weeks passed while Italy argued about who were to be the "conciliators." Then more months passed in inaction while Italy insisted that it was no business of the committee in fixing blame to take into consideration who owned the land where the fight took place.

Yet the existence of this committee was the excuse that Eden gave for not acting. "We must await the result of their deliberations," he said, after months had passed. This sounded strangely like the excuse for inaction during the year and more that the League Commission of Inquiry was preparing to investigate what happened in Manchuria.

Eventually England became convinced that sanctions could not be avoided, especially in view of its own indignant public opinion. It was mainly through French insistence, however, that sanctions came to be such a completely empty threat. They were only applied, and then over Laval's objections, two months after the warfare had started.

By that time, Mussolini had bought all that he needed. Again so as not to interfere with "conciliation," it was arranged that the sanctions should not include anything so vital as oil.

During this period, Ethiopia was telling the League without even receiving a reply: "Time presses. This is no longer the moment for dilatory measures. The question is whether in a few days a war of extermination will be opened."

When the war actually started, and the Abyssinian delegate began a pathetic appeal with the words, "Today, when a member of the League is resorting to war," the chairman rebuked him with a paragraph that beneath its cold formalism concealed a sentence of death for Ethiopia:

"For the moment, the Council is considering the report which has been submitted to it, and at the appropriate time, it will consider the appeal addressed to it by the representative of Ethiopia."

Every action by England, now more and more alarmed, Laval would chill in the cold waters of "conciliation." After the League Secretariat was bombarded by plea after plea from Addis Ababa that Italy was mobilizing, that Italy was sending troops, that there "was no doubt of the hostile intentions" of Italy, Laval proposed that the Council adjourn to see if a formula might not be found to resume the same "conciliation" that had been such a cloak for all these war preparations. Laval's wish was granted, and the Council did adjourn.

Even after the outbreak of war, Laval demanded that "conciliation" be continued, and that the Conciliation Committee remain in existence. Be just a little more patient, he insisted. As soon as Italy avenges its defeat at Adowa in 1896, it will be ready for "conciliation."

The doom for Manchuria that was secreted in Sir John's sweet words about fair play, was concealed in Laval's: "In every way, I shall do all in my power to explore every possibility of conciliation."

In diplomatic language, this was a threat.

III

"Non-Intervention" was the nice word that was to do to Spain what "fair play" did to China, and "conciliation" to Ethiopia. The technique as I witnessed it in Spain was much the same as I had observed it in Manchuria and Ethiopia, and again abroad there continued the same blind adherence to a diplomatic code that disregarded reality for a world of its own creation.

While at Perpignan, close to the Spanish frontier, I used to look up and watch German airplanes fly over French soil toward the insurgent sector. So long as this was not brought officially to the attention of diplomats, it was not happening.

Weeks before the outbreak of the civil war, Juan March, the munitions king of Spain; the son of Primo de Rivera, the erstwhile dictator; and Gil Robles, head of the political party called Catholic Action, gathered in a villa at St. Jean de Luz in France. They sent emissaries to Germany, Italy and Portugal. Their insurrectionary

Continued on page 284

The
BOTANY
ROBE

MADE BY BOTANY...FROM FABRIC TO FINISHED PRODUCT

Here, indeed, is the ideal gift, a genuine Botany Lounging Robe, the product of a great mill that has been clothing the nation with quality for almost half a century. Be sure to look for the label shown below, as an identification of the genuine Botany Robe. We will gladly furnish you, on request, the name of a dealer near you, where you will find these splendid robes, in a variety of genuine Botany fabrics, at $12.50 up.

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THE BOTANY ROBE. The Botany Tie. Men's & Women's Wear Fabrics. Botany Top-Dyed Knitting Yarns.

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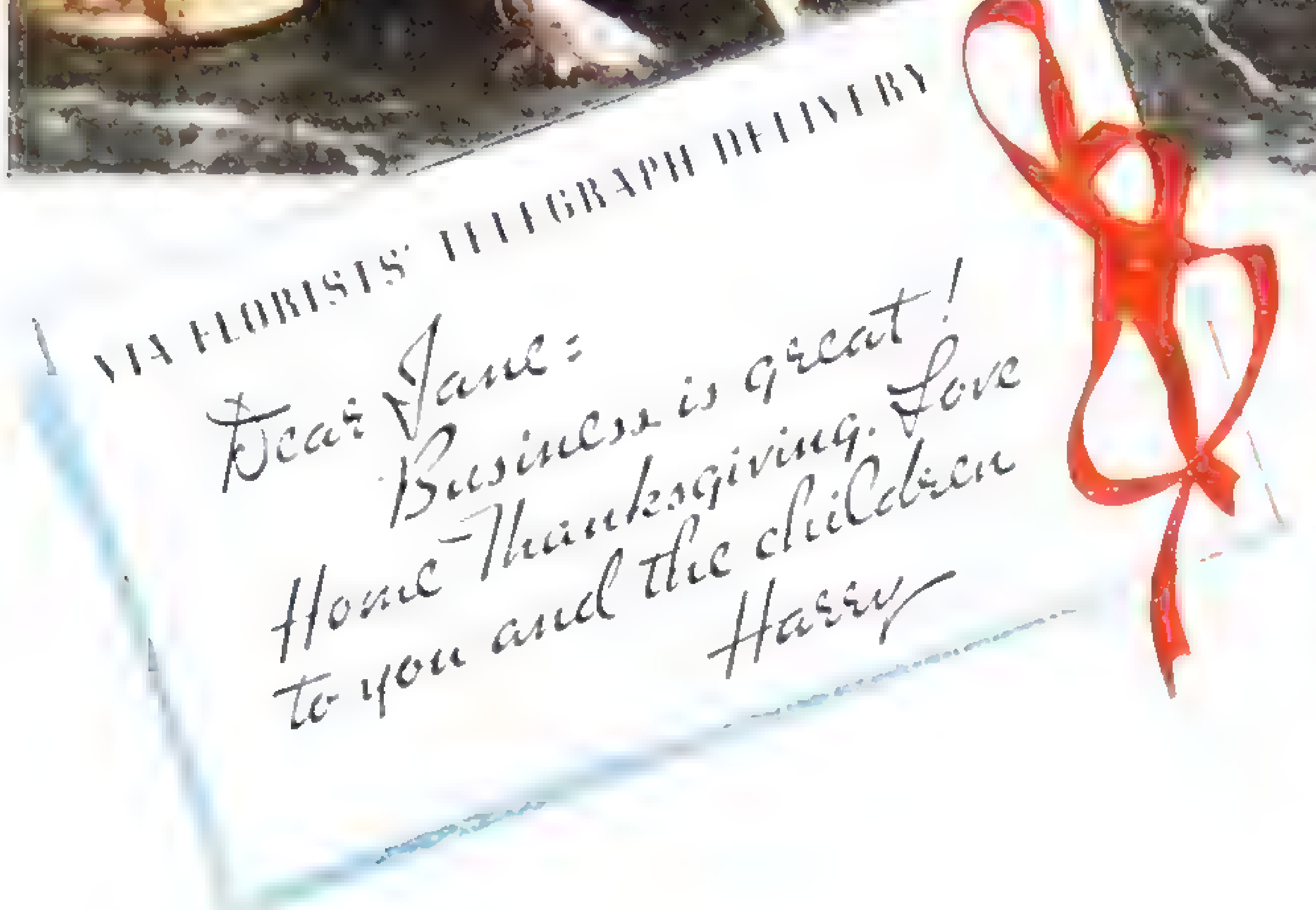
FLOWERS-BY-WIRE
ANYWHERE
ANY TIME
Say it with Flowers
DELIVERY ASSOCIATION


VIA FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY

Dear Jane:
Business is great!
Home Thanksgiving. Love
to you and the children
Harry

Just completed a good business deal? Held a successful meeting at a distant point or going to be home early for Thanksgiving? Why not share your success or joy with those close to your heart? Why not say it with flowers-by-wire? Their delicate fragrance, their very freshness and beauty, convey far more than words—worlds more than things not made of sunshine. You can fairly see the surprise and happiness flowers-by-wire will bring your family! So easy, now, to wire flowers for all occasions. Just step into the florist shop displaying the *F.T.D.* emblem and your order will go through like magic!

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

AN INTERNATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF 12,000 FLORISTS

Fall is most colorful in New York!

●Smart shops parade their newest fashions...new shows open...new stars are born! Fall knows no city like New York—and no hotel like New York's Hotel Pennsylvania. It has only one standard—*the best.* That's why America's No. 1 Swing Band is here with entertainment aces in the gay MADhattan Room!

What applies to entertainment applies to food...service...and appointments. If you want the "tops" in enjoyment on your New York visit pick New York's "tops" in hotels. One gives you the other!

BENNY GOODMAN

and his No. 1 Swing Band nightly—except Sunday—in the gay MADhattan Room.

MODERN TERRACES *add charm to the Cafe Rouge, one of the four fine Pennsylvania restaurants.*

2200 ROOMS each with private bath . . . . . Rates begin at $3.50

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STATLER OPERATED
ACROSS FROM PENNSYLVANIA STATION, N. Y.
Frank A. McKowne, President • J. H. McCabe, Manager

New Tunes for Old Wars

Continued from pages 50-279-280-282

conspiracy was common gossip on the French border. Yet nothing was done about it.

Their activities became so patent that as soon as the civil war started, foreign newspaper correspondents went to that villa to get their passes to rebel territory. Now it has become the informal embassy of General Franco outside of Spain.

All this officially did not conflict with friendship toward a recognized country or neutrality.

The League hereupon gave up the struggle without a pretense at action. As if in mockery, it offered the advice of its technical services to Spain! It tacked this remnant of its once brave flourishes onto a resolution in which it welcomed "non-intervention" efforts at London, and thereby washed its own hands of the war. It took almost half a year for it to do even this.

"The blood-stained soil of Spain is already, in fact, the battlefield of a world war," Alvarez del Vayo, delegate from loyalist Spain, told the League. This much, at least, both sides could agree on, but again this warning fell upon deaf ears at Geneva. It wasn't even answered.

Every foreign correspondent in Spain who took the trouble to investigate in the early days of the civil war knew of the virtual Italian occupation of the Balearic Islands. It was not until the heavens burst and hurled a squadron of Italian warplanes loaded with Italian war aviators and machine guns down on French soil in Morocco that official heed was paid to any of the evidence that a new World War was being rehearsed in Spain.

Then even this was ignored. A bargain was made in the traditional diplomatic manner. The Italians and the Germans agreed to participate in the Non-Intervention Committee in exchange for French agreement not to mention this embarrassing incident.

That was how the farce of "non-intervention" came into existence. Whereas at least the fiction had been maintained of fair play to both Japan and China, and that conciliation really was attempted between Italy and Ethiopia, it was frankly admitted that it was not non-intervention in which the Non-Intervention Committee was interested.

As Eden said more than a year after the commencement of the war, the "main objective" was "to localize the Spanish conflict" with the hope that this would "maintain the peace of Europe."

Behind this façade, it became possible to intervene more easily than ever. Whereas before there had been no way to suppress the news of breaches of neutrality, now the facts could be stifled behind closed doors. A hush-hush policy was the first decision of the committee. The gag rule was applied at the insistence of Germany and Italy. It was agreed not to disclose anything more than was contained in the official communiques, on which nations with as conflicting interests as the U.S.S.R. and Germany had first to agree.

This was a momentous, although partial victory in a fight that dictatorial countries had been conducting against democracies ever since the outbreak of warfare in Manchuria. I watched Japanese spokesmen in Manchuria and Italian spokesmen in Ethiopia try to force newspaper correspondents from the United States and other democracies to send only the news contained in official statements.

Heretofore, these spokesmen were unable to put their restrictions into effect out of their own countries. Now, thanks to this Non-Intervention Committee, the first step was taken toward an eventual world-wide press control by making the ban effective at the source of information. Without any bashfulness about it, Germany and Italy first had demanded that this be done by decree in democracies, the same as in dictatorships.

Now when newspaper correspondents ask delegates what is happening behind their closed doors, the invariable reply is:

"We are bound by parliamentary rules. Our committee has voted to limit what it has to say to the contents of our communiques."

IV

The ladder lacks only its top rung for the world to be back to old-fashioned wars between major powers. Is it too late to do anything about it? Is this drift to a new World War inevitable? It is almost foolhardy to utter words of optimism after going to Manchuria, Ethiopia and Spain and watching the new technique at work. Nice words are for those who remained at Geneva, London, Paris, Washington and Tokyo.

Yet there is hope. If there is a lesson to be learned from the appalling set of precedents enumerated, it is that democracies must get away from nice words to their meanings, and no longer leave reality as the monopoly of the aggressor.

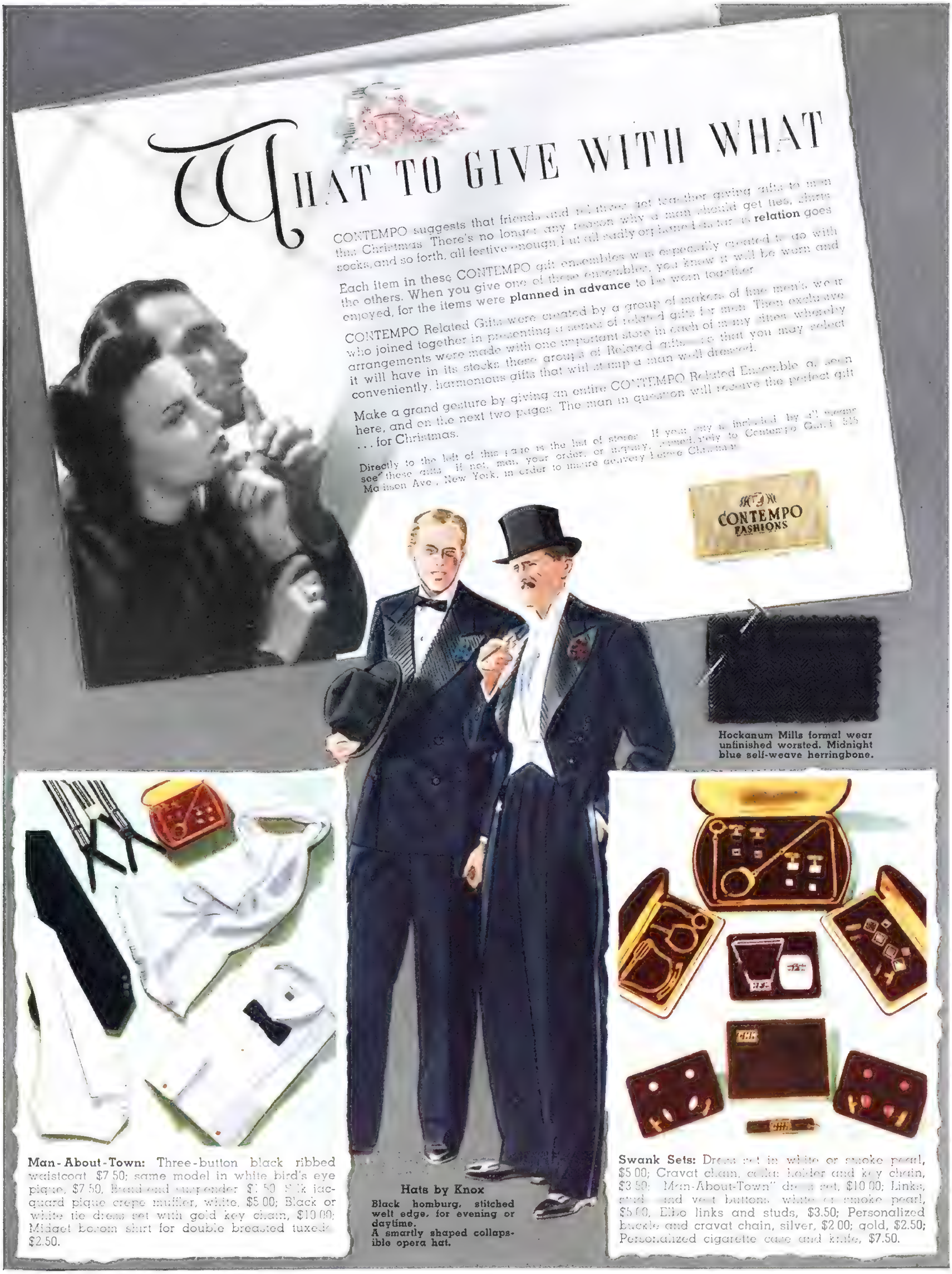
Open diplomacy, agreed on so enthusiastically as the most hopeful accomplishment of the World War, was never given a trial. It was sabotaged from the start. It must be insisted on anew, even at the cost of confusion and embarrassment, which no matter how extensive would be infinitely cheaper than a new World War.

Diplomats cannot be trusted. They are too prone to twist the meanings of words such as fair play, conciliation and non-intervention, until they result in the opposite of what the dictionaries say they mean. Only open diplomacy can restrain them.

Else? Else we shall have a new World War in the name of another nice word—Peace! ⧺

The CONTEMPO (RELATED) FASHION GROUPS FEATURED ON THE NEXT THREE PAGES WILL BE FOUND *EXCLUSIVELY* AT THE FOLLOWING STORES

Akron, Ohio	***Lang's***
Albany, N. Y	***McManus & Riley, Inc.***
Allentown, Pa	***Hess Bros.***
Altoona, Pa	***The William F. Gable Co.***
Ann Arbor, Mich	***Wild & Co.***
Appleton, Wis	***Ferron's***
Asheville, N. C	***M. V. Moore & Co.***
Auburn, N. Y	***Dowd-Leo Co.***
Austin, Texas	***E. M. Scarbrough & Sons***
Baltimore, Md	***Leed's, Inc.***
Binghamton, N. Y	***McLean's***
Boston, Mass	***Leopold Morse Co.***
Bridgeport, Conn	***The D. M. Read Co.***
Canton, Ohio	***The C. N. Vicary Co.***
Champaign, Ill	***Kaufman's, Inc.***
Charleston, W. Va	***Frankenberger's***
Chicago, Ill	***Jerrem's***
Cleveland, Ohio	***W. B. Davis Co.***
Columbus, Ohio	***The Union Company***
Cumberland, Md	***Schwarzenbach & Son***
Dallas, Texas	***Dreyfuss & Son***
Davenport, Iowa	***Simon & Landauer***
Dayton, Ohio	***The Metropolitan Co.***
Des Moines, Ia	***Jerrem's***
Detroit, Mich	***Whaling's***
Duluth, Minn	***M. Cook & Sons***
Durham, N. C	***Durham Men's Shop***
Elmira, N. Y	***Burt's, Inc.***
El Paso, Texas	***The White House***
Erie, Pa	***Isaac Baker & Son***
Fall River, Mass	***Talbot & Son***
Fitchburg, Mass	***F. H. Lane Co.***
Flint, Mich	***Crawford & Zimmerman***
Fort Smith, Ark	***Boston Store Men's Shop***
Fort Wayne, Ind.,	***Patterson-Fletcher Co.***
Fort Worth, Texas	***Washer Bros.***
Grand Rapids, Mich	***A. May & Sons***
Hagerstown, Md	***Hopkins-Gruber Co.***
Hammond, Ind	***Jack Fox & Sons***
Harrisburg, Pa	***Stark Bros.***
Haverhill, Mass.	***Macartney's***
Houston, Texas	***Sakowitz Bros.***
Indianapolis, Ind	***L. Strauss & Co.***
Jackson, Mich	***Oppenheim's, Inc.***
Jamaica, L. I., N. Y	***B. Gertz, Inc.***
Kalamazoo, Mich	***Lew Hubbard***
Kansas City, Mo	***Woolf Bros., Inc.***
Kenosha, Wis	***Isermann Bros.***
Lansing, Mich	***F. N. Arbaugh Co.***
Lawrence, Mass	***Macartney's***
Little Rock, Ark	***The M. M. Cohn Co.***
Los Angeles	***Mullen & Bluett***
Louisville, Ky	***Rodes-Rapier Co.***
Lowell, Mass	***Macartney's***
Marshalltown, Ia	***Abel & Abel, Inc.***
Mason City, Iowa	***Abel & Son, Inc.***
Memphis, Tenn	***Phil. A. Halle***
Milwaukee, Wis.	***MacNeil & Moore***
Minneapolis, Minn	***Juster Bros., Inc.***
Mt. Vernon, N. Y	***The Langdon Shop***
New Haven, Ct.,	***J. Johnson & Sons, Inc.***
New Orleans, La	***Porter's, Inc.***
Niagara Falls, N. Y	***Amberg's***
Omaha, Neb	***Nebraska Clothing Co.***
Paterson, N. J	***Konner's***
Philadelphia, Pa.,	***MacDonald & Campbell***
Pittsburgh, Pa	***Kaufmann's***
Portland, Me	***A. H. Benoit & Co.***
Reading, Pa	***Croll & Keck***
Richmond, Va	***Jacobs & Levy***
Roanoke, Va	***Davidson's***
Rochester, N.Y	***National Clothing Co.***
Rockford, Ill	***W. B. Doran Men's Store***
Rock Island, Ill	***Simon & Landauer***
Saginaw, Mich	***Heavenrich Bros. & Co.***
St. Louis, Mo	***Boyd's***
Sandusky, Ohio	***The M. R. Herb Co.***
Schenectady, N. Y	***Nusbaum's***
Scranton, Pa	***Cleland-Simpson Co.***
Springfield, Mass	***Albert Steiger Co.***
Springfield, Ohio	***Vogue Shop, Inc.***
Stamford, Conn	***Frank Martin & Sons***
Sunbury, Pa	***Markley-Altvater, Inc.***
Syracuse, N. Y	***Dey Bros. & Co.***
Toledo, Ohio	***The B. R. Baker Co.***
Tulsa, Oklahoma	***Woolf Bros.***
Washington, D. C	***Lewis & Thos. Saltz***
Waterbury, Conn.	***Worth's***
Wheeling, W. Va	***Rivlin-Rinehart***
White Plains, N. Y	***Stone's***
Wichita, Kansas	***Woolf Bros.***
Williamsport, Pa	***Troisi Tailor, Inc.***
Winston-Salem, N. C	***Norman Stockton***
Youngstown, O	***The Hartzell Bros. Co.***
New York City, 42nd St.	***Stern Bros.***



WHAT TO GIVE WITH WHAT

CONTEMPO suggests that friends and relatives get together giving gifts to men this Christmas. There's no longer any reason why a man should get ties, shirts, socks, and so forth, all festive enough, but all sadly orphaned as far as **relation** goes.

Each item in these CONTEMPO gift ensembles was especially created to go with the others. When you give one of these ensembles, you know it will be worn and enjoyed, for the items were **planned in advance** to be worn together.

CONTEMPO Related Gifts were created by a group of makers of fine men's wear who joined together in presenting a series of related gifts for men. Then exclusive arrangements were made with one important store in each of many cities whereby it will have in its stocks these groups of Related gifts so that you may select conveniently, harmonious gifts that will stamp a man well dressed.

Make a grand gesture by giving an entire CONTEMPO Related Ensemble as seen here, and on the next two pages. The man in question will receive the perfect gift . . . for Christmas.

Directly to the left of this page is the list of stores. If your city is included, by all means see these gifts. If not, mail your order, or inquiry, immediately to Contempo Guild, 515 Madison Ave., New York, in order to insure delivery before Christmas.

Hockanum Mills formal wear unfinished worsted. Midnight blue self-weave herringbone.

Man-About-Town: Three-button black ribbed waistcoat $7.50; same model in white bird's eye pique, $7.50, Braid end suspender $1.50. Silk jacquard pique crepe muffler, white, $5.00; Black or white tie dress set with gold key chain, $10.00; Midget bosom shirt for double breasted tuxedo $2.50.

Hats by Knox

Black homburg, stitched welt edge, for evening or daytime.
A smartly shaped collapsible opera hat.

Swank Sets: Dress set in white or smoke pearl, $5.00; Cravat chain, collar holder and key chain, $3.50; "Man-About-Town" dress set, $10.00; Links, studs and vest buttons, white or smoke pearl, $5.00, Elko links and studs, $3.50; Personalized buckle and cravat chain, silver, $2.00; gold, $2.50; Personalized cigarette case and knife, $7.50.

Makers of CONTEMPO Fashions

Clothing Fabrics	**Hockanum Mills Co.** **Strong Hewat & Co.**
Neckwear	**Bachrach Co.**
Shirts	**C. F. Hathaway Co.**
Pajamas, Belts, Braces	**Knothe Bros. Co.**
Robes	**Van Baalen, Heilbrun & Co.**
Jewelry and Accessories	**Swank Products**
Sportswear	**McGregor**
Gloves	**Daniel Hays Co.**
Hats	**Knox Hat Co.**
Handkerchiefs	**Bloch Freres**
Socks	**Robbins and Naumburg Co.**
Luggage	**Boyle Leather Goods Co.**
Mufflers	**Cisco, Inc.**
Dress Waistcoats	**George W. Heller, Inc.**

WHO WILL GIVE WHAT—TO WHOM?

Designate now which members of the family will give which members of these CONTEMPO ensembles to dad, and brothers, and cousins. And your best beau will think you're a marvelous manager if you see that he gets an **entire** Related Ensemble.

- **Club Group** is what every youngish man wants. You will find this group in colors related to his Shetlands and tweeds.
- If you give **Baronet,** the faille satin brocade robe shown opposite, have someone else give the same man the Egyptian pattern silk pajamas shown directly below the robe. They make a fine team.

Let a trained salesperson in one of the CONTEMPO franchised stores, listed two pages preceding this, help you. He will quickly produce from his store's stocks, the Related Gift Ensemble that will put your gift in a class by itself.

Should a store in your city not be listed, mail your inquiry, or order, to Contempo Guild, 515 Madison Avenue, New York.

CONTEMPO FASHIONS

Colortone Photos, PAGANO

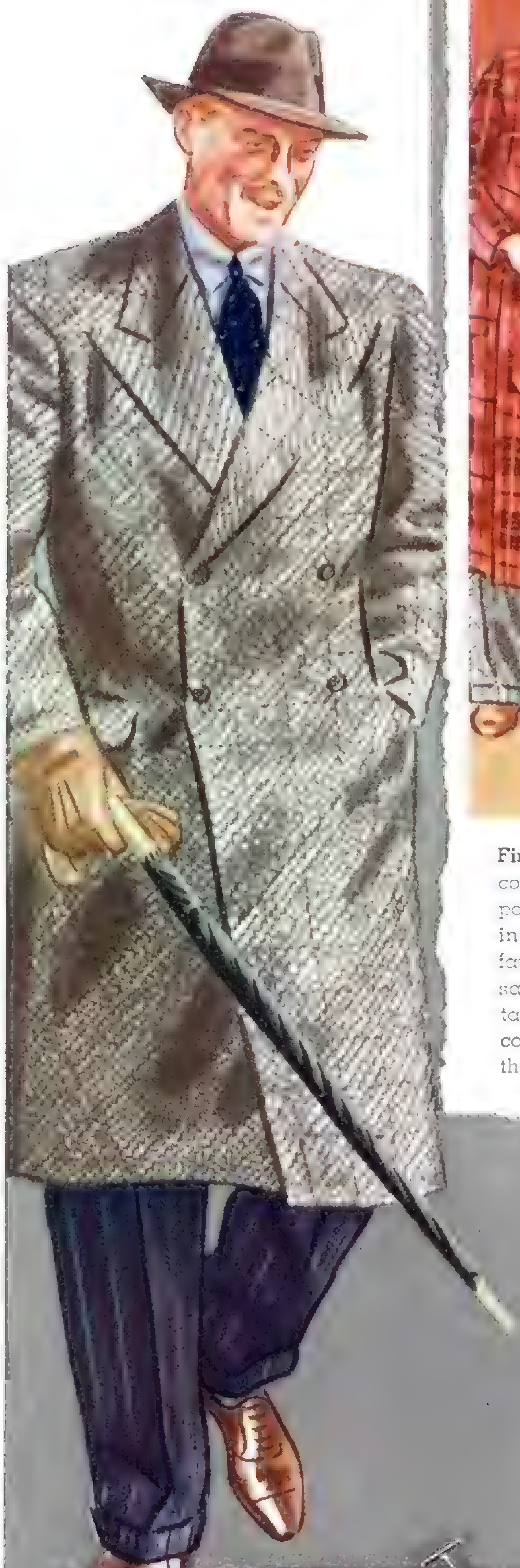
Outdoor Group: For the sportsman: McGregor "Africoat," cape leather Bush coat, $21.50; "Macset," sleeveless pull-over with gabardine front, knit back, and knit jacket, $8.50; Argyle Hose in browns, $3.00 pr. If he likes sports, give him the entire group, or have someone join with you in giving it.

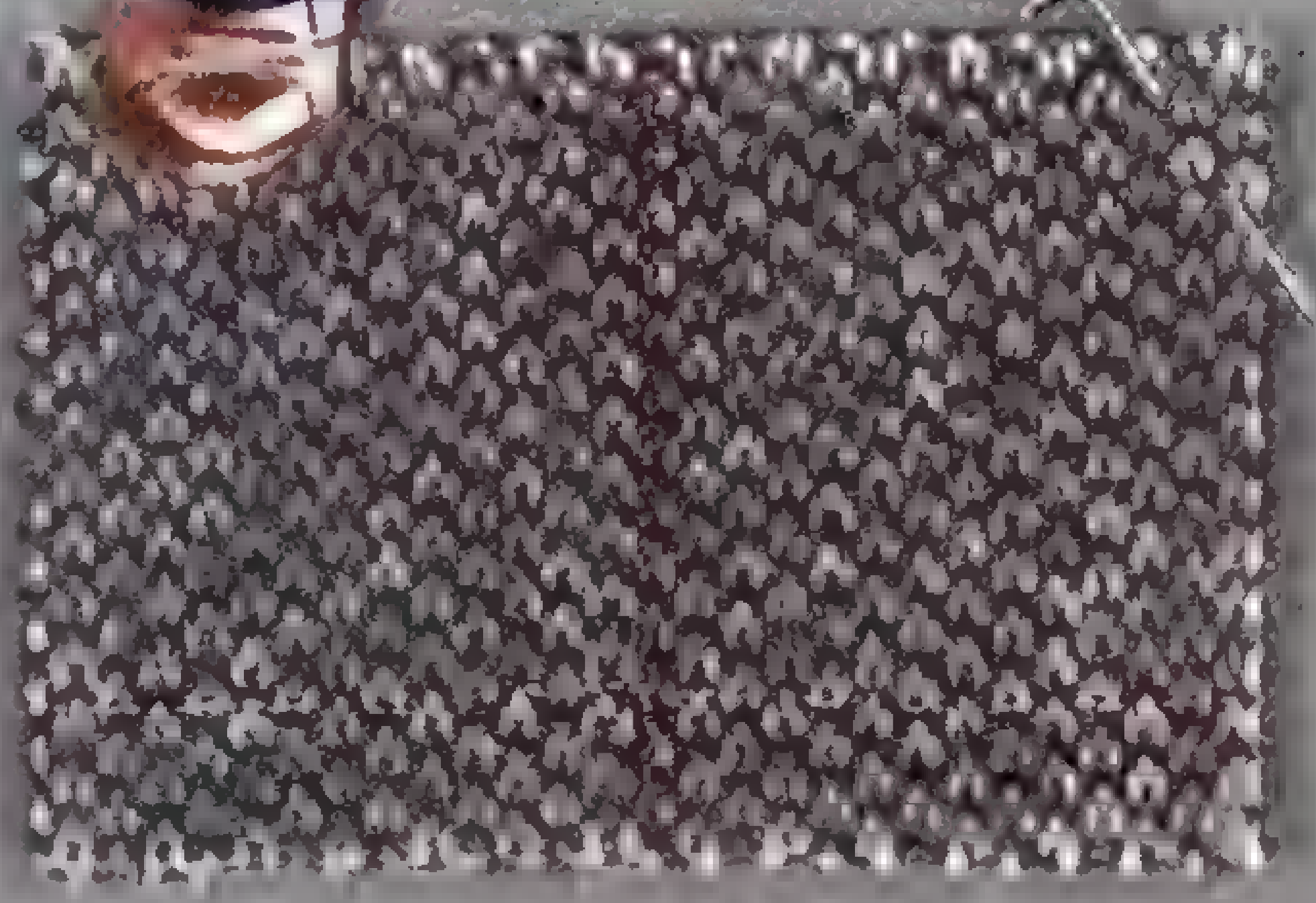
Club Group in wine, or in blue or brown: White ground broadcloth shirt with colored oversquare, $2.50; Chevron-weave twill tie, $1.00; Macclesfield type tie, $1.50; English wool hose, $1.00; Ribbon suspenders, $1.50; Imported handkerchief, 50c. This group is perfect for the man who dresses in a casual manner.

Business Allies in blue, or in wine or brown: Fine-grouped-satin-striped shirt, $3.50; spaced figure satin tie, $2.50; Spaced pattern tie on rep ground, $2.00; English silk and wool hose, hand clocked, $1.50; Suspender and garter set, $2.50; French linen handkerchief, $1.50. This group is correct with his business suits.

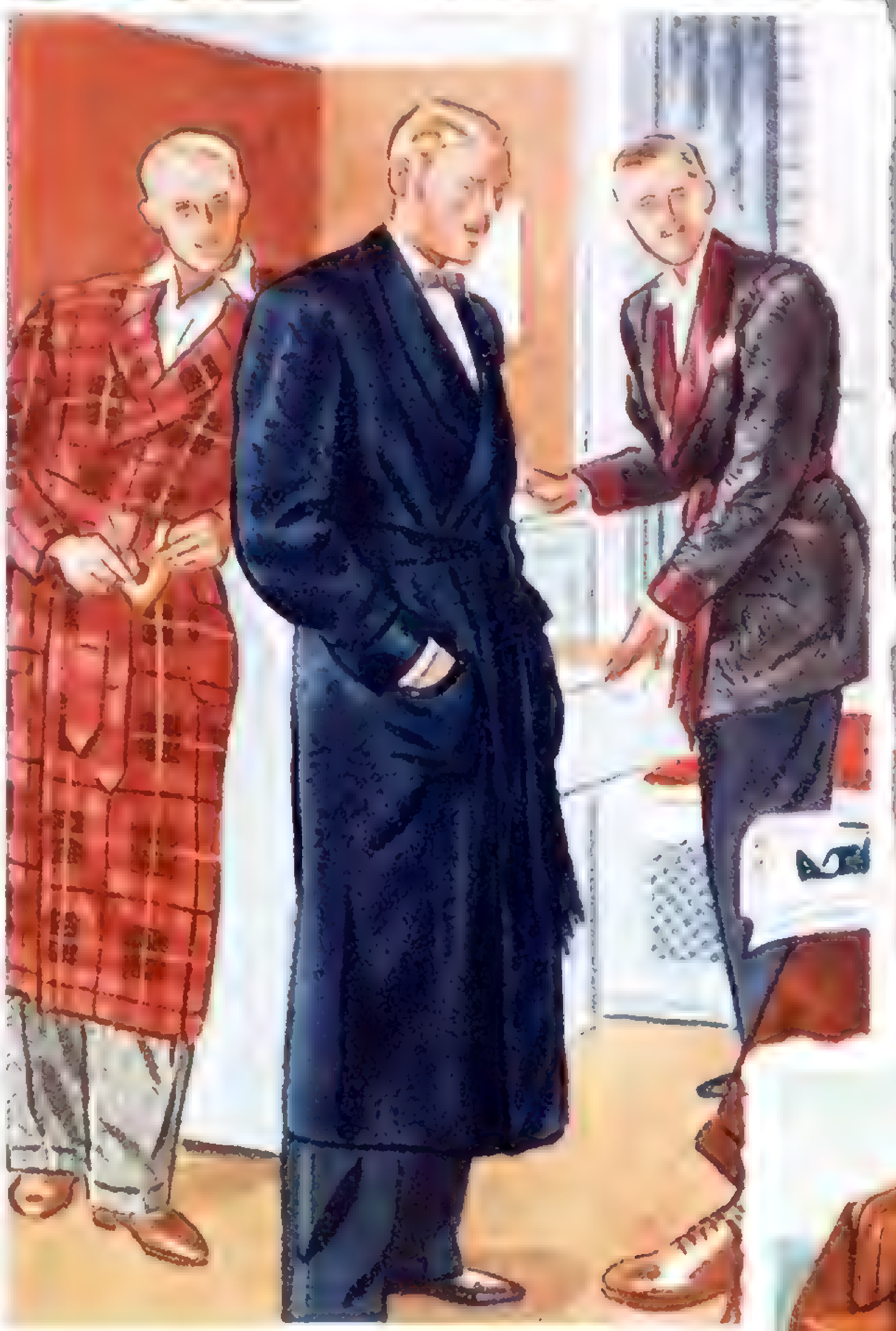
Companionable Gloves and Mufflers: Striped wool muffler, $2:50; "Haymaker" flair glove in goatskin, $3.50; Silk faille muffler with small Persian print, $3.00; "Salem" flair model glove in "Robinhead" leather . . . a new mocha, $5.00; Hand-blocked wool challis print muffler, $3.50; "Whiphand" flair glove in pigskin, $6.00. One of these sets is perfect for every man on your gift list.

Hat by Knox
A new Tanbark color snap brim with lower crown and a wider underwelt brim.

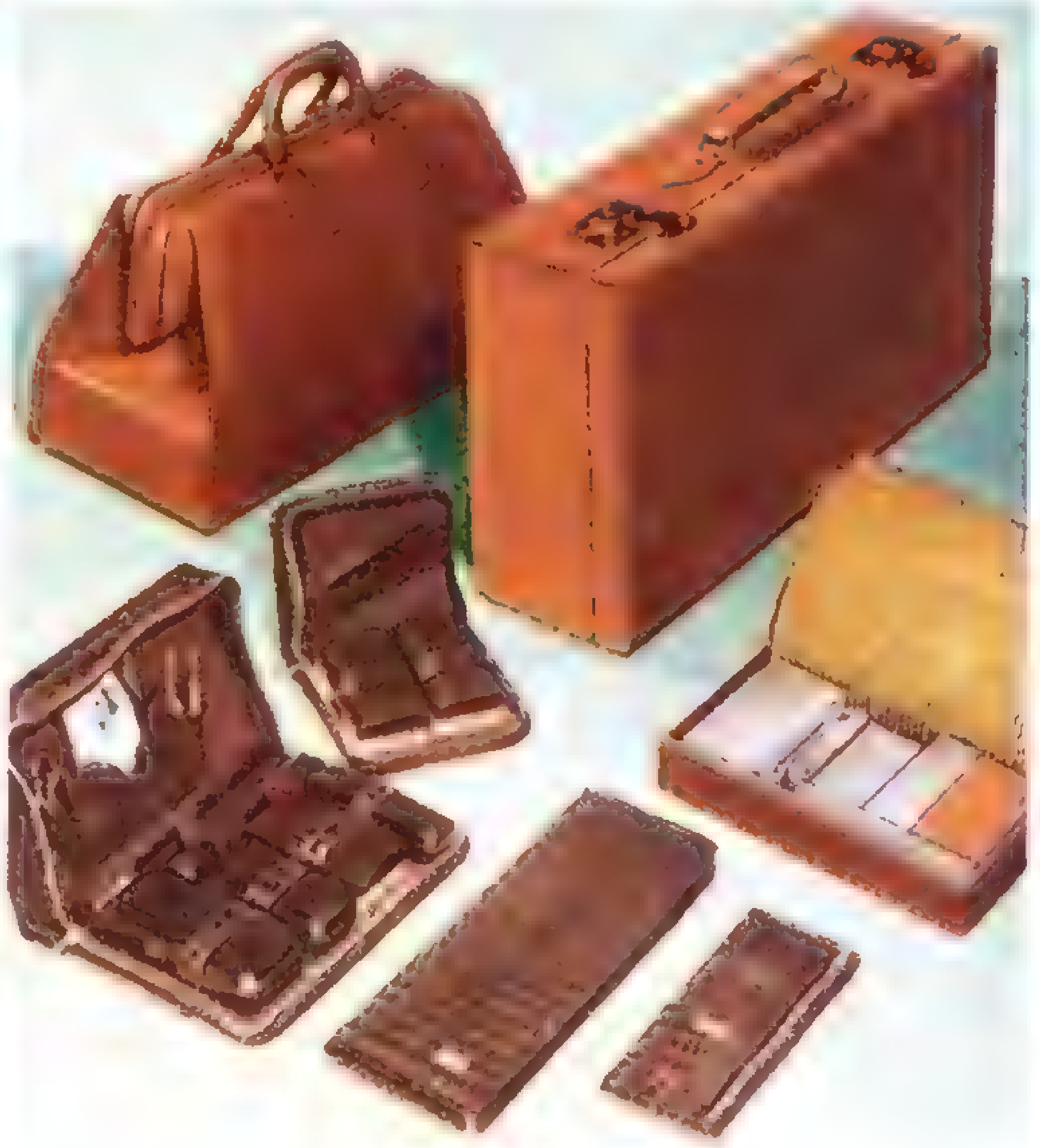




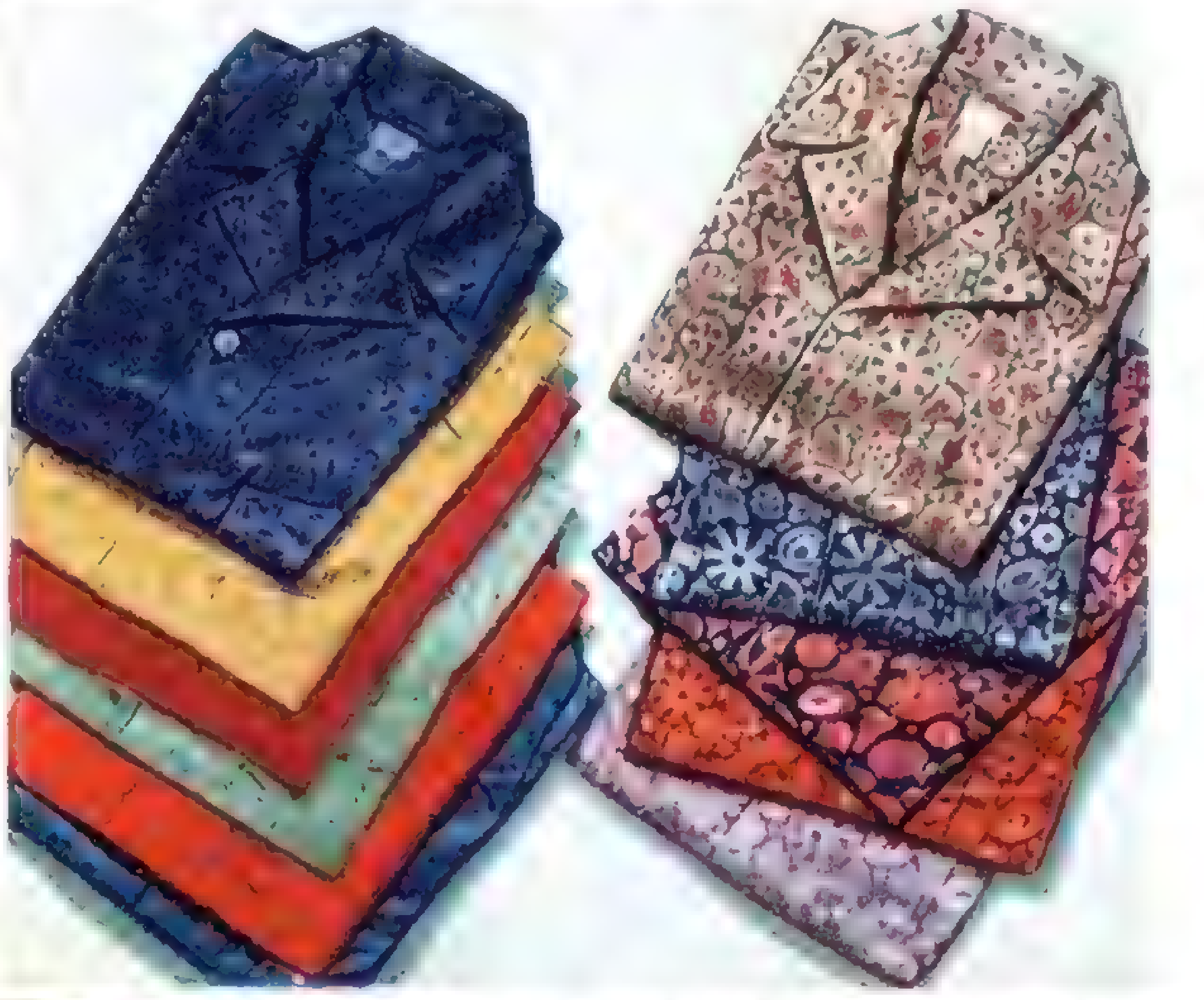
Fashion correct. Strong Hewat barley weave Shetland in tan with rust-brown overplaid. For topcoat or wool-lined overcoat.



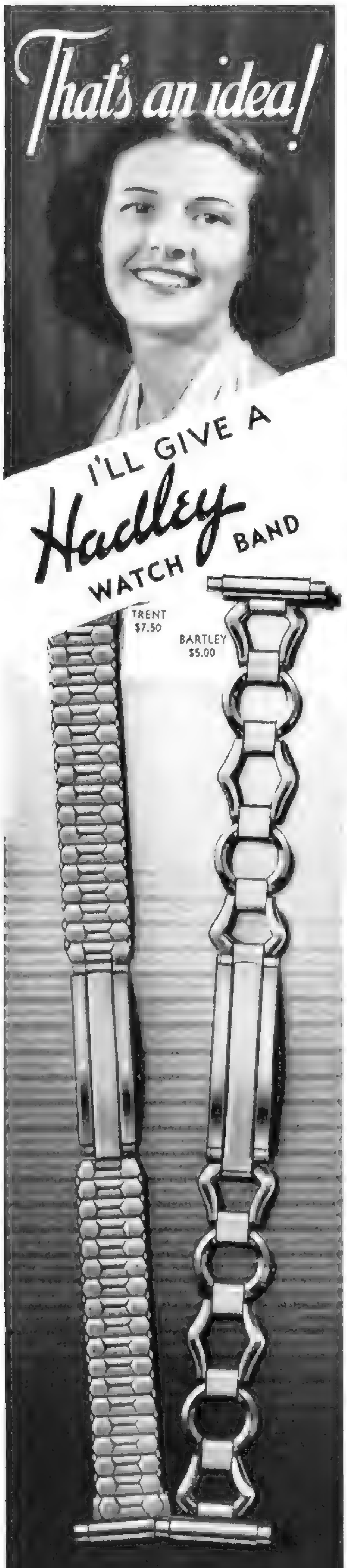
Fireside Group: Give one of these robes in a color to harmonize with some of the Contempo pajamas shown below. All wool flannel robe in authentic Scotch Tartans, $12.95; Baronet faille satin brocade robe lined and faced with satin crepe, $15.00; Baronet faille Sherry cocktail jacket, $12.95. Give the plaid robe to your college brother; the robe in the center to Dad; the cocktail jacket to a man-about-town!



Contempo Travellers: 18-inch shrunken pigskin club bag, $18.50; Saddle-stitched suit case to match, $25.00; Fitted utility case to match, $15.00; Personalized ensemble in alligator grain leather: Wallet, $2.50; Tie Case, $3.50; Military brush set, $5.00; Fitted toilet kit, $7.50.



Akin to Rest: Classic Egyptian pattern in a distinguished quality of pure dye jacquarded silk, $8.50; High count and lustrous warp sateen printed pajama in a carefully colored unique pattern, $5.00. They make handsome gifts ensembled with the robes above.



Send for "Smart Wrists", —a folder presenting many new HADLEY Watch Bracelets, Bands and Straps for Men and Women, —and inspect other HADLEY creations at your Jeweler's.

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TORONTO CANADA LONDON ENGLAND

Hot Air Off the Gridiron

Continued from page 111

"We are six points behind, with a minute to play. We have the ball on the other team's three-yard line, fourth down, and our star fullback is out of the game with injuries. What would you do?" The substitute didn't even hesitate. "Coach," he answered, "I'd pull my blanket over my head and pray."

Returning to Rockne, he is generally credited with the famous jibe at alumni.

"When I retire from college coaching," he once said, "I'm going to get a job running the Sing Sing football team. The alumni of that institution never come back to pester you."

At Wisconsin last fall, Harry Stuhldreher, one of Rockne's famous "horsemen," came to bat with a new story which would have done credit to the old master himself. Harry took over a badly disorganized squad which didn't appear likely to win a single game all season, and as a matter of fact, didn't win many. It was the custom for the team to spend Friday nights at a country club outside of Madison in order to secure complete rest. The next afternoon, just before game time, a police escort would convey it to the contest in order to get through the heavy traffic.

According to Stuhldreher, this happened the afternoon Wisconsin was scheduled to play Marquette, one of the great teams of last season, and a pre-game favorite to slaughter the hapless Badgers. Strange cars kept breaking into the line, but on each occasion the police escort would send the interloper to the curb. There was an exception, however. One old rural gent in a jallopy of 1920 vintage wouldn't budge. Traffic was finally halted and a motorcycle cop pulled up alongside him.

"Say," he asked the old man, "haven't you heard me toot you out of line?"

"Certainly," retorted the farmer. "But I have a perfect right to use the streets."

"You wouldn't break into a funeral procession, would you?" asked the officer.

"No," answered the driver. "But this isn't a funeral procession, is it?"

The motorcycle cop thought a moment of the powerful Marquette team which the Wisconsin boys were on their way to meet. Then he sadly replied, "Well, I'm not so sure!"

Now watch how quickly that yarn will be told about losing teams in all parts of the country, with some strong outstanding opponent substituted for Marquette.

On the current football horizon there is no dominating personality like Rockne, with the result that it is difficult to pick out any one coach as the present-day king of story tellers. Possibly the most different—if not the one with the largest repertoire of stories—is Bob Zuppke, now in his twenty-fifth year at the University of Illinois.

Zuppke has his stock of anecdotes, like all coaches, but when he gets up to speak he's likely to talk an hour without drawing on any of them. He may ramble along with his quaint and pointed philosophies on anything from raising chickens to landscape painting—an art, by the way, in which he is good enough to have an occasional exhibition.

The ingenious brain which more than twenty years ago devised the huddle and such complicated plays as the "flying trapeze," the "flea-flicker" and others just coming back into modern football, is likely to put the most peculiar and unusual twists on common, ordinary subjects.

Typical of Zuppke is a remark to his freshmen squad during current spring practice. "Hey, you," he yelled at one youngster who had allowed a fumble to bob past him, "don't you know that you're expected to dive for dear old alma mater?"

It isn't always possible to give credit where credit is due for originating these stories that seem so much a part of the gridiron sport. For instance, take the one which had some vogue a few years ago—author unknown—and which is just about due to start harvesting another crop of laughs at coaches' gatherings.

Before the start of a season, one of the brethren was modestly declaiming to another about the great offensive attack he had worked out. "I'm telling you," declared he, "that the Warner system and the Rockne system can't compare with it. I don't see how anyone can stop us."

As coaches do, the other smiled knowingly and remarked, "great stuff!" They parted then, not to meet again until mid-season, although during the interim the second coach noticed that his friend's team was taking one trimming after another. "Hello, there!" he exclaimed as he saw him once again, "what happened to that great system you were telling me about some weeks ago?"

The first coach shook his head disconsolately and replied: "Well, we haven't had the ball yet!"

Similar is the story told about Francis Schmidt, Ohio State's coach, who will wake up in the middle of the night to chart a play which might have occurred to him in a dream. Schmidt was at dinner one day with a group of people when suddenly he pulled a sheet of paper out of his pocket and began marking down the cryptic x's and o's with which coaches make diagrams.

Finished, he displayed his handiwork.

"It's a perfect play," he exclaimed. "Perfect! There isn't any way it can be stopped."

One of his listeners looked at it closely.

"Francis," he said sadly, "you've

Continued on page 291

FOR THE DESERVING MEN OF ACTION

These are more than Christmas gifts of unquestioned distinction. They are unadmitted essentials of a man's well-being. They are gifts a man can use.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE

TOP ROW—*Left to Right:*
Gift Shaving Set of Ivory-finish Shaving Bowl, matching container of After-Shave Powder, and 5-oz. pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion . . . $2.75.

Eau de Cologne, in 16-oz. pinch-bottle. Also Scalp Stimulant and After-Shave Lotion . . . $2.50.

Scalp Stimulant, in 5-oz. pinch-bottle. Also Eau de Cologne, and After-Shave Lotion . . . $1.00.

Cowhide Travel Kit, fitted with 5-oz. pinch-bottles of Eau de Cologne, After-Shave Lotion; tube of Lather Shaving Cream; and Ivory-finish container of After-Shave Powder . . . $12.50.

After-Shave Lotion, in 16-oz. High-hat Decanter. Also Eau de Cologne . . . $4.00.

Eau de Cologne, 8-oz. High-hat Decanter. Also After-Shave Lotion . . . $2.50.

Gift Set: 5-oz. pinch-bottles of After-Shave Lotion and Eau de Cologne, with Ivory-finish container of After-Shave Powder . . . $2.75.

★

MIDDLE ROW—*Left to Right:*
Gift Set of Ivory-finish Shaving Bowl, and 5-oz. pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion . . . $2.00.

"The Three Musketeers". 3-oz. pinch-bottles, Eau de Cologne, After-Shave Lotion, Scalp Stimulant . . . $1.95.

Ivory-finish Container of After-Shave Powder . . . 75¢.

Ivory-finish Shaving Bowl . . . $1.00.

Gift Set, Brushless Shaving Cream, 5-oz. pinch-bottle, Eau de Cologne or After-Shave Lotion . . . $1.50.

★

BOTTOM ROW—*Left to Right:*
Cowhide Cedar-lined Humidor Case, with cork-finish cover; fitted with 8-oz. Decanters of After-Shave Lotion and Eau de Cologne; Ivory-finish Shaving Bowl and matching container of After-Shave Powder . . . $18.00.

After-Shave Lotion, in 5-oz. pinch-bottle . . . $1.00.

Master Gift Set: 5-oz. pinch-bottles of After-Shave Lotion, Eau de Cologne, and Shampoo; Ivory-finish Shaving Bowl, and matching container of After-Shave Powder . . . $4.75.

Gift Shaving Set (closed) of tube of Lather Shaving Cream, and 5-oz. pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, or Eau de Cologne . . . $1.50.

Brushless Shaving Cream . . . 50¢.

Lather Shaving Cream . . . 50¢.

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MEN OF ACTION...
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LENTHERIC LATHER CREAM
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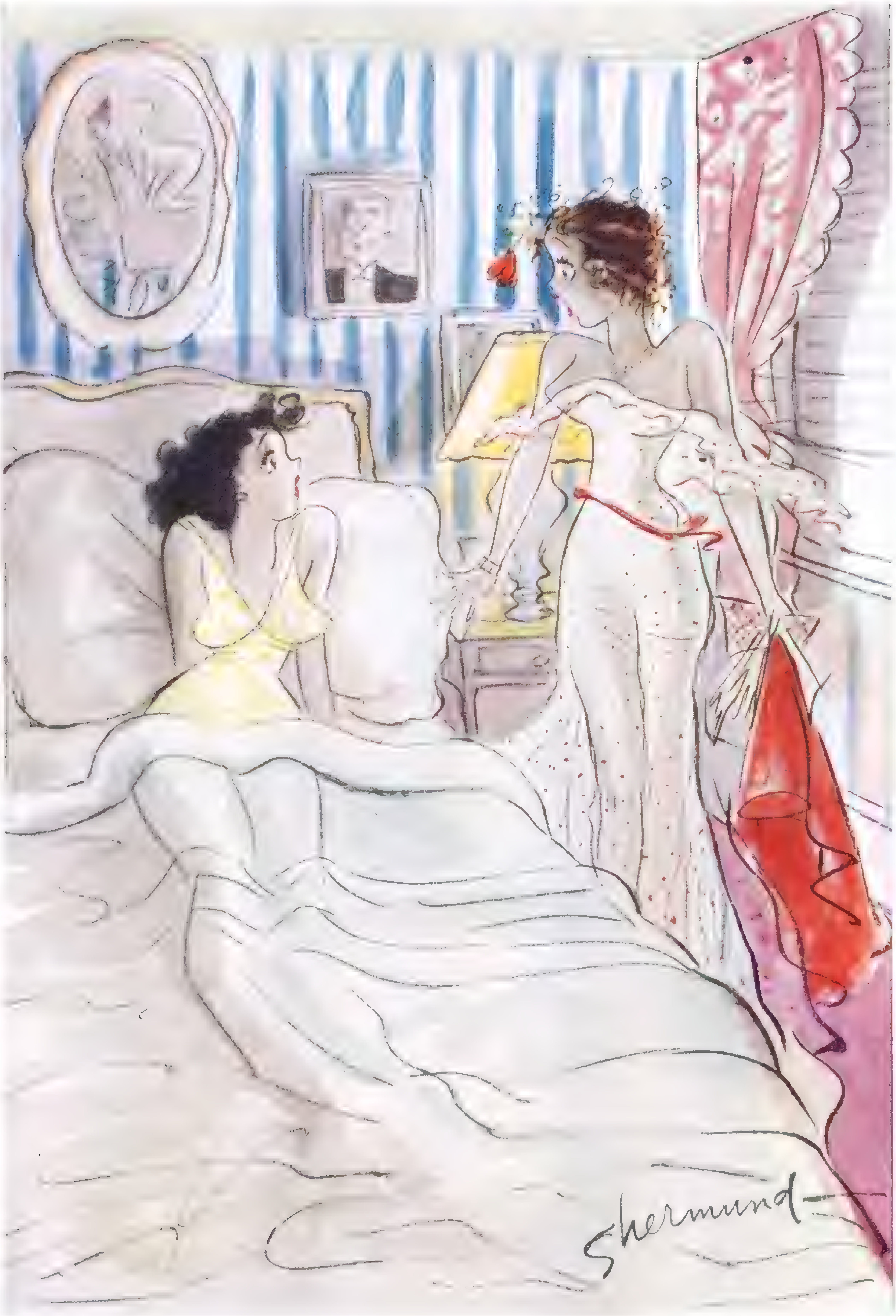

"But what could I do?—He was Princeton's star tackle."

Hot Air Off the Gridiron

Continued from pages 111-288

got twelve men on your side."

One of the few stories whose ancestry can be traced to some extent is that famous one of the Negro halfback and his war-cry, "Interference—follow me!" It is believed to have originated as the result of an incident featuring Fritz Pollard, Brown University's great all-American Negro star of two decades ago. So brilliant was his playing that in every game he was a marked man. One afternoon against a particularly big and tough aggregation, the coach decided that since the opposition would be watching Pollard, it might be well to let other backs carry the ball. At the same time this would prevent Fritz from being injured. The game wasn't as easy as he figured, however, and late in the fourth quarter, neither team had scored. Pollard hadn't yet been given a chance, much to his displeasure. As the team lined up, he began muttering louder and louder until everyone could hear him.

"Heah Ah am! Ah'm waiting for that ball. Heah Ah am! Heah Ah am!" etc., etc.

Finally the quarterback, desperate because of Brown's failure to score and probably worn down by Pollard's chant, decided to let him have it. He barked out his string of numbers.

"That's mah signal!" Pollard yelped gleefully when he heard it loud enough for even the opposition to hear. "Watch me, boys! Heah Ah go!" and off he dashed for a touchdown to win the game.

Fielding Yost, athletic director at the University of Michigan for many decades, thinks that the best football wisecrack, if it can be called that, came from Mrs. Yost. She sat with him in the gloomy atmosphere of a drawing room as the team rode home from that memorable game at Champaign in which Red Grange achieved immortality by his five long runs for five touchdowns.

"Fielding," asked Mrs. Yost, with all the naïveté of a football coach's wife, "why didn't you send in a substitute to stop him?"

Upon Yost's return to Ann Arbor after this same game, someone, discussing Grange's phenomenal performance, asked:

"What does this fellow Grange look like?"

"Don't ask me," Yost returned. "He went past me so fast each time that I never did get a good look at him."

Fritz Crisler, Princeton coach, is another who doesn't mind telling one on himself. Crisler played football under A. A. Stagg at Chicago, who never used a stronger epithet than "Jackass," but who was almost as much a master of sarcasm as Rockne. It was in the dressing room before a Minnesota contest, a week after Crisler had made a particularly bad fumble of a pass which would have scored an important touchdown.

Stagg, as was his custom, read off the starting lineup, but named only ten men, omitting right end —Crisler's position. Then he paused a moment and, according to Crisler, declared:

"Now this is strange. We're minus a right end. Has anyone here seen a right end?" Then he got down on his knees, peering behind and under lockers. "We must find that right end before we go on the field," he continued. "Is there anyone in the room who thinks he can play right end?"

Crisler spoke up bravely and declared he thought he could.

"Very well," Stagg replied. "Go out there and try it, but don't believe for a minute you can fool Minnesota. They know we haven't any right end."

Crisler thinks his eagerness to prove Stagg wrong probably earned him all-American laurels that afternoon.

Sometimes a bit of satire may creep into a football yarn, as witness the somewhat familiar tale of the Harvard team which wasn't doing so well. The haughty Crimson lads were playing Springfield College, and the rough, tough Springfield boys were leading 15 to 0 well in the fourth quarter. The Harvard captain called for time.

"Men of Harvard," he began, "gather 'round me. We are faced with a real crisis. Our standards are being dragged in the mud. We are being pushed around by Springfield College—a team made up of players, probably none of whose ancestors ever heard of the *Mayflower*. Something must be done about it. In this great emergency I feel we should all know each other better. Mr. Cabot, meet Mr. Lodge. Mr. Brewster, meet Mr. Winthrop. etc., etc."

Harvard football, of course, is more successful and not quite so exclusive these days, but what better illustration could one ask of that icy attitude of former years?

Not all good football stories involve coaches and players. Some of them even mention officials. One old-timer about the whistle-blowers concerns a Notre Dame-Army game when feeling between the two teams was even more pronounced than it is now and a lot of things went on in the clinches of which the crowd was unaware.

At one point in the game, play stopped and the men on both sides clustered around the referee, Tom Thorp, still one of the standouts in the Eastern circuit. Pretty soon there were a lot of grins in evidence and the game continued with a trifle less bitterness. From one of the other officials came the version of what had happened. An Army linesman, it seemed, had accused one of the Notre Dame men of biting. They exchanged blows and came up battling. Then the Army captain took up the argument:

"One of the Notre Dame men is biting," he complained to

Continued on page 293

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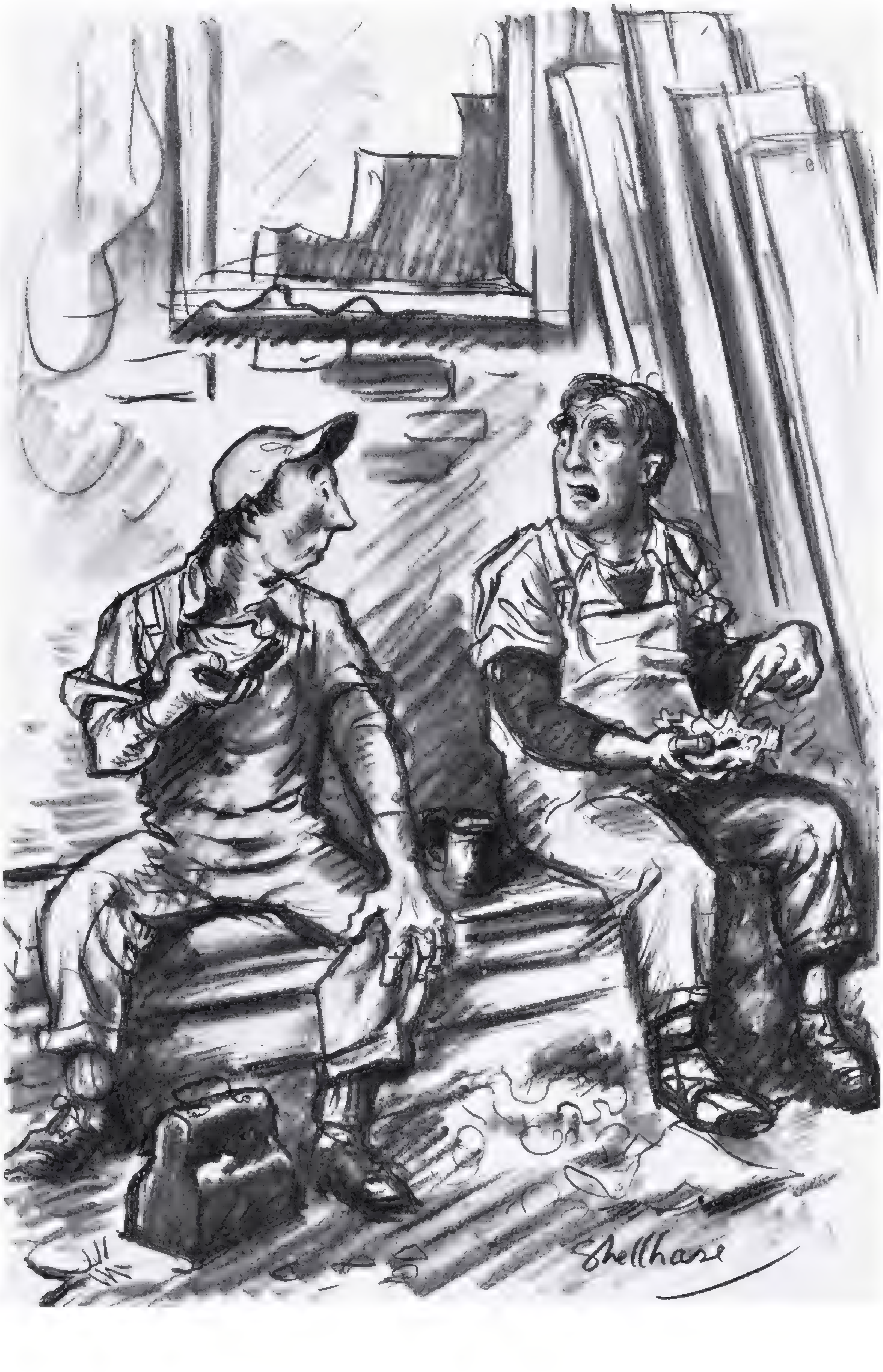


"Two days straight now, she ain't put in no salad fork"

Hot Air Off the Gridiron

Continued from pages 111-288-291

Thorp. "Isn't there any way we can stop them from using their teeth?"

Thorp smiled, and in a voice loud enough to be heard by both teams, said: "Well, captain, you might try playing them on Friday."

The authenticity of this origin we will not vouch for. We have heard it repeated with Marquette, Santa Clara, St. Mary's, Fordham, and other Catholic institutions substituted for Notre Dame.

Then there's the one credited to "Tiny" Maxwell, who met a tragic end in an auto accident some years ago. Tiny was an all-American player in his day and his nickname came, naturally enough, because he was around six and a half feet tall and weighed close to three hundred pounds. At the time of his death, he was sports editor of a Philadelphia newspaper.

One Saturday he was working a tough West Virginia-Pittsburgh game and somehow or other happened to be out of position when a fumble occurred. A mass of flying bodies shut out his view, but he dived in as best he could to retrieve the pigskin.

"West Virginia's ball!" he quickly ruled.

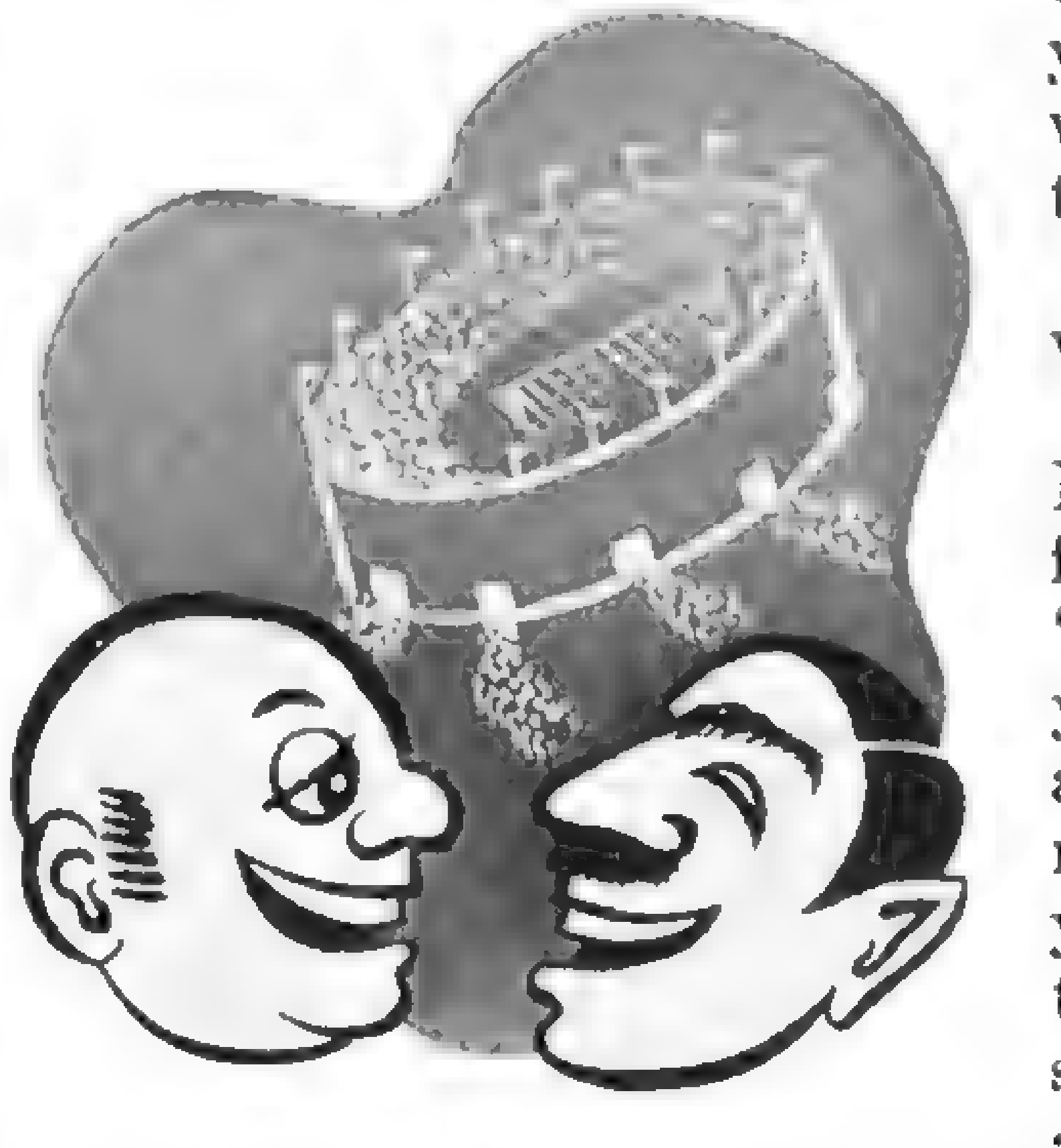
From the Pitt players came a roar of rage. He turned to the other officials to find them signaling (all officials have private signals) that he had made a mistake. But Tiny kept his head—and motioned for silence.

"J-j-just a m-m-moment," he stuttered—an affliction which bothered him only in moments of stress. "N-n-never get excited in a football game. Always remain cool, calm and collected. When you get excited you get the officials upset, too. Then everything goes on the bum."

The raging Pittsburgh players began to cool off. They quieted down.

"N-n-now that you are cool, calm and collected," Tiny continued, "I will repeat my decision. "P-P-PITTSBURGH'S BALL!"

The players gasped and then laughed. A bad situation had been averted by his quick thinking.



Professional football is still too young to have many traiditions behind it in the way of stories, but the gospel is being spread much in the same manner as in collegiate ranks. The pro magnates get together to discuss schedules, rules and other matters of import, spin a yarn or two and then go back to tell the home folks the "swell story" they heard at the meeting.

One of the best laugh-harvesters is the pride of George Halas, owner-coach of the Chicago Bears, and has as its hero his two-hundred-thirty-pound tackle, George Musso.

George, it seems, was the object of a terrific wallop in a hard-fought game and was stretched out flat, apparently cold to the world. Trainer Andy Lotshaw dashed on the field, ready to render first aid, while on the sidelines the stretcher squad was poised for action, waiting to learn the extent of Musso's injury. When Lotshaw reached the big tackle, he found him just regaining consciousness. Musso cocked one eye at the trainer, and then, in all seriousness, inquired:

"Andy, how's the crowd taking it?"

Under pressure, Halas will tell another story about the time Potsy Clark, coach of the Detroit Lions for the past few years, dashed out on the playing field in violation of the rules to make a protest. The referee chased him off and penalized his team five yards. After the game, Halas rushed up to the official and asked why he hadn't inflicted a fifteen-yard penalty as football rules required.

"Aw, I didn't think he was worth more than five yards," was the retort.

No phase of football is without its humor. Not the least of the angles which have come in for unmerciful ribbing is that of proselyting, no joking matter so far as a lot of colleges are concerned.

The standard story about the husky brute who has his character built up in eight easy semesters concerns the star who had just finished his career in a blaze of glory. His final game over, he sat by himself in the locker room weeping bitterly.

A friend approached. "What's the matter, Frank? You've just finished scoring four touchdowns, you made most of the tackles, and without doubt you'll be an all-American for the third straight year. What's so wrong about that?"

A bitter sob was the answer.

"Brace up, Frank," the friend continued. "You've had your picture in all the leading newspapers, you've been interviewed by the star reporters, and there isn't a kid in the country who doesn't know all about you. What's the matter?"

Another sob racked the bulky frame of the famous star.

"Boo, hoo," he wept. "If I had only learned to read and write!"

Truly, all football isn't confined to the football field—not by a couple of thousand anecdotes, at least. #

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The Christmas Tree

Continued from page 60

with the smell of country wine.

But they would not tell me, and it was not until we went over the hill and the evergreen woods itself stood before my eye that the right idea came to me.

I felt stupid that I had not thought of it before. It was so simple, I should have guessed.

I did not wish to admit that I had just thought of it. I wanted to pretend that I had known all along and had just been carrying on a joke against them.

"I hope we find a nice little tree," I said.

Then indeed the men laughed.

"He is a fox," my father said to Franz Herbst.

My father tied the horses at the end of the lane, and the three of us wallowed through the deep snow at the edge of the timber. My father brought his axe out from under the straw, where he had hidden it from me.

Everything was frozen tight.

The wood of the trees was so stiff that the axes barked at each stroke. My father and Franz Herbst felled two pretty little trees and loaded them in the back of the bob.

At the farmhouse they unloaded one of these for the use of the Herbst family. My father went into the house again and bade me come along.

Mrs. Herbst, a thin woman with an uneven and dirty skirt, was washing dishes on the stove. Two small girls who were helping her gave me very hostile looks.

"Go fetch us a pitcher of wine," Franz told his wife. She wiped her hands on her skirt and took a pitcher out of the cupboard.

Sara Herbst, the oldest daughter, came in from the sitting room.

"How do you do, Mr. Sheriff," she said to my father.

"Distinguished, mademoiselle," he said, and scraped in burlesque politeness before her. She laughed in a high voice.

"And here is the little Anton," she said, and kissed me on the mouth. Her lips were loose and wet, and she had wine on her breath. "Mr. Sheriff, what do you mean by keeping him all bundled and sweating inside the house? He must take off his wraps."

"Take them off him, then, mademoiselle," my father said.

Sara led me into the sitting room, where two other young women were sitting and sewing. One was her sister Esther, whom everyone called Hedda, and the other was Maxine Grossaman from down the road.

They kissed me, too, but Sara pretended to be jealous.

"His kisses are all for me," she said. "Are they not, Antonili?"

I was bashful and could not reply.

Sara took off my outer wraps. Holding me on her lap, she put her hand inside my waist and undershirt on the skin of my belly.

"You are nice and warm," she said. She did not take out her hand, but sat with it buried in my clothing while she rocked back and forth on her chair, keeping me in her lap.

Hedda went into the kitchen and brought in four glasses of wine. Mine was diluted with water. I liked wine diluted with water if it was sweetened with sugar and if I might dip white bread into it. But I did not like to ask for bread and sugar, so I drank it as it was.

Eventually, my father cried out, "Young fellow! Are you through courting the girls? It is time for us to go!"

"He is going to stay," Sara said. "He is going to live with us and be my husband."

Although I knew she was joking, I was worried about this. I did not want to stay. I wanted to go home with the Christmas tree.

Sara dressed me again. It was she who took me out to the sled and wrapped me snug in my fur robe. And then she kissed me very hard.

"Would that I were a child again!" my father cried, gallantly, and she tossed her head at him.

"Or else," my father said, "would that I were Menno Schenck." He wagged his finger at her. "If you two are not married before long," he said, "I will have to be coming out to arrest him one of these times!"

She laughed and ran back into the house.

"A wild girl," Franz said. "I have no control over her."

"A pretty girl," my father said. "Thank you for the tree, Franz."

"Thank you for hauling mine in, Leander," Franz replied.

They shook their mittened hands, and my father got in beside me.

The blacks trotted down the lane.

My father was in better spirits than ever. Between his feet he had a jug of wine that Franz had given him. Everyone did favors for my father, because he was so jovial and because he was a deputy sheriff.

He looked at me slyly.

"You will be a hellion with the women," he said complacently. "Well, well. It's in the blood."

He began singing a song about a young man who had loved all the women in his neighborhood and was thinking of going elsewhere. Each verse of the song described the charms of some particular girl, and the chorus always said, "But that's done and that's over, and I think I'll be moving along."

When we came back into the flat land we saw far ahead of us on the road two walking figures. They walked apart, one in each runner-track.

They were bent forward, and plodding.

"I believe," said my father, "that's Andreas and Grät." We had passed the house of the evil old woman. Perhaps Andreas and Grät were leaving.

It was indeed Andreas and Grät

Continued on page 296

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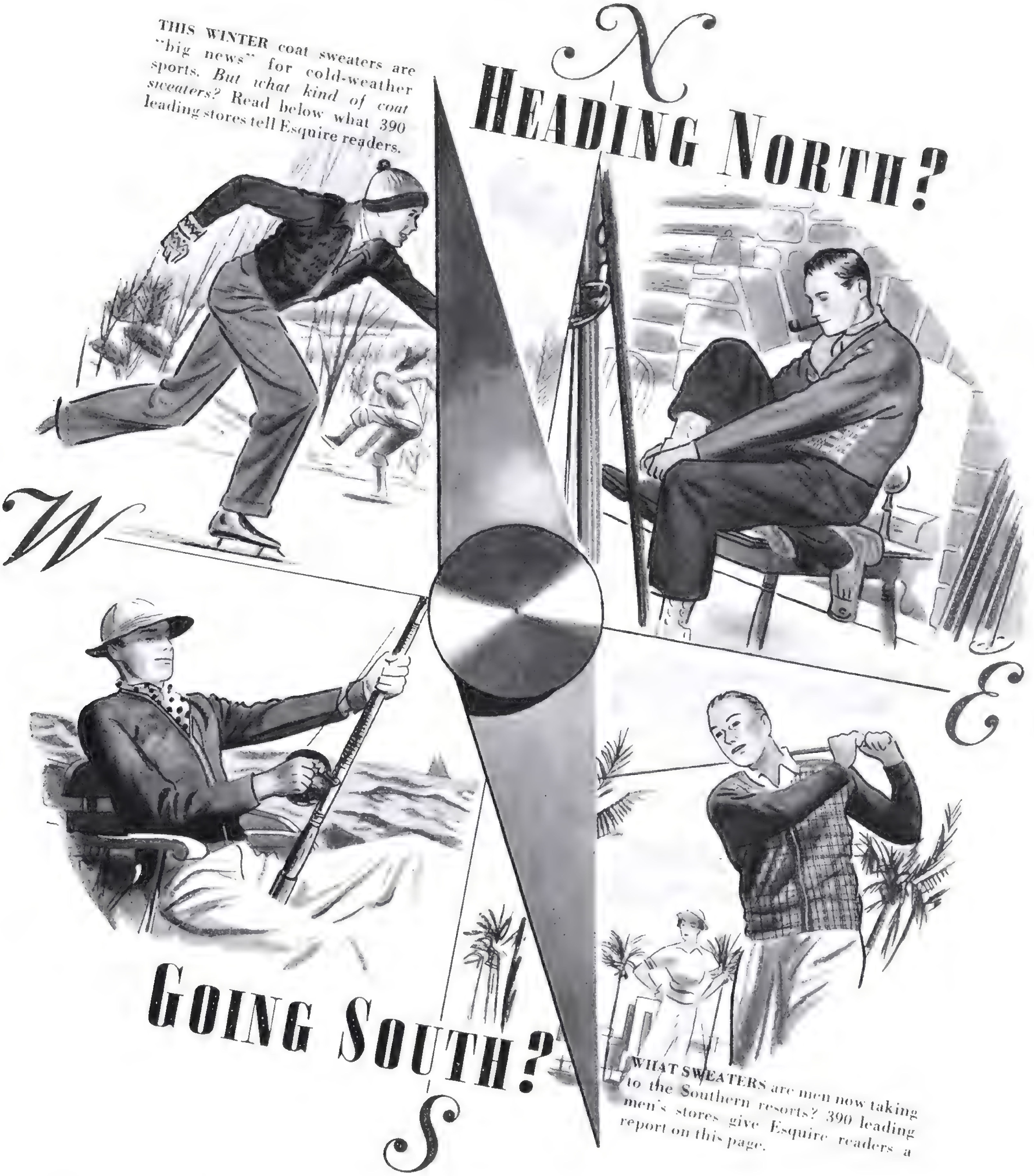

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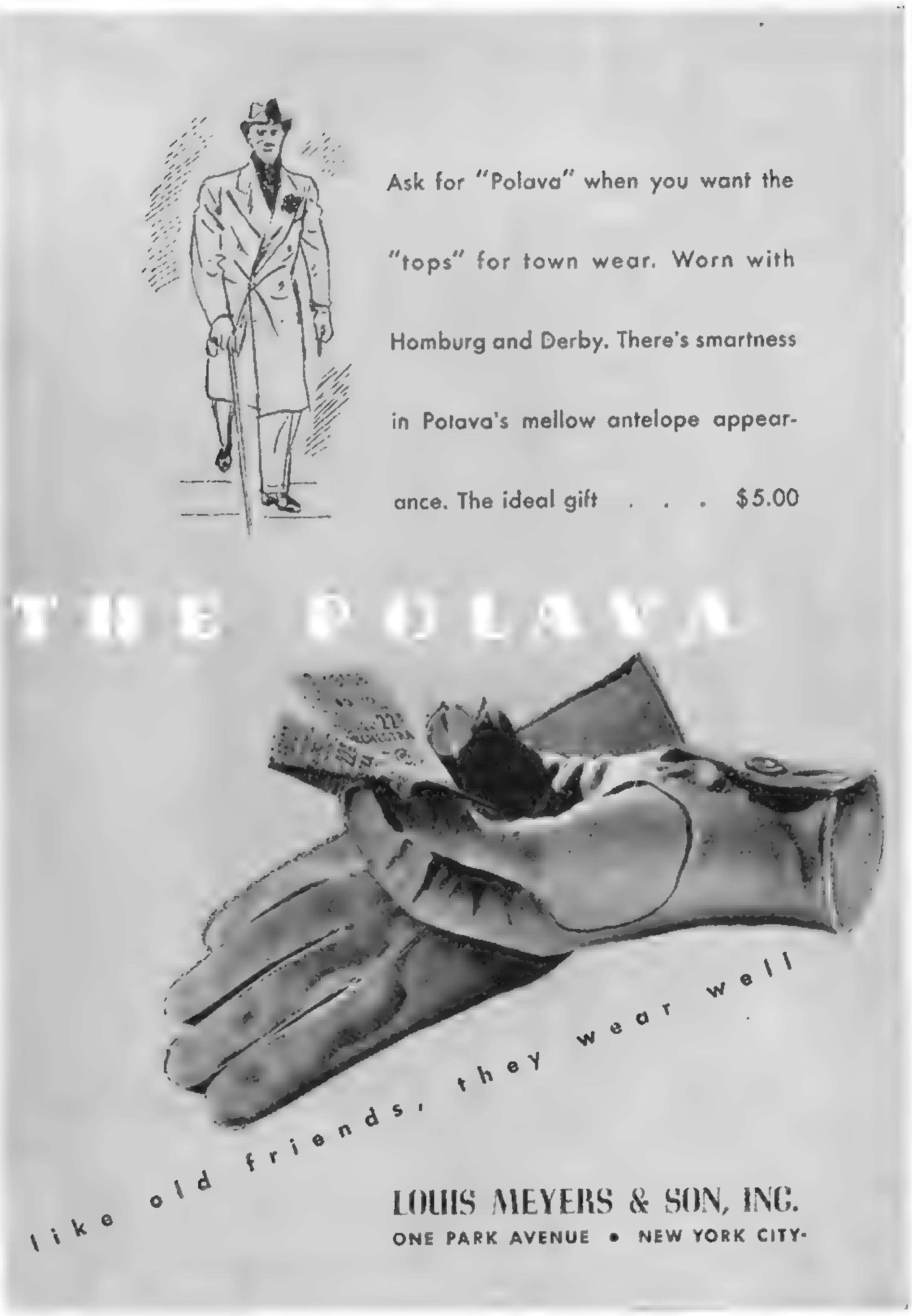

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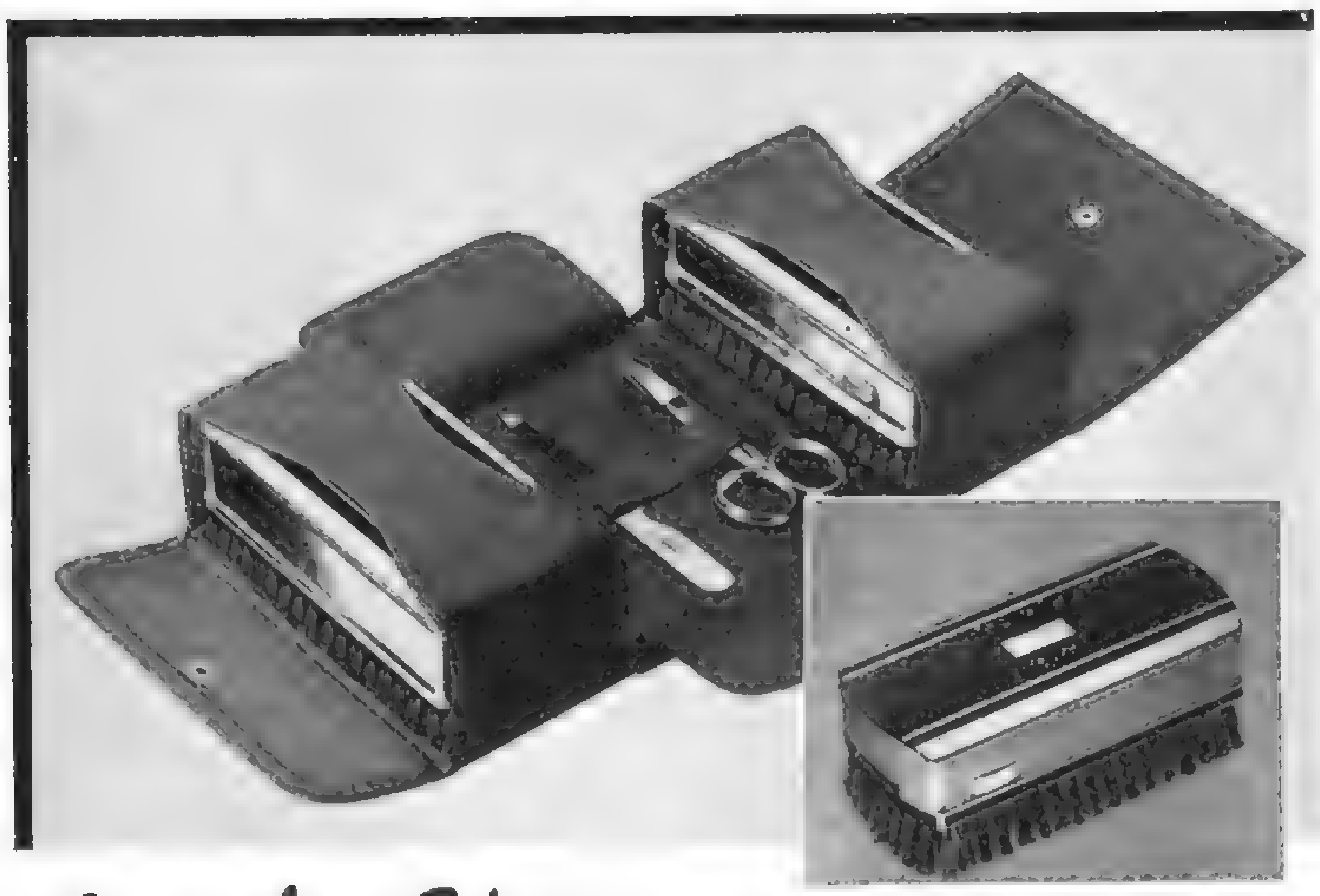

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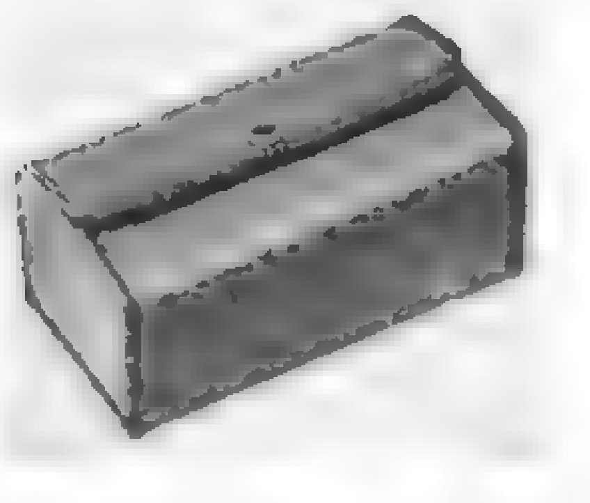

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The Christmas Tree

Continued from pages 60-294

as we saw when we came nearer. When they heard us, through the thick cloth of their caps, and turned and saw who it was, they shrank suddenly into the deep snow at the side of the road, one on each side.

"See," said my father, "how they cringe. The old rip has put the fear of all the world in them."

He stopped the team.

"Get in," he cried.

Andreas nodded his head, sadly. "Yes, Mr. Sheriff," he said, in a dismal and obedient voice. Grät had begun to weep. Large tears ran down her red, fat, pretty face.

"Come, come," my father said. "Just because I am a deputy sheriff, Andreas, you need not speak to me as if an invitation were a command. And you, Grät, crying will do no good. Come, get in. I will take you as far as our place. You are leaving, I suppose."

Andreas said, "Yes, we are leaving!"

From the corner of my eye I could see that his face wore a look of stupid puzzlement.

"Well, you show good sense," my father said. "Land is land, but there are things that are worth more. I congratulate you on having the courage to stay this long, but I also congratulate you on having the good sense to leave. The old rip! How I'd like to lay this whip across her wrinkled hinder! Ho, ho!"

Then, quite suddenly, Andreas also began to laugh. He laughed loudly, as if he could not stop. And Grät laughed too.

"That's the way to take it," my father said. "With a smile. Laugh! Laugh!"

And they laughed all the harder, and he joined with them, laughing as loud as they. I, too, laughed a little, although I did not understand the point of the jest.

My father rose to his feet and waved his whip over the backs of the horses.

"Go," he cried. "Get, get!"

He took the lines and whip into one hand and with the other he helped himself to a great swig out of the jug, while the horses galloped.

He passed the jug back to Andreas and Grät. They drank, and choked with laughter. The three of them, the married couple and my father, shouted with violent mirth.

Andreas pounded my father on the back, and my father jabbed him in the stomach with the butt of the whip.

He tied the lines to the seat, and let the horses have their heads. They galloped more furiously. I was frightened.

On the straw in the back of the bobsled my father seized Grät around the waist and danced a clumping dance with her. Andreas drank more out of the bottle, and cheered them on. They bumped against me on the seat. Grät, sinking to the floor, wove back and forth on her haunches and could speak only in jerks.

She could not make the men understand what she meant. At last they got the idea that she wanted them to stop the horses. My father took the lines and tamed the horses down. They had gone crazy, but they obeyed the reins.

Grät climbed over the front of the bob and out along the tongue. She swung her leg over General, and straddled him.

"Now, go!" she cried.

Andreas held his belly and shouted, "Look at her pants!"

Her dresses had kilted up above the stocking top, and showed the legs of her white woolen drawers.

My father and Andreas laughed all the more. Understanding their joke, she pointed her finger at the white pants, nodded her head up and down and laughed too.

None of the three paid any attention to me. The horses were galloping wildly again now; Grät was driving them from General's back.

Andreas prodded my father with his fist and cried, "It's a joke on you, Mr. Sheriff. It's a joke on you!"

This angered my father. "What's a joke on me?" he shouted. "Be careful, fellow. You are speaking to an official." He became suddenly sullen and shouted to Grät to rein the horses down. She quit laughing at once, and obeyed him.

When the horses stopped, she climbed back into the bob. I was wondering about the Christmas tree—whether anything would be left of it.

Andreas patted my father on the shoulder. "I meant nothing, Mr. Sheriff," he said. "It does not matter," my father said, and laughed again, but not as hard.

The three of them were friendly again; their faces were shining.

At the end of our lane, my father let Andreas and Grät off. When they stood on the road, both Andreas and Grät burst into laughter again, and my father answered them with his own roars of joviality.

The horses trotted up our lane. Mother and Anneke and Samuel came running out of the house. Anneke took me out of the sled while my mother, almost breathless, spoke to my father.

"Leander," she cried. "Where have you been? They've been telephoning for you. Old Sybilla Pranghi has been murdered!"

"What!" my father shouted.

"Yes, yes! Ernest Freimann found her. All butchered up he found her, with a knife and a cleaver. In the kitchen of her house."

My father wheeled the horses about and galloped them down the lane.

I was taken into the house and my coats were taken off. I looked out of the upper corner of the window when the bobsled came back.

My father and Andreas and Grät were sitting in it, all bowed over and silent. ╫

XMAS SHORTEES SPECIALS

What could be More BLESSED

THAN GIVING A MAN absolute freedom from the binding and cutting agony of misfit and skimpy-cut shorts

Short-Eez... the gift a man would pick for his own. They banish bunching, cutting and binding with their patented saddle crotch and seamless one-piece seat. Short-Eez and Shirt-Eez are available in

ATTRACTIVE Gift WRAPPING

attractive holiday packages at your leading men's store. Short-Eez, 50c and up. Shirt-Eez, 50c and up.

Mi-Jamas...feature the famous saddle crotch. A full size pajama designed to meet the demands of real he-men. Mi-Jamas, with patented Short-Eez seat construction and Tie-Lastik waist, are available in a variety of styles and materials at all good men's stores. Holiday wrapped, $1.65 and up.

If your dealer cannot supply Short-Ees or Mi-Jamas, we'll gladly ship direct. Ask for prices and descriptions.

MAKE HIS CHRISTMAS CHEERIER WITH A GIFT THAT IS SUPERIOR

Superior Inc.

PIQUA, OHIO, U.S.A.

Fortune Is Only a Goddess

Continued from page 67

quarreled with his children, moved to Chicago and lived with a stout lady who was once in musical comedy. Three business ventures are recorded as well as heavy stock trading and losses. And now before all vanishes he is considering buying a farm in southern Iowa. But the stout lady has left him. "No farm for me, darling. Toodle-oo!" were her parting words.

And then there is the open record of the Bronx janitor who bought the large apartment house with part of his winnings and then bought five others on pyramided mortgages. There was now a fresh line for the scribe to record. Something about the banks taking over the whole business.

And also there is the cockney sailor from Liverpool who struck sudden wealth, bought a freighter and a farm near Leeds, both in one day. For lack of hands the freighter foundered; and the farm—it was too quiet, he sold it and bought a moving-picture house in town. He has not been sober for a single day since the event of his fortune. Silk hat or no, he is still a sailor.

There are many more records to be brought up to date and the scribe has lit his lamp and was working in this back yard behind Fortune's throne strewn with the wreckage of so many golden wheels.

* * *

In the morning the reporters woke them up. They wanted more pictures and two sob sisters arrived from the press to get the true confession heart tales from Cora and Florence. They wanted to know who were the lucky young men and how soon they contemplated marriage. Did they believe in lots of babies or in only a choice few? Did they mean to travel? Would they consider a movie career if one offered itself? Did they fancy rich middle-aged men or did they prefer young poor ambitious boys? Should a woman stay at home? How much spending money would they allow their husbands? These and many more questions were fired at them in rapid order.

In the evening friends and acquaintances, and some were almost strangers, came to the door to shake their hands and say, either in words or by gesture: "Now don't forget. I've always been a friend to you."

Then the salesmen arrived. Insurance agents, stock market customer's men, building loan representatives and real estate gentlemen from the beautiful Westchester suburbs. There seemed no end to these nice smiling callers.

The girls were exhausted. They had no time to think of the beautiful things in fairyland. They were weary. No physical labor had ever taken so much out of them. And they wished they were back in the laundry at the easy job over the ironing board. Soon they went to sleep.

But they were not to sleep very long. It was about midnight when they heard a quick step on the stair and an insistent knock on the door.

Blum stood in the hallway pale and breathless. His shoes were untied and his pajamas showed at the neck of his overcoat. His hair was disheveled and all he could say was: "Rubberband! Rubberband!"

"What's the matter?"

"Plenty! It's terrible. They just telephoned me. Rubberband won't run. Withdrawn from the race."

"What's the reason?"

"Who should know. The fellow on the telephone said it was a strained ligament. But what do I know about horses. It might be measles. They wanted to send a reporter to see you both and ask you how you felt. It's terrible. They want to come here and make monkeys of you. Oh my! Oh my!"

"And so the ticket is no good?" Cora asked.

"They said it was good for a booby prize of two thousand dollars. No more. I thought I'd better come and tell you all this myself. Oh my! It's terrible. Before I left the house I said to my wife: 'Now you see what it is to be lucky. She says you girls better come over to our house because the reporters are certain to be along and all they want is to make monkeys of you."

About an hour later the telephone rang in the Blum home. It was the news service. "We can't find the girls. We want to get a statement from them for the morning papers."

"Well, I'll give you a statement. The girls are very happy. They know what they will do with the two thousand and tomorrow morning they will be back at work in the laundry. And all the Rubberbands in the world are only a big headache. And don't send any reporters to the laundry; we will be glad not to see them. I don't trust big fortune myself and the girls feel the same way. A little bit is enough. Good-bye."

* * *

In that twilight land where things seem everything and nothing at the same time; in that desolate back lot behind Fortune's throne the wrinkled old scribe dipped his pen and made more of his useless scratches on the record pages.

There was another bitter line to add to the chronicle of the boiler engineer from Hongkong. And the janitor in the Bronx who collected apartment houses, he had something to add to his career. And the cockney sailor from Liverpool and all the others—so many golden wheels spinning in so many parts of the world.

And soon he came to the pages inscribed with the names of Florence Weathermore and Cora Andrews. These pages were still almost blank and now there was nothing to record. He tore the sheets and threw them away for there seemed no use keeping accounts open when all transactions were closed. ⋕

Elegance WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE

SERVE VIRGINIA DARE LIGHT WINE

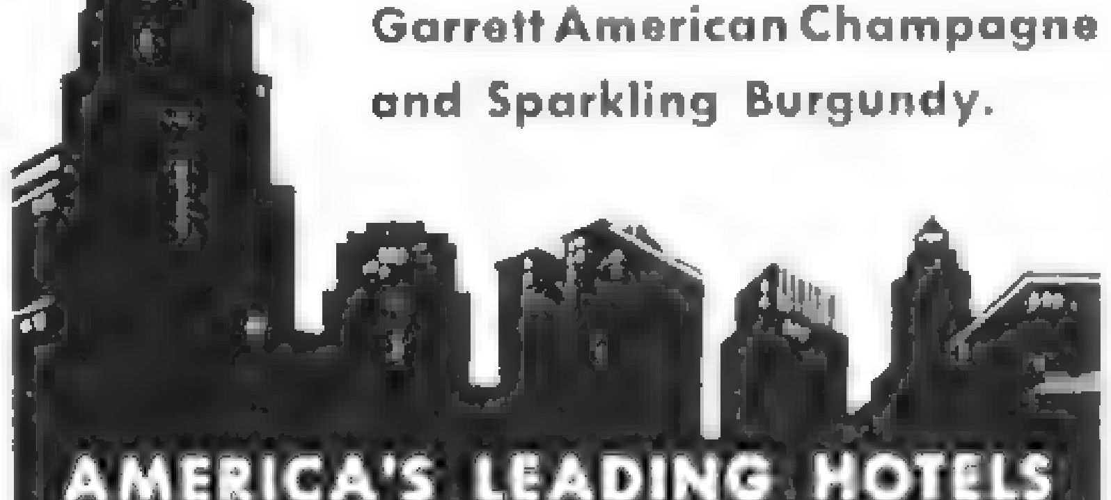
AND OTHER FINE AMERICAN WINES BY GARRETT

● Count only your *pleasure*—the cost is little. Enjoy a bottle of Garrett's world-esteemed Virginia Dare light Wine. Please your guests with varied selections from Garrett's 27 distinctive American Wines—proudly served by hosts in finest homes. With fish or chicken, drink Garrett's American Sauternes or Chablis. With steak or a roast, enjoy Garrett's American Claret or Burgundy. For every occasion — serve a fine Garrett Wine . . . made and bottled at modern Garrett wineries. Buy your favorite Garrett Wine in round bottles or flasks at leading wine dealers. . .

Garrett & Company, Inc. . . Brooklyn, N. Y.

A FEW OF THE POPULAR 27 GARRETT AMERICAN WINES

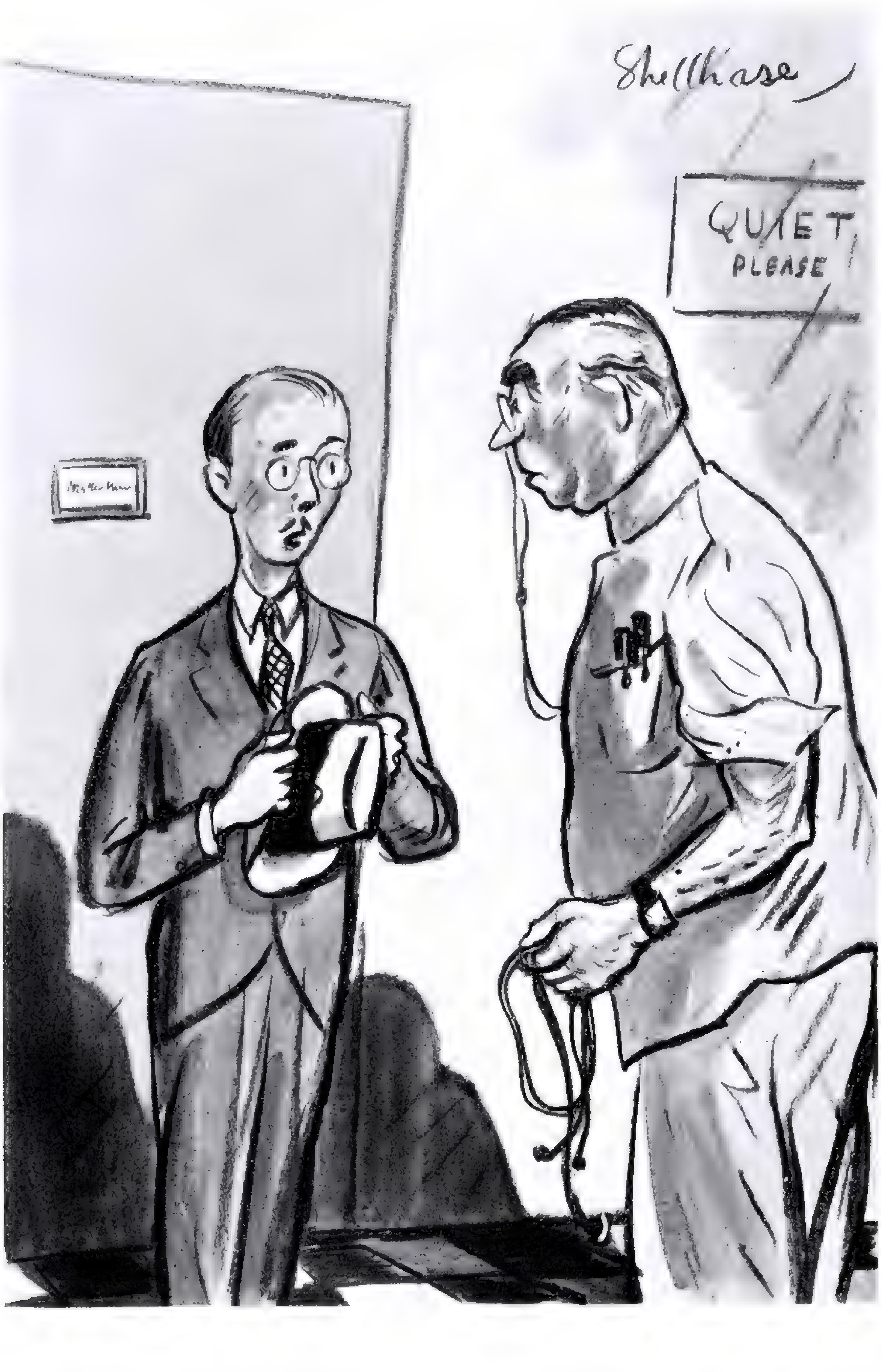
Virginia Dare light Wine . . Old North State brand Blackberry . . American Sauternes, Claret, Chablis . . American Port, Sherry, Tokay (alcohol 19-21% by volume) . . Paul Garrett American Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy.



AMERICA'S LEADING HOTELS SERVE GARRETT WINES

The Drake, Chicago • The Belvedere, Baltimore
Biltmore, Atlanta • The Brown Palace, Denver
Blackstone, Chicago • Roosevelt, New Orleans

FINEST AMERICAN WINES SINCE 1835


Shellhase
QUIET PLEASE

"My wife keeps calling for Robert and my name is Thornton—some mental quirk no doubt"

Favorite Holiday Recipes

requiring Cognac Brandy, each one of which is at its best when the Cognac Brandy is MARTELL

Cocktails

The Side Car—⅔ MARTELL, ⅓ Curacao (white), few drops lime juice. Ice and shake well.

Brandy Old Fashioned—Dissolve one lump of sugar in a few drops of water. Add one drink of MARTELL, dash of bitters and ice. Add half-slice of orange and a cherry.

Brandy Alexander—⅓ MARTELL, ⅓ Creme de Cacao, ⅓ cream. Ice and shake well.

After Dinner

MARTELL Cognac Brandy has been the favorite after-dinner liqueur for generation after generation of connoisseurs. Serve with the "demi-tasse".

Stinger—⅔ MARTELL, ⅓ white Creme de Menthe. Ice, shake well and serve in cocktail glass.

For All Occasions

Brandy-and-Soda—1 drink of MARTELL in tall glass, add ice and soda-water. The favorite highball of the Continent.

Brandy Egg-Nogg—1 drink of MARTELL, ½ pint of milk, 1 tablespoonful of powdered sugar, 1 egg. Shake well, strain into tall tumbler, grate nutmeg on top.

Hot Brandy Toddy—1 teaspoonful of sugar dissolved in boiling water, 1 wine-glass of MARTELL. Fill tumbler ⅔ with boiling water. Grate nutmeg on top.

MARTELL COGNAC BRANDIES include MARTELL "Three Star", MARTELL 20-year old, MARTELL Cordon Bleu, and MARTELL Cordon Argent. *(80 Proof)*

✻ ✻ ✻

Bottled in Cognac, France
since 1715

MARTELL
COGNAC *Brandy*

MARTELL
COGNAC
J.&F. MARTELL
COGNAC
COGNAC-FRANCE
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION
NEW-YORK N.Y.
SOLE AGENTS FOR U.S.A.

For over 222 years, the pre-eminent gift of France to the World's Holiday Festivities

—the traditional gift to those who appreciate the BEST in Cognac Brandy.

84 PROOF

Imported Exclusively by **PARK & TILFORD** *Import Corp., New York, N. Y.*

IMPROVES YOUR APPEARANCE 100%

Have that healthy

TAN

that Men and Women Admire!

DON'T lose that rugged "outdoor" appearance . . . that healthy out-in-the-sun-and-wind color, just because you can no longer get out in the sunshine in a bathing suit! You can keep that tan and get even more if you wish it, right in the privacy of your own room! Just a few minutes a day under a Health Ray Sun Lamp and your friends will think you spend your week-ends in Palm Beach!

LOOK **SUCCESSFUL** — *BE* **SUCCESSFUL!**

■ A good, healthy coat of tan has a surprising effect on your business success. You look healthy and virile and instantly command attention. Salesmen find their sales actually increase after they have acquired a real bronze *tan!* And you will find yourself more popular, for both men and women are attracted by that healthy outdoor look!

IMPROVES HEALTH AS WELL AS APPEARANCE!

■ The appearance of health is based on actual fact—for frequent exposure to the ultra-violet rays of the sun tones up the entire system, stimulates the body into energy and vitality, increases gland activity, builds up resistance to colds . . . and aids in clearing up many skin diseases.

4 TIMES AS POWERFUL AS SUMMER SUN!

■ Now Health Ray has perfected an inexpensive sun lamp that will give you the same amount of beneficial ultra-violet rays in 15 minutes that you could get from one hour of clear sunshine in the middle of a summer day. You know what a glorious tan your skin would acquire if you could spend an hour every noon sun-bathing . . . doctors tell you how much physical benefit you would derive. NOW, with the Health Ray Lamp, you can get the same healthy tan, build up the same vitality and health in a few minutes, morning or evening, in your own home.

CHEAPEST FORM OF HEALTH INSURANCE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY

$1.00 DEPOSIT BUYS IT!

FULLY GUARANTEED--TEST AT OUR EXPENSE!

Test this compact, genuine carbon-arc lamp for 7 days at our expense. It is so easy to operate and is approved by many of the finest testing laboratories. Fully guaranteed by Health Ray Mfg. Co. of Deep River, Conn., this lamp will be the greatest investment you ever made.

SEND FOR DETAILS OF OUR 7-DAY FREE TRIAL! Let us mail you our FREE book with valuable information on sunshine, complete details of the Health Ray Lamp and our 7-day trial offer!

or

If You Want YOUR SUN LAMP AT ONCE . . . Simply mail $1 with the coupon. Use it for 7 days. Then either pay $6.95 balance or return the lamp and get your dollar back.

DON'T WAIT! MAIL COUPON NOW!

HEALTH RAY MFG. CO., INC.
3712 W. Elm Street, Deep River, Conn.
(Check below for free literature or Sun Lamp)

☐ Send full details of FREE trial offer.
☐ Send Health Ray Lamp at once. I enclose $1. In 7 days I will either pay $6.95 or return the lamp and receive my dollar back.

Name ....
Please write Mr., Mrs. or Miss
Address ....
City .... State ....

Copyright 1937 Health Ray Mfg. Co., Inc.

Conquered, Aviation's Greatest Peril

Continued from page 123

"Huh—damn well sure you got that prop de-icer working?"

The query shoots from the semi-darkness at Smith's left. Pilot Larson has snapped out of a light doze and is taking stock. Smith twists the control that regulates flow of the de-icing glycol solution over the whirling blades. "Been pumping two quarts," he replies. "They're getting six an hour now."

Larson wastes no time answering. While he listens to Smith restoring synchronization between the engines, he studies conditions as revealed by the "courtesy" lights set in the wings. The lights show as sullen glows, red to left and green to right; they throw an eerie, globular zone of visibility for a few feet into the driving mist of the overcast. By this dim illumination, Larson studies the work of the de-icing boots—long rubber sections on the leading edges of the wings. The boots swell up twice a minute as automatic mechanism forces air into them, and break loose the accumulated ice. Good enough, so far; the ice is not too much for the boots as yet. The ship is lurching and bouncing crazily; but by continual wrestling with the controls, co-pilot Smith is taking care of that. Larson therefore addresses himself to devising strategy for completing the trip in safety.

The immediate trouble is caused by an updraft of moist air. Chilling of the air as it rises condenses the moisture into droplets. If the air then is stirred or agitated, freezing follows, and the moisture becomes snow or ice crystals.

Often, however, in updrafts, large masses of air remain calm within themselves, no matter how turbulent the atmosphere in general may be. In such masses the water droplets remain liquid, even though subcooled far below freezing temperature; and they lurk in space, ready to freeze instantly on any object, such as a passing airplane, which provides the necessary agitation.

Over level land, airplanes often can descend below such air; but here, since nothing save cloud-shrouded mountains lies below, the only way out is up. Usually the ship soon reaches colder air which contains less moisture.

Larson decides, therefore, to go up, and trims the ship for the battle. He steps up the carburetor heater to 110° F., to keep ice from forming in the air intake. He checks the heater on the Pilot tube. Then he reaches for the carburetor controls that regulate manifold pressure. The engines will get "the big sprocket" now—a supercharging pressure which gives considerably increased power—

"Say, what goes on? The passengers are getting the fidgets, with all this bumping!"

The words are uttered in the high soprano of Stewardess Ellen Reilly. Only the tiniest quaver in her voice suggests that she is at one with her passenger charges, in her dislike for what is happening. Larson answers, after finishing with the controls.

"We're grabbing altitude, to get out of this ice. Might have to go up to 16,000—better watch 'em for passouts!"

"Passouts" are to be expected in such situations. At 16,000 feet altitude, the air contains scarcely half the oxygen it has at sea level; and lack of oxygen causes heavy drowsiness, or even makes some passengers unconscious. The pilots have stamina enough to stay awake. But their mental faculties will be dulled; the simplest calculations will be difficult; alert thinking will be impossible. A few whiffs from a tankful of oxygen would help mightily; but they have no tank.

This hazard must, however, be accepted, since they cannot stay in the icing stratum; so up they start. They reach 16,000 feet and glimpse the moon, showing as a dim, obscured disk. They are above the icing stratum at last.

They scrape off the frost formed from their breaths on the side windows and peer out. In the dim glow from the courtesy sights, they see an ominous sight—ice crystals, millions of them; they seem to drive blizzard-like to the rear as the ship sweeps forward. The outside temperature stands at 15° F. Instantly both men realize that Fate has played an ironic jest upon them. They have escaped icing, only to find themselves in the dreaded grip of *snow static*, a condition which until now has rendered pilots almost helpless.

Each of these millions of ice crystals is electrically charged. As the crystals drive against the ship's radio antennae, they discharge, each one serving as a miniature broadcasting station; and all the discharges together make a roar of static in the receivers which drowns all radio signals. At least, the older theories told us this. Our ideas are changed now—but of that, more later.

Occasionally this type of discharge builds up such strength that lightning plays over the de-icing boots and the windows. Electrical leakage over the ship's icy coating prevents such a display on this occasion; but lack of electrical pyrotechnics does not mitigate the grimness of the problem which Larson and Smith now face. Now that all their radio aids are blanked out, *how are they to find Midvale?*

Since Larson is without benefit of the new development which we shall examine later, he can only guess—and his guess is subject to a penalty for mistakes which only an aviator can know.

Landsmen and seamen, when beset by thick weather, usually can stop and wait until conditions improve. Larson and Smith have no such option. When their gas is gone, they must come down. If they are over Midvale, fine. If they

Continued on page 303

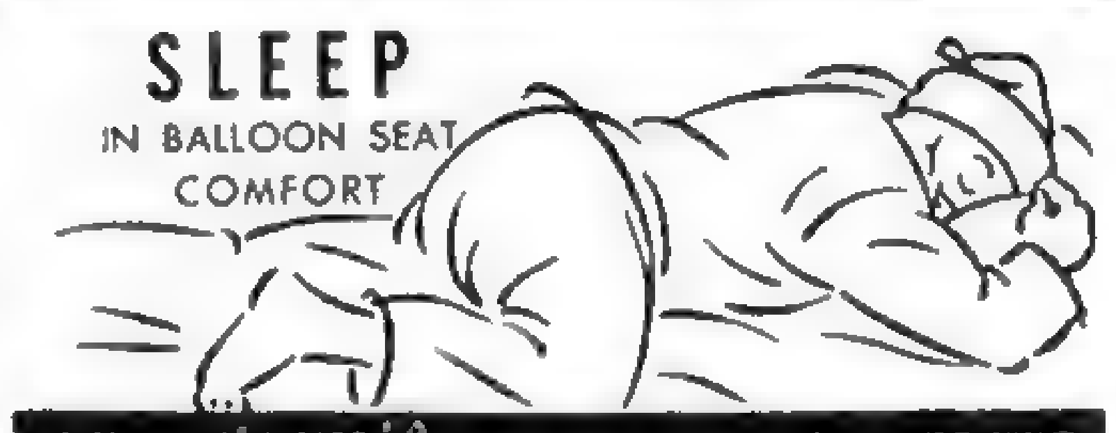
GIVE HIM SLEEPING COMFORT

PLEETWAY PAJAMAS

The man who plays Santa Claus all year, deserves a priceless gift.

SLEEP
IN PLEETWAY UNDERARM COMFORT

SLEEP
IN SIDE TAB WAIST COMFORT

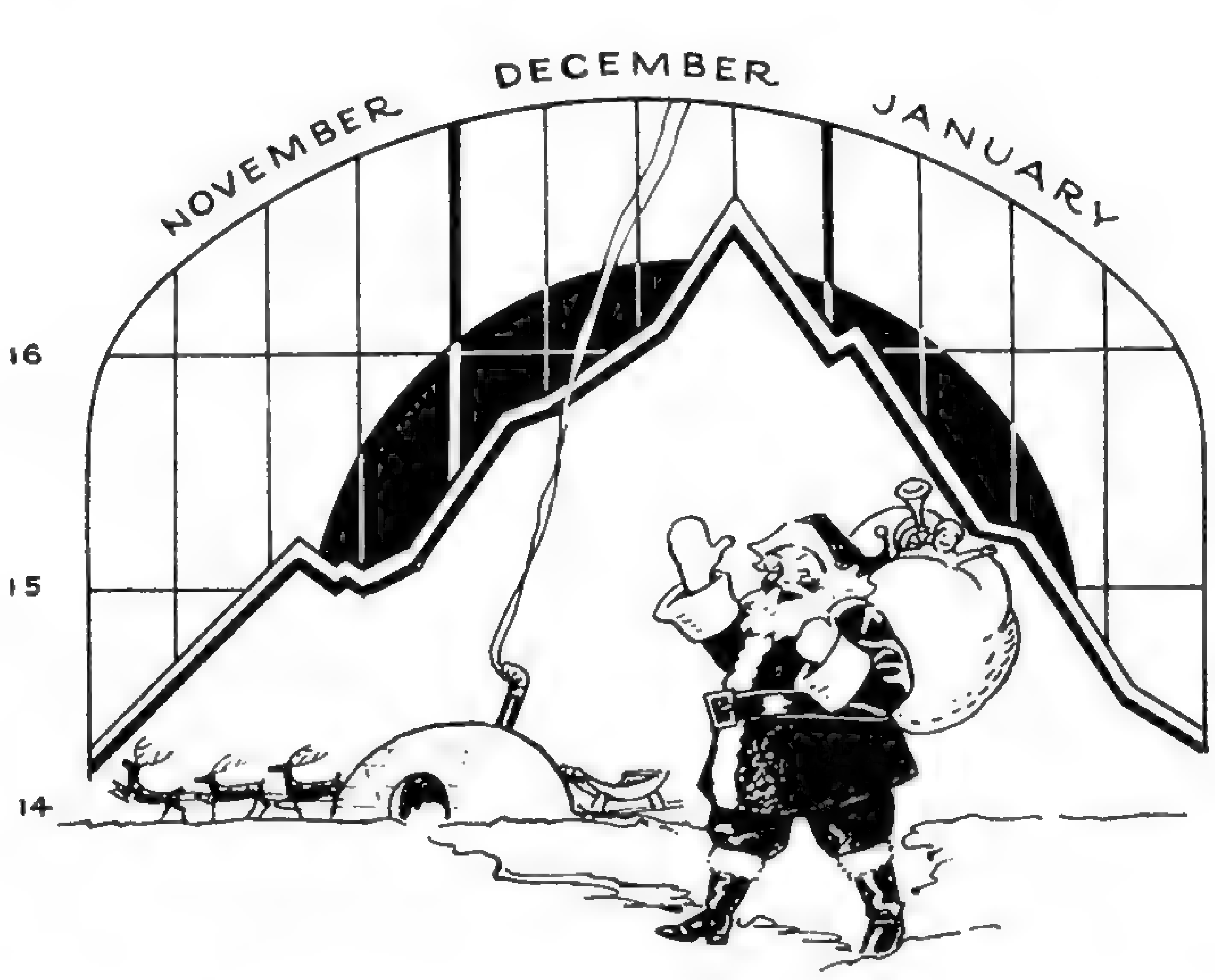


You have the opportunity to give that all-day happiness which can come only with all-night sleep. Patent-protected Pleetways *alone* make such a gift. $2 to $7.50.

If your dealer is "out of Pleetways" write for the name of a nearby dealer.
STADIUM MANUFACTURING CO.
Empire State Building, New York City.

SANTA CLAUS GOES TO TOWN . . .

on a 5 cent CAR FARE



Saint Nicholas Requests Your Presence at His Annual Traffic Avalanche Starting November Twenty-first . . .

Of course you will be there. 7,306,487 other car fares will also be paid by jovial New Yorkers who go to business every day. All in all the holiday traffic starts zigzagging into sharply ascending peaks late in blustery November and reaches a vivid Aurora Borealis pinnacle, as you pay that Five Cent Fare on the night of December twenty-fourth.

In every single month 222,238,979 riders participate in this perpetual New York Holiday spirit.

Ever atune to the occasion are the colorful car-card displays of our discerning Advertisers. For these Advertisers and their Advertising Agencies have come to know that the cost of presenting their products and services to this legion of buying transiters is far less than through any other standard medium.

Reckoned in figures of advertising sales cost, it comes to the absurdly low fraction of fifty-six ten thousandths of one cent per rider.

To the sharpened pencil thinker this smallish fraction towers big in its power of whetting the buying desires of the world's largest compact audience, and New York is only one of over 4,000 cities and towns where Santa Claus goes shopping and where Car Advertising goes with him.

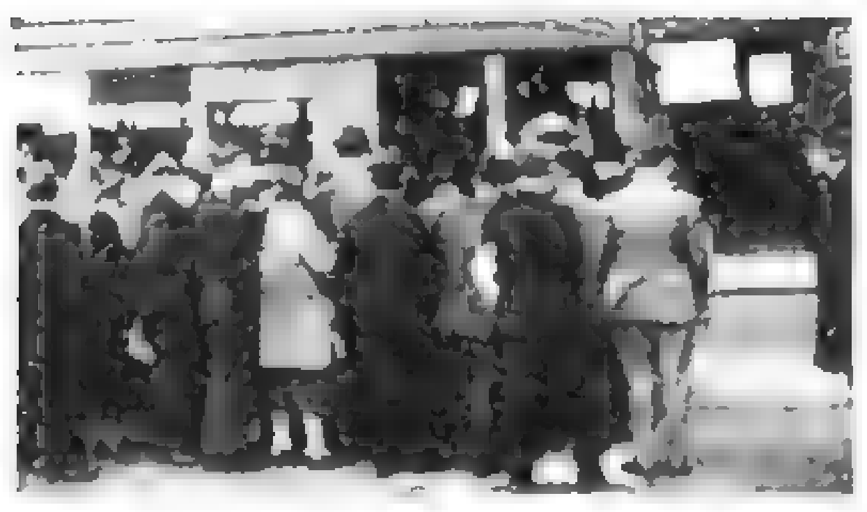
The good-will of these millions and millions of Santa Clauses on subways, elevateds, surface cars, bus systems, suburban trains and station platforms can become a continuous Christmas present to Advertisers blessed with vision.

CAR CARD ADVERTISING

The spot-light advertising medium in Subways, Elevateds, Street Cars, Buses, Suburban Trains and Express Systems.

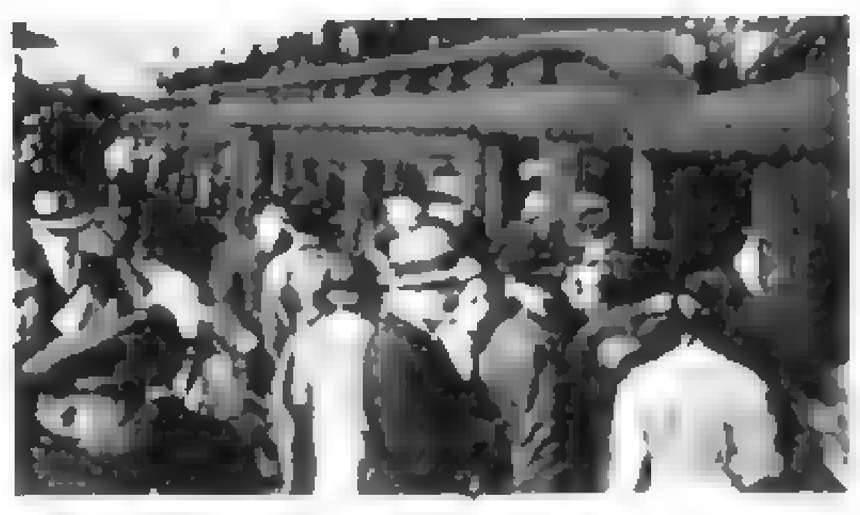
Headquarters: 745 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY
Telephone: ELdorado 5-6701

Offices in All the Principal Cities of the United States, Canada and Cuba.



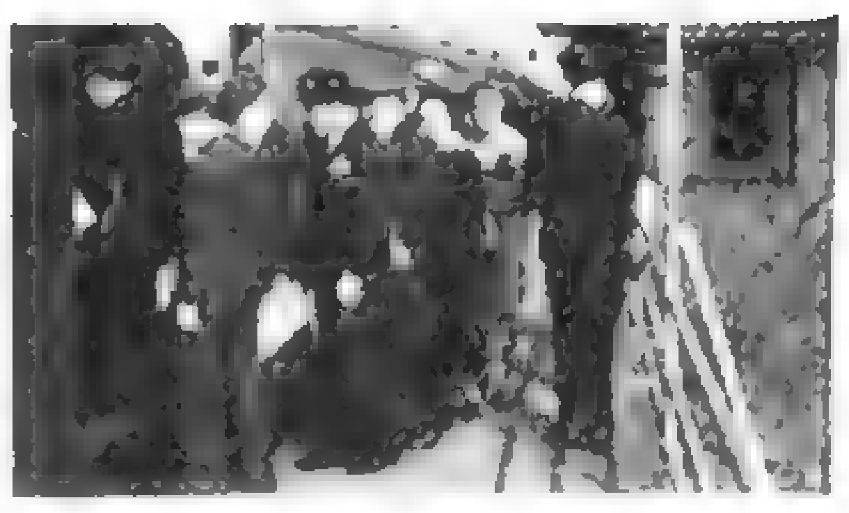
Originally the backbone of Greater New York's carrier system, the surface lines despite newer paralleling operations remain today one of the greatest traffic factors.

Busy New Yorkers take to the subway almost by instinct. Colorful Car Cards and brilliant Station posters are both instructive and entertaining to this number one audience.



Famed for their "ride in the open" slogan the arterial system of elevateds offers, through car cards and station platform posters, an unusual advertising and sales opportunity.

Bus Systems have far exceeded original passenger carrying expectations. Advertisers and their Advertising Agencies have been quick to sense the importance of this medium.



The Advertising Agency recommendation which employs a correctly proportioned formulae of Suburban Railway Advertising, seems touched with sales magic.

Smooth
IN ACTION
As a
ROLLS
RAZOR
Shave

*"I might begin to like you,
In my heart you'd find a place
If you'd shave with a smooth Rolls Razor
And get rid of that* **CACTUS FACE!"**

YOU HOPE FOR SMOOTH ACTION from your favorite football team. You'll *get* it from your Rolls Razor. A Rolls shave is not only smooth—it lasts! Four hours later there's no unsightly stubble. You've been *really* shaved—for the whole day. Man can't make or money buy a better shaver. Rolls Razor's single hollow-ground, Sheffield Steel blade *stays* sharp—it is stropped and honed semi-automatically in the case. For face freshness see your favorite dealer and get a Rolls Razor, it's tops in razors. Imperial No. 2 . . . $10. Rolls Shaving Soap in Locktite Bowl or Stick . . . $1. Refills . . . 60c.

Free catalogue 12 from **ROLLS RAZOR, INC.** *Sole U. S. Distributors*
305 East 45th Street, New York

Have your old Rolls Razor reconditioned like new—address Dept. S-D.

DRAMBUIE
BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE'S
Gift
Unique

Drambuie's the delight of all who appreciate the better things in life. First made for Scotland's romantic Bonnie Prince Charlie, this unusual dry liqueur was long made exclusively for Britain's Peers and Princes. Intriguing and distinctive of bouquet and taste, Drambuie makes an intriguing and distinctive Christmas gift.

Sole U. S. Importers McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK

Drambuie

THE SCOTTISH HEATHER-HONEY LIQUEUR

Prepared from a Secret Recipe on the Isle-of-Skye since 1745

80 PROOF

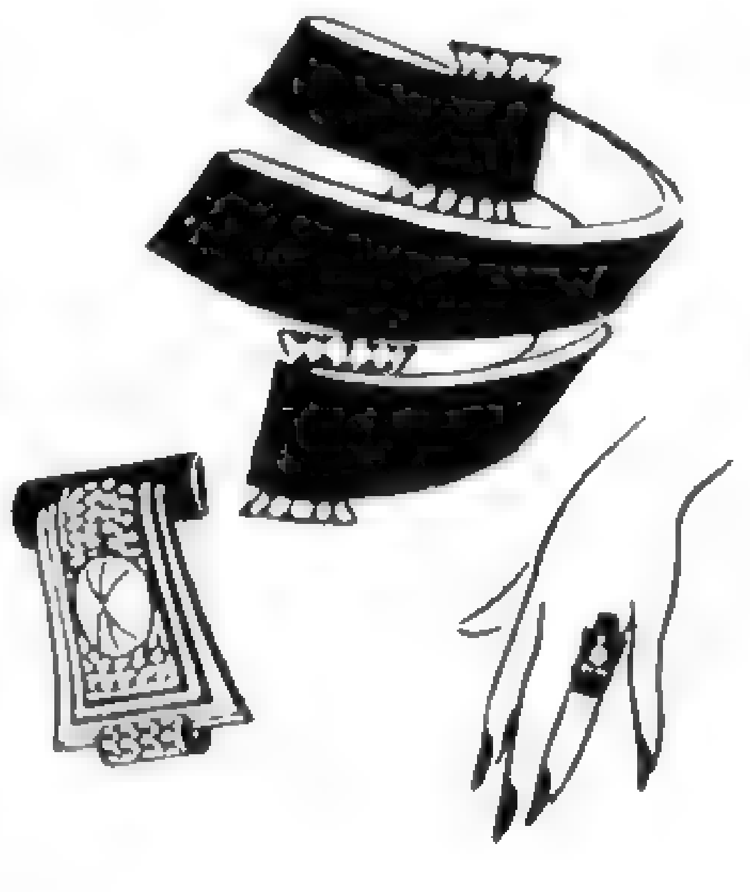
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

FIDO'S CHRISTMAS

Nifty training quarters for your pooch, a folding, wooden pen which looks like a ribbed fence and can be unfolded to any size to suit the dimensions of your room. Just put your little pet inside, with his bone and bowl, and relax.

NOTE FOR GOLF WIDOWS

Far be it from us to urge you to encourage his golfing proclivities, but here's a dandy little present for him . . . hand crocheted golf club covers for his woods. Each cover has a stripe of a contrasting color . . . and the number of stripes correspond with the number of the wood. 2 stripes for a number 2, etc. Shows a man just where he stands. Buck a piece for these.

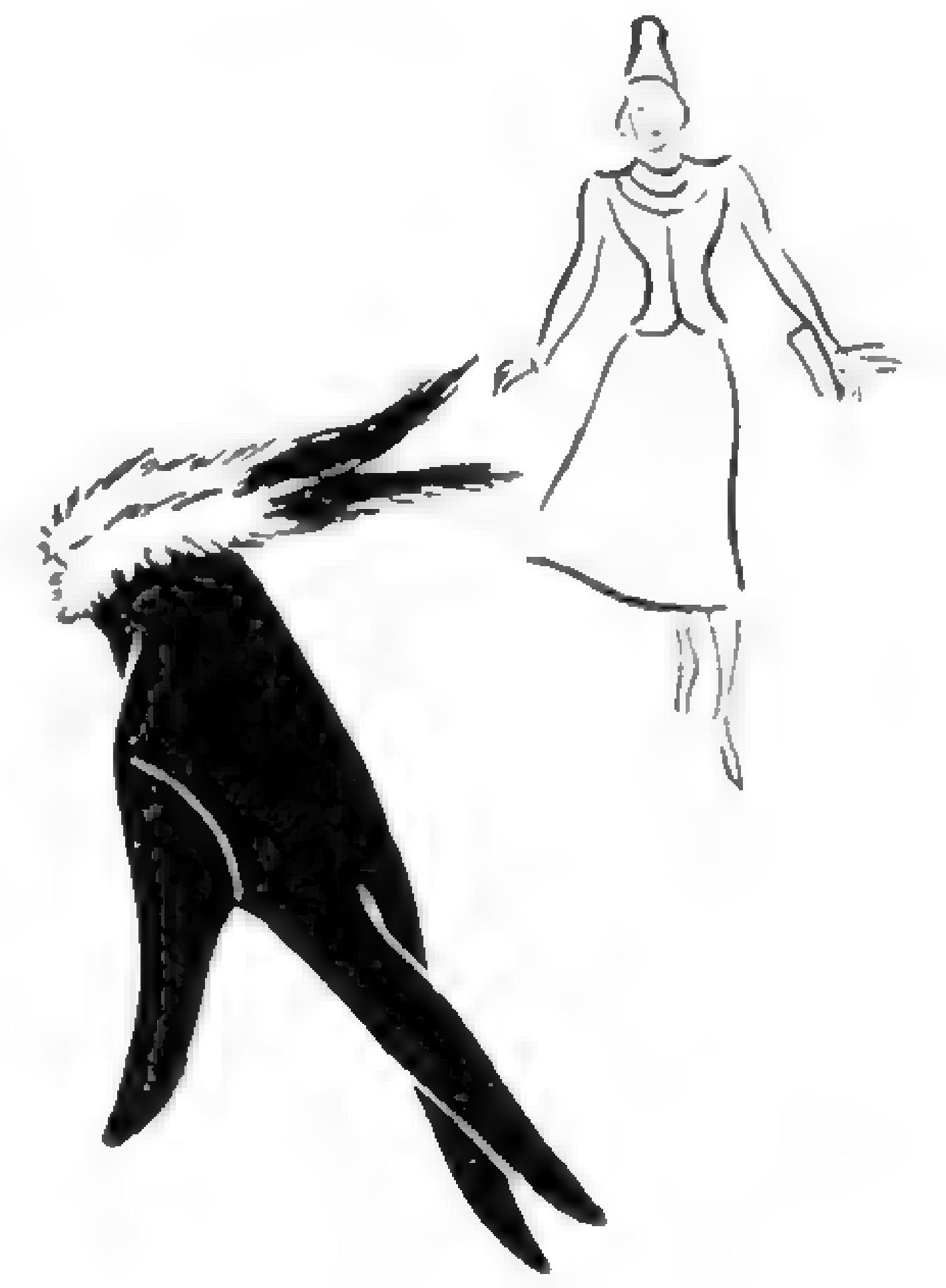


STARRING STAR SAPPHIRES

Since the time of the ancients, the star sapphire, a phenomenon of nature, has been held in deep veneration. Ranging from the palest grey to the deepest indigo, the sapphire has a mysteriously beautiful six-rayed star radiating from the center of the stone, the finest stones coming from Ceylon and Burma. The ancients wore the star as a talisman to ward off bad fortune, and tradition has it that Helen of Troy wore a magnificent star sapphire to which she owed all her conquests. Wishing modern Helens luck and all that sort of thing, we've sketched a star sapphire and diamond clip in yellow gold, the diamonds set in platinum with finger ring to match. Star sapphires, however, are not restricted to the female sex. Many a star shines forth on a shirt bosom, in the cuffs or on the fingers of gentlemen of note.

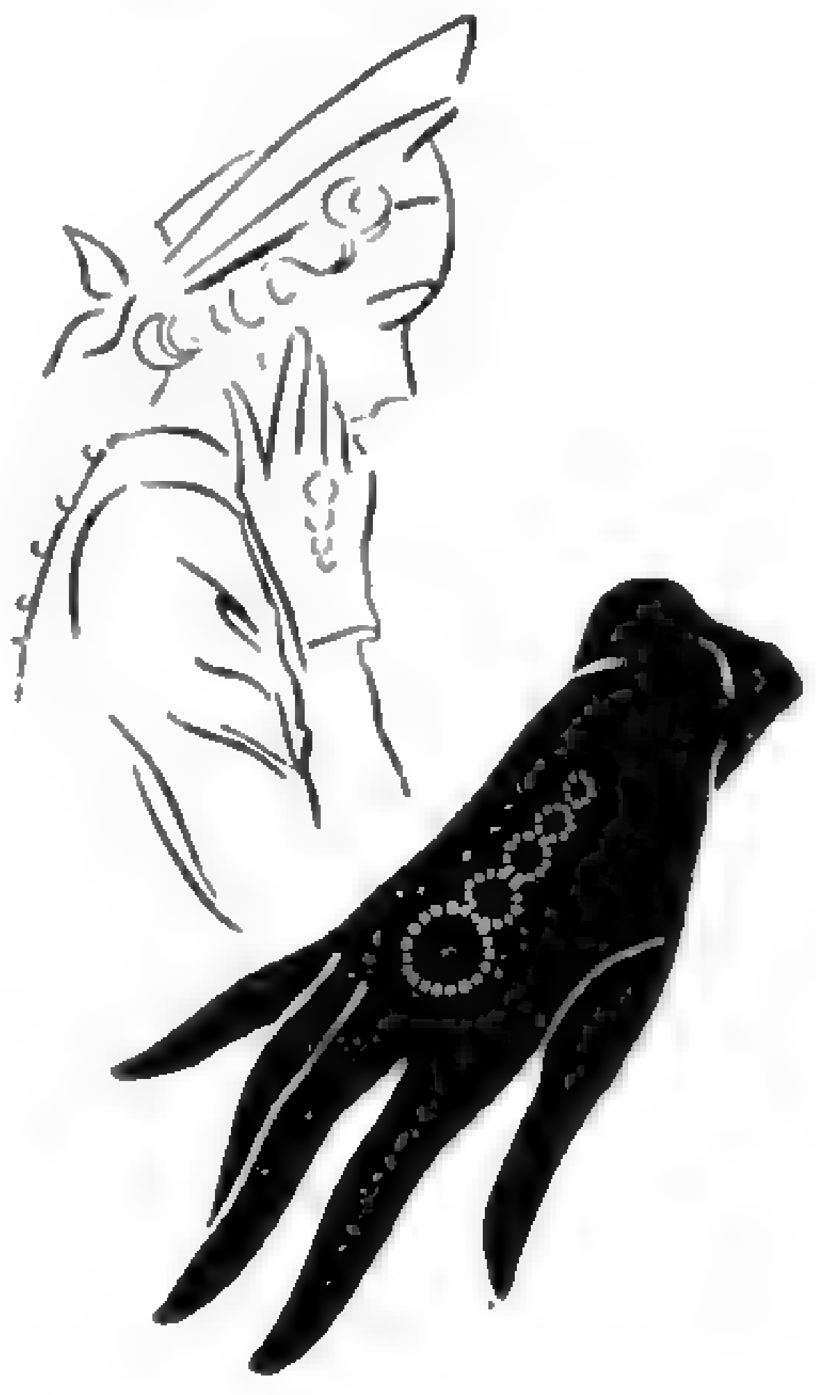
OLD GOLD

The gold rush is on in jewelry this year . . . quaint gold jewelry in the Victorian manner; heavy, massive gold jewels of barbaric inspiration, modern streamline interpretations such as the wrap-around bracelet above. Up Milady's arm ambles this heavy gold cork screw bracelet, set with diamonds at startling intervals.



GLOVES FOR LOVES

The gals are putting on a great show this season with this return to femininity. Bosoms are back. So are wasp waists, figures are littered with jewels, feathers and veils are rampant, slit skirts and Madame X decolletages are leading us on. Even gloves have gone gay. Black velvet, for instance, trimmed with a bunch of white ermine tails; black suede with 5 glittering, graduating circlets of rhinestones; black suede with strips of gold kid between each finger; gold mesh, or siren-like black suedes with shiny black snakeskin backs. As a quaint touch, up turn a pair of black *mittens* with suede palms and simulated Persian lamb backs. If you are not one for encouraging such foibles, you can always buy her a pair of pigskin gloves whipstitched in the same thread they use to sew base balls together.



FROSTED ETCHINGS

Out of California comes some unusually lovely glassware. Service plates, cocktail glasses, punch bowls or ice bowls in plain crystal with designs in modern treatment of sugar cane or all manner of exotic tropical flowers etched in a frosted effect on their sides. We had never imagined the mundane stalk of the sugar cane could take on such artistic proportions. Worth investigating.

Conquered, Aviation's Greatest Peril

Continued from pages 123-300

are over a jagged mountain range—well, they can only bow to the verdict of Fate.

Again, even in the thickest weather, land travelers can get some guidance from hills, streams, or even trees. Seamen can test the depth and character of the bottom. But Larson has only roiling cloud and storm beneath him. Over level country he might dive down occasionally, even at risk of picking up more ice, to catch a radio signal. Here all too many mountains are waiting to penalize such an attempt.

Nothing is left, then, but dead reckoning, based upon seasoned experience and shrewd analysis of the weather.

Before starting, Larson had studied the weather map. Now, from his memories of it, he decides that in this location, the wind should be blowing from about south-southwest, with a force of 90 miles an hour. With the wind on such a bearing, the ship drifts perhaps 1° off course for each three miles of wind force. The total drift then will be 30°, and the compass course must be corrected accordingly.

Such calculations are a slim reliance for hitting the mountain-rimmed field at Midvale, but what else to do? "Hold her on two-four-five," Larson tells co-pilot Smith. "And you'd better get those temperatures and icing conditions in the log."

Yes, discipline is discipline, and regulations must be observed, even in this situation! The trip flight log is a record in diagram form, upon which the co-pilot notes courses, altitudes held, and other pertinent data. Now, while Smith controls the aberrant flight of the ice-laden ship with one hand, with the other he jots down a few key figures in the log. And in his preoccupation with this task, he does not notice that the time for making a position report is at hand.

Neither does Larson, busy as he is thinking what they might do. And we can explain the oversight with just two words—"oxygen lack." Lack of oxygen is fully as insidious as carbon monoxide in its stealthy attack. A man thinks he is doing as well as ever; actually he may be adding two and three and obtaining a total of seven. He feels well enough physically; but if he makes any pronounced physical movement, the effort may exhaust his strength, and the movement might carry through into a slump and unconsciousness. Small wonder, then, that a routine report is overlooked!

The physical habits of flying serve somewhat, however, as mental anchors and stabilizers. From time to time estimated progress is noted in the log. Larson tunes his long wave and auxiliary receivers faithfully, hoping to pick up some of the intermediate low-power ranges and marker beacons scattered along the course. Smith has enough to do, handling the ship; and significantly enough, when he estimates that they are passing near Mount Epiphany, he pulls up five hundred feet more, even though the altimeters indicate that the ship already has a clearance of 2,000 feet.

What of the passengers while this is going on?

The passengers usually are trumps. They look to the crew as trustfully as a baby does to its mother. Moreover, oxygen lack acts as a sedative. When the sign, "Please Fasten Seat Belts," lights up, they obey without a murmur. Only one of them asks, when Stewardess Reilly passes to see that everyone is well strapped into his seat, "What is it now? Are we going to land?"

"Oh, dear no!" she replies with a merry Irish twinkle. "We're just in some rough air. If you took a nap and lurched, you might bump your nose!"

One by one she inspects them, then seeks her tiny fold-down seat at the rear. Because of oxygen deficiency, even the effort to smile and be chipper, let alone the work required to walk along the aisle, has been all but beyond her strength. She is glad enough to sit down and await the issue, as Fate and the skill of the pilots may decide.

Back to the cockpit now, in time to see co-pilot Smith turn a selector valve and scan an indicator. 'Right main's on now," he reports. "We have one hour and twenty minutes of gas left. And I figure we're twenty minutes beyond Epiphany."

These are fateful words. Pilots are supposed to decide, while they still have gas enough left for a return to their starting points, whether they can safely go on. The Rubicon for this trip is the hamlet of Grizzly Gulch, thirty miles west of Epiphany Pass; when ships are over this town, they will have just gas enough left for the run back to Denver. Now Larson and Smith are ten miles beyond the town; they could not reach Denver if they tried.

Was this failure to check the situation in time a "pilot error"? Shall we say that mental dullness, due to lack of oxygen, was responsible? No matter—it has happened, and that is that. The die has been cast; they must go on.

Now tension increases rapidly as they grind along. They know that only one field, one haven of safety, is available, and they must reach it. But they know also that when they corrected the course by 30° on nothing but memory and mental calculation, they might well have been out 10°, 20°, or even more—and this when a mistake of only 5° or 10° can place them hopelessly far from Midvale when their gas gives out! Worst of all, they now are flying over the highest mountains along the route, and dare not descend out of the ice-crystal stratum until they know where they are.

Continued on page 304

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Conquered, Aviation's Greatest Peril

Continued from pages 123-300-303

With growing uneasiness, Larson searches his mind for some expedient. His weather hunch is that clearer air can be found some two hundred miles to the south—but he never could go there, catch a signal, and then reach Midvale. He tries to remember some nearby locality marked "Clear" on the weather map, where he could see to descend and get the radio in. No use—the map showed the weather to be uniformly bad. Dead reckoning—dead reckoning and hope—are all they have left—

Minutes tick away—minutes that rush like seconds, when the pilots know that every minute consumes its quota of gasoline, and brings them nearer to the fateful time when, with or without radio, they must come down. They simply *must* get a radio check upon their position without much more delay—but *will* they, in time to save the situation? All too many have failed to do so, as the tragic record of the 1936-37 winter made plain enough—

One last expedient remains. Static gains strength from the speed of the ship; when they are over Midvale they can slow down to the lowest speed which will maintain altitude. Then the range signal may come through. On to Midvale, then—to Midvale, and the test of their fate—

Thus, with this test awaiting it, the great ship hurtles on, high over the mountains, until Larson estimates that they are over Midvale. Now they will know what to expect within a few seconds. With nerves quivering just a trifle, Larson sets the propeller pitch at maximum, thereby reducing speed, and also collision with charged ice particles, to a minimum. With touch and hearing on a knife edge, he tunes his receivers, listens. Nothing but the roar of static! He tries again; still nothing.

Panic wells up within him—panic which he fights down sternly. He knows the steadying effect of action in such a moment, and takes the controls from Smith, bent upon doing things—something, anything—while he thinks. First, however, he reports to Midvale, for even though he can hear nothing, his message will get through:

"Larson, trip 30, estimated over Midvale at 16,000. No radio reception account snow static. Have half an hour's gas left—will use twenty minutes remaining at safe altitude."

He turns off the transmitter and turns up the company-frequency rheostat on the receiver, hoping that by some freak a response will get through. Nothing. He turns on the transmitter again, says "Larson, trip 30, no acknowledgment received," and addresses Smith.

"What's your idea?"

Smith considers, then replies.

"No one direction's better than another now. I'd say, beat around here and try to get a signal."

This is Larson's idea too; but he has no intention of beating aimlessly. They must use system—system which will make the remaining twenty minutes count for as much as possible. He plans to "fly on square legs"—that is, north four minutes, west six minutes, south six minutes, and then east. Thus he will get a thorough and systematic coverage of an area about twenty miles on a side, in which presumably the Midvale range will be sounding at its strongest and will have its best chance to get through.

Moreover, at each corner he will pull the ship up into a stall, thus reducing the speed of the antennae through the ice-laden air to absolute minimum, with corresponding reduction of static. Then, if ever, they will hear something.

Once, twice, Larson stalls, as he changes course. The giant transport lunges up, a duralumin leviathan battling desperately for its life. Nothing. Now more than half of the precious minutes remaining to them have been spent, but why think of that? Nothing else can be done. Doggedly they fly on to try again.

Meanwhile, what is happening in Midvale?

There, nobody need be told what is in store! The missing position report, coupled with the weather, gave ample warning; with Larson's last report, dread became certainty. Moreover, they have heard no roar of motors to confirm his "estimated over Midvale." The two pilots might actually be circling over any of half a dozen jagged wildernesses, far from Midvale. And what can be done to help them, as long as their radio remains out of action? Midvale can only wait, and hope, and count the minutes—minutes which are ticking off as inexorably as so many strokes of doom.

More than one story of this sort has moved on from this stage without further incident to its tragic end on some lonely mountainside. But suppose in this instance we allow Lady Luck to smile at last upon Larson. Let us say that on his third stall, he hears faint dots and dashes through the roar of static:

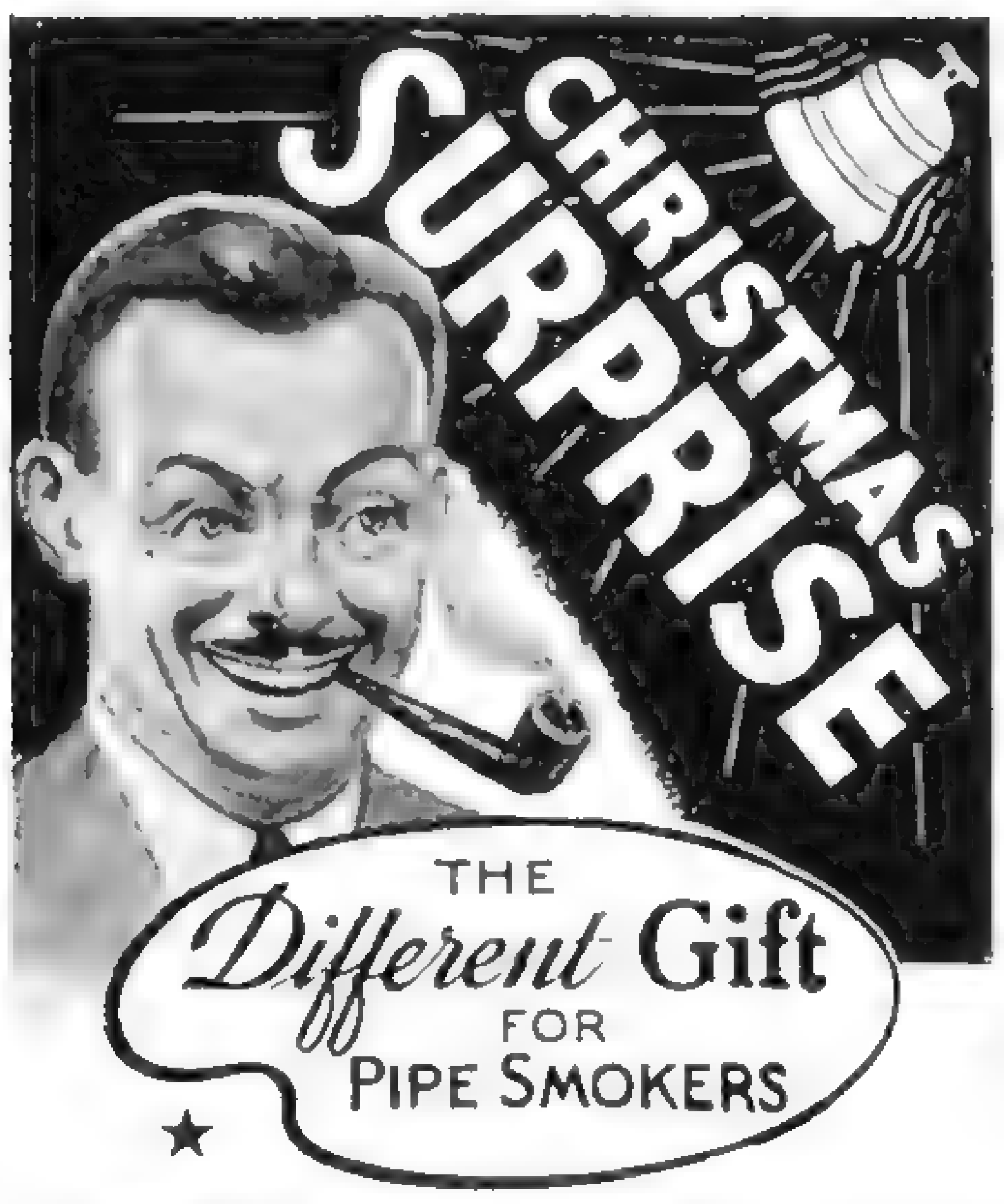
— — . . . —

MV—the Midvale identification! Quivering, the ship falls off. Larson stalls again—is rewarded with

. — . — . —

A—A—A—they are in the "A" quadrant, meaning (to state the matter roughly) that they are southeast or northwest of Midvale. Which is right? Larson heads southeast, and notes that on each stall, the signal is weaker. He turns about, heads northwest; the signals get stronger. They are in the southeast quadrant. Fine, so far, if the gas holds out! They can keep going fourteen minutes more at normal speed—just about long enough to complete the necessary maneuvers, if luck holds with them!

Continued on page 306



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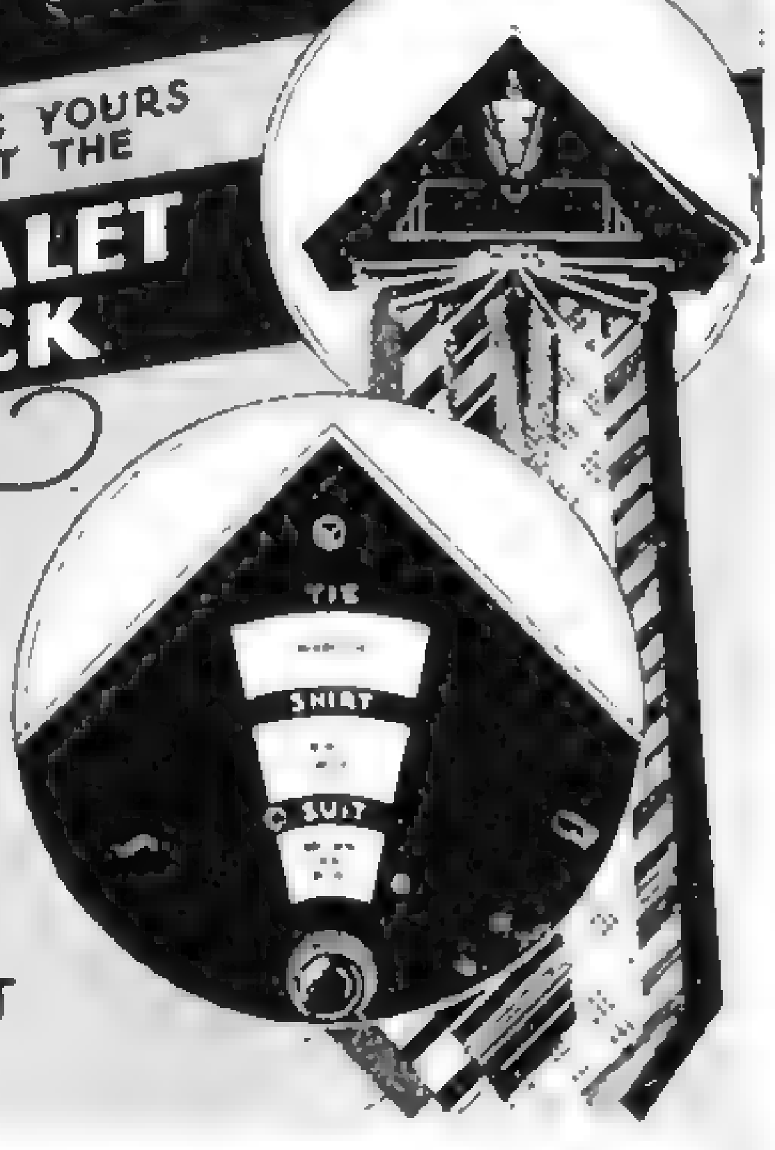

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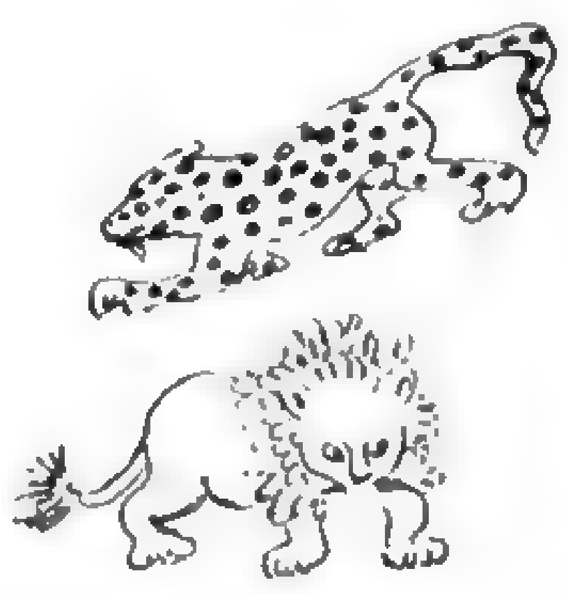
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

PLAYING CARDS TO MATCH YOUR PERIOD FURNITURE. Playing card people are getting more inventive all the time. Now come cards with Hepplewhite, Sheraton and Chippendale chair backs used in a design on the backs of the cards. In the center of each chair-back, there's a space for initials. Another type of playing cards everybody welcomes, are those washable numbers that can be cleaned off with soap and water or damp cloth. They can take quite a beating and don't get run down at the corners and stuff. Especially recommended for those Toosday evening poker parties.

BEAR THAT WALKS. If you are in a quandry as to what to give everybody's children, try animals. For tiny tots there's the new, soft, squashy little plush puppet bear, with a honey pail around his neck. The child puts his hand and fingers inside the bear and works the legs so that the animal walks or moves his head into all manner of cocky poses . . . even appears to drink his honey from the pail. Kids love manipulating him. And of course every red blooded youngster likes stuffed wild animals, so realistic they look as if they had just come out of the jungle, veritable companions of Mowgli and Tarzan. There are vivid, spotted leopards, pompous lions, some sitting on their haunches, others lying down in natural poses; lumbering camels, bears and monkeys, spotted fawns and others. If the child prefers his animals domestic rather than wild, there are entrancing stuffed dogs, Scotties, hounds with black spots, one snooping with nose to ground, another pointing. All the menagerie are well made, and so sturdy, they'll withstand the efforts of the most destructive little darling who doesn't know the meaning of the word "respect."



VENINI GLASS. We have always pictured Venetian glass as a thing of fragile beauty; but the newest handblown glassware from those parts has gone peasant . . . heavy, chunky, simplified modern pieces that are nothing short of fascinating. Ashtrays, vases and urns in a bubbly handblown glass flecked with gold; a set of finger bowls in bubbly glass . . . seems that its smart to buy a set, each bowl in a *different* shade . . . makes for disconcerting variety on your table.

FANCY FISH. There might be somebody on your list who goes in for aquariums. Of course you could send them a pail of gold fish, an odd turtle or so; you might come forth with a brace of guppi and let your friends spend the evening trying to discern the great guppi method of reproduction; but if you want to really go down in the annals of a fish fancier as a Great Fellow, present him with a Neon Tetra. Now the neon tetra is a tiny little fish, which, when fully grown is only 1¼ inches long. It comes from the Amazon region in the midst of the jungle, and it took an explorer eight months (fighting jungle fever, etc.) to ferret out enough of these little fish for exportation. The tetra is a beautiful little thing with vivid streaks of green and red which seem to glow with all the brilliance of neon lights underneath the water.

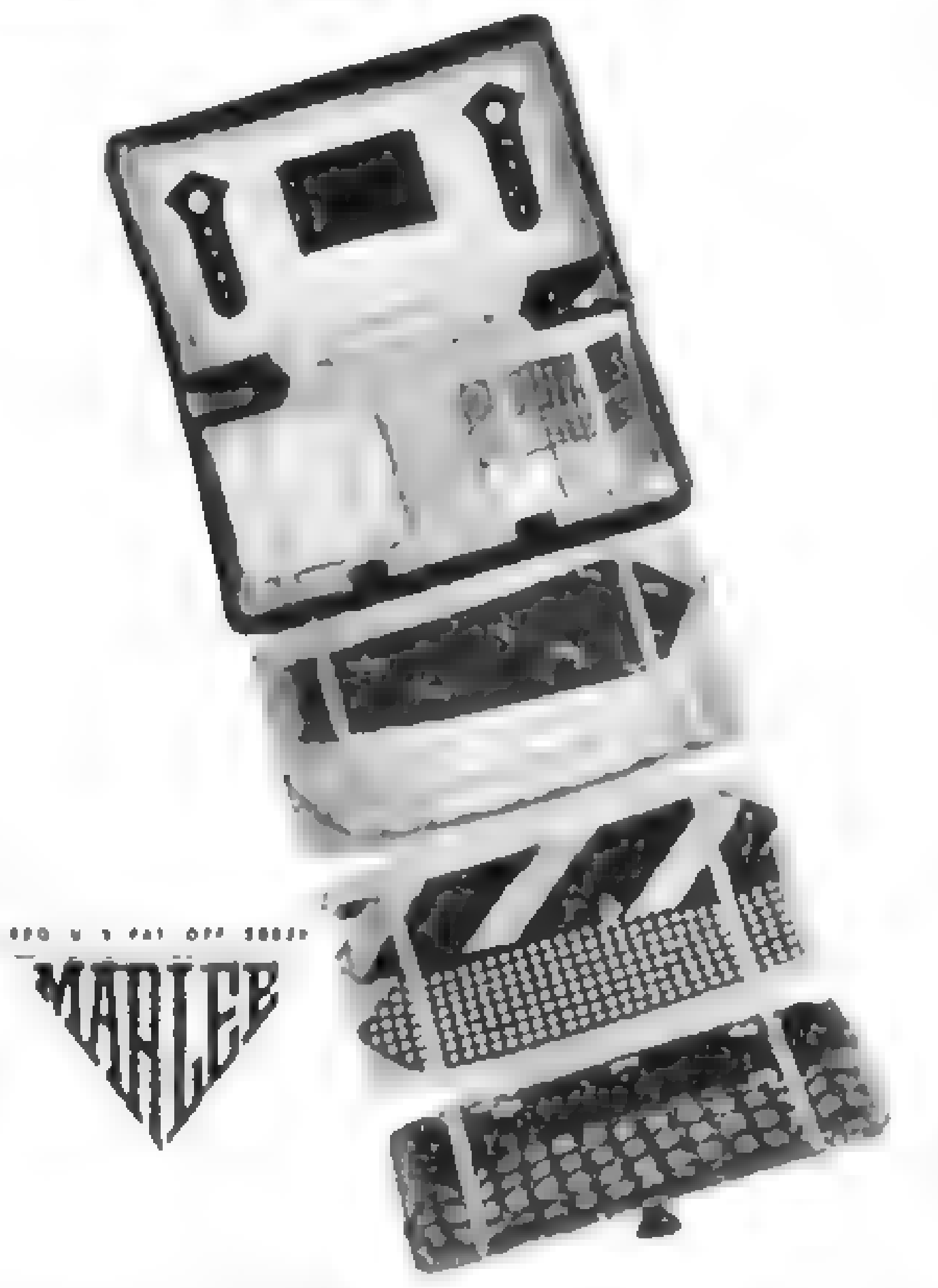
TO BE TIED TO THE TRAVELER'S TREE

the new super-convenient
SNUGPACK

Lighten up the burden on the Xmas tree by tying a Snugpack to the bough. This small (12x16x4½) kit makes travelling burdenless, yet miraculously it holds shirts, ties, sox, handkerchiefs, business papers and even boasts of a removable tray with complete toilet requisites in chrome, satinwood or ebony. A wide choice of finest leathers, each Snugpack securely fastened with twin Talon zipper, lock and key.

Mrs. Santa Claus: Special leathers have been made into feminine Snugpacks with special attention to smart toilet accessories.

"FOR TIES THAT TRAVEL"



Give those Xmas ties a break when they travel by carrying them in Marlee—the tie case with a separate place for each tie. Room for studs and kerchiefs, too. Topgrain cowhide, pigskin and each Talon fastened.

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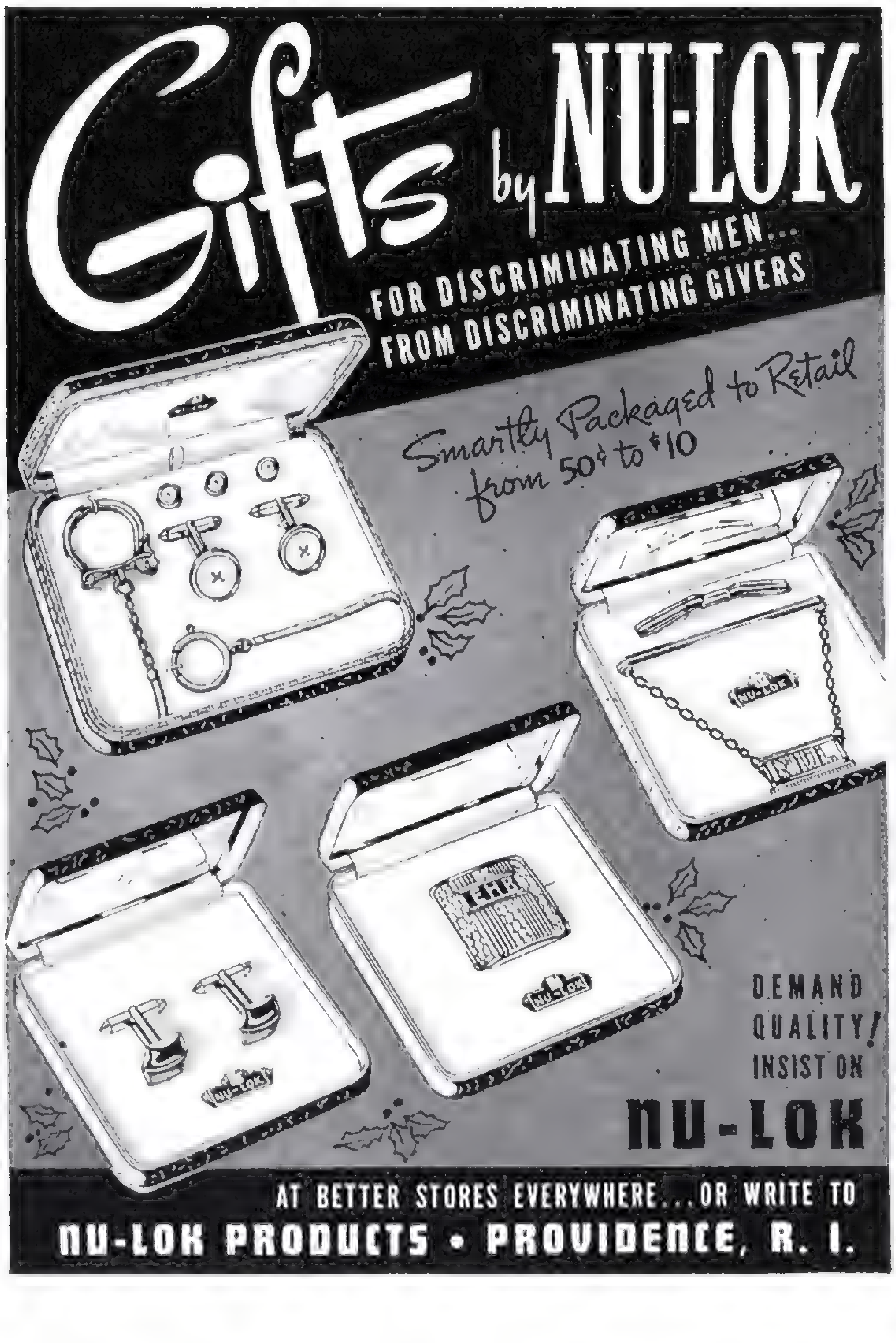
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Conquered, Aviation's Greatest Peril

Continued from pages 123-300-303-304

As they draw nearer to Midvale, the signals become strong enough to sound faintly through the static. They catch a "twilight A," or an "A" merging into the steady "On Course" dashes. This marks the north or west margin of the quadrant—but which one? Larson enters the beam, then turns sharply northeast. If they were on the east beam, they will enter an "N" quadrant; if the beam was the south one, they will hear "A."

"N" is the answer; they are near the east beam. Larson regains it and heads for Midvale. He glances at the gas gauges—ten minutes left! That will just about squeak them through, for he can descend now and thereby stretch the gas supply for several minutes more. Of course, they must hit the cone of silence over Midvale on the first attempt. Only a miracle can give them time enough for a second try—

He throttles back and commences his descent along the beam, then reports.

"Larson, trip 30, to Midvale for barometer and weather. We are on the east leg at 13,000 descending. Radio reception better."

In Midvale, these thrice-welcome words touch off a little flurry of activity. Sammy Edwards hurries onto the field, microphone in hand, to aid the wanderers with last-minute information as they come down. The meteorologist rechecks his visibility, wind, and ceiling readings; the radio operator answers Larson.

"Midvale to Larson. The barometer"—the operator pauses until he has vibrated the instrument to insure an accurate reading—"is 29.84. Sammy's going on the remote to give you the weather."

"O. K.," comes the reply. By now Sammy can hear motors faintly, in the east; but he says nothing yet. He knows that Larson's attention will be riveted on the beam signal and alert to catch the cone of silence.

The motor roar mounts, swoops high overhead through the clouded night, starts fading in the west. Sammy comes on. "You passed over the station and I can hear you over the saw mill going west."

Larson comes back, flying much lower now, and repasses the field headed east. As he turns again, Sammy adds further information.

"The base of Indian Rock is visible—also the lights of town. Winds shifting to northwest 8 variable. I can see your lights now—"

And so the last act runs its course until Larson can see the field lights dimly. He swings to make his final glide onto the south end of the north-south runway. Smith sets the wing flaps to brake their speed—they feel the welcome bump of the wheels on the ground and taxi grandly to the terminal.

At rest, Larson glances at the gas gauges. The needle is seated firmly on the zero peg. He and Smith grin thinly at each other, give hasty wipes to their brows to be sure no cold sweat is showing; then they set their uniform caps at a jaunty angle, and stroll out through the passenger cabin. The passengers remain seated, for the ship is going on. Larson is merely going to report, check weather on the run ahead, and get instructions; Smith must see to refueling. One passenger, however, makes an inquiry in a carefully casual tone. Larson replies,

"Oh, a little rough—couldn't keep you quite comfortable, I'm afraid. Hope you didn't mind!"

So has gone the battle with snow static on the airways of the nation—a battle which a merciful Providence has allowed to be won much more often than it is lost. The conditions which have forced pilots into such battles may occur only a few times in a season, and then only over high, rugged country, where landing fields are scarce; they may occur oftener, and over a wider range; nobody can say how that will be. But we can see readily that when such a combination of conditions does occur, it has been the champion menace of the air—for of what avail are the finest radio aids, *when they cannot be heard?*

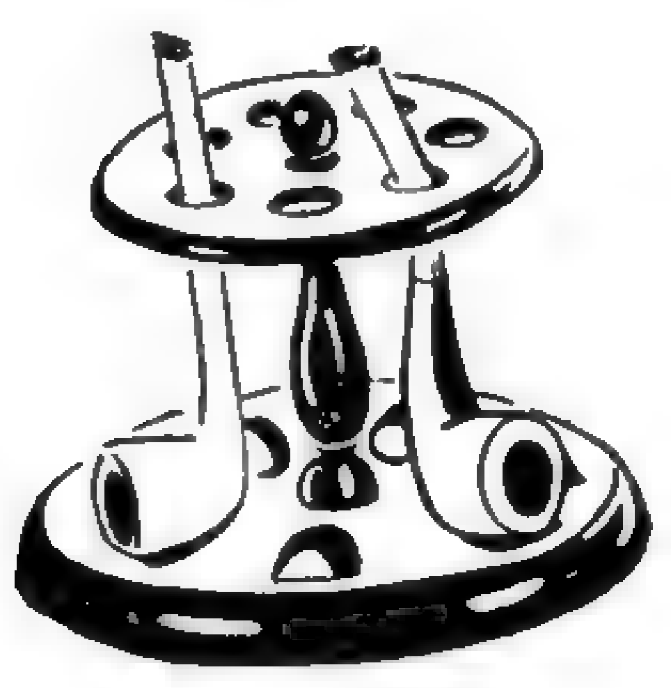
With the full import of that question in mind, we can really appreciate what was accomplished recently, when experimenters finally *found a way to defeat snow static.* The story of the discovery is simple; and the spur for it was not only the long-continued need, but a regulation for air transport flying announced last March 15 by the Air Commerce Bureau of the Department of Commerce. The announcement of this regulation said that "scheduled air line aircraft will be required, beginning November 1, 1937, to be equipped with an improved antenna system provided with means for the elimination of interference from rain, snow, sleet, or dust static."

Well—the airlines were pathetically eager to comply, save for one trouble: no satisfactory device for accomplishing this purpose was known. The devices contemplated by the regulation coiled the antenna behind a shield or otherwise housed it and thus kept it from being hit by charged particles. But all looped antenna are directional—that is, they pick up signals more strongly from some directions than from others. A pilot might be flying in, say, an "A" zone to the right of a beam which he wants to follow; yet the directional effect might pick up an "N" appropriate to the other side of the beam. He would turn to the right in search of the beam instead of to the left, and the results might well be disastrous.

But once *something* had to be installed by November 1, efforts were redoubled to find a satisfactory device. Among these efforts had been United Air Lines' flying

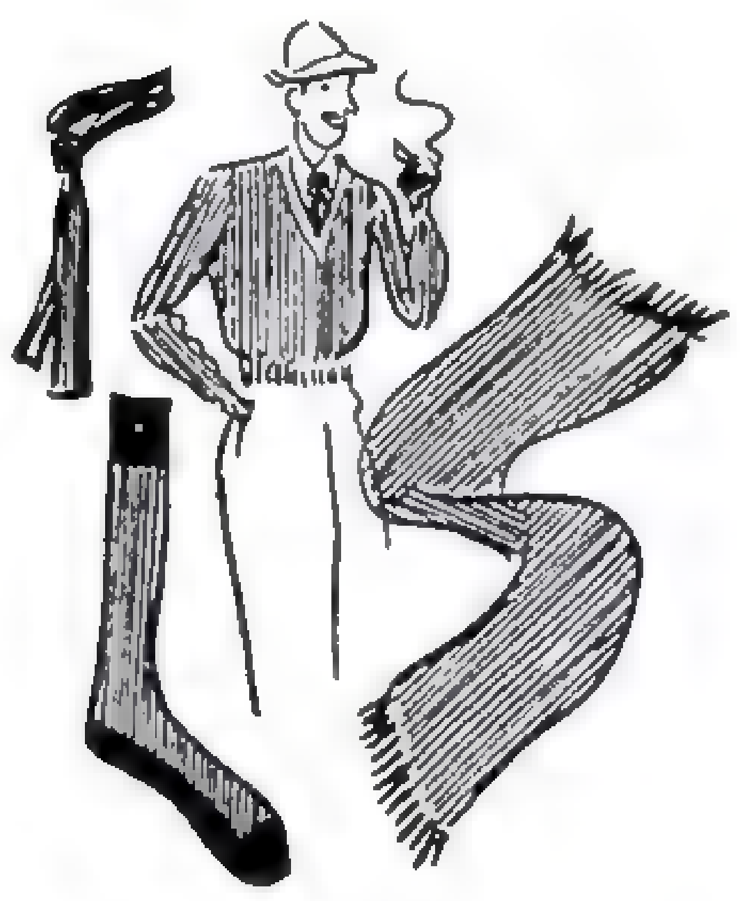
Continued at top of page 308

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



PIPE A DAY

A lot of pipe smokers like to alternate their smokes. Here's a circular pipe rack with the days of the week lettered in gold under each pipe. You can buy it in walnut or maple, but if you really want to get fancy, order this, or any number of smoker's articles such as humidors, tobacco jars or racks in some strange exotic wood—for example: East Indian rosewood, Burma teakwood, zebrawood from Africa (gentlemen who go in for "modern" decoration will like this) purple heart from South America, Cuban bubinga, macassar ebony from the Dutch West Indies and so forth. Rare and very beautiful . . . all made by hand.



EVERYTHING TO MATCH

A lot of women like to give men matching sets of things—here's a feast for such. Pullover sweater, sox, necktie and scarf all in matching Scotch wool in such patterns as checks, stripes and small diamond designs. Few guys would wear all these things all at once, but they could be nicely alternated. Navy and white, wine and white, etc. Can be bought separately or in sets. Good gift.

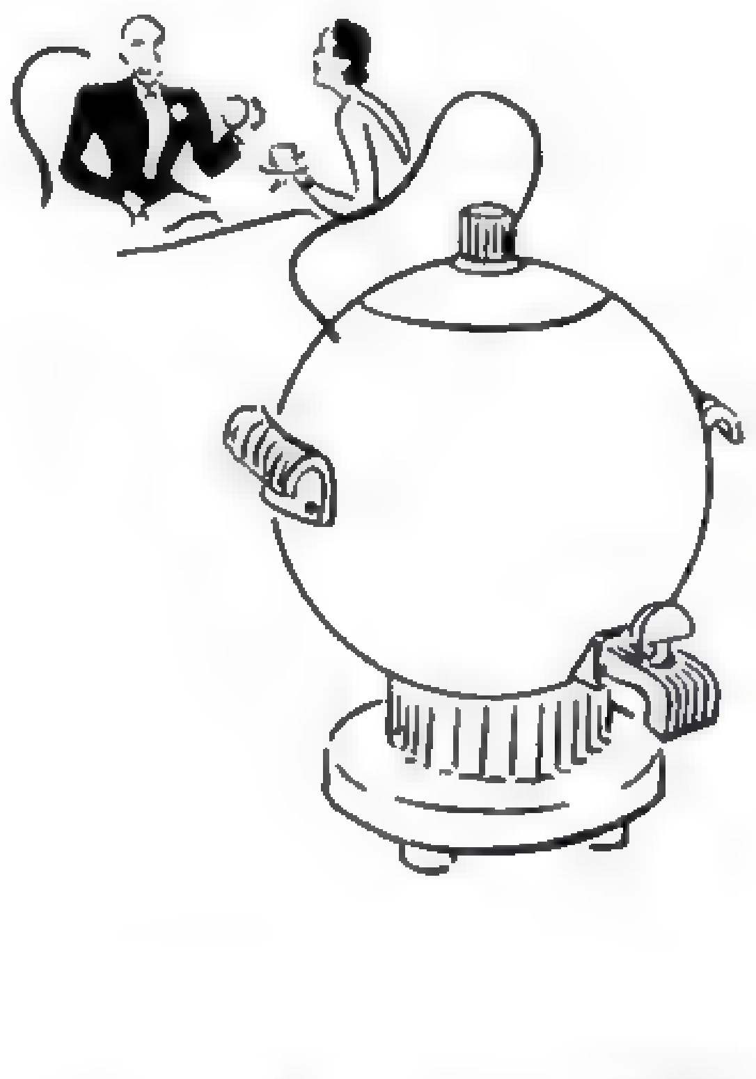
SKI SLIPPERS

When a man comes in from a day on the slopes it feels pretty good to get the dogs into a pair of slippers. Good choice would be a pair in sea leopard, a strange fish they catch off the coast of Norway which looks like a reptile. The mocassins are warmly lined in wool fleece. Sealskin slippers, piped in red are also popular (of course you can use these for regular house slippers if you are a home boy and never go skiing).

HOW TO FEED THE MULTITUDE WITHOUT DOING ANY WORK

Christmas may be rated as a holiday, but it's no holiday if you have to be a host and hostess. In order to throw a party de luxe, with the least strain on your part or that of your domestics, good old Ranger has rounded up a few shops who do a catering job par excellence. One place has recently opened up a "provision counter," which, as they say, makes it possible for every home to have the artistry of a French chef of renown. They specialize in such gourmet dishes as Coquille St. Jacques, made of scallops and fresh mushrooms in white wine egg sauce; Croustade Milanaise, spaghetti in tomato sauce, combined with the white meat of turkey, ham, tongue and fresh mushroms. There is also Romanoff caviar, smoked sturgeon, gallatines of guinea hen, duckling, tripe a lá mode from Caean, capons in casserole stuffed with truffles. You can order these ready for serving.

Another place specializes in cocktail parties, they'll deliver the works just in time for your bout . . . even cocktails already mixed. The canapes are famous . . . they send little tea sandwiches which come wrapped in pairs in heavy waxed paper; the potato chips come fresh from the stove . . . tissue thin and fried to a golden crispness; stuffed celery, stuffed eggs and cheese sticks . . . all with that "made in your own menage" air. They tell us that Southern hosts who have migrated North still cling to Eggnog parties, and with them they serve cocoanut snowballs, tiny cakes with jelly filling, whole things iced in marshmallow then rolled in cocoanut. Nice job if you can take it.



COFFEE FOR A CROWD

This rotund picture above, is an electric coffee urn that holds 18 cups in its spacious interior. Has 2 heats, one for making the coffee and the other for keeping it piping hot for belated guests who buffet their way in. The globe and fluted column are finished in chromium plate, the handles of white plastic. Good gift.

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Priestley's
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ONE DOLLAR

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BRASSIERES
GIRDLES GARTER BELTS

A *"Three-Way" strap arrangement, easily adjustable to halter, criss-cross or regulation low-back effect, makes *"Variation" and *"Over-Ture" evening bandeaux ideal for a variety of low-backed gowns. In several lovely materials and lace—black, white and peach—$1.00 and $1.50.

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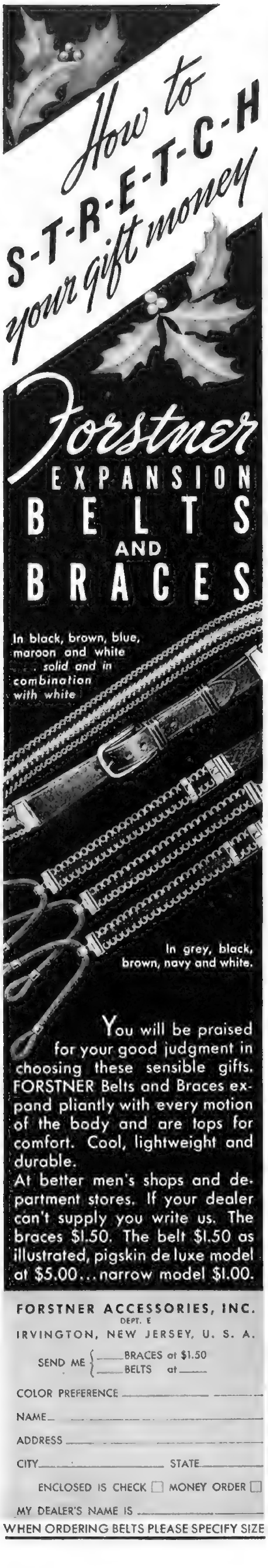

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Conquered, Aviation's Greatest Peril

Continued from pages 123-300-303-304-306

laboratory, piloted by A. C. Ball under direction of United's technician, H. M. Hucke, and aided by a corps of prominent scientists. Throughout the spring the ship, carrying every anti-static device known, was kept busy hunting out static and plunging in, to see what could be learned. Finally it came out with the answer—and what may we suppose that answer was?

It was beautifully simple, once one erroneous idea concerning static was corrected.

We have explained static under the older theory by saying that it was caused by the discharge of electrified particles when they hit the ship. The men in the flying laboratory found that static really occurred after the ship had been charged by such means, when it began *discharging* electricity from the trailing edges of its wings and tail structures. To end this discharge, they simply trailed long wires behind the ship. The wires gathered the charge from the ship and discharged it far enough aft to cause no disturbance in the radio receivers!

Simple, was it not, once it was discovered? Yes, with some of the same simplicity which seems to characterize the Pasteur treatment for hydrophobia, vaccination for smallpox, and inoculation against typhoid, now that we have these blessings. It cures the menace which has reduced pilots to helplessness more than any other, and which was all the more a nightmare, for that reason, to all who were allowed to know about it. But now we know the remedy—and air transport can face the future, with good reason to believe that the peril which has piled up so many fine ships as tangled scrap metal on lonely mountainsides, should do so no more. And so—hail and farewell, let us hope, to snow static, aviation's greatest peril!

The Human Squirrel Cage

Continued from page 120

Broken collar bones and ribs are all in a day's work in this trade, the former because they invariably fall sidewise, the latter because somebody usually rides over them; yet unless they are compound fractures, the victims seldom drop out

And these are only two of the hazards. They nearly all get burned raw from sliding down the track on bare legs and arms in spills. Yet if you ask them why they don't wear long sleeves and trunks, they'll say "splinters." An eloquent reply, too, if you've ever seen the way they collect them! Once the popular Alf Letourner got himself a six-inch sliver of wood in the forearm close to the artery, buried so deep the arm had to be opened. After that they took six stitches in it, but such a trifle didn't deter the game little Frenchman (who insists on No. 13 in every race) from going on with his work.

"Intestinal fortitude" is the polite name for it. And the high priest of this cult in the bike game is the Old Ironman, Reggie McNamara (get the first name!) who retired only last year after riding in 117 six-day races since 1913. He won one of them with three broken ribs; has fractured nearly every other bone at least once—collar bones too often to remember—and carries sixty-eight scars on his body as mute confirmation of the widespread suspicion that "he ain't human." The most comical of his accidents, to him, was the time he went down so hard in a spill that he left a tooth imbedded in the track boards!

McNamara's successor to the Ironman title is the genial, two hundred pound Californian, Norman Hill, who identifies in surgical terms most of the cities he has visited. He broke collar bones in races at New York, St. Louis and Providence; a leg in Chicago; his nose in San Jose; an arm in Milwaukee; and dislocated his shoulder in Buffalo. In 1933 he twisted his pelvis, broke a rib and fractured four vertebrae in his spine. Needless to say, he didn't finish that one but spent nine weeks in a cast with one leg three inches shorter than the other and the assurance that he wouldn't walk for a year, if at all. Six months later he was racing again and his total to date is seventy-two grinds.

Spills account for the injuries, of course, as well as for a goodly share of the attendance because most of the public are ambulance chasers at heart. In my humble opinion, this is what is attracting the women to the races in rapidly increasing numbers for, underneath their ermine wraps and evening gowns, they are a blood-thirsty lot. And if this be true, they are more savage in the West (due to their more recent contact with the Indians, probably) for the feminine attendance in Chicago is twice that in the Eastern cities.

Be that as it may, there will be three or four spills in an evening of wild riding, with thirty or more in a typical race; and the marvel is that there aren't ten times as many. The sole reason is skill: the phenomenal co-ordination and sense of timing the riders have. You can't appreciate it until you see one take the rail on the steeply banked, 55° end turn and then come shooting down the incline to dart through a space between two rivals so slender and fleeting that the nearest spectators can barely see it.

Nervy, all right. But in addition to courage they need stamina and endurance in large quantities. Powerful legs are an obvious requisite, and they are born, not made, since the muscles have to be

Continued on page 311

Truhu
SILK CREPE
Mufflers
ESG
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Flatter the fellow with this highly personalized Christmas gift!

These luxurious mufflers, either with monogram or plain, can ease your gift-giving problems. Made of nationally famous Truhu pure dye silk crepe, guaranteed washable. In white, pearl, navy and wine.

Plain scarf in 3 qualities
$3.50 $5 $7.50

With monogram, 2 qualities
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You still have time to order them at your favorite store, or direct from

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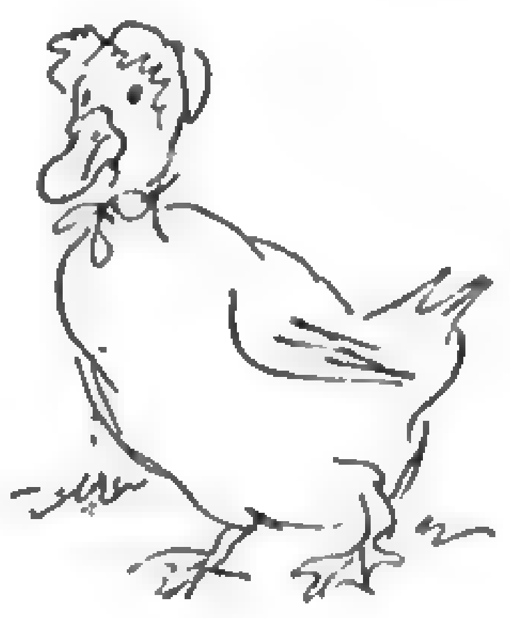
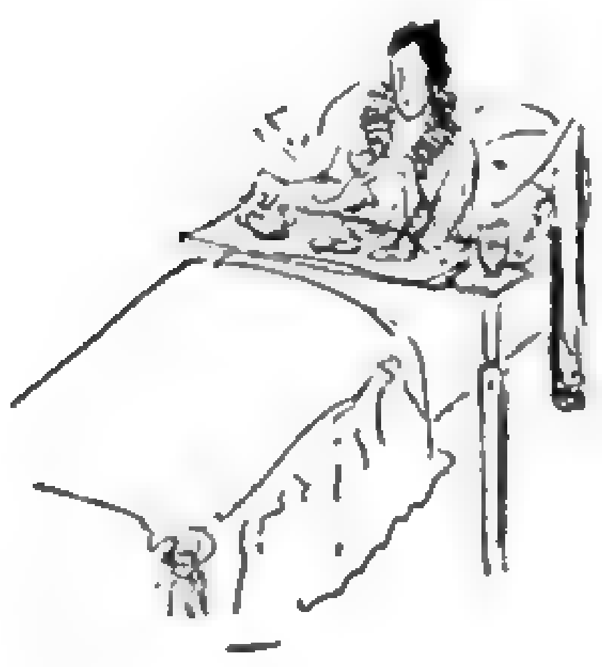
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

DISSERTATION ON PATE DE FOIE GRAS. Everybody knows that pate de foie gras is goose livers. But how many of you fancied gourmets know the whole story? For like wines, there are goose livers and goose livers. Best foie gras comes from Strasbourg, prepared under the skillful administration of Aug. Michel, big French goose man for a half a century. Michel's geese are fed a special diet which makes their livers grow abnormally large and fat . . . these greedy geese eventually meet a glutton's fate and end up in a can. The livers are prepared in a special way, covered with melted fat and packed in an earthenware terrine after they have been deliciously seasoned and highly truffled. The truffle, too, has its own story. It's a subterranean tuber, which grows deep in the ground, is practically never cultivated, but thrives in well drained woodlands. The black truffle, native to Perigord, France, is highly prized. As the truffle is difficult to discern with the naked eye, pigs and dogs are taught to hunt for them by scent. Pigs, of course, have rooting instincts and a fine nose for the aromatic scent of the tuber. A trained sow will sniff this peculiar odor and make directly for it . . . either laying it bare or uprooting the solitary tuber. Good sows in a prolific forest will unearth 10 to 12 pounds of truffles a day. Nice work if you can get it. You can buy Strasbourg foie gras in earthenware terrines, or puree de foie gras packed in tins, or briquette de foie gras (brick form, easy to slice) with truffles down the middle.





MORE COMFORTS OF HOME. Here's good news for people who live in small apartments where space for added pieces of furniture is at a premium. This new metal table (for convalescents, breakfast-in-bedders or just plain readers) weighs only 8¼ pounds and is so constructed that it can't upset. It can be adjusted to any level, and the top tilts at any angle for reading or writing. Fits over a bed or chair. Practical thing about it is the way it folds up into unbelievably small space and can be parked in a bureau drawer.

BY THEIR EYELASHES YE SHALL KNOW THEM. Great deal being written nowadays to the effect that a man should consider a woman's type when he buys her perfume. Difficulty is, what is her type? We've had dames categoried by glands, the pituitaries, the thyroids, etc., as any of you who know your Esquire can qualify; we've had 'em classified as blonde types, red head types, etc. But now a smart perfume concern says the answer is to be found not in complexion or contour, but in length of EYELASHES—a physical feminine factor that is almost a scientific guide to the true perfume type, they claim. The woman with long, luxurious eyelashes is dominant in her Femininity. She may be a dainty little blonde or a statuesque brunette. Long eyelashes characterize her on sight as being intensely, emphatically feminine. The sweet, delicate perfumes would be submerged in the power of her personality. For her, perfume must have drama, excitement. Short eyelashes, on the other hand, indicate a type with less emotion, less commanding, a type, to use the palmists language, whose "head will always rule her heart." A floral odor, such as gardenia, or a spirited, outdoors fragrance would be her "type."

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Veg-E-Lay is the easy way to have good-looking, healthy hair. Veg-E-Lay contains rich vegetable oils, which help to add vigor to dormant hair roots, halting excessive hair loss and giving new stimulation to scalp.

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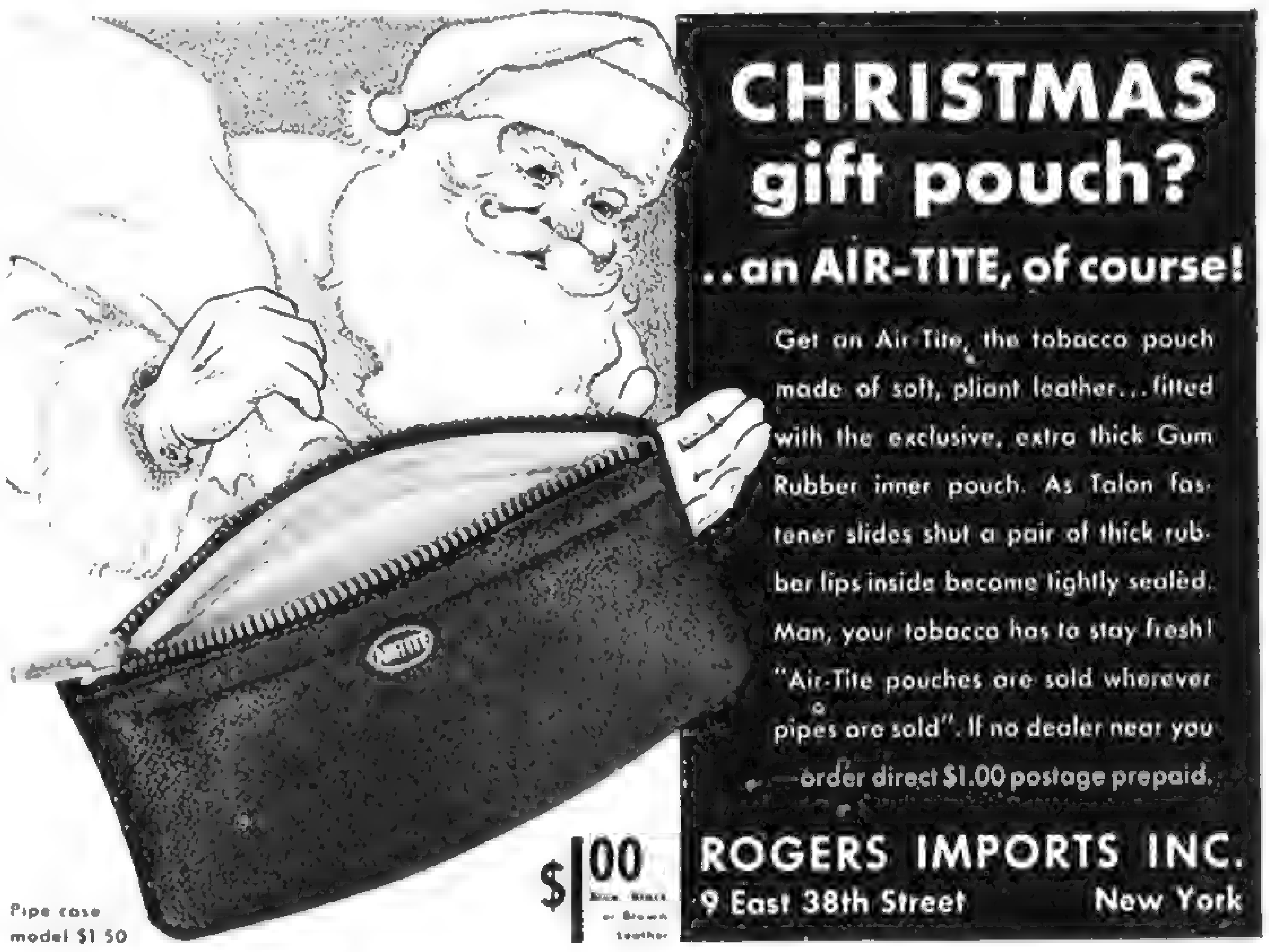

CHRISTMAS gift pouch?

..an AIR-TITE, of course!

Get an Air-Tite, the tobacco pouch made of soft, pliant leather . . . fitted with the exclusive, extra thick Gum Rubber inner pouch. As Talon fastener slides shut a pair of thick rubber lips inside become tightly sealed. Man, your tobacco has to stay fresh! "Air-Tite pouches are sold wherever pipes are sold". If no dealer near you —order direct $1.00 postage prepaid.

Pipe case model $1.50

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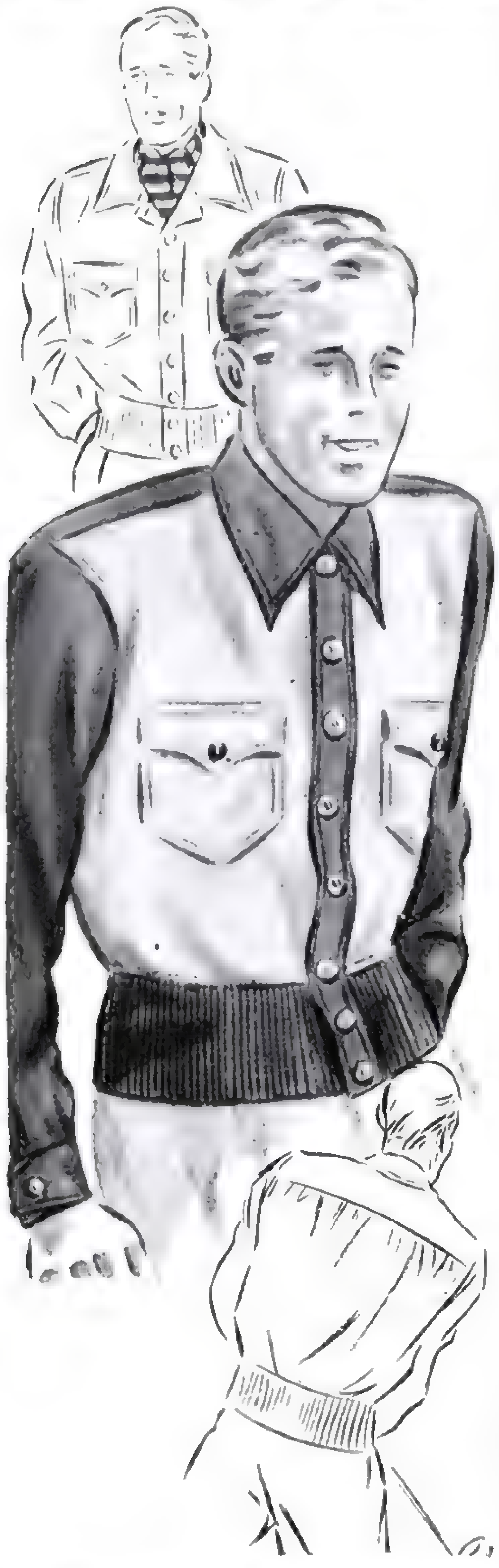
Nat Lewis has a Gift for Gifts



Camel Hair and Gabardine

SPORTS JACKET

with action back

12⁵⁰

The front is soft, luxurious Stroock Camel Hair (the finest made); sleeves and back are of rich worsted gabardine. Styled and tailored with the flair and care for which Nat Lewis is famous, it has dozens of practical and sporting uses that make it the ace of gifts for a man's man. In natural camel with brown, navy or green gabardine. Mail orders should specify small, medium or large.

Send for the Nat Lewis Catalog of Christmas Gifts for men and women.

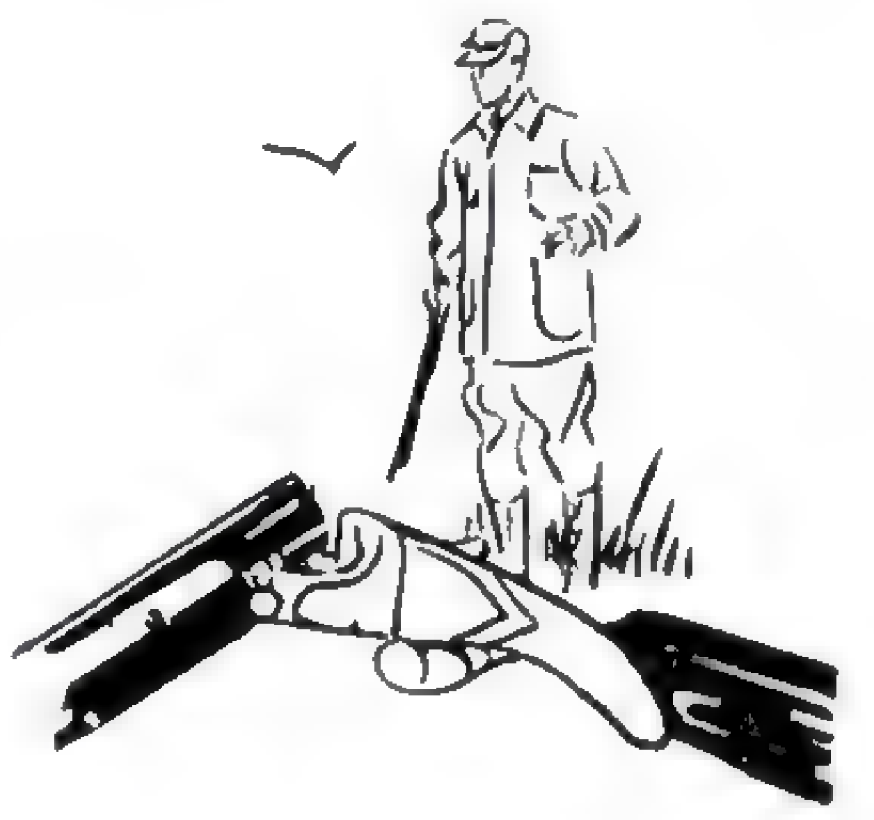
Please send me the following Sports Jackets at $12.50 each:

☐ Camel Hair Front Trimmed with Navy Gabardine Size . . . .
☐ Camel Hair Front Trimmed with Brown Gabardine Size . . . .
☐ Camel Hair Front Trimmed with Green Gabardine Size . . . .
☐ Grey Doeskin Front Trimmed with Blue Gabardine Size . . . .
☐ Tan Doeskin Front Trimmed with Brown Gabardine Size . . . .
Check enclosed ☐ Charge ☐ C.O.D. ☐
☐ Please send me the Nat Lewis Catalog of Christmas Gifts.

Nat Lewis

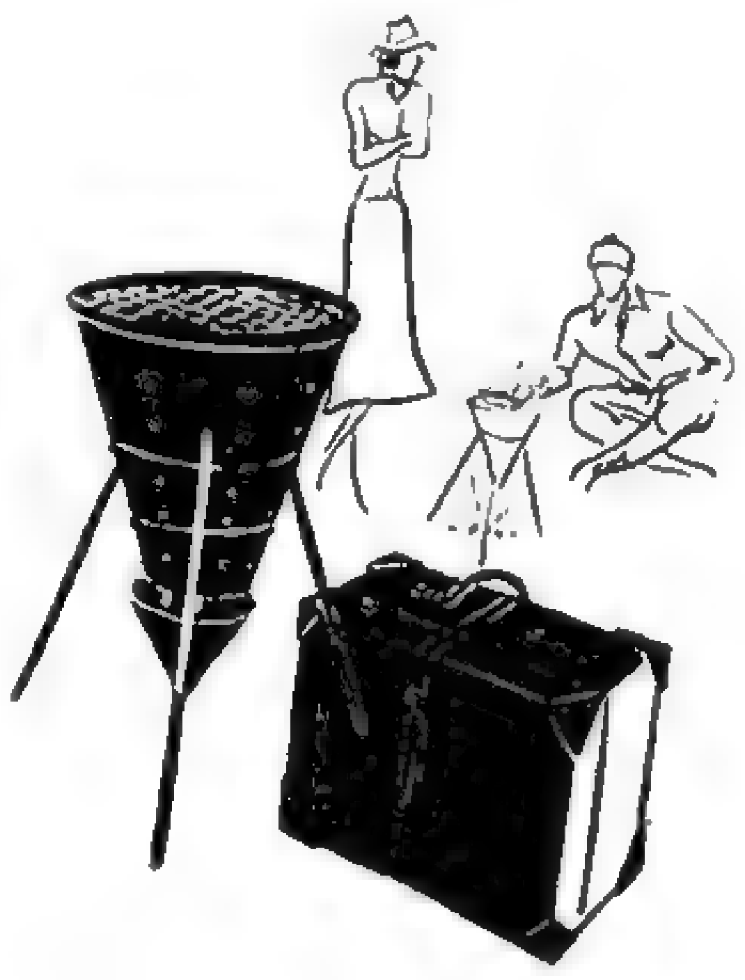
*BROADWAY AT 48th • NEW YORK
MADISON AT 48th • NEW YORK
**Open evenings*

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



UNDER AND OVER SHOTGUN

Seems that there is a growing demand for the Under and Over, a hammerless shotgun with automatic ejectors, made in all standard gauges from 12 to .410. The stock is of specially selected, well seasoned walnut, hand made, and can be had with straight grip, full or half pistol grip. The gun is beautifully balanced and the treble Greener cross bolt, double under bolts and reinforced frame add both to strength and safety.



OUTDOOR COLLAPSIBLE GRILL

Maybe you know a guy who goes on camping trips . . . or, perhaps a family who love to take the kiddies on a picnic . . . 'tany rate, a useful and different sort of gift would be a charcoal grill, 30 inches high for cooking without bending over the fire. Grills steaks, chops or fowl and requires no kindling, just saturate wick in bottom of cone with alcohol, kerosene or gasoline, and light. The conical shape of the fire pot produces a more even, intense heat than a straight pot, and brings ash to a focus at bottom. The whole thing will pack into a fibre case 15x15x8, weight about 11½ pounds.

AIRPLANE SETS

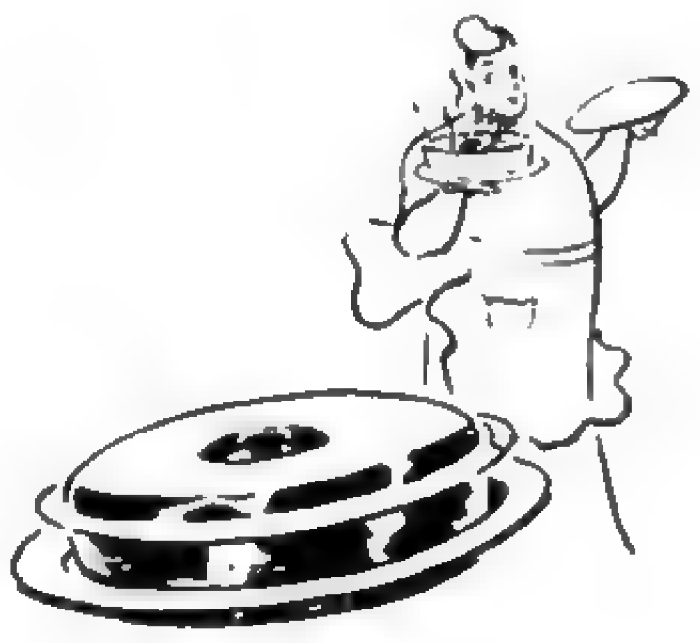
1938 version of the popular pullman set which consists of foulard silk robe with slippers to match fitting into a foulard case for traveling. The new airplane sets are comprised of a lounge suit (slacks and ¾ length coat) and slippers to match in a printed satin broche. Works fits into a matching broche case. A lot of gift for $10.

BAR ORGANS

Of course for several years, lots of people have had those tiny niteclub pianos in their private bars. And fun they are. We discovered a new note the other day . . . our own idea, too. We were up in a toy department jest a-brousing around, and we beheld a little green organ, built for a child . . . but plenty big enough for our mammoth frame on the tiny bench. The thing had 3 octaves and a pump for each foot. Played like a streak, and sounded fine as we laboriously ground out our favorite bar room ditties. And the beauty of it all was the price . . . a mere $29.50. Of course for a virtuoso, there was a 4 octave model which came to the startling price of $69.50. Think of the possibilities, friends, of, say, "Sweet Adeline" or "Saloon" with organ accompaniment.

DISH WASHER'S DELIGHT

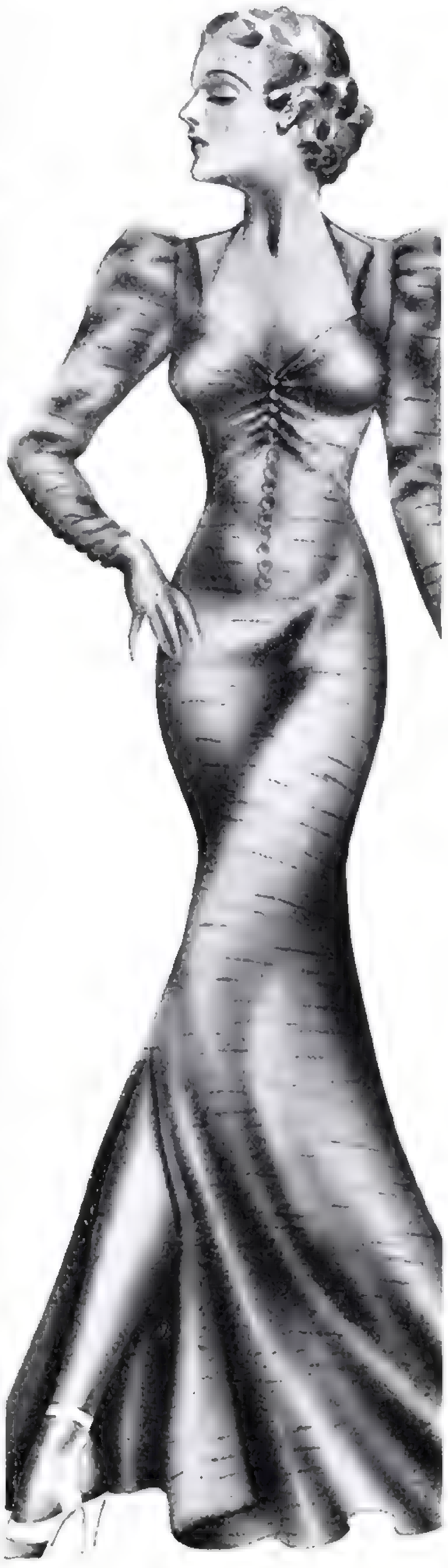
Here's a gift young newliweds would relish—a new labor saving device. They just cook in one of these low slung, gleaming steel dishes and serve in the same dish. The steel won't tarnish, chip or break, can be put right in the oven or over a flame, and retains heat so well the food is always piping hot. The dishes come in vegetable sizes, meat or baking dishes, each with its own bright colored heat-proof tray. Good dope for buffet suppers—when the wiping and drying dept. would like to keep its activities down to a minimum.



GAME CASE

Those good companions who stay at home and like it, will count this as one of their best gifts. Compact black leatherette case containing a boxwood and ebony chess set (3 inch king); backgammon board with cork playing field; set of red and white catalin backgammon draughtsmen; 2 folding dice cups; 5 dice; 1 doubling cube; 5 poker dice; 1 checkerboard; 2 decks cards; 8 inch bakelite roulette wheel; felt roulette layout and 200 catalin roulette chips. Practically a winter's entertainment right in that one box.

Nat Lewis has a Gift for Gifts



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Send for the Nat Lewis Catalog of Christmas Gifts for men and women.

* (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

Please send me hostess gown at $19.75 in

☐ Black Size . . . .
☐ Plum Size . . . .
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Check enclosed ☐ Charge ☐ C.O.D. ☐
☐ Please send me the Nat Lewis Catalog of Christmas Gifts.

Nat Lewis

*BROADWAY AT 48th • NEW YORK
MADISON AT 48th • NEW YORK
**Open evenings*

The Human Squirrel Cage

Continued from pages 120-308

long. Short ones, no matter how strong, tend to knot up. General physical condition must be perfect, but bulk itself is unimportant. Jimmy Walthour, nephew of the famous Bobby; Emile Ignat, the French comet; Alf Letourner, who has won nineteen races; Franco Georgetti, just retiring as the highest paid rider of today, are all barely over five feet tall.

Many of the other crack riders are small in stature, for what counts more than size is the ability to stand the gaff and to recuperate quickly from fatigue. The longest unbroken stretch of sleep they get is about 2½ hours early in the morning when there is a general understanding that there will be no jams. From 5 o'clock to 10 a. m. one member of each team alternately goes downstairs to sleep while his partner continues riding, and during the rest of the day they pick up little cat naps which may bring their total sleep, fitful as it is, to around five hours daily. They won't get that much, of course, if the riding is wild, and there have been occasions when even the sanctity of the "sleep shift" was violated, there being nothing in the official rules to keep a rider from going out after a lap any time he pleases. A few years ago, with nobody in the building but the cleaners and track officials, Horan started a jam at 6 a.m. which continued unabated until 9:30 and provided the maddest session of riding ever seen.

But such antics are frowned upon by the fraternity whose members have sense enough to save the excitement for the cash customers and, incidentally, conserve their own physical resources. It is tough enough without inviting exhaustion gratuitously, for in addition to the drain of riding about 200 miles a day per man, they now have to ride five series of ten sprints for points every day, each for a distance of two miles. It is during these sprints or even after they have finished that the most furious jamming often occurs, and it is common then to see all the men on their wheels and riding hard for an hour to two hours at a stretch, alert as cats for the slightest move on anybody's part which may presage a jump.

During the afternoon and evening the normal pace is about 25 miles per hour—in fact, you can't ride slower than 20 and stay on the steeply-banked turns. In sprinting sessions the pace steps up to between 40 and 50 miles an hour and may remain there with few breaks for several hours. Naturally, things die down after 2 a.m. and for the next twelve hours they maintain a pretty deliberate gait.

One would think that the muscular and nervous tax, aggravated by loss of sleep, would convert these fellows into surly, bad-tempered crabs, but that isn't the case. Go behind the scenes in the rubbing or dining rooms and you will be surprised at the good spirits, the continuous banter and the general jocularity which testify to the exceptional recuperative powers of the well kept human body. Most of us who lose a night's sleep go into the office next morning like a lion with a sore paw. But I've chatted with many of these fellows during races—and, what is far more informative, have sat off in a corner unnoticed and listened to them—and I never cease to marvel at their good nature.

Frequently you can see evidences of this high spirit even on the track, especially during the early morning hours when the boys are apt to break the monotony with a few capers. The comedian of the pedal-pushers is, strangely enough, not a youngster but the Belgian star, Gerard Debaets who at thirty-seven is getting pretty aged for such strenuous athletics. Two years ago, incidentally, the doctors found that his heart had dropped two inches and they said he was through riding. Since then he has finished first in four six-day grinds and last summer won the motor-paced championship of the United States to boot!

However, that's not the story: Debaets' favorite act is to snatch some spectator's hat and drop it on the track. Next time around he rides like mad straight at the headpiece and just as the owner sighs in reluctant resignation, rider and wheel jump clear over the hat without touching it. At the race in the Garden last December, however, the chosen customer one night misunderstood the playful gesture and heaved a chair at the clownish Belgian. No harm was done because it would take a man with a machine gun to hit Debaets on a wheel!

Such horseplay bespeaks a world of reserve energy. Yet when you wonder at the endurance which enables men riding for 146 hours to have any excess energy at all, you get only a part of the picture. Any particular race is only one of a series for most of them, for they go from city to city.

The top-flight stars will ride in from ten to twelve races a season here and abroad. In fact, the spectacular German team, Killian and Vopel, set the bike world on its ear last season by winning nine six-day grinds in succession and finishing second in the tenth when Ignat and Diot snapped their string in Chicago. Hence to appreciate fully the physical aspect of it, you must multiply the energy drain of one race by from six to a dozen. And then ponder over the statement of Dr. Clauss that many of the riders gain as much as ten pounds during the course of a racing week!

Ginger Rogers, it is said, loses eight pounds in the making of one dance picture with Fred Astaire, which would appear to rate dancing as harder work than bike riding. But the real explanation is

Continued on page 312

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Here's Quality! Here's Economy!

$1.50

Here's a Pen you'll be

PROUD TO GIVE
—and
GLAD TO OWN!

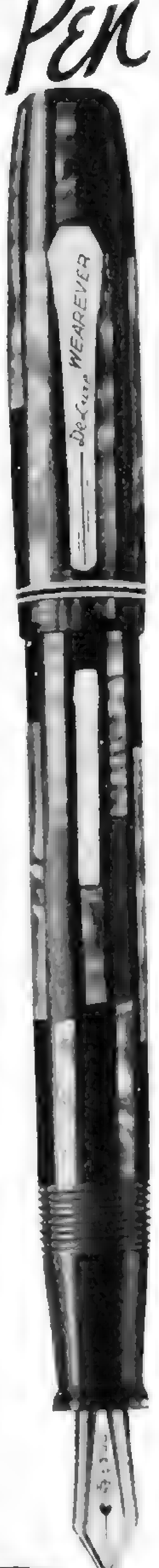
It is no longer necessary to spend a fortune to obtain quality. Years of experience have taught one of the world's largest makers how to give you real quality in a fountain pen at a reasonable price.

Here it is!—the WEAREVER De Luxe—**14 carat solid gold point with a patented reinforcement**, ink capacity equal to any pen of its size, instant flow point, leak proof vacuum sealed cap, gorgeous inlay effect colors—(pearl black, green black and copper black) a pen you'll be proud to own and glad to give. Packed ready for holiday giving with its companion, the WEAREVER De Luxe Pencil, in a beautiful gift box as illustrated. $1.50 the set.

Separately — Pen $1.00, Pencil 50¢. At your stationer's, drug or department store. Slightly higher in Canada.

DAVID KAHN, Inc.
(Est. 1896)
Dept. E, North Bergen, N. J.

$1.00
THE DOLLAR PEN
YOU'LL BE PROUD TO OWN



THE PATENTED REINFORCED POINT

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
WEAREVER
De Luxe
FOUNTAIN PEN

The Human Squirrel Cage

Continued from pages 120-308-311

simply that the riders eat at least eight meals a day during a race, filling in the voids which develop between times with innumerable snacks.

This voracity is not explained entirely by the fact that the management furnishes the food, free. Constant riding burns up energy which must be replenished, hence they take on fuel often and in substantial quantities. Indeed rumor has it that Lou Cohen, the Brooklyn pedaler with the dainty size 11 shoes, ate $140 worth of food all by himself during one grind!

Sit in at the table with them (the galley is open 24 hours a day) and you can't help being interested in their dietetics. You will notice first of all that they are the slowest eaters of all athletes because they know that rapid eating is a prime gas producer, and gas is the dreaded foe of the six-day rider. If you happen to be an old-fashioned feeder yourself, you will also be surprised at the vast quantities of raw vegetables, salads and fruits consumed by these lads who don't look much like tea room dilettantes. But if you question them, you'll find that they know their vitamins frontwards and backwards and that they appreciate, too, the virtue of raw foods in the quick elimination so vital to them. Even the mildest touch of auto-intoxication can ruin them because it dulls the brain and slows down their perception and reactions even before they feel sluggish. Their vigilance in anticipating this condition might well be copied by the average touring motorist who is a more common victim of it than is generally realized.

Wise food selections are the racers' chief weapon and, as an interesting case in point, Torchy Peden, the Canadian giant who has won 27 grinds since 1932, eats a basket of grapes and about a dozen oranges a day between his regular sojourns at the table. In addition to their eliminative advantages, both fruits supply him with the quick-energy sugar he needs.

The meats favored by most riders are lamb chops and chicken because both are easy to digest even while working, and in order to meet the demands of the week the commissary stocks up with 400 to 500 chickens and about 2,500 chops. Close to 1,000 quarts of milk are used for cooking and drinking, but by far the most popular beverage is ginger ale which comes in by the truck load. Coffee sweetened with Coca Cola is also a favorite among the riders. This, or water with a little sugar in it, is what they usually take from the metal container frequently handed them by the trainer as they speed by on the track.

Apparel also comes in for considerable attention on the part of the riders because there are factors to be considered which don't meet the lay eye. Silk is very often favored over wool because the former, although not as warm, slides over splinters more readily than wool which picks up everything within reach. The matter of warmth is met by keeping the building at a temperature slightly higher than the spectator might find desirable. Yet despite this, fast riding chills a man quickly because of the stiff breeze against the chest and belly. For this reason many of them wear kidney or "red plasters" on their chests and all stuff a folded newspaper under the jersey over the abdomen.

Naturally, another vital detail is the machine: an item which may provide some interesting comparisons for those who have lately joined the increasing army of pleasure riders in this country. The typical racing wheel costs $100 or more and the typical rider has at least a half-dozen in his "stable." Strangely enough, you will find no American-made bicycles on the six-day tracks: they are all European, mostly French and English, although American riders have theirs assembled on this side by experts. The main objection to the home product is that it is too heavy, weighing 40 to 50 pounds whereas the racing bike weighs only 18 to 20. The gear of the domestic machine is around 80 to 84 as against 92 to 96 or higher for the racers.

Although there are about 800 parts to a racing cycle, the pleasure rider is surprised to find no hand grips on the handle bars—and no brakes. Because of the absence of the latter the riders wear a fingerless glove to prevent burns when they press on the tire to slow the wheel.

Pedals have not only toe clips but also straps with which the feet are securely fastened. This, plus the brass cleats worn on the shoe soles, keep the feet from slipping during a hard drive and also enable the riders to get as much power out of the upstroke as they do in the downstroke.

The rules require each man to start the race with two complete bikes and four extra tires, but most of them carry more since it is not uncommon to wear out or blow out six to eight pairs of tires in the week. Frequent punctures often indicate a track flaw, bringing the carpenters out to locate the offending nail or sliver because blow-outs are serious. When one does occur, it sounds like a pistol shot because these tires, hardly any wider than your thumb, carry from 130 to 150 pounds of air as against about 35 for the modern automobile tire.

Many wheels are designed especially to fit the stature of their riders. For example, Jules Audy, the platinum blonde cameo from Montreal (who got 100 fan letters a day in Chicago!), weighs only 135 pounds and wears size 6 shoes, hence he requires especially light mounts which won't tire his legs

Continued on page 314

STOP
WORRYING
MR.
Santa Claus!

she wants these
MISS
Swank
PAJAMAS

All this stuff about "Gift Problem" is definitely passé. Just write "Miss Swank" after all the feminine names on your list and boost your own stock sky-high. Miss Swank's smart MAN-TAILORING is all the rage. At her favorite store or write to Miss Swank, 112 Madison Ave., N. Y.

IT'S SMART TO BE
Swank

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

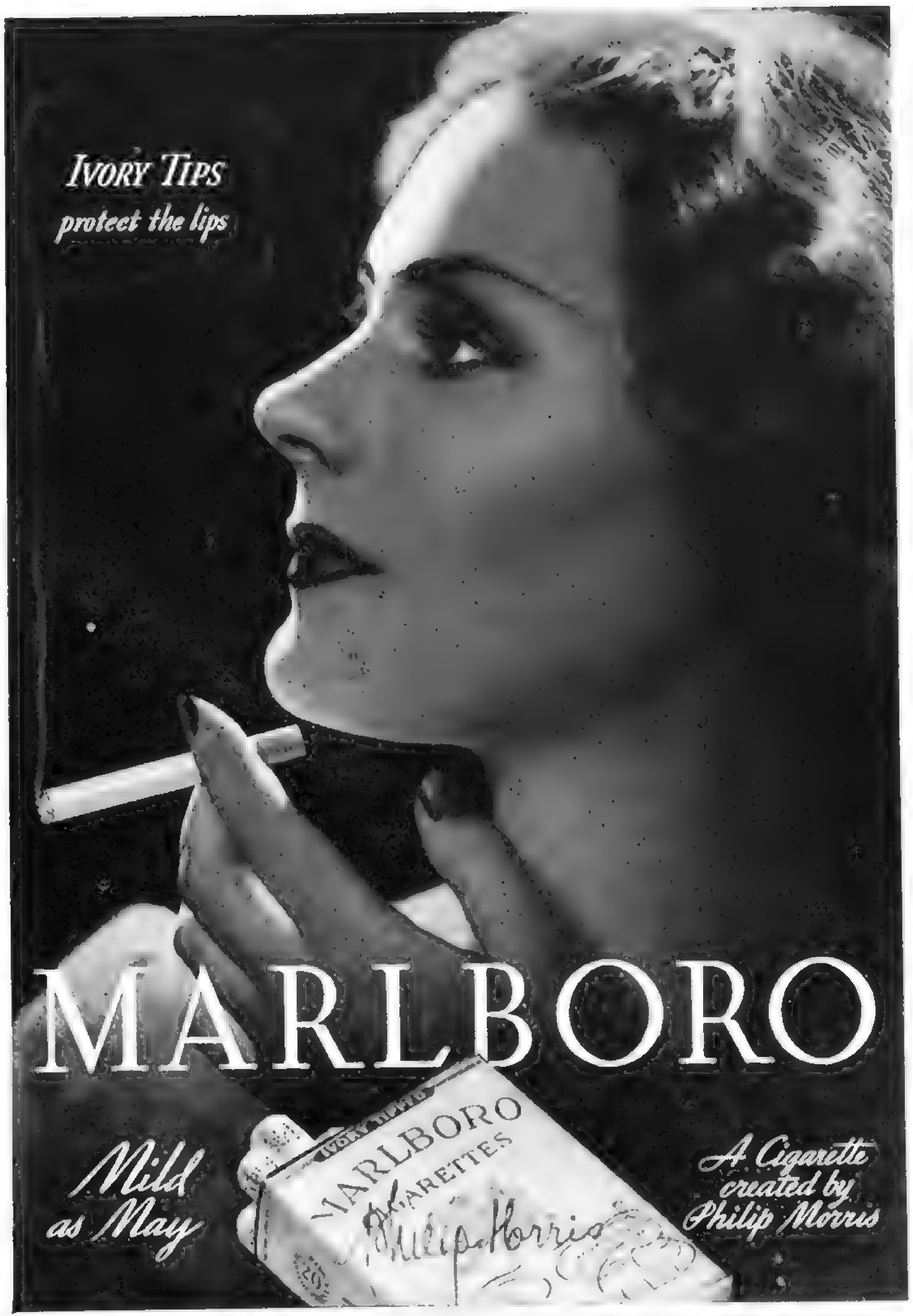
LAMPS FOR GRAND PIANOS. If you have a grand piano, there is always the difficulty of finding a lamp which will adequately light the music, yet look well on the piano. Just in time for a goodly Christmas gift appears a pair of very beautiful 18th century silver plated lamps, copied from old Sheffield candlesticks. The arms, holding the plain taffeta shade, swing around so that you can adjust them to your music rack, and the shades are swivel style, so they may be tilted when you are practising a difficult passage. Another unusual lamp for a man's library—a cylindrical shaped affair covered in mellow looking leather book bindings welded together in a colorful design. With this lamp goes a plain drum shade. Tole lamps are very popular. A new one is shaped like those old "student" lamps, remember the double globe and shade effect? Another lamp has been made from an old spode teapot mounted on an oblong bronze base. This comes with a shiki shade (shiki looks like shantung, *now* you know).

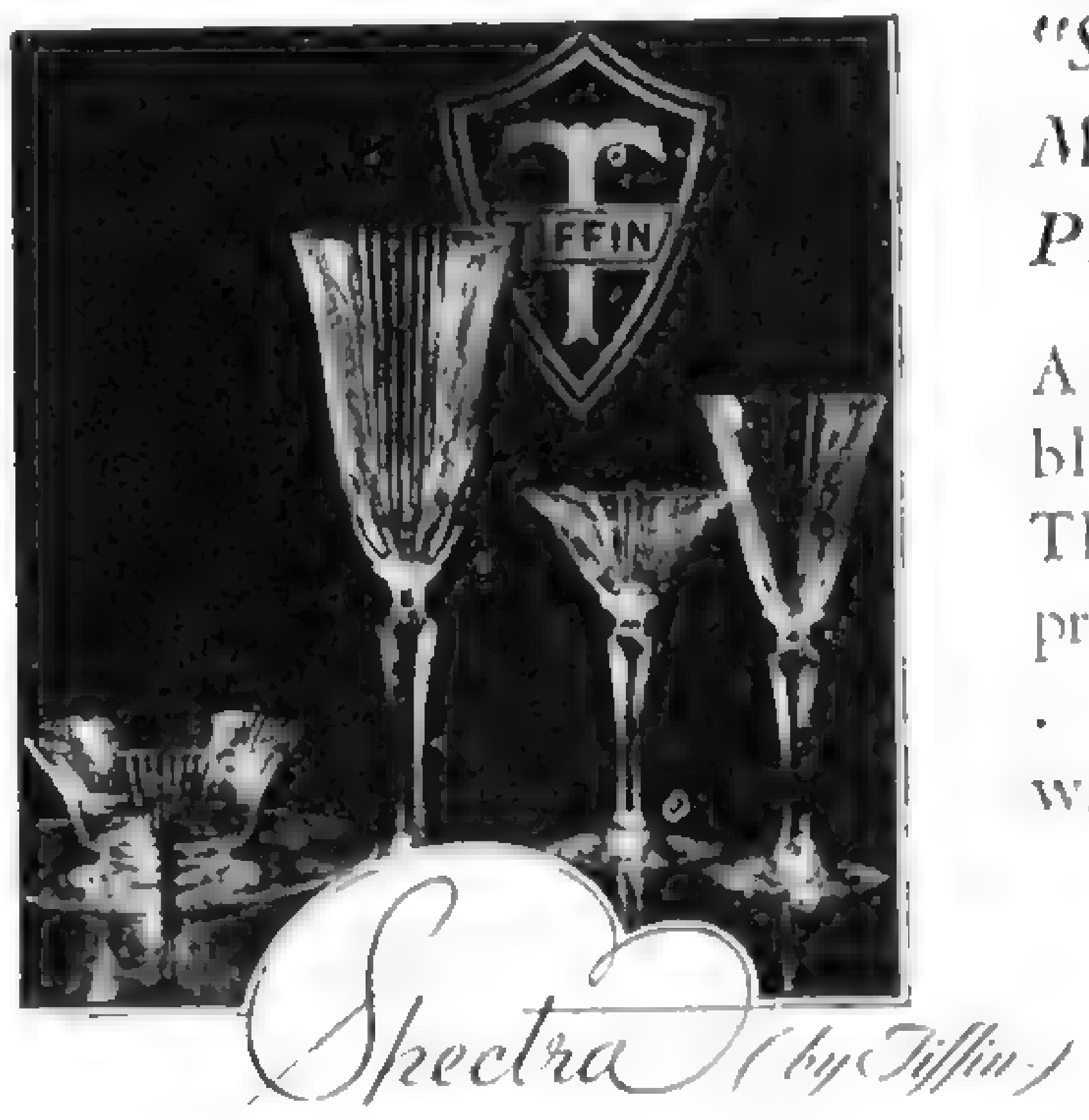
AIRTIGHT TOBACCO POUCH . . in pigskin with talon fastening and para rubber lining. When you close the zipper, the rubber lips of the lining seal the aroma in and keep the moisture out. The makers claim that pure para rubber keeps its life for at least three years.

NO NICOTINE. Now comes another cigarette holder which claims to banish that old demon nicotine from your favorite smokes, without destroying the flavor or the enjoyment of the smoke. Inside a smart, black bakelite holder you place a slim, translucent tube made up of colorless, scentless, glassy globules, insoluble in water, but which absorb not only nicotine, but the resinous acids tobacco is supposed to contain. This action is visible to the eye by the yellow, brown-red and black colors which the globules adopt when used. Holder comes with a box of eleven tube refills.

STARRING PRIVATE HOMES IN THE MOVIES. Correct in every detail, a replica of the "play room" of the houseboat of one of America's leading millionaire sportsmen is being used as a set for one of the big scenes in Universal's "You're a Sweetheart," starring Alice Faye and George Murphy. Features of the setting are, in addition to the general nautical atmosphere, a bar and back bar of sea-blue glass, a glass-topped table supported by glass-and-chromium pillars which enclose marine compasses, brass ships' lanterns and ropes of white spun cellophane. If you can't make the grade yourself on the screen, how about starring your boudoir, your cellar or what have you?

SOMETHING UP YOUR SLEEVE. In these hectic days of gang wars, hold-ups and communist up-risings, you're really seldom safe. In case you haven't a bludgeon handy, or haven't room for a gat under your tail coat, turn, my frightened friends, to the TEAR GAS GUN—a small pistol which you strap to your wrist, and which, when automatically discharged, knocks an assailant out for about half an hour. *But out!* The gun is well hidden under your sleeve, and can be discharged by holding your wrist in a certain position. This little implement of public safety is legal to carry, too. Costs about $8.





"SPECTRA" WILL HEAD MANY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING LISTS THIS YEAR!

A sensational new design, hand blown and hand cut by famous TIFFIN Craftsmen. A heritage of pride for future generations. See it . . . and your Christmas giving will be simplified.

[*In department stores and gift shops coast-to-coast.*]

Look to the "Tiffin" Trade Mark

United States Glass Co.
PITTSBURGH . . . PENNSYLVANIA

GIVE a GIFT of GOAT from CALIFORNIA!

Llana-Goat Jacket

Midnight Blue—Walnut—Black

Fast color? Well, you can *wash* this sturdy supple leather and it will be clean and good as new! That's one reason it's the ideal Yuletide gift for any man who can use a Leather Coat. Unequalled for wear—active sports or leisure. $17.50 at all good stores. (In quality Suede—Blue, Artichoke Green, Chestnut, Cocoa, London Tan or Gray —only $12.95).

If dealer can't supply you, send us his name and address

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STYLED BY ROBERT CUMMINGS
FEATURED PARAMOUNT PLAYER

Tailored Leather Sportswear · STYLED AND MADE IN CALIFORNIA

Whiphand

Look for the whip sewn baseball thread which circles round and round the edges and you'll recognize Whiphand—a dashing, daring glove with a new idea and an aristocratic manner—entirely table cut and hand made by

DANIEL HAYS

Peccary pigskin, mocha . . . 6.00
Pebbled goatskin, capeskin . . 5.00

Dress Up Any Man's CHRISTMAS TREE

Make it a full-fashioned Christmas with these heavy weight pure silk hand embroidered clocks by Moorhead. Paragons of good taste; at once they reflect restrained elegance and judgment of quality.

Also in Toppers with self-supporting garter tops

Moorhead SOCKS

MOORHEAD KNITTING COMPANY, Inc., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

The Human Squirrel Cage

Continued from pages 120-308-311-312

from sheer weight. In contrast, the 220-pound Peden, standing 6 feet 2½ in his socks, has to have a machine that will not only bear his bulk but, what is even more vital, has its center of gravity moved back so his heft can be carried almost entirely on the rear wheel, leaving the front wheel free to give that butterfly-touch steering which is required.

And believe it, there are tight spots galore to weave through, calling for the most consummate skill on the part of riders dodging so fast yet so effortlessly that the only satisfactory analogy is an erratic streak of lightning coursing through the clouds. Sitting there in the stability of your own seat, you often find yourself shaken at the close shaves which occur with breath-taking rapidity as some wild man goes off on a tear around the saucer. And once you have heard 15,000 throats catch in one simultaneous gulp of suspense as a rider, traveling nearly a mile a minute, zigzags crazily past two, three, four others who've suddenly fanned out on a turn, you understand why model men desert their wives, kiddies, even their aged mothers to watch these dizzy whirls—or why advanced addicts such as Governor Hoffman, of New Jersey, or James Barton, of *Tobacco Road* fame, seldom miss a single night at the track. Indeed, once when Barton was playing a Philadelphia engagement, he and Leon Errol commuted up to New York every night to watch the grind: another time he flew in from Denver to see the finish of one!

Iconoclasts have said that the best way to enjoy the race is to bring along a good book. But, unless you're emotionally subnormal, bring an old one because you are quite likely to tear the thing apart before the night is over. That is especially true if you should be fortunate enough to get in on the final night to witness the heroic Last Hour when Hell itself breaks loose. To appreciate the full significance of it, you must know that final hour sprints, formerly worth 6 points to the winner, now net 72 points. This gives all on a mileage par with the point leaders an excellent chance to win, and it also induces the point leaders to try for stolen laps in the effort to protect their advantage beyond assault. The upshot is the most maniacal riding that could be conceived only in the mind of a victim of the shrieking meemies. And not only do ordinary fans become purple and apoplectic, but hard-boiled reporters, impersonal officials, sophisticated attendants actually sweat like draft horses under the frenzied tension.

With the thrills go some of the most crushing heartbreaks as well as some of the most monumental displays of human courage in the face of brutal odds. An injury then means curtains for the rider because there is no time to patch him up, yet this is precisely the time when injuries are so imminent that the track physician fortifies himself with six assistants whose principal job is to get the fallen ones safely out of the way. Imagine riding for 145 hours, coming into the wind-up safely in the lead, and then breaking your ankle as Debaets did in Chicago in 1928! Or try to laugh off the blow of the 1933 race which saw Georgetti and Severgnini leading up to the final hour when Severgnini collapsed, leaving his weary partner stranded and lucky to finish last.

For, make no mistake, riding that last hour without any relief is a superhuman task. Having covered 1,250 miles or more, you are in no mood for sixty minutes of relentless sprinting at a pace which rarely drops below 40 miles an hour, set by rivals who get a breather every lap or two. Yet men have done it, often when they themselves didn't know how.

Before the War when I first became interested in the game, Alf Goullet, the famous Australian star, had his partner carted off to the hospital at 9:45 Saturday night, yet he rode through those frightful sixty minutes alone and blind with fatigue, to win. And ten years ago I saw the great McNamara and his team mate Linari valiantly defend their slim lead to the bitter end of that last hour's punishment—one of them with three fractured ribs and the other with a dislocated shoulder—both sobbing with pain.

For what? Well, in such extreme cases, purely for that inexplicable code of honor which keeps athletes going until they drop—even these professionals who are not supposed to feel the glorious do-or-die spirit of the collegiate amateur. True, the six-day rider who quits on Tuesday only gets paid through Tuesday. But the fellow who lasts until the 146th hour is going to get his full price even if he is forced out then by an injury. So you explain that fierce tenacity to suit yourself.

The only logical answer is the confirmation of Dr. Clauss' opinion that they are the gamest athletes on earth. And if you ask why they submit themselves to such punishment in the first place, the only explanation is that it is one of several ways to make a living.

These fellows ride for cash on a contract basis. You don't get into the grind by sending an application blank and $2—you first earn a reputation on a wheel which may tempt the scouts to recommend you to the promoters. In short, this is strictly an invitation affair.

As a beginner of promise, you will earn from $75 to $100 a day for every day you ride; as you get better you will receive $200, $300 or maybe $500 a day. Franco Georgetti, retiring now after ten years of stardom (the average life of a six-day rider) was paid $750

Continued at top of page 317

"Please Santa, Please!"
K-M TWIN WAFFLE IRON
from
The K-M Family Circle
$7.95

Here is that rare but perfect Christmas suggestion—a decidedly useful gift that will also be admired for its *sheer beauty!* . . . Useful, because it makes TWO delicious, perfect, plate-size waffles *at the same time*—a clever, time-saving idea originated by K-M.

And with its smart styling, its gleaming chromium finish, its genuine walnut handles, its dependable heat indicators — the K-M Twin Waffle Iron is simply irresistible! . . . Look for it wherever appliances are sold.

K-M Sandwich Toaster, another beautiful, useful appliance, $5.75. Complete with detachable grids for waffle baking, $7.95.

KNAPP-MONARCH CO., St. Louis, U.S.A.

Empire
PRESSER
PRESS PANTS
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• BUSY MEN
Save time. Press clothes in a few minutes with an Empire.

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Save pressing bills and wear on clothes.

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Keep clothes well pressed at all times.

Easy to use at home, in office or when traveling. No wet cloth required—no board—no bother! Just plug the Empire in any socket, A C or D C, and you're all ready to press.

Weighs only 10 ounces. Comes in neat traveling box, complete with 6-foot Underwriters' Approved Cord. $2.00 at stores or postpaid on Money-Back Guarantee. Circular free.

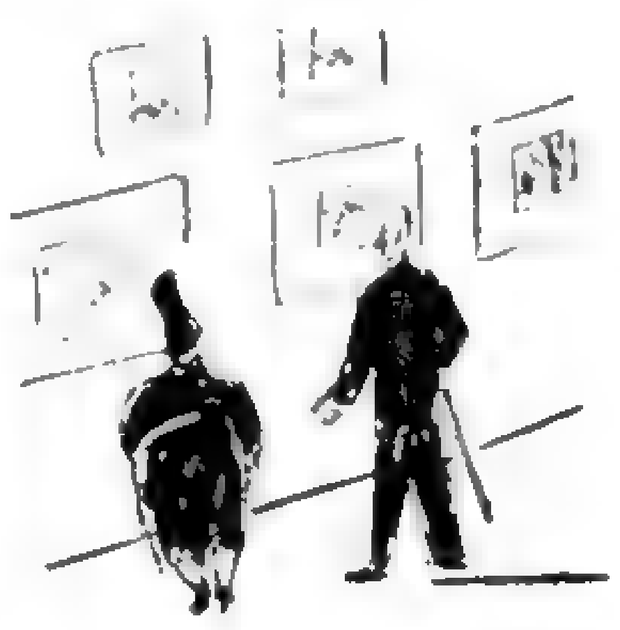
○ AN IDEAL XMAS GIFT—and so useful!

The Empire is the best answer to the question: "What shall I give him?" Fathers, uncles, friends, or brothers at college will find daily use for this aid to better grooming.

★ **DEALERS** Sell this practical electrical appliance. Over 500,000 now in use. A fine, fast selling gift item.

EMPIRE ELECTRIC CO., 800 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

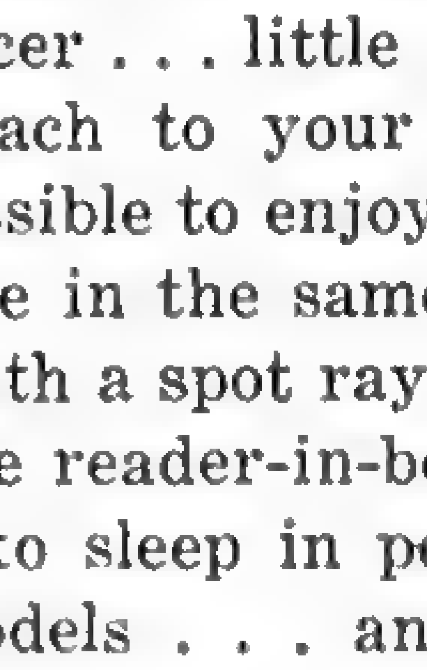
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



COME UP AND SEE THE ETCHINGS. A group of representative American artists have joined forces in a campaign to bring good art to the Great American Public for an unbelievably low price. Each artist has agreed to practically donate one exclusive and outstanding example of his or her work to the association. Thus, for $5, it is possible to buy (through the association) authentic, pencil signed etchings from such well known artists as Thomas Benton, Adolf Dehn, Peggy Bacon, Irwin Hoffman, Doris Lee, Alix Blum and other noted luminaries whose other works (a majority represented in the leading museums of the world) sell for many times this amount. Every work is an original and strictly limited in edition. This ought to take care of quite a number of people on your Christmas list.

FOR RANK INDIVIDUALISTS. In every household there is bound to be a lot of discord over whether to play the radio when the other person wants to read; or whether to keep your spouse awake while you read until the wee small hours, with the light on full tilt. Keep marital peace by presenting your partner with these neat little devices. 1. A radio silencer . . . little gadget that you attach to your radio, making it possible to enjoy a private radio program while other people in the same room read, talk or phone. 2. Special lamp with a spot ray which focuses all its light on the book of the reader-in-bed, but allows the party of the second part to sleep in peaceful darkness. Table or clamp-on bed models . . . and only about $5.

FOR ENTERTAINING GENTLEMEN. If he gives good parties, he'd probably be pleased to get a series of salad plates for Christmas. French "motto" plates, for example, bearing such inscriptions as "Il n'y a pas de marriage dans le paradis" . . . or "Aimer est bien être aimé est mieux." These go big at a select gathering. If he is a fisherman, get him a set of square, massive French pottery plates and shallow soup plates (for bouillabaisse, chowder, etc.). In white with swell embossed nautical motifs in red, white and blue. Or, let him serve his cherished catch on a fish set (platter and 8 plates) colorfully decorated with hand-painted tropical fish in sun bathed colors. Or give him a huge platter in the shape of a lobster.



SHOOTING SUNDRIES . . . for the gamesters on your list. Every shooter who has staggered into his duck blind or over miles of upland with arms and hands encumbered with all the paraphernalia of shooting, will appreciate this kit that packs necessary equipment for a day's shooting into a compact and light case. It's covered in brown waterproof canvas, with talon fastener flap that throws the whole side open. There is an adjustable carrying sling with wide shoulder piece to leave the hands free, and a convenient handle for lifting and handling. Leather bound and fitted with sturdy straps and brass buckles. You can buy it unfitted, or fitted with thermos bottle, sandwich box, 4 nesting enamel cups, waterproof match box, duck or crow call, can of Rangoon oil, cleaning patches, 2 game carriers, shotgun cleaning rod and implements, 50 shells.

NEW
FARBERWARE
Coffee ROBOT
TRADE MARK
DOES ALL THE WORK

A MECHANICAL GENIUS FOR YOUR HOME!

This new invention *automatically* makes the most delicious drip-coffee you ever drank! It *automatically* stirs the coffee . . . *automatically* shuts off current when coffee is done! . . . *automatically* keeps coffee hot and delicious as long as you want. In households where people eat at different times, and where guests are entertained, the Coffee Robot greets each one with fresh coffee.

No guesswork! No watching! You can relax while the *Farberware Coffee Robot does the work.* And—you don't remove glass bowl to serve. Just turn spigot handle. It avoids burnt fingers and breakage.

Own a Farberware Coffee Robot! The coffee it saves will pay for it in a short time. 5 beautiful models, chromium-plated inside and out. It decorates the table. Capacity 8 or 10 cups. Priced as low as $10 (plus transportation costs) —*at all good stores.* In sets, too—with Tray, Creamer and Sugar. If your dealer does not have the Coffee Robot or other useful and beautiful Farberware Gift Items, mail coupon to—

The original S. W. FARBER, INC.
141-155 S. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
The name FARBERWARE is your guarantee!

☐ Send Folder E, describing Robots and Sets.
☐ Send me.............. Coffee Robots, delivering through dealer named below. I enclose $10 for each, plus transportation costs.
Name..............................
Street..............................
City..............*State*..............
My dealer's name.............. E-12

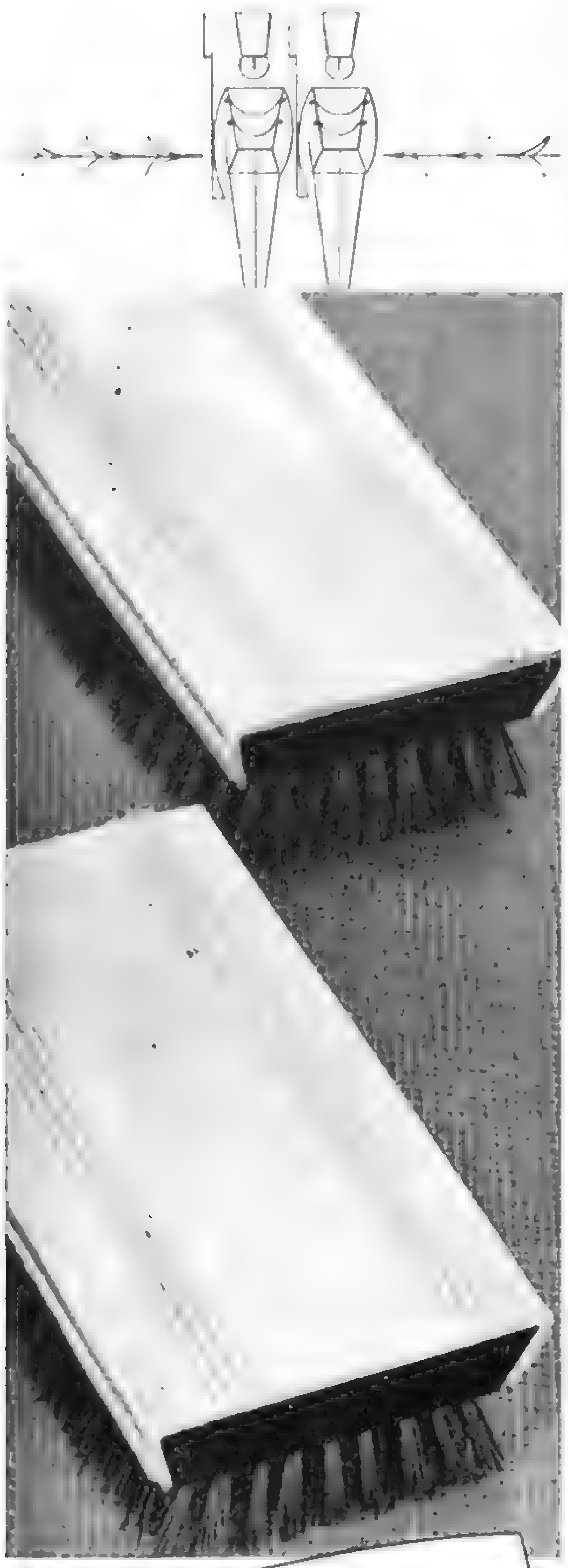
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

ONE THING OR ANOTHER. Not enough nowadays that an article be dedicated to just *one* use. To meet the exacting demands of a modern consumer, the poor little gadget finds that it must double in brass, so to speak. We list a few of these versatile items . . . the *silver plated loving cup* which turns out to be a regular cocktail shaker . . . you hang on to the handles to shake. When not in use, perch it on your mantle . . . and pretend you won it playing golf. *Glass wall sconces*, that are both fish tanks and lighting fixtures. Slender, cylindrical glass vases with wrought iron bases and lights in the top. Particularly designed for fighting fish. Then there's the *boudoir clock*, a Switzerland importation whose base contains a compartment for powder! In crystal, blue or peach mirror glass. Or a red and gold lacquer *table chest* whose drawers contain exotic, imported teas. Use the box afterward for jewels or gloves. Or a *folding table* that can be bed table, music rack, reading rack or drawing board. Sturdy chromium base can be raised or lowered to any height and the top slants to any angle. The *pullman hair brush* is still going strong, a military brush whose top contains toothbrush, paste, shaving cream, razor and comb. Just zip off the pigskin top. Chromium electric chafing dish turns out to be a grill, saucepan and chafing dish all in one; another serves as a double boiler and a food pan. *Brocaded evening bag* whose top serves as a compact for powder and rouge.

HOT BEDS. For those of you who sleep alone and like it . . . an electrically heated blanket! Here is a perfectly safe comforter that a gal can depend on for those long, cold winter nights. The unit controlling the heat looks like a small radio, and stands on the night table.

MOVIE STARS IN THE MAKING. Here's an item that ought to prove to the gals that there is a Santa Claus. Thousands and thousands of girls strive each year to win film contracts through the ranks of "extras." The girl who finally lands at the top is one in a thousand. Little Marybell Currie made the grade after three long years of extra work. Blue-eyed, brown-haired and weighing an even 100 pounds, she is the first of a score of "unknowns" both boys and girls, to be signed by Universal for a forthcoming production, "Youth Marches On" . . . designed to find and develop new talent. Those who show promise, will be groomed for stardom.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of March 3, 1933, of ESQUIRE, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1937, State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of ESQUIRE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publishers, David A. Smart and W. H. Weintraub; Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Managing Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Business Manager, Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago. 2.That the owner is: ESQUIRE-CORONET, INC; Stockholders: David A. Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; W. H. Weintraub, 366 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Ramsing Corporation, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Alfred R. Pastel, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Arnold Gingrich, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Louis Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Mary Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; John Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; A. D. Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Vera Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Joan Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Richard Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Edgar G. Richards Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Florence Richards Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Sue Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Alfred Smart, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of October, 1937.
[SEAL] Joseph L. Ross. (My commission expires June 18, 1938).



TO A GENTLEMAN
FROM A
Lovely Lady

From the first instant he sees them, he'll prize these new military brushes. Especially if you have them engraved with his initials. The backs are Kensington metal, which has been called "the metal marvelous" because its lustrous finish requires so little care. The stiff, Chungking bristles are stapled in hard rubber. These brushes are washable and durable.

The price is only $8.50 per pair (with white bristles, $10.00) at leading jewelers, gift shops and department stores where you will find many other beautiful pieces by Kensington

Prices subject to change without notice. Prices slightly higher on Pacific Coast and in Canada.

THE GUARDS
Military Brushes by
Kensington
INCORPORATED
OF NEW KENSINGTON, PENNA.

Sportsman's Joy
AT CHRISTMAS

What finer Christmas gift could any lover of the outdoors ask, than a Bausch & Lomb Binocular. "The World's Best —By Any Test," B & L glasses are endorsed by world famous yachtsmen, hunters, Army and Navy officers, naturalists and sports authorities. *Shown above, 7 power, 35 mm Binocular, $86.*

SEND FOR CATALOG. 40 pages of useful binocular information. Tells how to select a binocular, describes features of twelve Bausch & Lomb Sport Glass and Binocular models, $16 to $132. Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., 506 Lomb Park, Rochester, N. Y.

BAUSCH & LOMB
Binoculars
THE WORLD'S BEST
—BY ANY TEST

DeSoto

discovered the West Coast of Florida four centuries ago. If you haven't discovered it, you should make a new voyage of exploration this winter. You will find a truly delightful region . . . and in its center is sunny St. Petersburg, a winter rendezvous offering every enjoyment and accommodation you could desire. Write today for the new 32-page book which tells about this city. Address H. J. Neal, Mgr., Chamber of Commerce—

ST. PETERSBURG
FLORIDA

The Human Squirrel Cage

Continued from pages 120-308-311-312-314

a day even in Depression times and is said to be worth a quarter of a million today. Goullet, who won his last race with Grenda in 1923, is reputed to have earned $1,000 a day on his wheel. This was exceptional, but even in the absence of prize money today, good riders of the Letourner caliber easily earn from $20,000 to $25,000 a year in the six-day races.

In addition to the daily pittances, there is also the attractive endorsement market for the stars to crack—any European winner of American races being good for $1,000 from the manufacturer of the bicycle he rides. And even though the promoters don't post purses any more, a certain amount of gravy is picked up by riders in the form of sprint premiums ("preems") offered by spectators.

"Miss Lucy Zilch," the loud speaker will blare out, "offers $10 to the winner of a five-lap sprint." It may be $15 or $25 or $50, depending upon Miss Zilch's sugar daddy—or it may be a suit of clothes, a case of Scotch, a traveling bag or whatnot, put up by some merchant not insensible to the advertising value thereof.

Normally, between $5,000 and $6,000 in "preems" will be collected by those who care to ride for them during the average race, and with an opportunity to enter a dozen of the year's fifty grinds, this mounts up in the course of the season.

Obviously, the lure of the limelight stimulates this unique practice on the part of the patrons, yet there are exceptions to all rules. The wildest "preem" day ever experienced was one Saturday afternoon during the prohibition era when a single spectator put up two thousand dollars in hundred dollar bills—and was never identified by any other name than "the Mad Hatter of Danbury!"

Indubitably, a squirrelly pastime from either side of the rail and from start to finish—especially when you consider that both start and finish are at exactly the same spot. Able-bodied men ride 2,500 miles to get nowhere but to the bank, and otherwise sensible citizens take money out of their banks to pay for watching them do it.

It all sounds silly in cold blood, but I doubt if it is any sillier than the collegiate madness of scampering across a lot of chalk marks in the turf carrying a piece of pig's hide inflated with air—or pursuing a little white ball over half a county with a skinny little stick that set you back twelve dollars.

It's sport, that's all, and all sports are foolish unless you get into the spirit of the thing. Grant that much to this one, and it becomes one of the most fascinating of all spectator games. You can't compare it to baseball, hockey, tennis or anything else we pay to watch because it is totally different.

As a newcomer you may look at your first race with hopeful expectation which, like as not, gradually fades into a mixture of detached scorn and increasing lassitude until you wonder why the devil you bothered to come into the place.

Then suddenly a tornado of excitement breaks loose which jerks you to your feet and stops your heart with a deluge of breathtaking thrills—and you know why you came! The real question from then on is, will you ever be able to leave knowing that the moment you turn your back another jam may start? ⋕

So Let's All Go Native

Continued from page 126

multi-colored seeds variously disposed with a significance as exact as that which our handwriting conveys. Beautiful ornaments which he would wear with satisfaction, and which his wife—pardon, his wives—would be the first to admire, very proud to be married to a man so popular and desired.

Columbus Circle. I rush out of the compartment, up the stairs and across the street, risking to be run down by two buses and one taxi. If I were a native . . . but no, if I were a native, first of all I would have had no appointments; therefore I would not have made this uncomfortable trip only to find that the person I had come to see had suffered a motor breakdown and was still somewhere in the country. And all my morning's performance just for nothing!

On my way back to Grand Central I glance at my paper. "Strikes . . . Income Tax . . . " And a vision rose before my eyes of a little group of Mambuti Pygmies I saw one day nonchalantly burning their wretched huts and disappearing happily into the equatorial forest. The mystery of their actions was explained to me a few minutes later when a young Colonial officer arrived on the scene with a score of native soldiers.

"They knew we were coming to make them pay taxes," he told me. "Now they have disappeared into the forest where they know nobody can find them."

There, certainly, was no depression. The forest with all the abundance and generosity of one of our prosperity years supplies always wood for the fires, wild bananas and vegetables for food, animal skins for garments and all that is necessary to maintain the carefree life of the pygmy.

But I, how could I burn my apartment in Park Avenue and retire to Central Park, sustaining myself on leaves and dressing in two square inches of rabbit skin? To pay, is the only thing remaining to me, even if for this I have to work like the damned. ⋕

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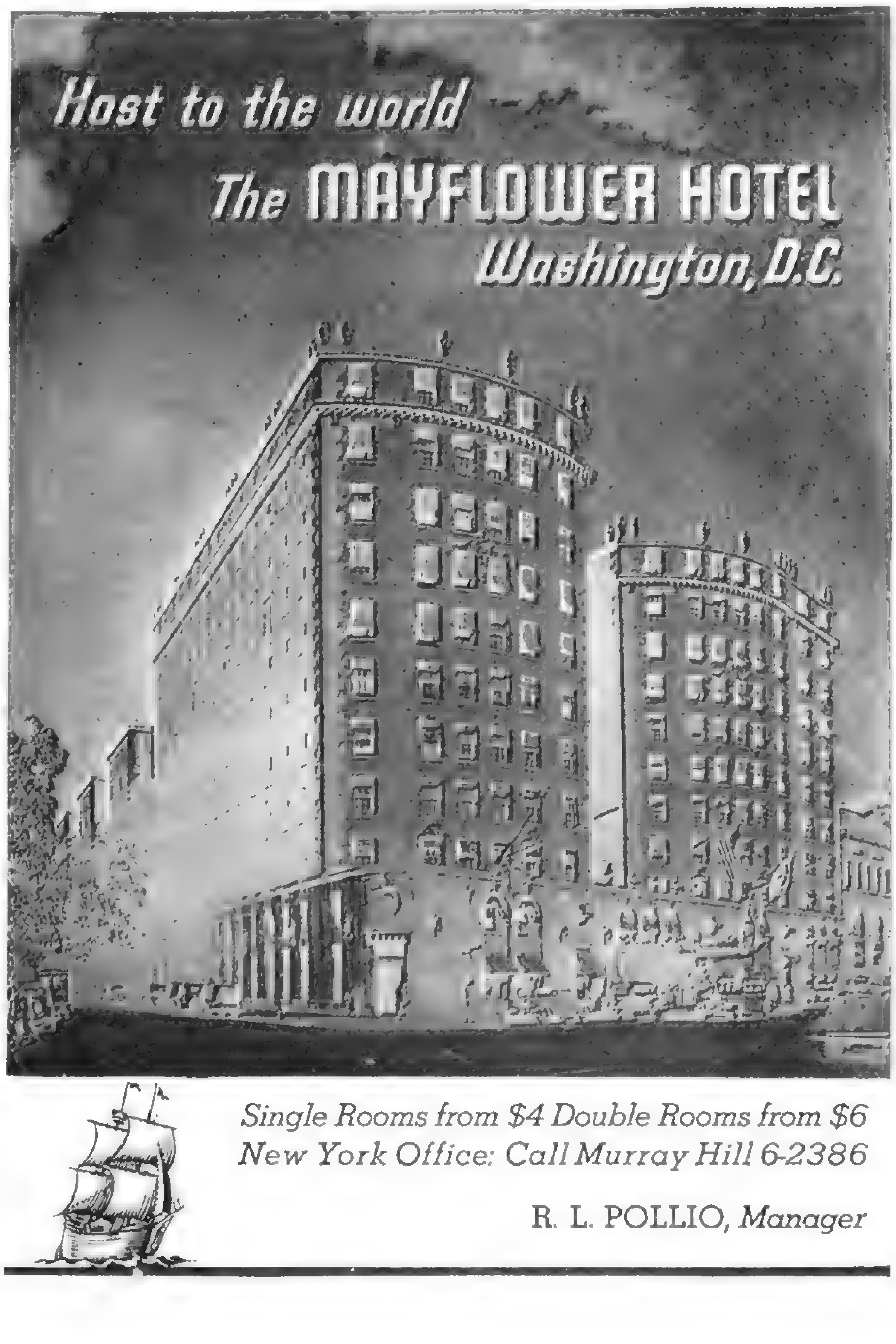
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WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF SMALL RADIOS

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 163

thing from khaki and corduroy to linen and velvet, ran riot. Headgear varied from leghorns to tam-o'shanters, neckwear from plaids to lilac handkerchiefs. The women split between wrappers and divided skirts. With crinoline and satin failing to shed the deluge, oilskins, trench-coats, cardigans were at a premium. The clothes otherwise normal human beings wear in Salzburg makes it easy to agree with Mozart's remark to the effect that one year in Salzburg and you lose your memory, two years and you become an idiot, three years and you become a Salzburger.

To come to the Festival, the management this year was on its best behavior, and committed only one crime, four blunders, and a half-dozen oversights. The crime was singling me out from other critics as Public Enemy No. 1, and putting me, whether by mistake or intention, the very first evening in the box of His Grace, the Archbishop of Salzburg, and not long afterward in the parterre alongside His Excellency, the Chancellor of Austria, Herr Schuschnigg—a clear attempt to mix my responses and weaken my judgment.

Blunder No. 1 was the management's insistence on evening dress in the newly upholstered section. It is dumbness not to realize that many pilgrims come to Salzburg hoping to be comfortable and resent it when they are forced to choose between a board shirt and a board seat.

Blunder No. 2 was trying to fit so many round pegs into square holes. If *Figaro* is to be sung in Italian, women should be had who can pronounce the language. If, for German singers a bargain must be struck, why not go the whole hog and get the best instead of the second-string unless, of course, all cards except an *anschluss* have been played. It would seem so with Furtwängler hired, Toscanini's concerts being sent to Germany (*Fidelio* was last year, anyway), and *Mein Kampf* being sold in Austria.

Blunder No. 3 was the removal of the line for *stehplatz*, the only reliable index to a performance's popularity. Crowds in the town give no indication as thousands come without the slightest intention of hearing a note. This year, with the largest turn-over in history, there were fewer sold-out houses than last year.

Blunder No. 4 was the invitation to Furtwängler. For obscure reasons, his presence in Salzburg disturbs many powerful personages, including Toscanini. The ranking German conductor may be helpful in Vienna, but not in Salzburg. It will be a bold stroke if next year, being free from Bayreuth, he is invited to conduct operas along with Toscanini.

The oversights are perhaps not worth enumerating, but since they will be valuable talking points—and Salzburg is going to find itself in need of sales arguments—I mention them:

First, as no amount of designing can ever turn the former archbishop's stable—the present *Festpielhaus*—into a theatre and since foreigners foot the bill, anyway, why not announce plans for a new building?

Second, as facing the seats about and constructing a new stage, will do nothing to freshen the reservoir of Public Library air which now fills the *Festpielhaus* and no rainy nights rivals the stench of a gymnasium dressing-room, why not promise air-conditioning?

Third. Former habitués of Bayreuth report that they miss seeing Mozart's relatives in Salzburg. Why not arrange to have them next year?

Fourth. Something must be done about the rain which this August fell continuously for two weeks. To promise control would cost nothing and surely would do no harm, as it would be ten years before any thinking person would expect a Salzburgian to act.

Fifth. On the same theory, suggest lowering the postage rates. Letters to America now cost twelve cents, exactly double the fee in any other continental country.

Sixth. Advocate the fiction of a tourist schilling. It will make the foreigner feel he is saving money even though breakfast still comes to $2 (plus service).

The Festival must look ahead to the day when the sporting clubs run by Princes, Barons, and Counts, will not be able to attract celebrity-hunters even with such bait as the young Roosevelts, Mrs. James Roosevelt, who filled in her occupation as "grandmother," the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, who fled after one night. As music-lovers seldom frequent carnivals, it is only these gullibles who keep the present show going and who indiscriminately applaud everything including *The Last Judgment* in the Verdi *Requiem*.

The emotional tension they inspired was dense enough to be cut with a baseball bat. No matter how beautiful the orchestral interlude, they insisted the instant the curtain fell on dropping their opera glasses, slamming their seats, and breaking into the wildest noises—the lady next to me positively out-talked the *Leonore* trumpets. Countering this was an epidemic of "shush-ing." At every performance Margot, Countess of Oxford and Asquith, led the snorers' brigade and Max Reinhardt, the gapers'. His mouth dropped an extra half-inch each time he watched Toscanini garner in the applause.

It took frequent rappings and the Maestro's most severe manner to silence those who had come around the earth from Keokuk and points west to hear him and were trying to find out from their neighbors the reason for all the recesses in *The Magic Flute*. Several

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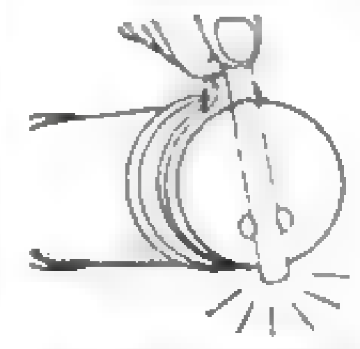

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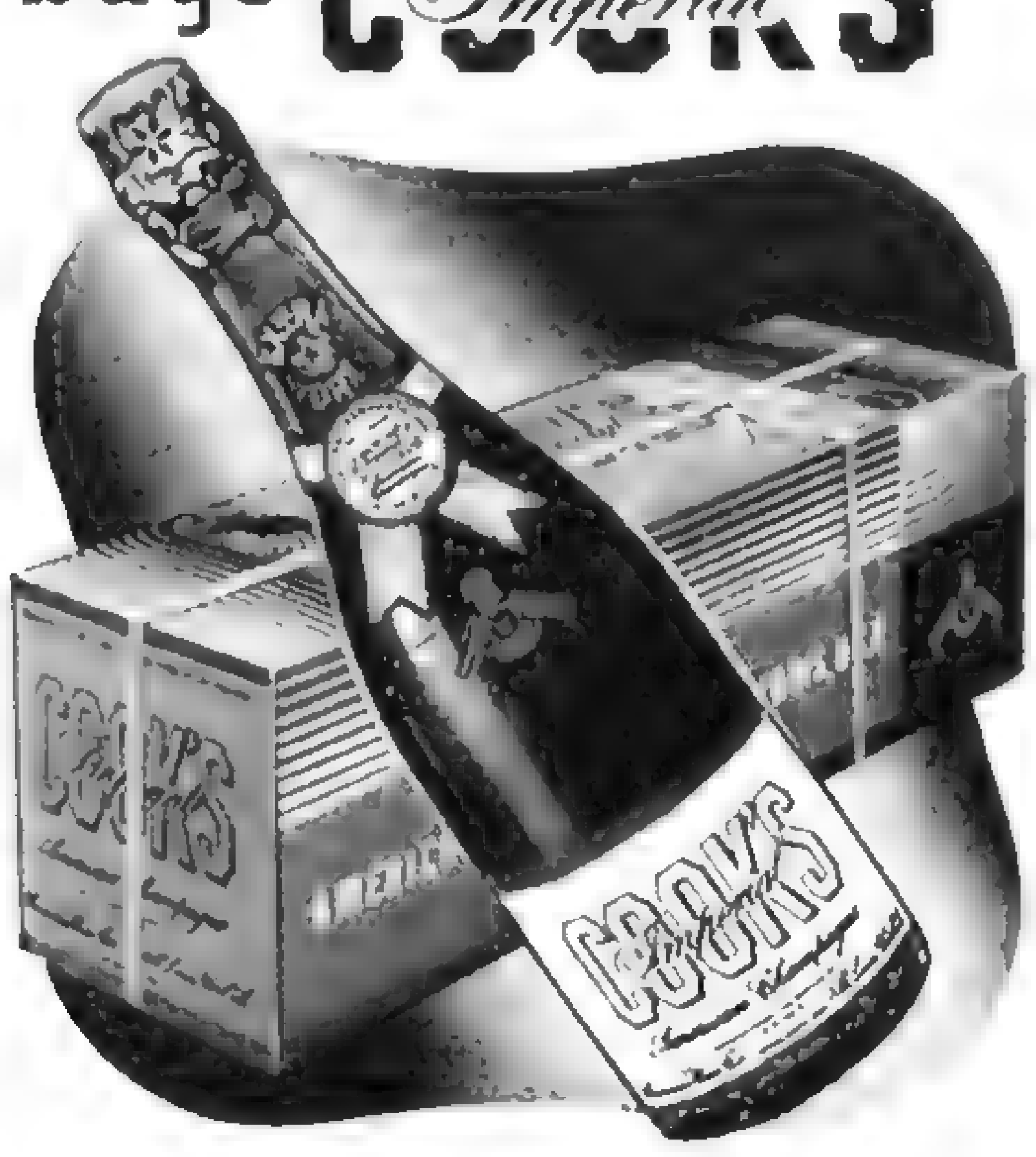

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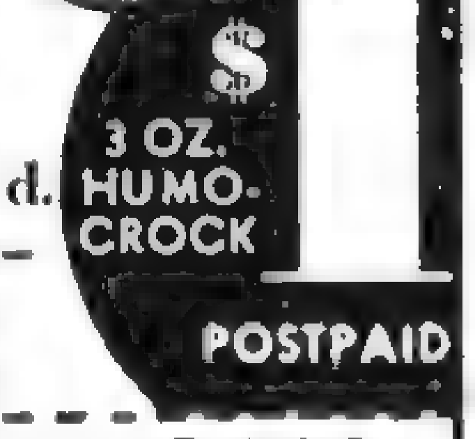

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asked for a refund and the rest were disgruntled. Not even he could charge ten dollars if he was only going to conduct half the evening, and a short evening at that.

Toscanini's treatment of Mozart's great opera was a disappointment not only to the babblers. It left unsatisfied many a Mozart authority . . . and the explanations are numerous and long-winded. The objective facts are, briefly:

Though he had determined on a fleet, brisk pace, decidedly faster than what is traditional, Mr. Toscanini had not settled the exact speed of all numbers definitely in his mind. There were, consequently, modifications in tempo between each of the first three performances.

The cast, though it improved in later performances, was not in any ultimate sense able to satisfy the demands of the score. *The Magic Flute* is a singers' as opposed to a conductor's opera. To a greater extent than any other opera Mr. Toscanini conducts in Salzburg, it requires first-class vocalists. Mozart's orchestration is fragile and transparent. The voices are heard as if they were naked. Flaws cannot be concealed . . . and not only should there be no flaws in the vocal line, but the singers must make the beholder conscious of the symbolic significance of their music. This only one or two of them succeeded in doing.

The staging was all that might be expected on the inadequate stage, and the scenes were heavily laden with fantasy. When the curtain went up on the second act, we were greeted with a back-drop on which had been painted converging rows of Washington monuments. The setting for the famous trial by water, also, was laid in America; it was Niagara Falls illuminated. Of this, there can be no dispute.

The validity of Toscanini's interpretation, however, is a matter for discussion. His efforts to make the work clear and transparent, his success in shaking from it the cumbrous tradition which frequently turns the solemn scenes into a Parsifal-like affair are to the good. The exquisite balance, the architectural symmetry which he achieves are certainly Mozartian. If the total effect is to accentuate the contrast between the comic and the serious scenes and to intensify the former, there is good precedent for it. *The Magic Flute* was given in Mozart's time in a *Singspiel* theatre, scarcely more than a barn. The popular melodies were repeated, orchestra players were applauded for their virtuosity, and Mozart, playing the glockenspiel off-stage, could not resist the temptation to make fun by adding an arpeggio or two after the Papageno had finished and the bells were supposed to be silent. It is in this spirit, as well as with an understanding of its deep moral import, that *The Magic Flute* should be approached.

Perhaps Toscanini has gone too far, but that he has denuded the music of warmth and its proper feeling, that he saps it of its deeper emotions I doubt. More likely, the fact is that most of us are so accustomed to having the sentimental content of *The Magic Flute* "brought out" and of wallowing in its more poignant melodies that we are disturbed when the music is played simply and clearly without the instillation of any subjective feeling. We are even a little indignant with Mr. Toscanini for not taking the usual wrong course and "feeling" for us. It may be that when we have grown accustomed to his view of *The Magic Flute* we will sense, as we have come to sense in his crystal-clear conducting of Brahms and Wagner, that it is preferable.

The orchestral tapestry of *Die Meistersinger* and *Falstaff* again glowed in all their richness and were a source of never-ending wonder. The greatest German and the greatest Italian comic operas clearly contrast the national temperaments of two great peoples and two great genuises . . . and it is to the everlasting credit of Mr. Toscanini that he is as satisfactory a conductor of one as of the other. The singers in *Die Meistersinger* fill the stage with coarse, inexpressive declamations and wooden gestures and, unless they can be improved, may decide Mr. Toscanini to take himself out of the opera business again.

By the time of the second *Fidelio*, the orchestra had grown stale, as is inevitable under Salzburg conditions; the horns sputtered, the trombones coughed and only his indomitable energy and the consuming fire of his genius welded the whole together.

The first of his three orchestral concerts he devoted to the *Manzoni Requiem*—a work he should certainly be asked to broadcast in New York. It was a shattering and memorable experience, bringing the listener face to face with the anguish and the horrors of the Day of Judgment. There was nothing to intervene between his sensibilities and the aspirations of the damned, whose agonizing prayer came as a breath from the other world. Mr. Toscanini tapped directly the heart of the work. Showing no mercy to the forces under his command, he forged the choir, the orchestra, and the soloists into a single flaming instrument of his will and sought out the essence of an intractable score. Each detail and each thought of the awful drama was emblazoned in dread splendor. God sat as the avenging Judge and the cannonbeats of the drum announced His power. The Book of Life in Death was turned page by page while the full glare of the Apocalyptic vision shone from them. It was indeed a performance for the strong in heart and the pure in faith.

The language of the work, after all, is that of an opera composer. In lesser hands, it may become theatrical. But on this occasion, Toscanini revealed it as an expression of all humanity, a work without conventions and without rela-

Continued on page 320

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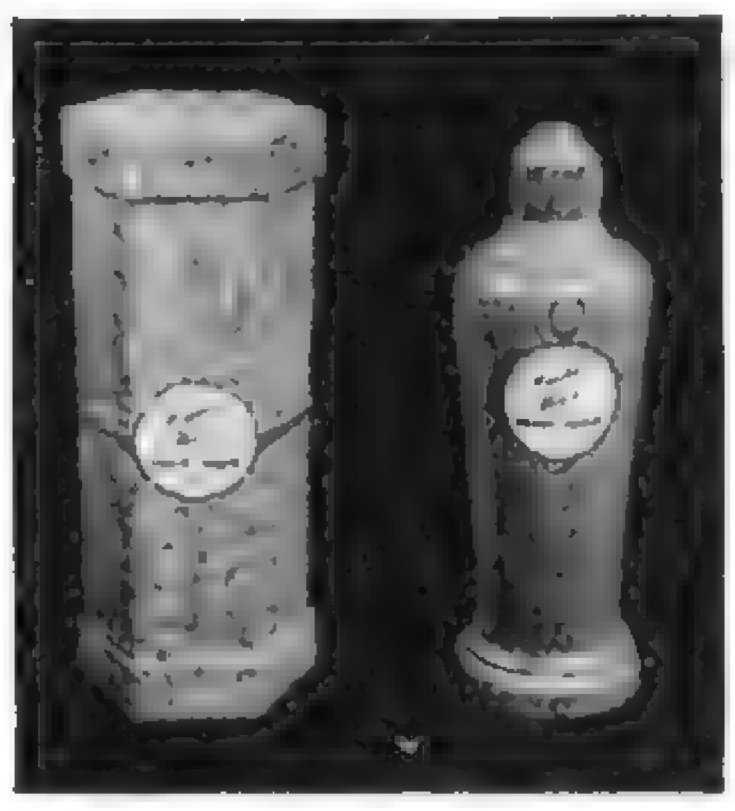

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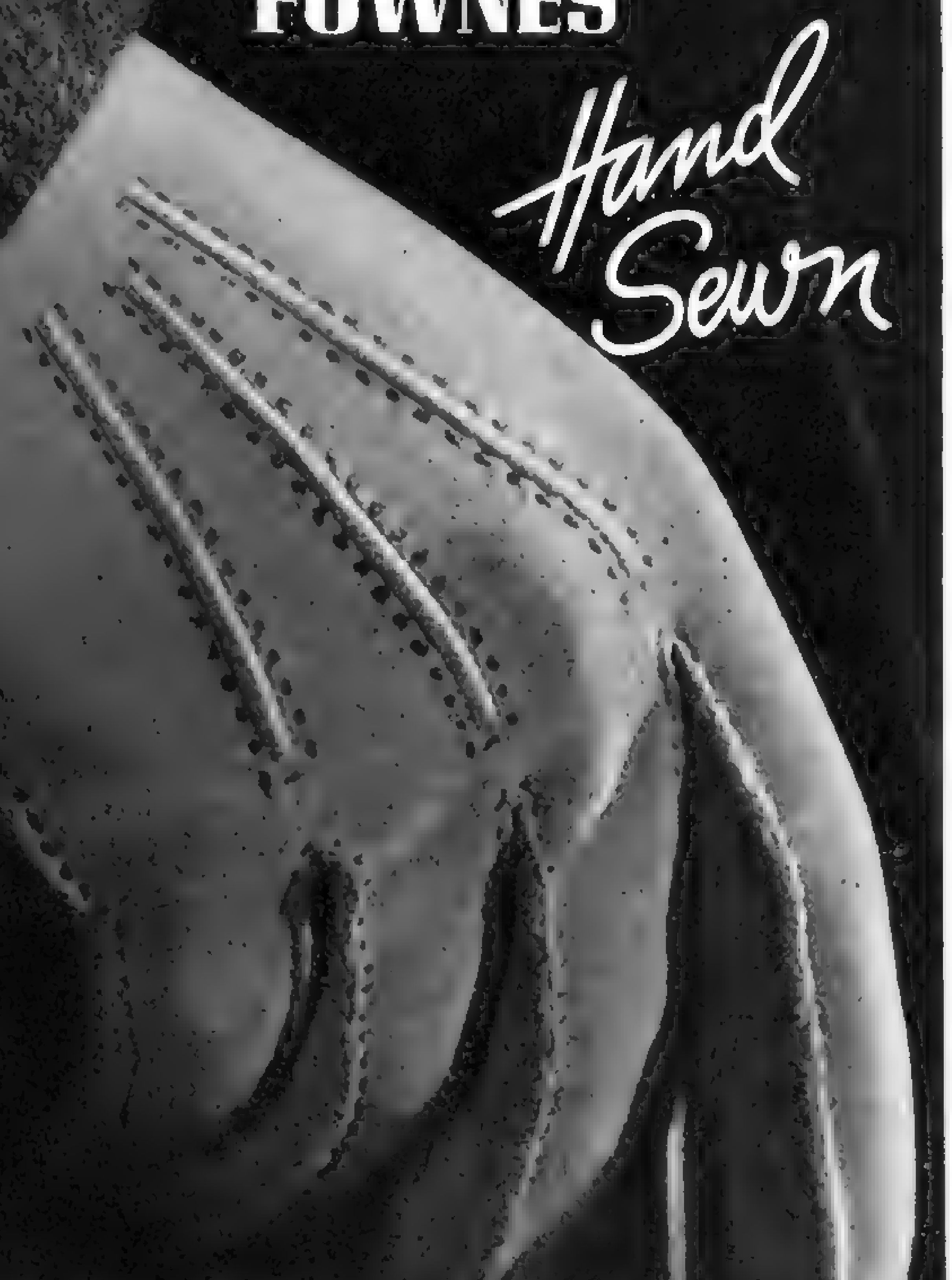

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 163-319

tion to time or place. One realized in this performance the profundity of Goethe's words: "Everything perfect of its kind must go beyond its kind . . . must be something else, incomparable . . . "

* * *

It is a pleasure to report Bruno Walter, Salzburg's No. 2 conductor, in improved spirits. Whether because his health is better . . . because there is a possibility of his coming to America next winter . . . or because, as unkind commentators suggest, Toscanini's adventure with *The Magic Flute* was not an unqualified success, his command over the Vienna Philharmonic was more vital and authoritative. What is much more important, he seemed much more willing this year to let the music tell its own story.

His tempi in *Don Giovanni* and *Figaro* were generally firm and to the point. Only occasionally would he stop to underline a phrase here and call attention to a hidden beauty there. That he works up effects from without instead of within and, once having set a tempo, refuses to keep it, is all the more regrettable because it comes from an intense love of the music he has in hand. He merely wants to show how beautiful, how characteristic, and, above all, how ineffably touching a phrase is. He seems afraid—not, of course, without reason—that listeners will not notice. So he says, in effect: "Listen! Hear how sad Mozart is! How tender! How sensitive! Isn't it too marvelous." In the end, it is only he who discourses . . . a persuasive and charming discourse, perhaps, but one in which the composer scarcely gets in a word edgeways.

Mr. Walter's resurrection this year was von Weber's *Euryanthe*, a nickelodeon version of *Lohengrin*, of interest chiefly because it shows where Wagner got some of his ideas. The swan-grail business was, of course, Wagner's; but the pattern of the characters is identical. The medieval legend concerned two knights, one of whom sings the praises of his lady-love, the chaste Euryanthe. The other, skeptical of all women's virtue, wagers he will prove her faithless and wins his wager by the simple process of watching her in her bath and describing a birth-mark below her right breast in the form of a violet leaf. His report of this particular was accepted by the tribunal as proof positive of his success with her.

Today the opera exists only because of Weber's music which, along with old-fashioned stimulants, has élan, color, and plenty of opportunities for singers with voices to display them.

* * *

The Strauss operas, *Elektra* and *Rosenkavalier*, brought to Salzburg Hans Knappertsbusch, who acted as the conductorial end-man. To the delight of those who listen with their eyes, he constantly hauled, pulled, and visibly impregnated the orchestra with his blunt and callous vim, furnishing a highly suggestive commentary on what was happening in the music. Tall, angular, blond, with an expressive lock of hair, he seemed handsomely equipped to act out every melodic phrase, to delineate each crescendo and diminuendo, to rock and sway with each wave of orchestral tone. He seemed, also, to have benefited from long training and to be in top-form. Seated high above the level of the orchestra and the stage, no one could miss him. Lest they should, however, he frequently rose to his full six feet two and shook his fists high above his head. All the mannerisms of a juvenile lead on opening night were his. The only interruptions in this dramatic corollary were occasioned by difficulties he encountered in adjusting his coat-tails and in finding his place in the score when he forgot to turn the page.

Fortunately, he handled Strauss who, especially in *Elektra*, will stand a lot of punishment. Whenever that rough-and-ready gentleman resorts to his familiar expedient of "sitting on the keyboard," Mr. Knappertsbusch, as if to reassure him, would run and jump on his lap. During a single orchestral concert, the roof of the Mozarteum was raised five inches by the simple process of repeating this trick.

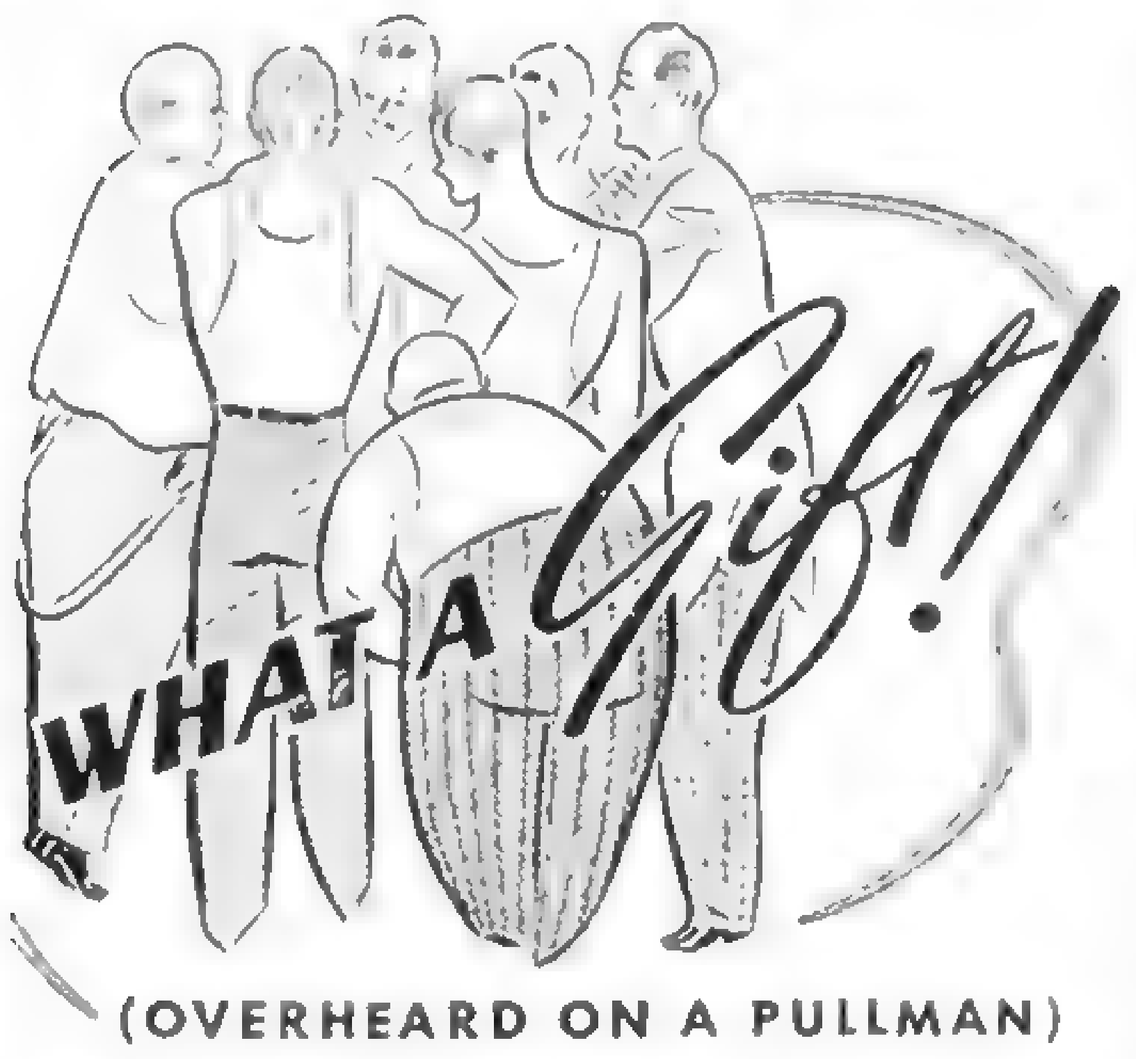
Before leaving Mr. Knappertsbusch, however, I must warn the Vienna Philharmonic not to present itself to foreign audiences when he is leading it. For he had a most alarming effect upon it. Instead of three distinct and finely contrasted families of thoroughbred horns, trombones and tubas, which every orchestra should have, Mr. Knappertsbusch seems to be leading a huge tribe of mongrels, differing only in size.

Under such circumstances, the credulous may think that some ancestor of these trombones has been guilty of a *mésalliance* with a bass tuba, or that the cornet, itself admittedly a half-breed trumpet, has further disgraced itself by flirting with the flügelhorn, or even that the mother of all the Vienna horns has run away with a whole military band. In fact, when Mr. Knappertsbusch conducts, a similar suspicion hangs over all the instrumental families of the aging orchestra.

Artur Rodzinski, whom I did not hear, and Wilhelm Furtwängler each conducted a single orchestra concert at Salzburg. Furtwängler, who came from Bayreuth presented Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, was ill-at-ease, and did neither himself nor work full justice. In spite of this, he received a tremendous ovation from sympathizers.

* * *

Though manifestly unfair, it is necessary to lump all the singers together. Except for a few notable



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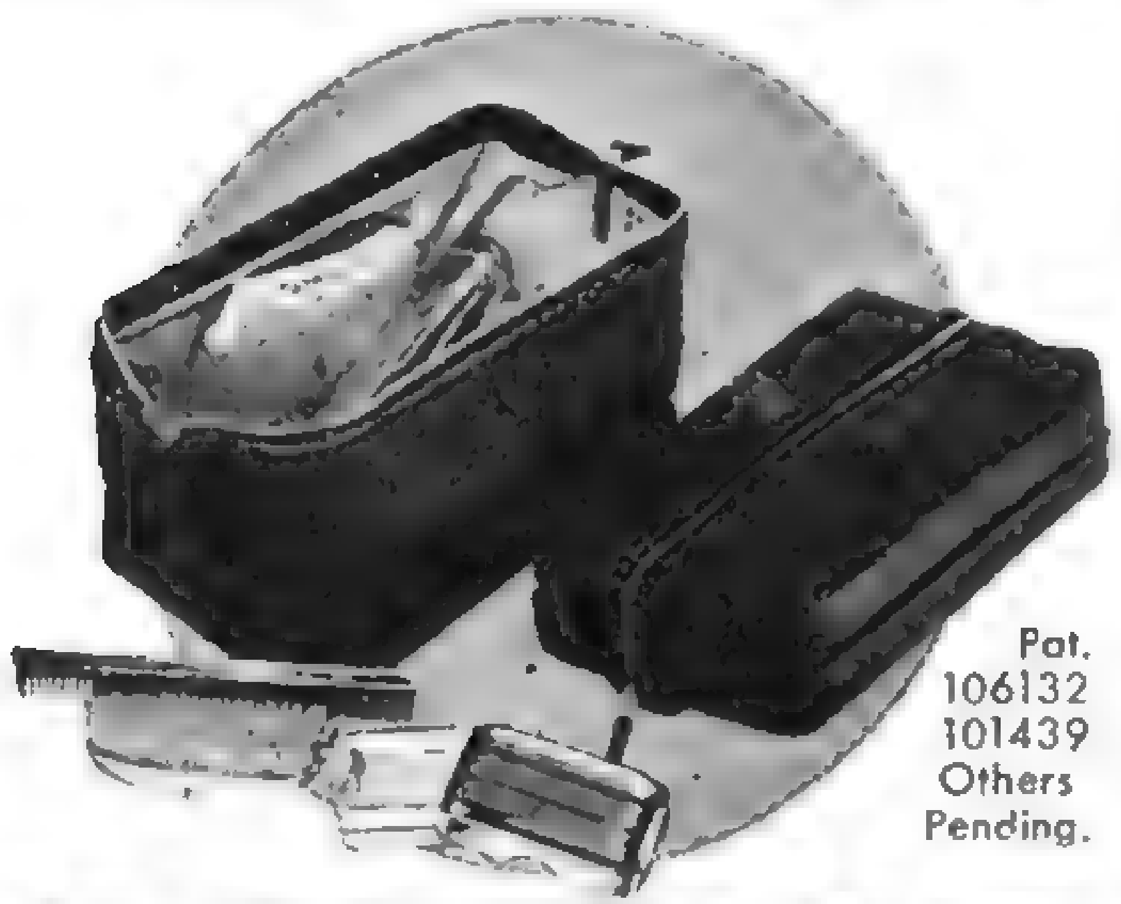

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exceptions, they were an undistinguished lot. Ezio Pinza scored a sensation as *Don Giovanni* and provided an alert and alive *Figaro*. Alexander Kipnis proved himself, as always, the ranking German bass. Mario Stabile acclimated himself to the rôle of the Count in *Figaro* and was a capital *Falstaff*. Willi Domgraf-Fassbender gave life to *The Magic Flute*. The best tenor singing was that of Dino Borgioli. A hulking fellow with a strident *forte* and a monotonous *mezza-voce*, obviously patterned after Richard Tauber's, walked through the tenor rôle in *Euryanthe*. A raw-boned butter-and-eggs Dutchman with a rasping, granular tone pretended he was Walter in *Die Meistersinger*, evidencing the same feeling for his lines as a grocery clerk does for carrots.

Rosa Pauly was *Elektra*, Lotte Lehmann the *Marschallin*, and Kerstin Thorborg a genuine *Eglantine*, if not an *Orpheus*. Franca Somigli, sure and scintillating, headed the festival's best cast of women, that of *Falstaff*. Elisabeth Rethberg negotiated that most difficult of rôles, Donna Anna's, with clarity and unfailing musical taste, though she forced her voice to give the music its full dramatic intensity. Hilde Konetzni displayed a sweet-timbred lyric voice . . . and Maria Reining was affecting in the simple grace and naïve musical feeling that exhausted the rôle of *Euryanthe*. Her voice, though not of great volume, is as yet unspoiled; her delivery is free and easy; if only she contents herself with rôles that are not beyond her, she will grow into the heavier *jugendlich* parts and go far.

A stranger from another planet would have difficulty in proving that he was not in attendance at a vocal kindergarten class. Taking Jarmila Novotna as an example, he would have to admit that life must indeed be casual in these parts when an attractive young woman can do by sheer persistence what in higher regions can only be accomplished by extraordinary natural talent.

Lotte Lehmann, except for her publicity, almost dropped out of the Salzburg panorama. She canceled her appearance as the Countess in *Figaro*, a rôle which her declining vocal resources obviously will not permit her to sing. In all, she made four appearances on the *Festpielhaus* stage: two as the Marschallin, a part in which she is ideal if you stuff your ears while she shrieks through the final Terzett; and two as Leonore in *Fidelio*, in which the great aria was again transposed down. The excuse given this year is that it is done because the Viennese tuning is high. Then the whole opera should be written down or, what would be more sensible, the Viennese should be induced to adopt international pitch.

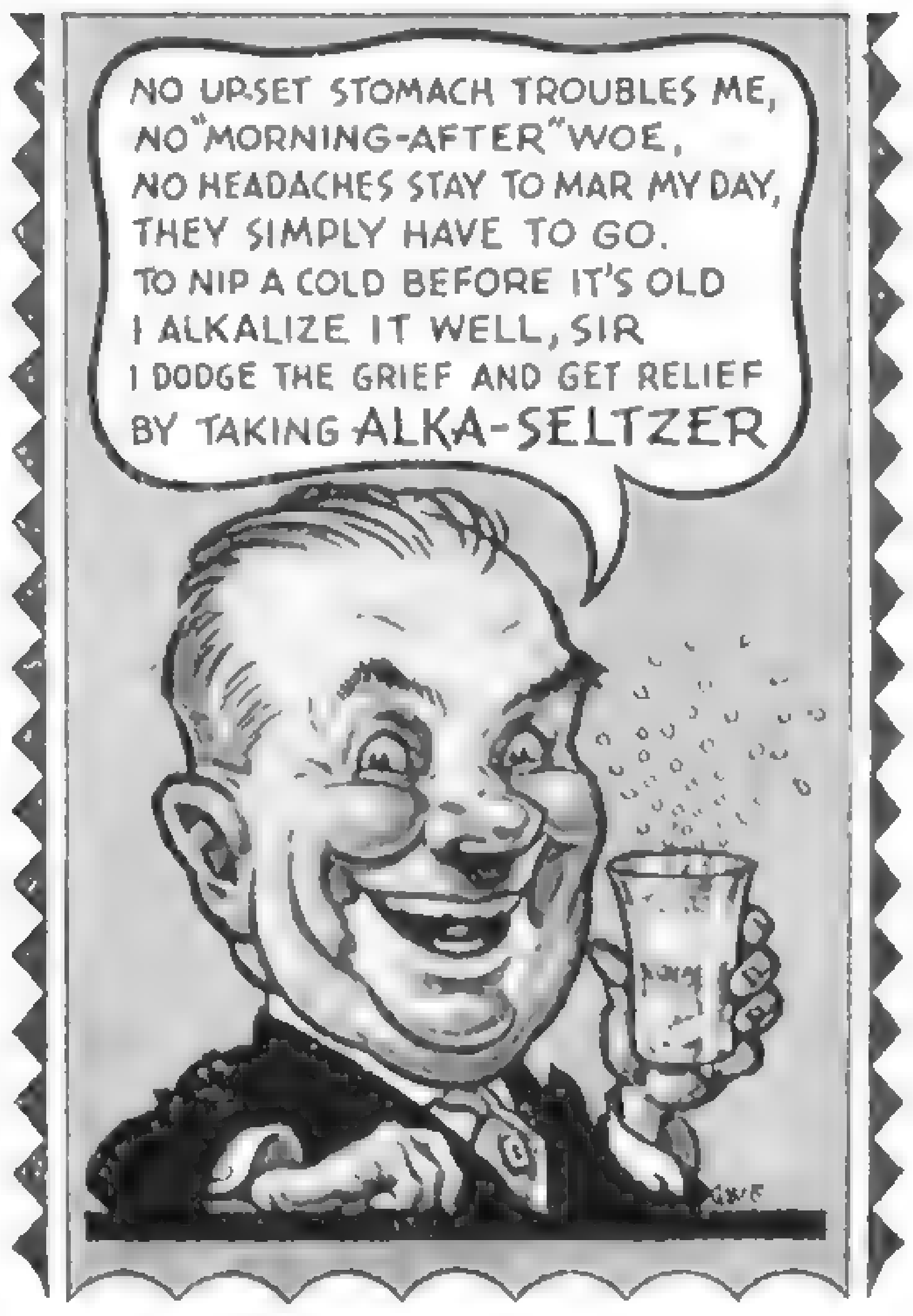
Madame Lehmann sang two lieder morning, at which Bruno Walter again served as her florist's porter. She gave immense pleasure to hundreds who understood no more about what she was singing than Tennessee mountaineers, but who experienced thrills at every "ugh" of emotion, which were more frequent than usual as she needed to cover up her growing lack of breath. When she doesn't force or press it, Lotte Lehmann has yet a warm, vibrant, fruity timbre that the Austrians are pleased to call the "heart" in the voice. This quality instantly endears her to thousands. That it should also give her a reputation as a lieder-singer is testimony only to the ignorance and susceptibility of the public. Because they enjoy her vocal emissions and can wallow with her in sentimental texts, they assume she must know what she is about. They fail to realize that this quality of voice, which seldom varies, has the same fitness in certain lieder as a harlot in Heaven. Further, were she not sadly deficient in matters of musicianship and style, Madame Lehmann would be careful to treat Mozart or Schubert different from Brahms or Wolf.

* * *

The churches of Salzburg, as usual, contributed to the education of the pilgrims by performing music otherwise impossible to hear. This year the close relation of the Eastern and Western Church liturgies was demonstrated by the celebration of masses according to the different rites: Byzantine and Armenian were contrasted with the reformed Roman Mass of Salesnes, an Ambrosian Mass and settings by Palestrina and Mozart. The regular Sunday evening Cathedral concerts offered interesting programs, at which Eide Norena was the principal soloist and sang with sincerity and a mellow purity of tone.

All the religious music was rewarding and would have been convincing if only the musicians in the lofts had been able to make their notes sound together. Almost immediately after the beginning of the *Credo* I dropped in to hear, the singers divided themselves into two resolute factions, one maintaining that the bar in hand was the eleventh and the other equally convinced that it was only the tenth. So they continued, while I listened with the drunken sensation of hearing the music double, until at the end the organ rushed into the fray bridging the distance between them. I am told this is all an illusion, resulting from faulty and irremediable acoustics. It may be so, but the effect is the same. In either case, I hurried out of the church with a pleasantly inebriated feeling.

Such is the place where today a proud *Landeshauptmann* boasts that Toscanini's name is not needed: there will always be another: Salzburg is Salzburg, sufficient to itself, and it will remain first in the world. Such is the haven where twenty years ago artists hoped to retire amid illusions and dreams to contemplate the images of a bygone world . . . the refuge founded in the name of Mozart . . . the festival dedicated to peace, art, and joy. ⧺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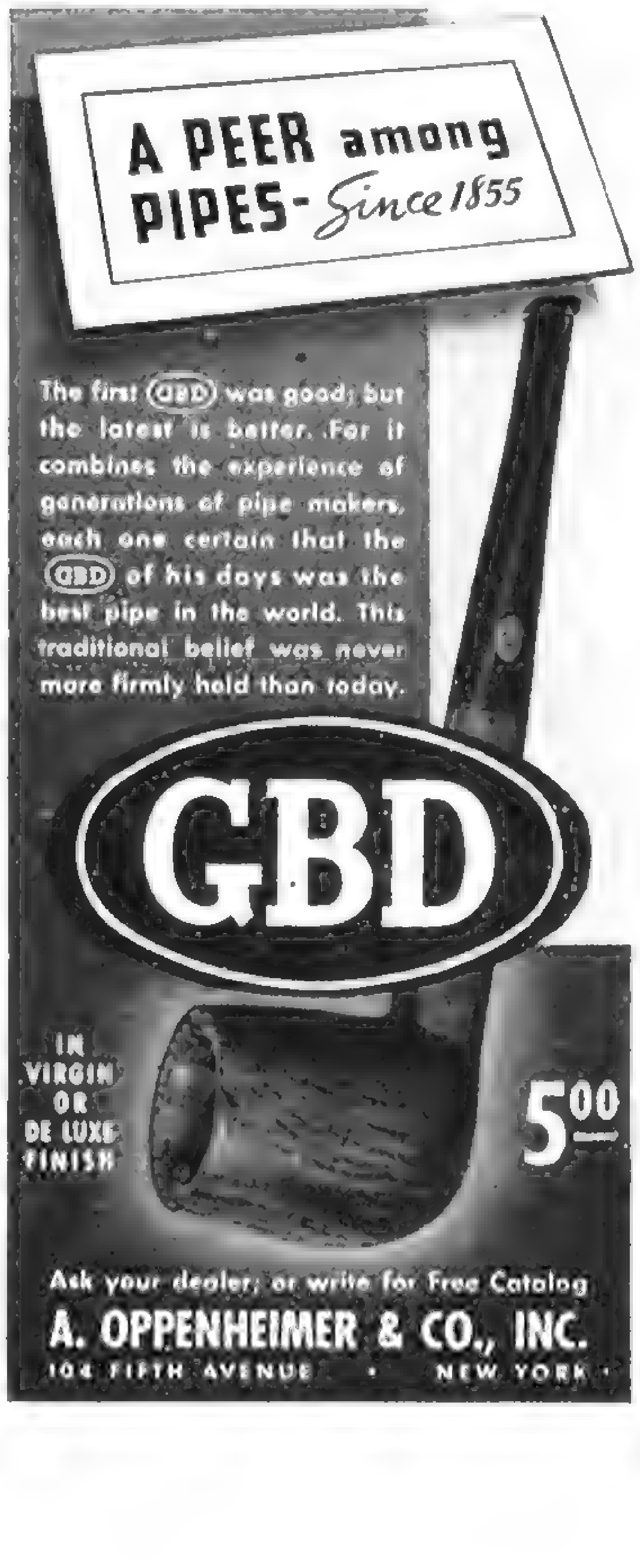

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Continued from page 157

filled Albert Hall until more than a million people had seen his pictures and heard his lectures. From then on the Lawrence legend grew. Dozens of other writers cashed in on articles and books about Lawrence, very few of whom neglected an opportunity to sneer at and belittle the American who had given them a subject to write about. Other Britishers, apparently envying Lawrence's fame and sore because they had not seen him first, vented their spleen not only upon Thomas but upon Lawrence as well, grabbing their little pennies on the anti-side because they were too slow in getting in on the pro.

Mr. Thomas is unperturbed about this; in fact he is diplomatically modest about his part in the whole affair. Therefore his contribution is one of the most interesting in the book. He says frankly that he invented quite a lot, drew upon his imagination, but, not only with Lawrence's enthusiastic consent but so much to Lawrence's taste that Lawrence came to Thomas' show time and again. Thomas states that he was not frank about one thing and that he was not frank at the time because he was afraid of putting Lawrence in a false light. Lawrence, he says, was extraordinarily vain and had a passion for having his picture taken and his portrait painted (as we all now know he did); but there was one personal vanity of Lawrence's which was so incongruous in a man who professed a horror of the limelight and of all publicity that Thomas had to answer questions about it by telling a deliberate lie. Lawrence made himself the most conspicuous man in all Jerusalem by wearing not only the magnificent white silk robes of an Arab prince, and the resplendent headdress but also by wearing conspicuously in his sash the short, curved gold sword distinctive of the Ashraf, descendants of the prophet. To persistent inquirers who asked why all this panoply and regalia for a modest man, Thomas replied that Lawrence had come across the desert through the Turkish lines and had no regular British uniform. Thomas says it was a feeble explanation, although it seemed to satisfy many people, because Lawrence could readily enough have got a uniform when he reached Jerusalem.

Mr. Thomas makes one statement that is startling but which seems entirely in character with the Lawrence that emerges out of this great mass of personal testimony about him. He says that Lawrence told him in the desert that no matter whether the Arabs were given what they wanted or not, they were incapable of the co-operation that would be necessary for the creation and maintenance of a great united Arab state. It seems to me that if Lawrence knew his Arabs as well as he is credited with knowing them and as he seems to know them from his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* that was precisely the conclusion he must inevitably have drawn; because, work successfully as he did to draw the warring tribes together in a common effort against the Turks, it was only by unlimited bribes with British gold that he was able to do this, for revolts were frequent and were squelched only by additional gold, internecine tribal hatreds smouldered only to break out again the moment the payments were stopped and tension was relaxed by the conquest of Damascus.

So the legend of Lawrence's heartbreak over the British default in the promises he had made to Feisal begins to seem but another display of histrionics for the benefit of the gallery by a man who seems (from the impression I can gather from the consensus) not to have cared a damn about anything. The finest tributes to him, surprisingly, come from his Commander Lord Allenby (perhaps this is not so surprising because Lawrence almost worshiped Allenby) and from two or three officers who fought with him. They praise him for his valor, resourcefulness and military genius. Two or three military and archeological associates, however, cannot conceal the fact that they hated him; and Robert Graves, hitherto one of his most adulant biographers, pictures him with an almost deadly malice as vain and boorish and with the unpleasant qualities of protracted adolescence; he points his characterization with a story illustrating Lawrence's morbid horror of being touched.

Lawrence emerges from all this testimony, however, as most distinctly a unique personality, undoubtedly a genius in many things, but, it would seem, a man who exercised his genius in precisely the direction he had the least taste for—that of the art of warfare. His ambitions, it would appear from many different bits of testimony, were literary; and my deduction is that he learned Arabic and even proposed his scheme to unite the Arabs largely because he wanted to write a book as good, in kind, as Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* or to excel it. Bernard Shaw, Winston Churchill and others say he succeeded and that the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is one of the great masterpieces of English prose. It seems to me good in parts but too often like the affectation of the gorgeous raiment of a descendant of the prophet on the part of a diminutive eccentric on parade in Jerusalem.

SPECIAL

The Derrydale Cook Book of Game and Fish (The Derrydale Press. 2 vols., boxed. $15) by L. P. De Gouy. This is an expensive item, to be sure, and the edition is limited to 1250 copies; but as a special sort of gift to a friend who prides himself upon his knowledge and skill in field and stream I can imagine nothing that would flatter

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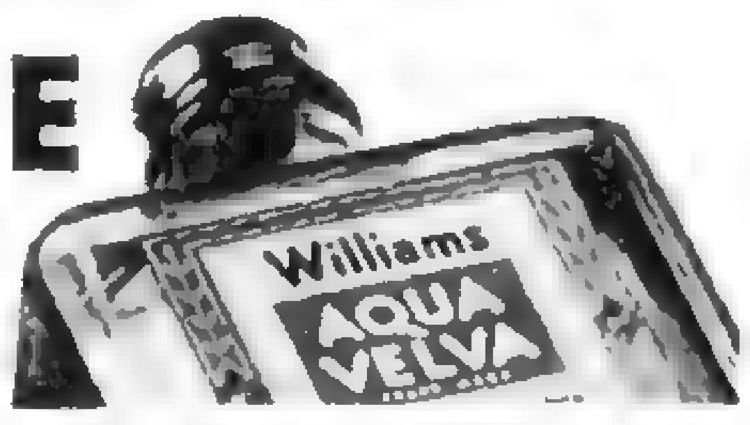

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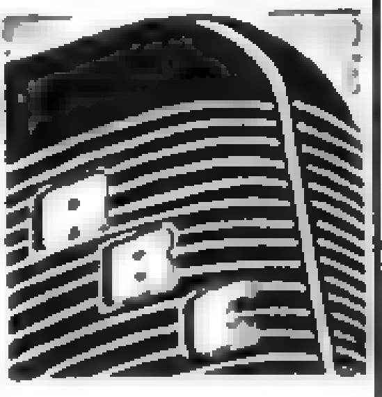

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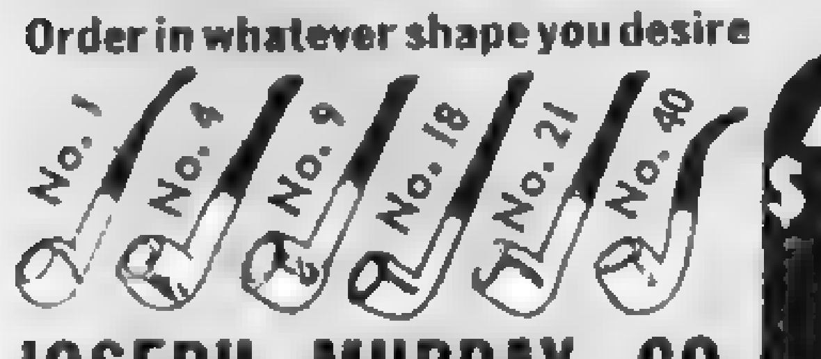

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him more. For this is an especially fine example of the art of printing and book-making practiced by the Derrydale Press and seems to be the most exhaustive and most authoritative recipé book for fish and game since Brillat-Savarin. I am an arm-chair gourmet, myself, much as other people are arm-chair travelers, and the sound of "Rusta-biff-mekkit-rare!" is more familiar to my ears than the unctuous voice of a head-waiter saying, "May I suggest the Pheasant à la Perigueau?" But, addicted to ham and eggs and chile con carne as I am, there is no one who can have a better time stimulating his digestive glands by reading recipés for rare and succulent dishes than I can. It is not likely that I shall ever know what wild boar tastes like, but, ah! how the wind of the steppes blows through my hair, the "sat sonks" (as Balieff used to call them) of the Muscovites tickle my ears and my mouth waters, when I read in a book like this how to prepare Braised Haunch of Wild Boar Prince de Chimay!

Horses in Sport (Morrow, $3.50). Edited by Frank A. Wrensch—A collection of thrilling action photographs of horses and riders from polo and steeplechase to broncho busting and trick riding. Experts in the different branches of horsemanship contribute brief introductions to each set of pictures.

A Book of the Symphony (Oxford University Press, $5) by B. H. Haggin—I believe this is not only the best thing of its kind but the only thing of its kind. For nearly fifteen years now I have considered Mr. Haggin one of the most literate, lucid, broad-minded and entertaining expositors of the art of music I have ever read. He is a man who loves music, knows music, and never writes mumbo-jumbo about it or romantic tosh either. Here he has given the layman who has a phonograph and the requisite records, or some of them, of symphonies from Haydn to Franck a simple and easy method whereby he can learn to follow and understand the structure and movements of a symphony and thereby get from a concert something more than a concatenation of nice noises.

The Kalmar-Ruby Song Book (Random House, $2) by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby—Just by way of contrast with the above. This is a collection of the loony and satiric ballads by those pets of the sophisticates, Kalmar and Ruby, and, in almost every family, there is one who thinks he is good at singing them.

The Arts (Simon & Schuster, $3.95) by Hendrik Willem van Loon—More than any other book van Loon has written and illustrated, more than *all* the books he has written and illustrated, this is of the greatest cultural value. It is written in the author's customary easy, informal, unpretentious manner; the only dates in it are those of significance and importance; there are in it no "profound" aesthetic theories or disquisitions on the philosophy of art. Here, instead, is a true synthesis of all the arts except literature, mimetics, eurythmics and mathematics, the story of music, painting, sculpture, architecture, opera, and the allied minor arts from the cave drawings of prehistoric man down to our time, discursive and gossipy and illustrated with hundreds of drawings, many of them in full color. The aim of the book is to overcome the average man and woman's, the average boy and girl's sense of inferiority in an approach to the enjoyment of the arts—an inferiority fostered since the days of patronage by the snobs of culture. Van Loon wants more people to enjoy full and rounded lives with the cultural resources they have, more people to be artistically creative for the pleasure it adds to their existence. Just as he encourages so-called "duffers" to play tennis without any desire to become a Tilden, golf without any desire to become a Hagen, baseball without any desire to become a Ruth, he encourages the timid to sketch, to draw, to play some musical instrument, to practice any of the arts, not for any competitive purpose, not to win any prizes, not for any more exalted purposes than the exalting one of creative self-satisfaction and for a deeper realization and appreciation of the problems of the great artists and the great musicians. A beautiful book!

NON-FICTION

The Goncourt Journals (Doubleday, Doran & Co., $3.50) by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. Edited and translated by Lewis Galantiere, who also supplies a brilliant "biographical repertory" briefly identifying all the figures mentioned in the journals.

Take Care of Yourself (Simon & Schuster, $2) by Jerome W. Ephraim—This is not a book of medical advice, not a book of generalizations on exercise and diet, but a book which might become an essential reference volume for home use for instruction in the purchase and use of cosmetics, home remedies, shoes, toothbrushes, dentifrices, pain killers, soaps, disinfectants, together with the plainest, most cautious, statements about the care of the skin, hair, teeth, feet, stomach, etc., that modern medical authorities are agreed upon. At the end of each chapter is a bibliography of the best books, pamphlets, and government publications on the subject treated. Some one once said, "What this country needs is a good five-cent cure for a hang-over." Mr. Ephraim gives a detailed scientific explanation of the cause of a hang-over and tells how one may drink and avoid a hang-over, chief of which is never to drink (except, perhaps, one cocktail) on an empty stomach, never drink anything except good quality liquors diluted as much as possible with water, and never drink more than the normal body can oxidize in twelve hours (after the last drink) which is six drinks or eight ounces of whisky, or one bottle of light wine or eight bottles of beer. If you slop-over, his suggestion for

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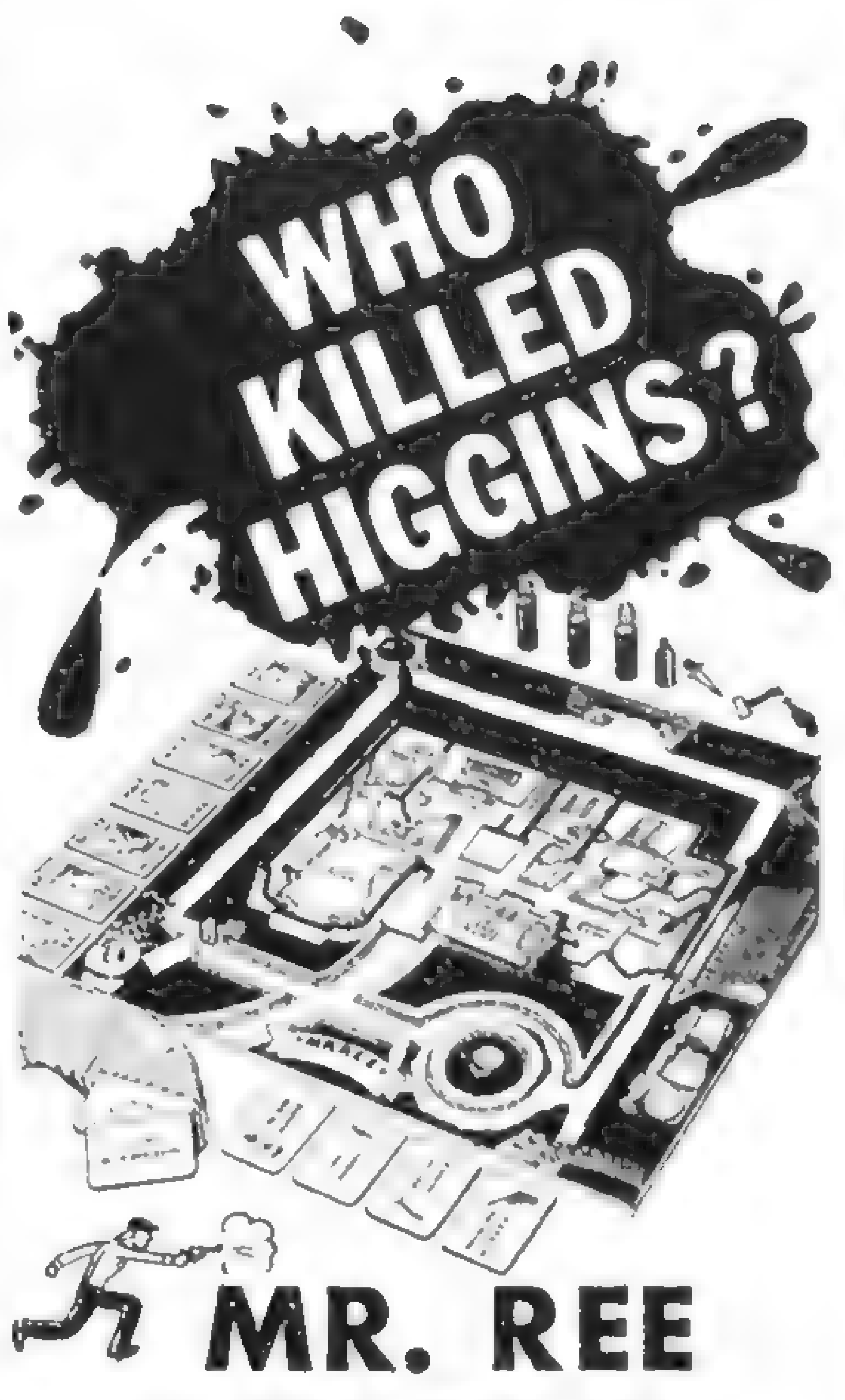

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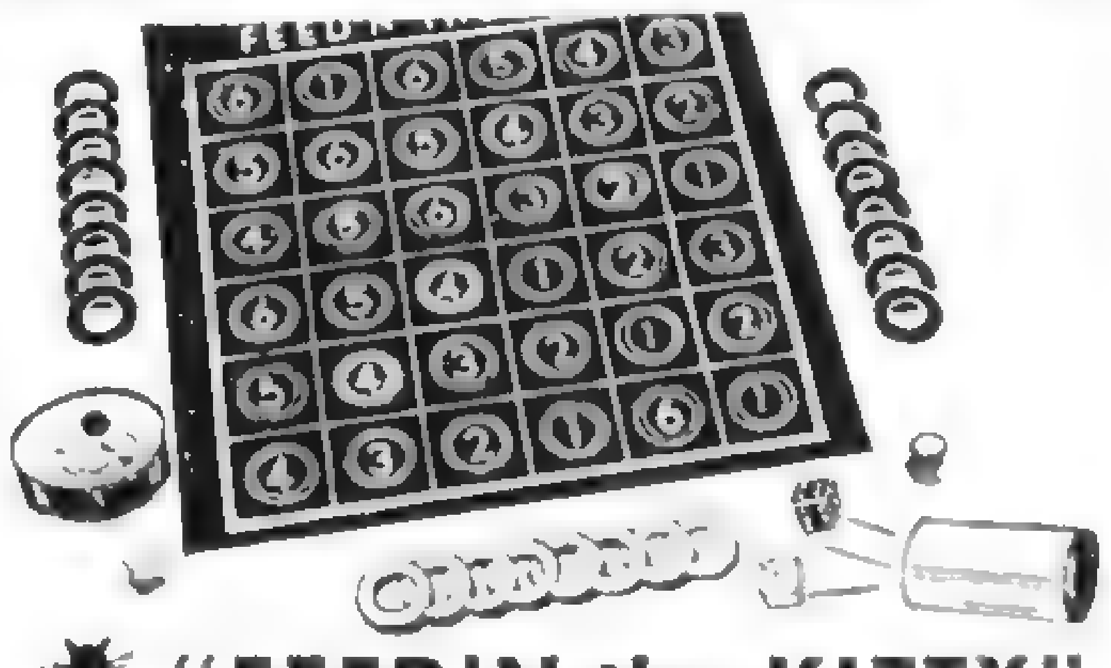

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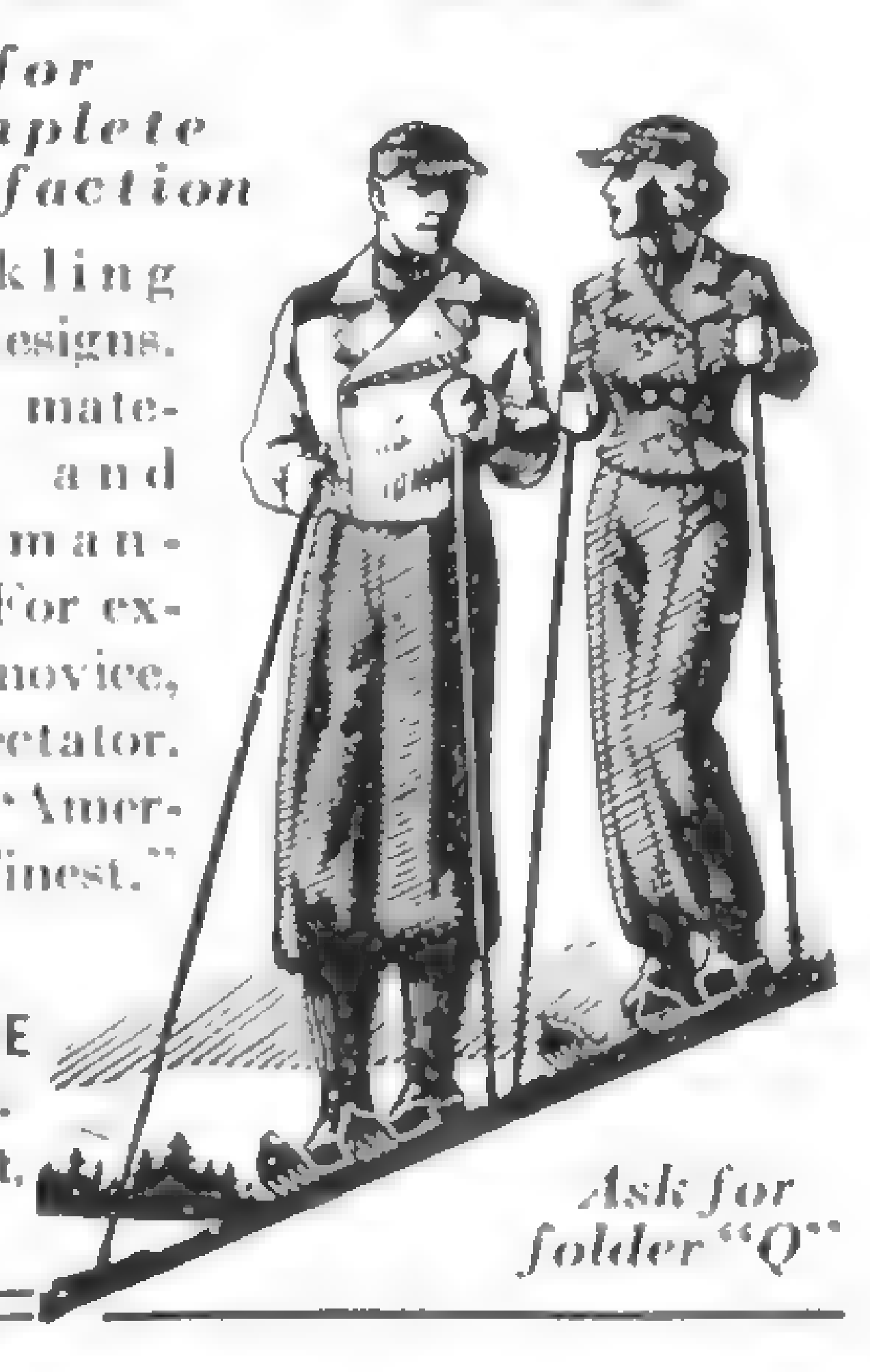

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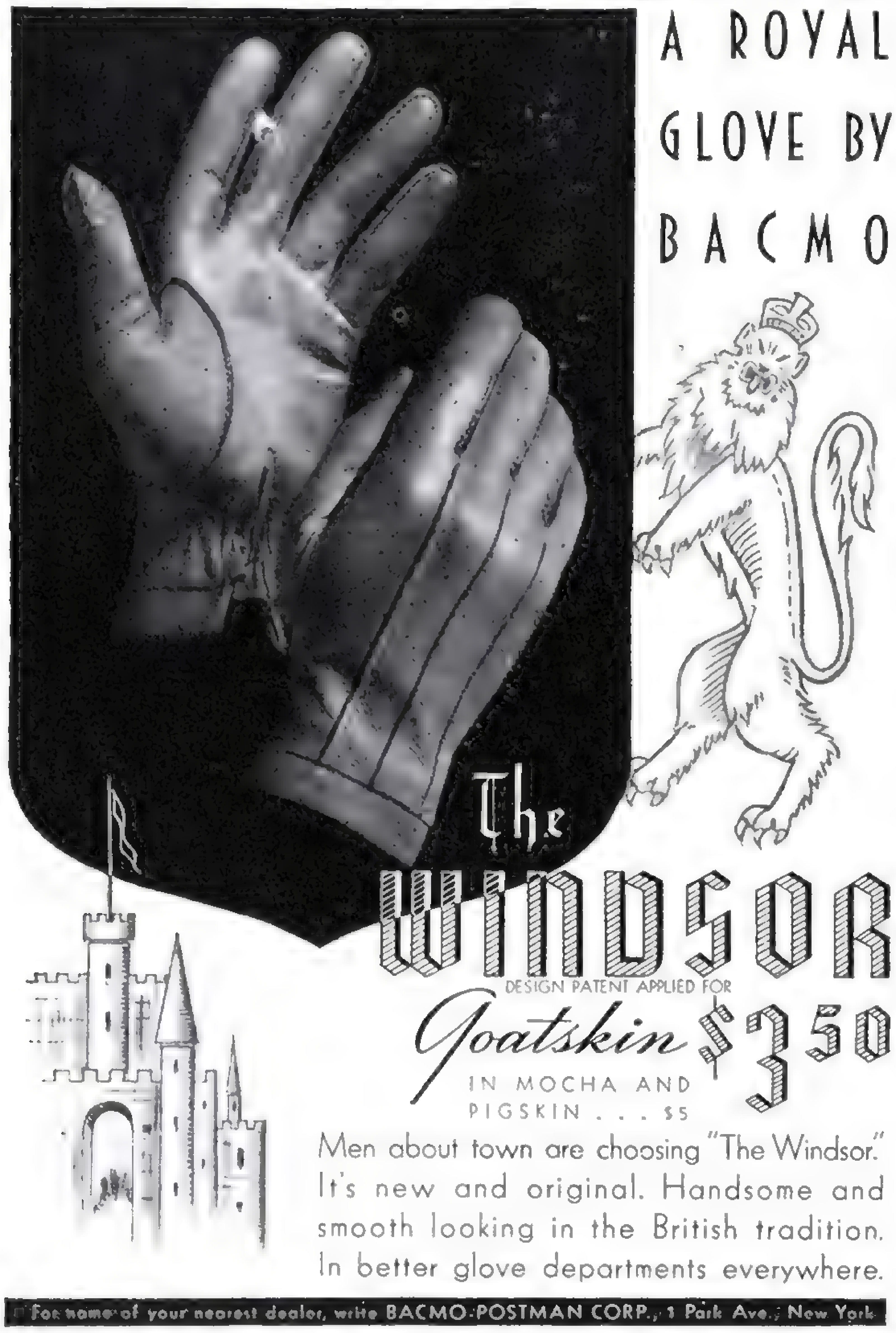

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Continued from pages 157-323

the alleviation of the inevitable hang-over includes (1) a cathartic taken before going to bed; the best cathartic is castor oil, the next best calomel, followed in the morning by citrate of magnesia or Seidlitz powders; he points out, however, that it is a mistake to believe a cathartic eliminates alcohol, for the alcohol has been absorbed by the blood and will not work out by oxidation until time enough has elapsed for this to occur and the time depends upon how much you have drunk, (2) aspirin for a headache, (3) coffee for a stimulant, (4) light breakfast, preceded by a glass of tomato juice in which there is a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce or a few drops of tincture of capsicum (cayenne pepper) in a glass of water, (5) sodium bicarbonate if there is stomach distress and (6) bromides under physician's orders if you have the shakes.

The Return to Religion (The Macmillan Co., $1.75) by Henry C. Link—I know that I am more than a year late in recommending this book and that a large proportion of the population of the country has already read it; but, not being a church-goer and not being of the temperament to experience or understand the act of "getting religion," I was put off by the title and did not get around to reading it until recently. Dr. Link is not a preacher; he is a psychologist, director of the Psychological Service Center in New York City. He is not an advocate of any particular religion; but, after having graduated as a Phi Beta Kappa in a theological school he was a "powerfully fortified" agnostic for twenty years until, not by an emotional but by an intellectual process, he returned to the religious principle. His book is not one of "don't's" or of moralizing but a clear-headed, sane, sympathetic and fraternal discussion of the problems of childhood, adolescence, love, marriage, education, adjustment to life as aspects of these problems have become clarified in his mind by experience and by listening to the woes and problems of thousands of unhappy and maladjusted people. This is more a book on social responsibility and obligation than it is a book on the need and value of religion. It is a humble book and a courageous one.

No Royal Road (H. C. Kinsey, $3) by Edgar A. Custer, with an Introduction by Samuel M. Vauclain—Mr. Custer is seventy-six years old, a mechanical engineer in the service of the Baldwin Locomotive Works until he retired at seventy-three. So it was difficult for me at first to believe that he wrote this so strangely effective, unadorned, lusty and vibrant story of his life after his retirement, until I realized that here was a man who is primarily an artist, painter and musician, mechanic, a gay, yea-saying comic spirit, a veritable Tom Sawyer as a lad, an irreverent non-conformist as a man, a genius at mechanics who fitted himself into the mold of society but never let society mold him. This is the story of a man who has enjoyed life to the full from the Civil War days of his boyhood down to the present moment when the annual family reunion to celebrate his birthday brings to his home such a cavalcade bearing children, grandchildren and other members of the family that it must look like a convention.

Life With Mother (Knopf, $2) by Clarence Day—In this posthumous work Mother Day is in every way as amusing and as enchanting as Father was; a perfectionist always disappointed to discover that people do not act as they should and that things do not always turn out the way they ought to, but never a defeatist is she.

The Mott Family in France (Little, Brown & Co., $2) by Donald Moffatt—Better than any book I have ever read on the subject, better even than Edith Wharton's sympathetic *French Ways and their Meaning* and quite as amusingly revelatory and satiric as Lewis Galantière's *France Is Full of Frenchmen*, is this subtle exposition of the French character. French logic and the French point of view in the form of the adventures of the Mott family from America who romantically imagined that France was the one place to live and bring up children in a civilized fashion. The Motts spend a year trying to cope with the settled conventions of France and with the ineradicable sometimes highly irritating traits of French character. If you are contemplating residence in France or even an extended visit, this book will reveal to you what to expect, including, of course, some of the pleasant things.

Proletarian Journey (Hillman-Curl, $2.75) by Fred E. Beal—Mr. Beal is, as I write, a man without a country, wanted both in America and in Soviet Russia. If he returns, or is returned to North Carolina, he faces a twenty-one-year sentence in prison as one of the sixteen indicted and one of the seven convicted of conspiracy to commit murder as a result of the shooting of Chief Aderholt in the Gastonia textile strike. If he returns to Soviet Russia he faces a firing squad as a counter-revolutionist. He is a quixotic man, blazing with ideals of justice, who went to Russia as to the New Jerusalem only to witness injustice on such a grand scale that he thought a Southern jail was preferable to a "free" life in Russia. His is the most impassioned indictment of the Stalin regime that has appeared; but this does not make him a friend of capitalism.

The Education of Hyman Kaplan (Harcourt, Brace & Co., $2) by Leonard Q. Ross—The funniest and one of the subtlest books of the year. You will take to your heart, the endearing, ineffable student in the American Night Pre-

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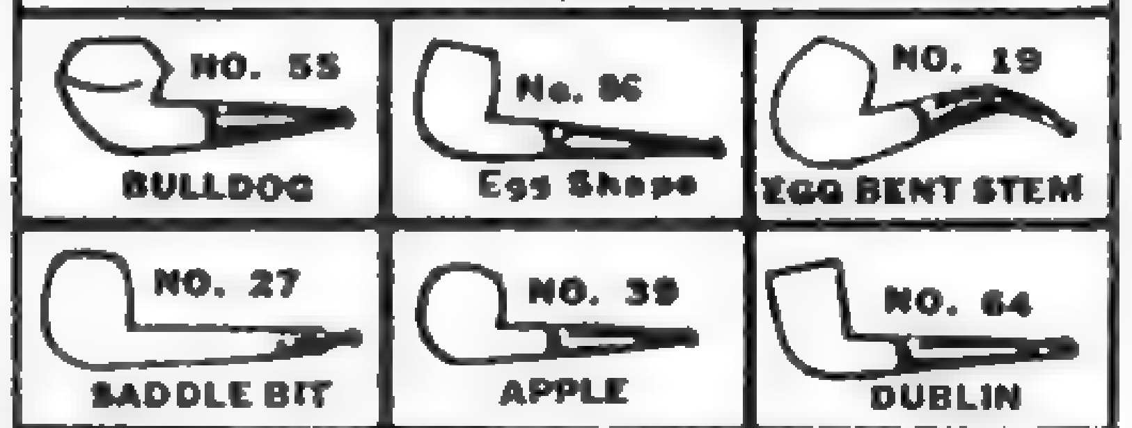

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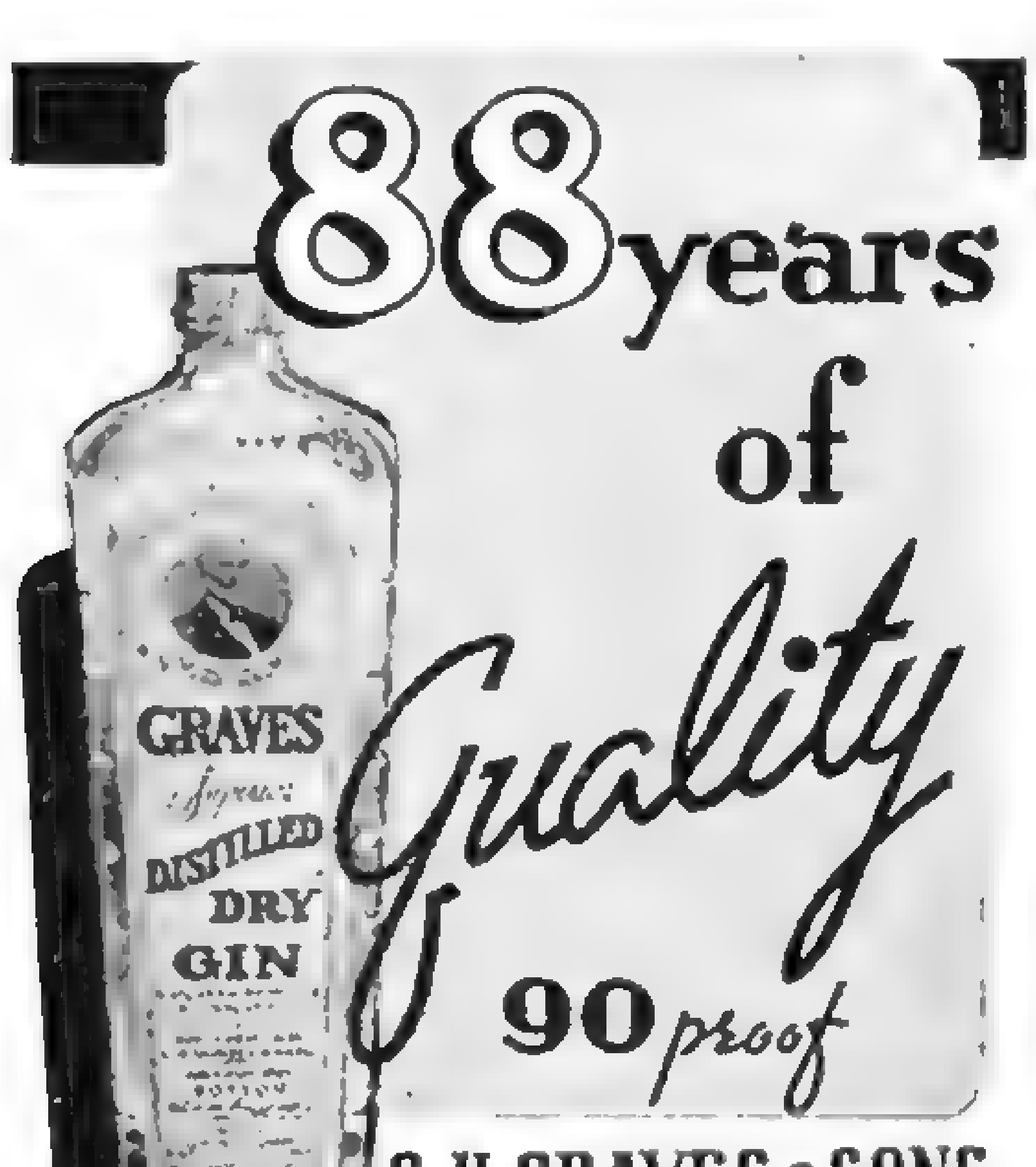

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paratory School for Adults who could never distinguish between an "a" and an "e" but was an enthusiastic pupil who had a logic entirely his own. From the time Mr. Kaplan gets up for speech practice and says, "Vell, I'll tel abot Prazidents United States. Fife Prazidents United States is Abram Lincohen, he vas freeink de neegers; Hodding, Coolitch, Judge Vashington, an' Banjamin Frenklin" until the final examination when he wrote, "ps.—I don't care if I don't pass, I love the class," this book is a steady delight.

He Did Not Die at Meyerling (Lippincott, $3)—Anonymous, in collaboration with Henry Lanier—Whatever may be the authenticity of this amazing story (and Mr. Lanier's reputation as an author and editor makes it difficult to doubt the authenticity of it, unless he has been imposed upon), this is a thrilling narrative. The author alleges he was the son, by a secret marriage, of that Rudolph of Hapsburg, Crown Prince of Austria, whose reported suicide at his hunting lodge in Meyerling nearly fifty years ago, was a great scandal at the time and has since been a mystery. Legend has it that Rudolph and his mistress entered into a death pact because the Emperor Franz Josef forbade him to marry a commoner. The author is alleged to be a successful American professional man and he tells a circumstantial story of his years in and about the Hapsburg court and of his life since.

NOVELS

The Life and Death of a Spanish Town (Random House, $2.50) by Elliot Paul—More than fifteen years ago Elliot Paul appeared like a luminous star on the literary horizon with a novel called *Indelible*. It had faults; it was disorganized; it broke in half and the last half petered out rather badly; but the first part was one of the subtlest and most moving stories of the sensitive childhood of a musical prodigy that has appeared in the language, not excluding the childhood of *Maurice Guest* or of *Martin Schuler*. Thereafter he wrote six novels which were not without certain merits but all dissappointments after so auspicious a beginning. Paul had become an amateur Bohemian, an ex-patriate and dilettante, taking refuge from reality and commonsense in the puerilities of the "revolution of the word," dada stuff, in the magazine published in Paris called *Transition*. It looked to his friends as though he had become an unredeemable victim of a too-prolonged adolescence. But, in another flight from reality, to the little Spanish town of Santa Eulalia, he settled down to inertia, but was soon absorbed by the happy and contented life of the tiny village. He came to know all the people there, intimately. Then, suddenly, the Spanish civil war interrupted this tranquility, spreading hatred, terror and death and the village itself was devastated, its inhabitants maimed, killed or exiled. He has told this story in a quiet, beautiful prose, in which every sentence quivers with emotion. Paul has redeemed the promise of his youth.

The Seven Who Fled (Harper & Bros., $2.50) by Frederick Prokosch—If you are more metaphysical than I am you may read into this strange and exciting novel of political exile and flight, tragic and dramatic adventure in China and Tibet of an Englishman, a Russian, a Frenchman, two Germans and a Spanish woman a deep philosophical message of the redemption for the sins of a decaying world; but I can recommend it to you only as a brilliant and thrilling work of the imagination in which the pace of the prose is always keyed to the mood and circumstance.

The Brief Hour of François Villon (Bobbs Merrill, $2.50) by John Erskine—In this novel Mr. Erskine has happily forsaken the witty, satirical, and cynical manner by which he achieved the great, deserved, success of *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* but pursued through so many novels puncturing the classical romantic legends that the manner had degenerated into an unexciting formula; and here with sympathy, romantic color and rhythmic beauty he has told the story, in novel form, of the life and death of perhaps the most romantic genius in the history of literature—romantic because at this safe remove of many centuries from actual dealings with him he seems an Israfil whose heartstrings were a lute, bludgeoned by fate in the sinister dark of the middle-ages. Mr. Erskine's choice of Villon as a subject for treatment in fiction was a test, because few have been able to write about Villon without poetizing or downright sentimentality; and yet for Mr. Erskine to have written about Villon cynically or flippantly would have been in offensive bad taste. He has come through with a sympathetic and moving story in which Villon is accounted for as a man even if it is impossible for any one to account for him as a poetic genius.

Their Eyes Were Watching God (Lippincott, $2) by Zora Neale Hurston—Those who read Miss Hurston's *Mules and Men* with pleasure will find in this full length novel of the childhood, loveless marriage, tragic illicit romance and final triumph in love of Janie Killicks in a Negro village a distinct growth in Miss Hurston's narrative power, sustaining as she does a high level of humor and character observation throughout a novel that is richly human.

Children of Strangers (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50) by Lyle Saxon—Mr. Saxon, who knows his bayou country, its history, legends and traditions and its people, has here written a charming story of a mulatto girl's struggle against the handicaps of her inheritance and against the prejudice against her on the part of the kind who begot her kind. #

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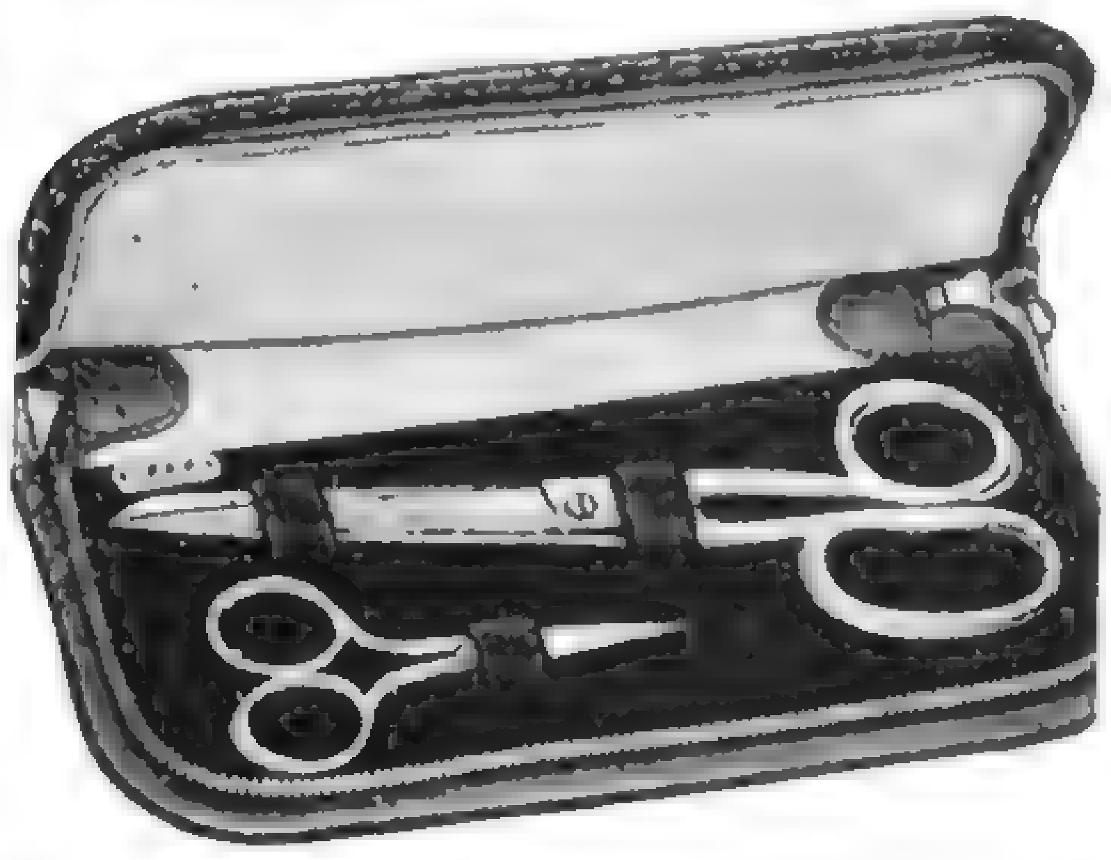
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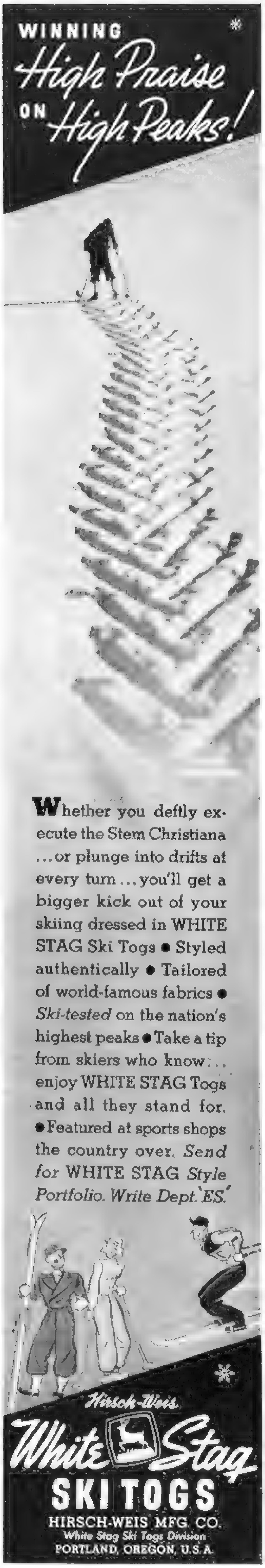

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Doing the Mud Dance

Continued from page 142

too. Presently he spoke again.

"Over by Big Red Canyon in the year of the many white clouds."

"Yes?" I prompted.

"Over there some of the People had a mud-behind-the-ears. You know?"

"Sure. A mud dance," I said.

"O'o," said Goat Face, and he stopped again and thought about the next installment of his story. Mud dances, by the way, are fairly rare

They are burlesque dances and lack the significance of a war dance or a mountain chant or any of the Navajo tribal ceremonies. Young men enjoy them even as sophomores enjoy hazing a freshman.

The victim is set upon by a group of nearly naked young men who are painted and daubed with mud. The luckless one is often rolled in mud or hurled in mud and has mud rubbed into his ears.

A young man who has become conceited or who has made a number of enemies for some trivial reason is the invariable victim. It is for the basic purpose of taking him down a peg and showing him his place.

I've seen two or three such ceremonies, and if the victim resists they sometimes get pretty rough. But the Navajos insist that it's all in fun. Perhaps it is.

"Over there by Big Red Canyon a little learning made only pretty good be damn fine," reiterated Goat Face. "You know Hosteen Sawyer?"

"O'o," I nodded. Rufe Sawyer used to have a trading post near Big Red Canyon, but I never knew him very well.

"All the People knew that Hosteen Sawyer take the Belicanos into Big Red Canyon so the Belicanos can see Big Red Canyon and point the little box."

What Goat Face meant was that Rufe Sawyer used to act as a guide for tourists and he would occasionally take visiting parties into the canyon for a one day trip and the tourists would take snapshots and Sawyer would collect a fee.

"The Belicanos make Hosteen Sawyer a big rich man," explained Goat Face. That, of course, was ridiculous. Sawyer may have picked up a couple of hundred dollars a year, but hardly any more. But if Goat Face had that income he would have considered himself "a big rich man," so his statement was, in a way, legitimate.

"Hosteen Sawyer get so rich," said Goat Face, "that other traders say big damn fool to trade with the People when Belicanos come all time and we can be big rich man too."

"Other traders were jealous," I said, but Goat Face ignored me.

"Other traders, Hosteen Murray and Hosteen Davis, they take Belicanos in see Big Red Canyon and Belicanos don't care who take 'em in because they go in and point the box."

"Sure," I said, "to a tourist one guide is as good as another."

"Hosteen Sawyer he think he have Big Red Canyon and he get mad and pound the counter."

"Oh, he did, eh?"

"O'o, and Hosteen Murray and Hosteen Davis they pound counter back. All talk and get damn mad and Belicanos come and all want Belicanos. All try to get Belicanos and all get some Belicanos and nobody make enough money."

"Sure," I said. "Not enough tourists to go around."

"Then Hosteen Sawyer he think up idea to get all Belicanos himself like he used to get 'em and Hosteen Murray and Hosteen Davis they don't get no more Belicanos."

"What did Hosteen Sawyer do?"

"He say Navajos no like nobody but Hosteen Sawyer and if Belicanos go with other traders Navajos shoot 'em and scalp 'em and bust the box. Belicanos 'fraid and only go in Big Red Canyon with Hosteen Sawyer. Hosteen Murray and Hosteen Davis not get no more Belicanos."

"Well, Sawyer was pretty smart," I said.

"No," said Goat Face.

"He got the tourists again, didn't he?"

"O'o," nodded Goat Face, affirmatively.

"Then he was smart."

"No," said Goat Face.

He sat still and said nothing and I waited.

"Not smart," said Goat Face after due deliberation.

"Why not?"

"Cause Hosteen Murray and Hosteen Davis damn mad and then *they* think up idea."

"What did they do?"

"They hear say there going to be a mud dance among the People and they come tell me what they want the People to do. They say they come to mud dance and they bring some Belicanos and they say Hosteen Sawyer he come to mud dance and he bring some Belicanos."

"Yes?"

"So they wait for Navajo People to grab Hosteen Sawyer and roll him in mud and put mud in his mouth and tear his pants off and tear his shirt off and slap mud all over him while they and all Belicanos watch and laugh at big joke and then all Belicanos know Hosteen Sawyer no friend with the People."

"I see. What did you say to that?"

"I say nothing, but I tell Gray Horse and Crooked Nose and Stinker and Dirty Goat and Dirty Goat's Son and they all think about it and say maybe so."

"That was a dirty trick for two traders to pull on another one," I said.

"So mud dance day come and there was lots of black mud and all the People come to see. And Dirty Goat's Son he was head man at mud dance and nobody can say who gonna get thrown in mud first until Dirty Goat's Son he pick

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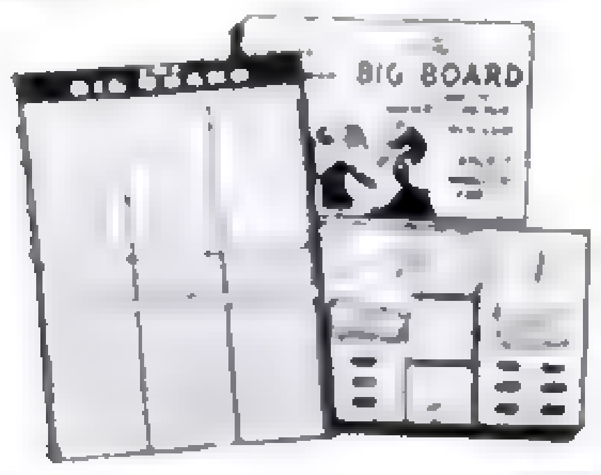

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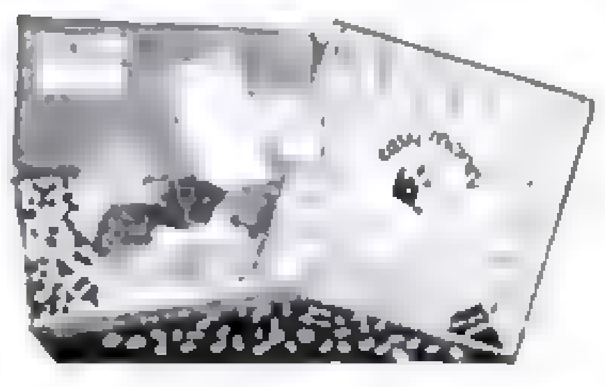

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DOLE
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somebody and then we all throw him in mud. So Hosteen Murray and Hosteen Davis they come and they bring some Belicanos men and women who are payin' them to bring 'em to mud dance. And Hosteen Sawyer he come with big truck and load of Belicanos and they payin' him to bring 'em to mud dance and Hosteen Sawyer damn mad and no talk to nobody but his Belicanos. Hosteen Murray and Hosteen Davis they smilin' at each other and Hosteen Sawyer he stand on his truck and he explain all sacred meanings of mud dance to Belicanos even though there ain't any meanings. It just a mud dance."

"Go on," I said.

"So boys get to singin' mud songs and get some pretty dirty mud songs and Hosteen Sawyer he tell his Belicanos that Navajos are singin' to the Gods which they ain't and Belicanos listen and point the box. Then Dirty Goat's Son he give big yell and he run at Hosteen Sawyer and knock him off truck and ten boys jump on him and off comes shirt and off comes pants and they put mud in his ears and mud all over him and drag him through big mud hole and push his face in big mud hole and four boys sit on him in mud hole and everybody have fun."

"Holy smoke!" I said.

"Belicanos not know what to think but not scared because they see Navajos laugh and they see Hosteen Murray and Hosteen Davis almost fall over laughing. So some Belicanos laugh some and then I get idea."

"What was your idea?"

"I say to Dirty Goat's Son while other boys push mud in Hosteen Sawyer's face and other boys put mud in engine of truck, I say, 'I go to school and I learn three times one is three so if it is damn funny to put one trader in mud maybe it be three times funny to put three traders in mud and maybe so all these Belicanos think so and pay us three times once money,' that's what I say to Dirty Goat's Son."

"Great Scot!" I said.

"So Dirty Goat's Son he give big yell and run at Hosteen Murray and Hosteen Davis and a lot of boys yell like him and before they can say anything Hosteen Davis is dragged on ground gettin' his pants off and Hosteen Murray goes head first into mud hole and it was three times one is three. Then the boys throw more mud all over three traders who got no clothes on and they yell and fight and boys give 'em more mud. Belicanos get scared awful lot and Belicano women scream and think Navajo scalpin' white men and traders swear with mud in the mouth and Belicanos all run away scared. All big mud dance and everybody have damn fine time. What was pretty good bet to be damn fine because a little learning is a good thing. But all fun and no money because Belicanos scared away and pretty soon mud dance over and the People go away and nobody left but three traders in a mud hole."

Goat Face stood up and concluded.

"Little learning a good thing—no?"

"Not if any of those traders ever caught one of you boys alone. He'd get the tar beaten out of him."

"No," said Goat Face, "'cause then nobody ever go to that trader's trading post no more."

That was true enough and I knew it. The Navajos may offend you and that's to be taken for granted, but you offend them and they won't come within miles of your post and you might just as well get out of the business. In fact Sawyer did leave the country and Murray and Davis are still doing their best to live the debacle down. The Navajos laugh not only behind their backs but to their faces.

"Nope. Never no more," said Goat Face with finality. Then he looked at me. "I came to get some gum drop candy," he said.

He put a dime on the counter and I put the gum drops in a bag.

"Well, listen, Goat Face," I said, "if it was funnier to throw three white men in the mud why didn't you throw in all the Belicanos and make it ten or twenty times as funny?"

"When I go to school I only learn to count up to three," said Goat Face. He took the gum drops and walked out of the post into the bright sunshine.

I watched him go, thinking what simple childlike minds his race had and how naïve was their daily behavior.

I laughed to myself at the immature logic of his reasoning. In fact I was grinning broadly at the disappearing Goat Face when the actual significance of his visit burst upon me.

No Indian but Goat Face had walked into my trading post for three days.

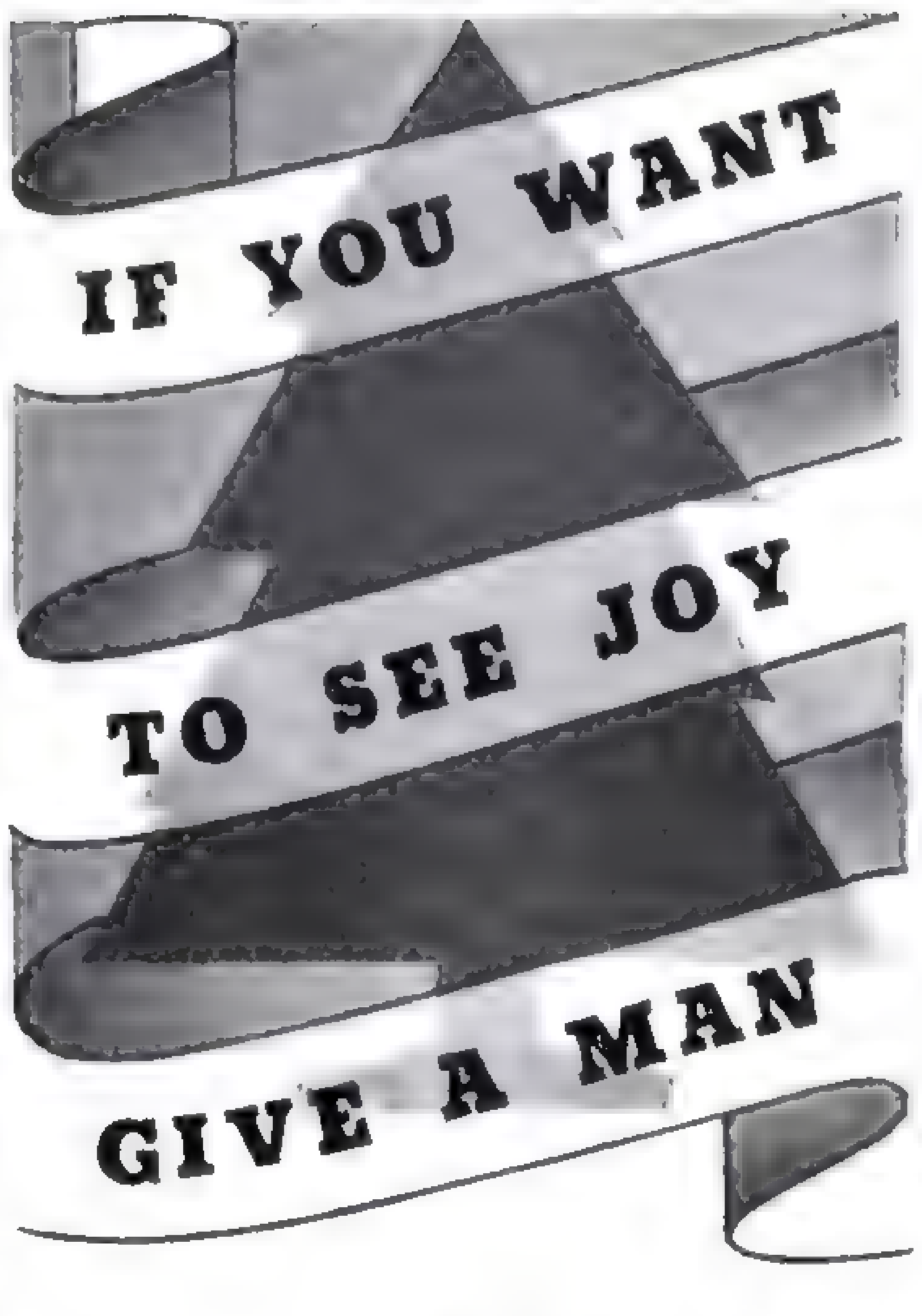
Mrs. Has-Four-Black-Horses had looked in and both she and Goat Face had exchanged knowing smiles.

Three days before, almost to the hour, Goat Face had been propelled out the door of my trading post with the imprint of my foot very forcibly registering on the seat of his pants. I hadn't had a customer since.

My smile froze and I watched Goat Face out of sight. I had a pretty sound idea that it would be my last glimpse of him. He hadn't come back to make peace; he had come back to tell me that as far as trading was concerned I was through.

I turned back into the lonely room and stared at the canned goods and the staples. There wasn't a sound. I looked out across the mesa. It was deserted. That bag of gum drops would be my last transaction.

I went to the pen and ink at the desk behind the counter and wrote a letter to my brother-in-law in Los Angeles asking him if there were any opportunities out there and telling him that I was leaving for California. ⌗



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See pages 13 and 293

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The Impurity of Science

Continued from page 159

I walked back to the drawing table, disgust with myself for getting into a condition in which I could imagine such tommyrot, but I was doubly chagrined at what I found when I reached the table.

There on my paper was a picture I'm still convinced I never drew (*Figure 3-a*). My pencil lay innocently beside the sketch which now most certainly decorated the same piece of pristine paper I'd placed there but a few minutes before.

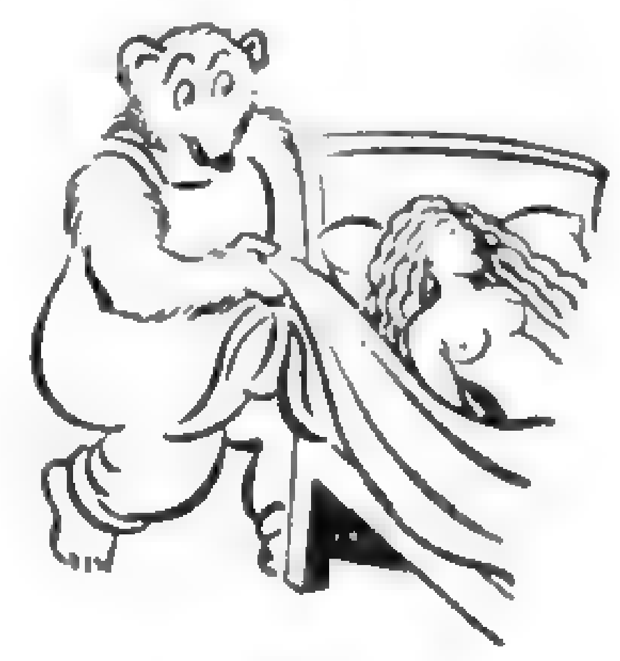


Figure 3-a

Could Miss Throop possibly have "originated" this Peter Arnoish version of Goldilocks, I conjectured, or more likely, wasn't some disembodied wag, perhaps for the sake of an occult laugh, cross-circuiting our experiment and making me out a charlatan? Goldilocks "straight," as a possible conception of Miss Throop's, did seem right up her maidenly alley, but after her exaggerated display of modesty the previous week, this picture of an impish bear snatching the covers off the somewhat bigger girl than I recalled the heroine of the familiar tale, really seemed preposterous. Even if Miss Throop, regretting her action in "planting out" the marble busts of Venus as prudish, actually "sent" this flip thing just to prove herself a good sport, there was still no accounting for the unorthodox visitation of Goldilocks to my studio.

At this point, the world seemed scarcely half enough with me and I must confess that I repaired to Tim's in a desperate attempt to get one foot back on the now endeared to me pre-Throop terra firma. Certainly it was more Tim's life-saving nectar than any interest in science that caused me boldly to mail Miss Throop the Goldilocks *chef-d'oeuvre* just as it "happened."

Needless to say, I lived in a state of anxiety until Tuesday when the familiar envelope arrived in the morning's mail, but my worst fears never prepared me for its contents.

Only a note from Miss Throop to tell me she was indisposed on Sunday and so hadn't been able to "participate!" She added that this unannounced departure from our schedule would serve as an added check on our progress when time came to make a report, and she hoped I'd carry on and "send" next Sunday when she promised to be ready.

You can imagine my feelings upon this turn of events. My unruly "reception" of the past Sunday was already in Miss Throop's hands, if not her wastebasket, and I was ashamed to admit even to myself, let alone Miss Throop, that I'd gone so fourth-dimensional as to believe in Sunday's illusional tripe. After a day and night of uneasiness, during which I composed and tore up note after note to her apologizing for my shortcomings as a collaborator, I decided that it was in the laps of the unknown powers that brought on this dilemma to straighten things out if they so willed on the following Sunday when it would again be my turn to "send."

As no word came from her during the remainder of this bad week, I laid careful plans for my next Sunday's "broadcast." I discarded object after object, situation upon situation, before I hit upon the simple thing to "send" which she couldn't possibly misconstrue as to identity or meaning. On page 837 of my *Sears, Roebuck Catalogue*, I found a crosscut saw. There seemed to me no way one could interpret a crosscut saw as "suggestive," or out of keeping with our relationship.

So Sunday at three, I concentrated on Miss Throop with everything I had while I drew the saw (*Figure 4-a*). I mailed it with the feeling that, barring intervention of the devil, I'd certainly reinstated myself in Miss Throop's good graces from which I was convinced Goldilocks had displaced me.

On Tuesday I was relieved to find the familiar envelope in the mail and eagerly tore it open. Instead of her "reception" of the saw I'd hoped for, it contained all my drawings I'd mailed her since our experiment began, excepting my last drawing of the saw, which of course was en route to her when this note to me that she inclosed was written:

Dear Sir:

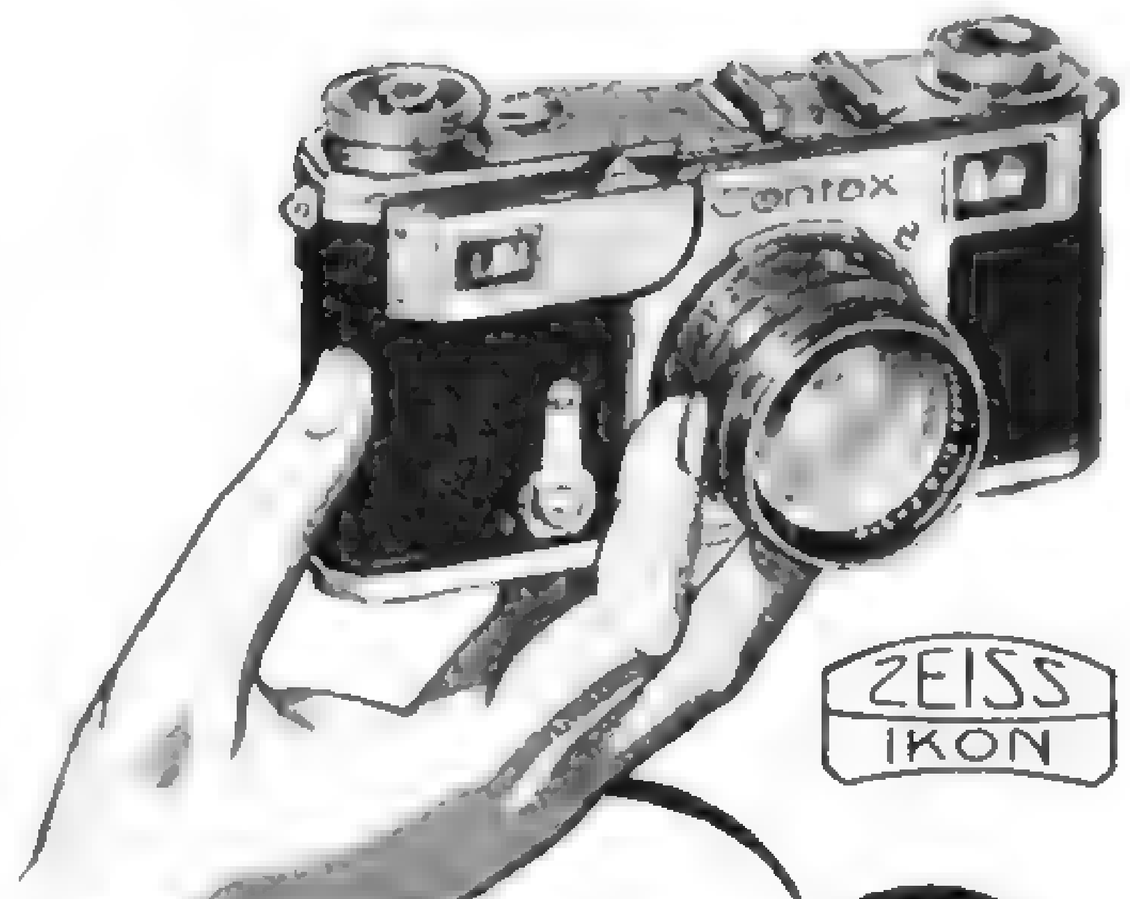
As I wish to consider our unfortunate acquaintance at an end, I am inclosing your previous communications to me. My suspicions were aroused last week upon receipt by mail of your uncalled for and disgraceful drawing you pretend to have received by telepathy from me last Sunday. Needless to say, they were confirmed by your despicable conduct this afternoon.

Realizing the mistake I made in placing my confidence in a stranger, I shall, however, report you to the proper authorities should you attempt to communicate with me again in any manner whatsoever.

(signed)

Miss Fostine Throop

Two days later, the envelope I'd mailed her containing my picture of the saw was returned to me unopened. I'd give anything to see the companion-piece Miss Throop must have plucked out of the ether that last Sunday afternoon. In the face of things, it doesn't seem possible that she "received" my unadulterated saw, but if she did, what, pray tell, is the erotic significance of a crosscut saw in Iowa? ###



FOR CHRISTMAS

Contax

Photo fans have heard and read a lot about this remarkable Zeiss Ikon Camera . . . Time and again, they've admired Contax prize-winning fast action shots, news photographs, portraits, etc., in magazines and at exhibitions.

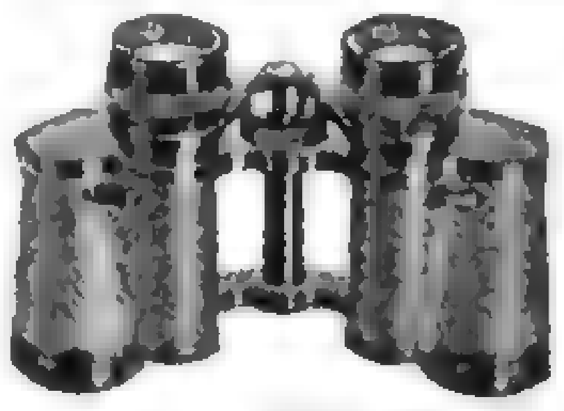
Check up and see if you have a "snap-shooter" on your Xmas list . . . or maybe you have a good friend who needs a delightful hobby that will fascinate him from now until Merry Christmas 2000 A.D.

See the Contax and other Zeiss Ikon cameras at your dealer's.

ZEISS

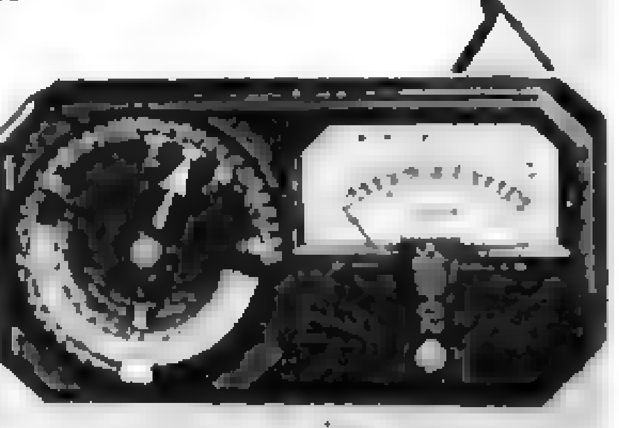
Featherweight Binoculars

For sportsman or traveler—a Zeiss Featherweight Binocular is the perfect gift. 32 to 40% lighter, yet no sacrifice to famed Zeiss quality. Built to last a lifetime.



Write for Literature
CARL ZEISS, INC., Dept. CT-16-12
485 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
728 So. Hill St., Los Angeles

THE *Perfect* GIFT . . .
SOLVES THE XMAS PROBLEM
FOR PICTURE TAKERS



If he owns a camera, your gift problem is easy. Give him a WESTON Exposure Meter . . . the device that makes picture taking simple and sure. Pointed at the subject, the WESTON gives correct camera settings . . . assuring sharp, correctly-exposed pictures every time. Used indoors or out, with any still or movie camera, and any film. See it at dealers, or return coupon for literature.

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629 Frelinghuysen Ave., Newark, N. J.
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Name......................................
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City....................State..........

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-12

FOR WAYWARD BOYS

There have been two major crises in my life. One was when I was 39 and ran away from home. The other was the first issue of Esquire that I bought. All my life I have been intending to buy a magazine, and now I've done it. And now I'm packing my bag and am going back home again. I've had enough of this crass world. Somebody once said that Shakespeare did terrific things to the morals and innocence of youth. But Shaky has nothing on the ball compared to Esqy.

Since reading your magazine I have been jailed twice on charges of rape, and my whole code of ethics has been revolutionized. Yesterday I believed in the holy triumvirate, ate Wheaties for breakfast, and kept my face turned skyward for fear the silver lining would escape me, but now all that is changed. My motto today is: NEVER KICK YOUR MOTHER. SHE MIGHT HAVE A BRICK IN HER. I go around after midnight dumping vials of typhoid germs in public drinking fountains, and devote my spare moments showing Boy Scouts how to light cigarettes with one match. Since I submitted to your fifty-cent course in streamlined ethics, I have written a three-act play dealing with incest among a group of Trappist monks trapped in the fastnesses of the Tibetan Mts., and have sold four of Maupassant's tales to the smart magazines. I'm lower than Hickman, and I don't care who knows it. And that's why I'm going back to God's country, where I come from. The country girls don't object so strongly to rape as these city slickers!

Here's to bigger and better Sears Roebuck catalogues, and a boost for Esquire.

Rutland, Vt. Hill Billy

A DEFINITION

My ballot for John Steinbeck! It is weird—the way he compresses so much power into a little space.

And you, Sir: are a crackpot for complaining of Rascoe's Sept. department! The piece was saturated with the Americanakana (the suffix is mine) of the section in which he found himself.

Like "Canute," I feel there was something wrong with the Facts of Life. If seventy-five percent of women lose virginity before marriage how does it happen the most hardened roues of the Boul. Mich seldom claim a batting average of .750.

Even Burton Rascoe, a very fair cosmopolite and Boccaccio of parts, admitted no intimacies in *Before I Forget*, (if he didn't).

Seventy-five percent of women indeed! How in Hell does one avoid the other twenty-five percent? Are you sure the author never meant seventy-five percent of women lose seventy-five percent of their virginity? You know—semi virgins!

And tell Diane if she must know, a semi virgin is a frail who spurns a mink coat and holds out for chinchilla.

Banks, the Baron of Bughouse Island
Burlington, Iowa

THE PROBLEM CHILD

I know your readers can take a joke, even if same is occasionally bordering on the . . . oh, what the heck, you know what I mean, and if you do NOT, just look over the complaints that come to you. You may have heard of this one. At any rate, it is new to me and so here goes:

A certain Mr. Sabin was addicted to numerology, and since from a certain night, the 270-day period was just about up, he wondered whether his indoor sport (the numerology, of course; never mind what *you* think) might divulge to him whether the little bundle of squawk would have to be wrapped in blue or in pink. So he sat himself down and wrote this:

His name	*Wifie's name*
SABIN	SALLY

next the numbers

01234	56789

Now he dabbled with some figures, taking any two out of Sally's name, and modestly only ONE from his own.

So he wrote	854
transposed same into	458
deducted and got	396
which he transposed again into	693
and this time he added them	1089

He next took his wife's age, she having told him that she was only 20 (?) and by multiplying 1089 x 20 he had the imposing figure of

21780

which he proceeded to uncode (you please do the same)! The result was quite startling to him, so he yelled: "Hurrah, it is going to be a boy!"

Yours truly

Chicago, Ill. C. O. R.

P. S.—On what mathematical rule is this based? It will work with any figures. Try it!

P. S.—Never mind telling me that it is "Too late for current issue" and all that sort of thing. This little trick will keep.

LANZ LAUGHS LAST

Here is a Success Story for all your Smart Young Men: Once upon a time there was a little shop here in Salzburg (Copyright, 1922, Professor Max Goldmann Reinhardt) dealing in the native costume, leather shorts and green jackets for lads, and gay peasant dresses for lassies. The net monthly profit was hardly 100 Dollars. In 1934 the Duke of Kent stopped off at Salzburg to celebrate his engagement to the Greek Princess. He decided to "go native" and walked quietly and firmly into this little shop, because it was so nicely situated near the bridge separating the Old and the "New" towns. He purchased a complete "Ty-rolean" (falsely called, as Salzburg is not in Tyrol and has its own distinct costume) outfit. Very probably, the owners, two sons and a daughter of the original proprietor, were stupefied. Next day, however, there was a picture of the "Dook" in the display window, clutching a huge package. And now? . . . Lanz . . . ow deah-deah-deah me! It MUST be Lanz, my deah, to be GENUINE! The little shop now has agencies in Vienna, London, New York. A huge house has been bought and altered to serve as warehouse and factory. German is not to be heard in summer anymore from the "salespeople" . . . and the Dollars and Pounds are rolling in and the owners are making so Goddam much money that they are dizzy. A female friend, a native, showed me a "Dirndl" dress, of course peasant linen, in the display window during the season. It was marked at 20 Dollars. She then took me to another shop, NOT patronized by *Amerikaner* and *Engländer*, and showed me the selfsame dress for THREE DOLLARS! What's the matter with you at home? Are you all crazy? Why don't you give some of the money you throw away here to deserving things at home. This "international" shop here is now dragging out patterns and models of peasant clothing worn for hundreds of years. But if you only knew how you looked in them, what with your skinnyness and painted lips and nails, and if you only could hear what the natives are saying about you in broad dialect!

Isadore Veilchenduft

Salzburg, Austria

Toast to the Turkey

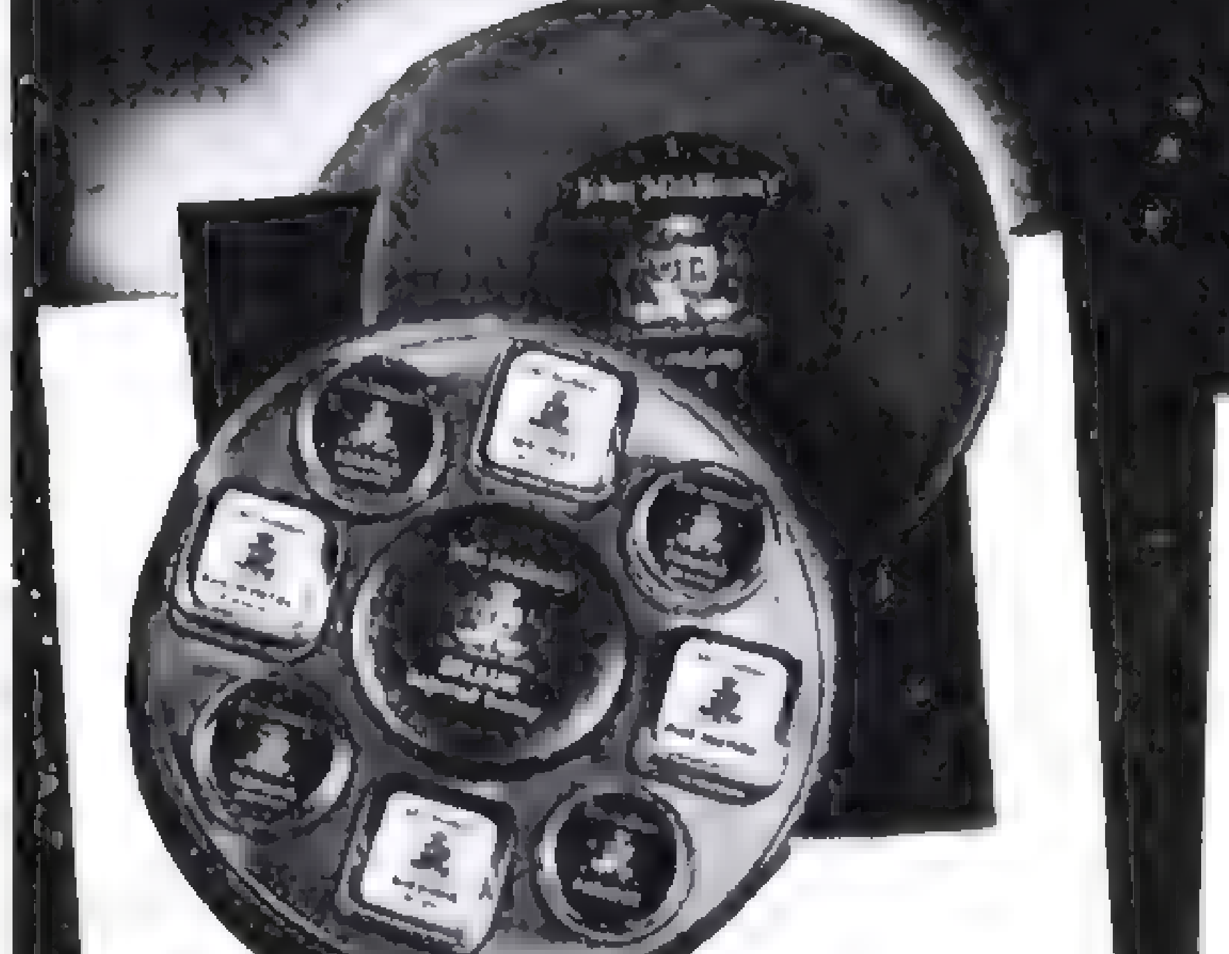
Any bird will taste the better for a good dry Sherry to wash it down—like La Ina. For here is a wine that wakes up the palate. And you may be sure that La Ina is always mellow and nutty, for it comes from the *bodegas* of Pedro Domecq, oldest sherry vintner in all of Spain.

We have prepared a colorfully illustrated monograph telling of Sherry's glamorous past. For your copy write to:

COMEX TRADING COMPANY, INC.
Rockefeller Plaza, New York City
200 Bush St., San Francisco, Calif.

Pedro Domecq
Bottled in Jerez, Spain *Alcohol 18% by vol.*

If HE Smokes A Pipe . .



MIDDLETON'S BLENDING KIT

A pipe lover's dream comes true—complete in smart canister, all types of tobacco for the smoker who likes to "mix his own." Burley, Virginia, Turkish, Latakia, Perique, Havana, also Middleton's Walnut, Club and Regimental Mixtures packed in tidy tins with mixing tray, measuring jigger and instruction book explaining art of blending with sample formulas—
Complete $3.50

THE WALNUT
AROMATIC BLEND
JOHN MIDDLETON

MIDDLETON'S WALNUT BLEND

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1 lb. tin $2.25; ½ lb. tin $1.15

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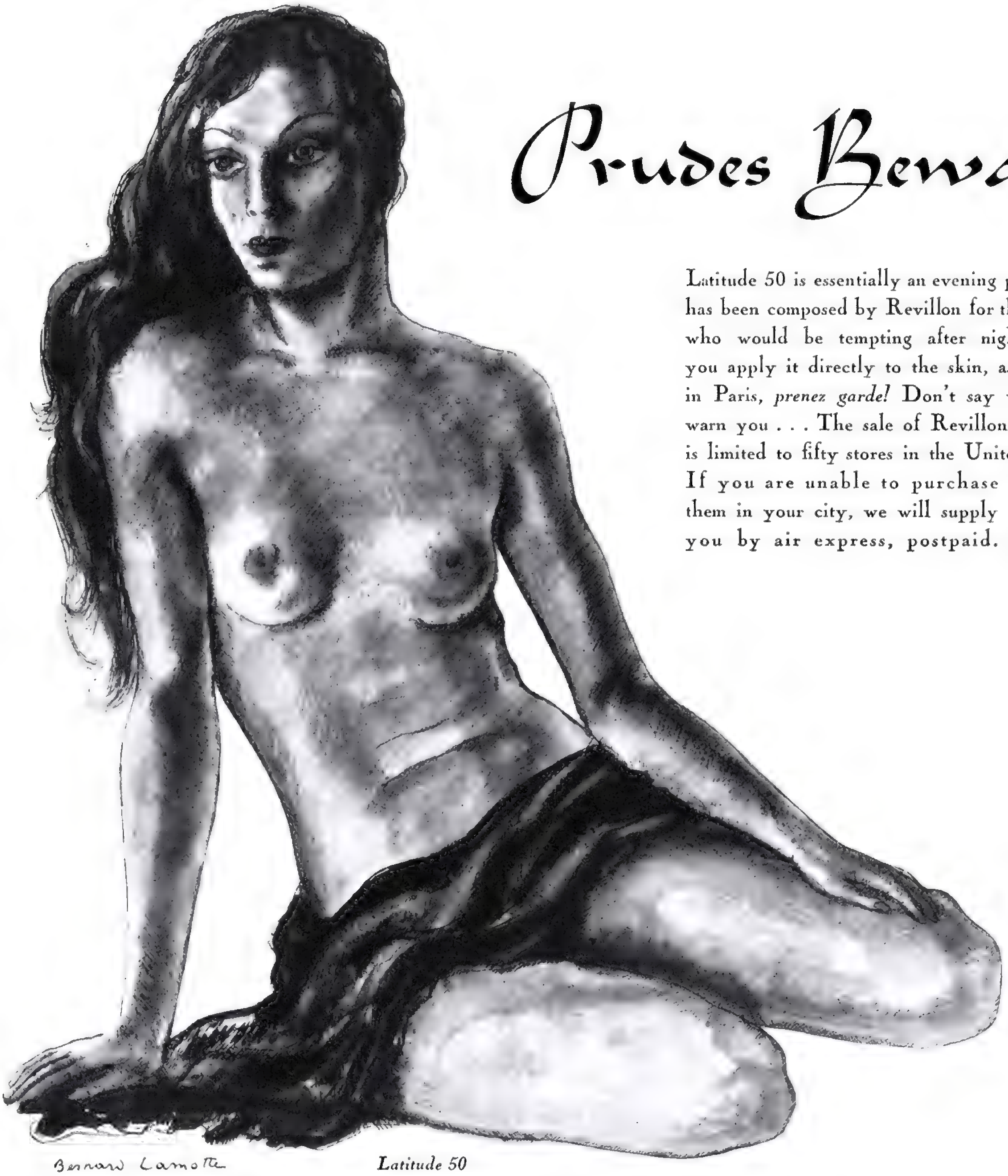
FINE TOBACCOS SINCE 1856

Parfums



Bernard Lamotte

Latitude 50

Prudes Beware

Latitude 50 is essentially an evening parfum. It has been composed by Revillon for the woman who would be tempting after nightfall. If you apply it directly to the skin, as they do in Paris, *prenez garde!* Don't say we didn't warn you . . . The sale of Revillon perfumes is limited to fifty stores in the United States. If you are unable to purchase them in your city, we will supply you by air express, postpaid.

Prices by the ounce: Latitude 50, $15.50; Tornade, $13.50; Amou Daria, $13.50; Egoiste (2½-oz. bottles), $33.00; bottled and sealed in Paris, never sold in bulk.

Parfums Revillon

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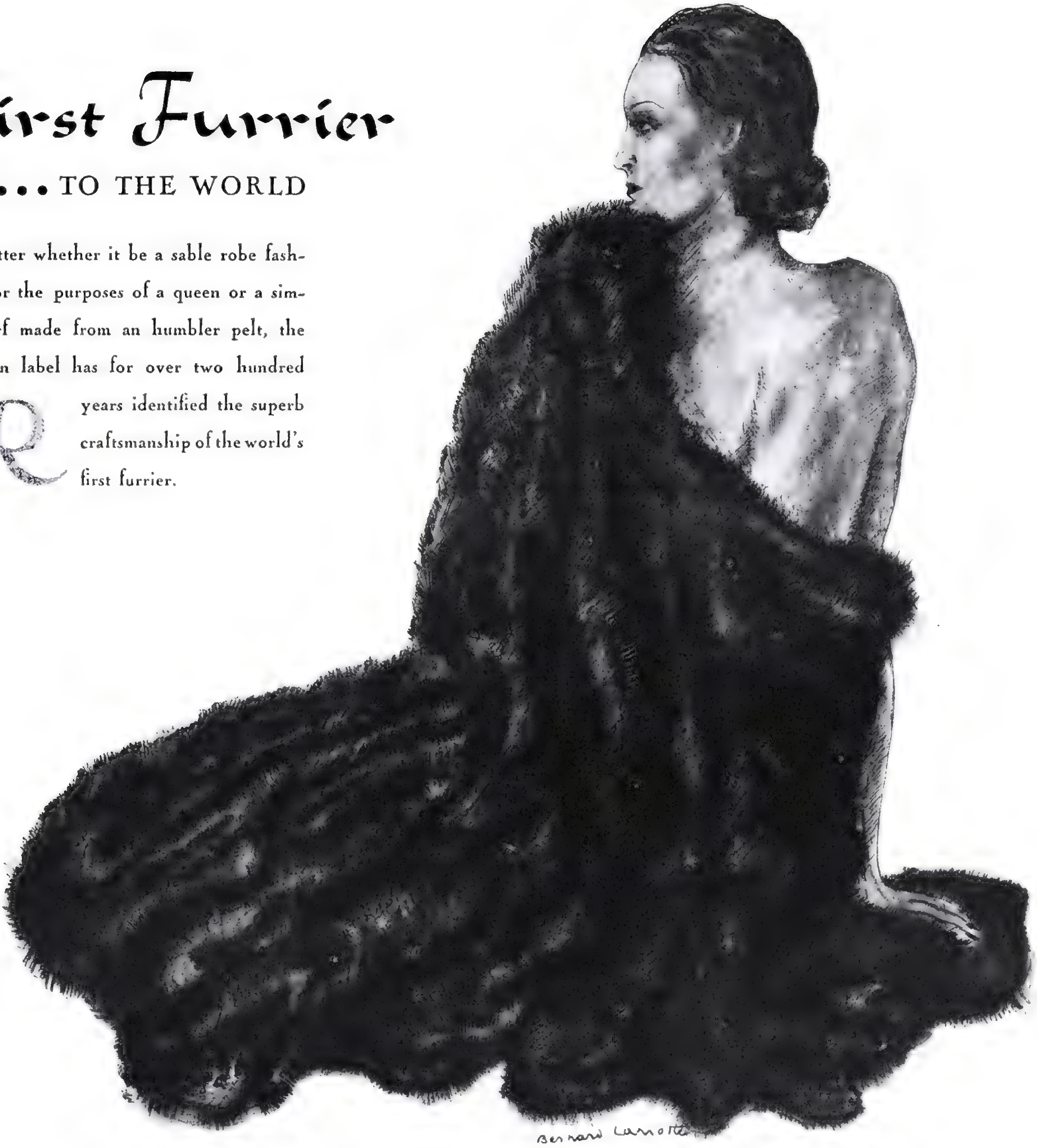
Furs

First Furrier

...... TO THE WORLD

No matter whether it be a sable robe fashioned for the purposes of a queen or a simple scarf made from an humbler pelt, the Revillon label has for over two hundred years identified the superb craftsmanship of the world's first furrier.



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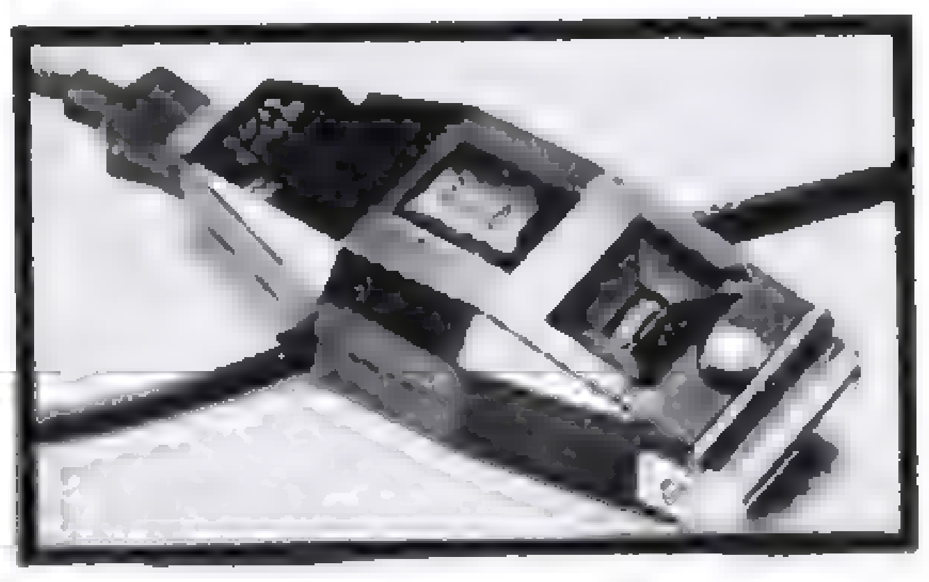
For a Merry Christmas:

MACY'S SAYBROOKE
ELECTRIC RAZOR . . . 9.94

Don't expect a whiskered Santa Claus to pop one of these in your sox. For the first time he comes face to face with a Macy Saybrooke, he'll plug it in and shave clean. It's an electric, soapless, immaculate "White-Tie" razor. It's a strong, beautiful, compact mechanism built to a very sound shaving principle—and (skip the mechanics) it SHAVES! No lather—physical or emotional. Just a handy electric socket (AC or DC) and Saybrooke—and your face. The name is Saybrooke—the source is Macy's only—the price in itself is a Christmas present——9.94

Boy! How it shaves!



SHAVING PREPARATIONS *Street Floor 34th St. & B'way, N. Y. C.*

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

HELPS FOR THE HOLIDAY HOST

1. One table wine is sufficient ... 2. Don't mix too many wines at one dinner ... 3. If more than one wine is being served, the heavier, fuller bodied should follow the lighter and more delicate. This, however, does not apply to champagne. If champagne alone is served it should not be followed by any other wine. Alternately, it is perfectly correct to serve champagne as a dessert wine, even though a heavier wine has been served previously during the meal ... 4. After the meal a liqueur or brandy is excellent with coffee. A brandy should never follow the liqueur if both are served, as even the finest brandy has a harsh taste after a liqueur.

WINING AND DINING

FOOD	SUGGESTED WINES	SERVICE
hors d'oeuvres	cocktails	iced
	dry sherry	slightly chilled
caviar or shell fish	very dry champagne very dry white wine	well chilled
soup	dry sherry, madeira or marsala	slightly chilled
fish	dry or medium white wine	well chilled
fowl	white wine or	well chilled
•	red wine	room temperature
meat	red wine	room temperature
roast or game	red wine	room temperature
	champagne or sparkling burgundy	well chilled
dessert	sweet white wine champagne	well chilled
cheese fruits or nuts	port, madeira or sweet sherry	room temperature
coffee	cognac or liqueur	room temperature

These are suitable suggestions for a very formal dinner. However, don't make wine drinking a ritual—don't make wine drinking high-hat!

A simple rule to guide you in the choice of wines to accompany a given dish is: white wines with white meats, fowl and fish—red wines with red meats, roasts, game, etc. Red wines may be served with all foods except fish and sea food. White wines may be served with all foods.

VINTAGE CHART

of the exceptional vintages of the last twenty years.

YEAR	CHAMPAGNE	BORDEAUX		BURGUNDY	RHINE & MOSELLE	ALSATIAN
		CLARET	WHITE			
1934	*very good	very good	great	very good	great like 1921	great
1933	*great	good	good	great	very good	very good
1932	fair		fair		good	good
1931		fair	good	fair	very good	fair
1930				some good	good	fair
1929	*very good	great	great	great	great	very good
1928	*great	very good	very good	very good	good	good
1927			fair	fair		
1926	*great	very good	good	great		good
1925		fair	fair	good	fair	
1924	*good	very good	good	fair	fair	fair
1923	*very gooa	very good	good	great		fair
1922		fair	good			fair
1921	*very good	good	great	good	greatest in century	great
1920	*good	very good	fair	good	top wines great	fair
1919	excellent	good	good	very good	good	good

*shipped as a vintage wine.

"By the mark, ten... the deep, twelve..."

Cunard White Star sounds the seven seas for your pleasure travel

Off Tourane or Rio, off Havana or Cherbourg, you'll hear the leadsman's cry . . . sounding the ocean depth as his ship approaches harbor at slow speed . . . confirming the electric flash of the fathometer on the bridge. "By the mark, ten" is the call as his cast reaches the 10-fathom leather marker . . . "the deep, twelve" as the next try shows a depth between the spaced markers of knots, leather and bunting.

Symbolic fathomings! They plumb beneath that shipboard life which Cunard White Star has perfected through nearly a century. They show you the solid basis on which this pleasure world is built . . . British seamanship, backed by its ultimate safeguard: human vigilance. From this comes the special serenity of Cunard White Star sailing . . . to be enjoyed wherever you go. Book through your local agent or the Line . . . 25 Broadway and 638 Fifth Ave., New York.

News — TO A WAITING PUBLIC! THE AQUITANIA *to* RIO

Where the Aquitania spends her winter is always news . . . awaited, literally, by a distinguished public. Next February the accomplished star promises a performance polished in every cue, timed to the greatest dramatic effect at every climax. Her appeal is her own, first of all . . . people speak of her as a person—proud, beloved—served like a queen by her devoted staff. But the goals of her voyage shine out, too . . . four island resorts, plus La Guaira in Venezuela, picturesque Bahia—with five days and four nights in gay, radiant, opulent Rio de Janeiro!

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NASSAU COLON LA GUAIRA TRINIDAD BAHIA
RIO DE JANEIRO BARBADOS BERMUDA
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EUROPE FOR AUTUMN

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Enjoy Europe's autumn splendor . . . theatres, cabarets in full swing . . . Paris Exposition, too! Sail in the world's newest liner Queen Mary, fastest direct to France . . . or in the Aquitania or Berengaria, among the world's largest ships . . . weekly from New York to Cherbourg, Southampton. Or choose any of the 15 'leisure liners' sailing regularly from New York, Boston and Montreal to Britain and the Continent. Low round trip fares from ***$275 Cabin, $224 Tourist, $167 Third Class***

WEST INDIES CRUISES

To Nassau and Havana—9 days—$85 up

"Sea Larks" in the famous globe-circling Carinthia . . . just the pick-ups you need to set you up for a busy winter. Full day in Nassau . . . two nights and a day in Havana. From New York Nov. 13 and 24.

To your Favorite Southern Ports this Winter

From N.Y.	Ship	Destination	Days	Min. Rate
Dec. 23	Georgic	West Indies	10	$130.00
Dec. 28	Berengaria	Nassau	5	80.00
Jan. 7	Georgic	Nassau	6	80.00
Jan. 15	Georgic	Nassau, Havana	8	105.00
Jan. 21	Britannic	West Indies	12	157.50
Jan. 26	Georgic	West Indies	18	225.00
Feb. 5	Britannic	West Indies	18	225.00
Feb. 16	Georgic	West Indies	18	225.00
Feb. 26	Britannic	West Indies	18	225.00
Mar. 9	Georgic	West Indies	14	180.00
Mar. 19	Britannic	West Indies	12	157.50
Apr. 2	Britannic	Havana, Nassau	8	105.00

6-Day Cruises to Nassau in the Carinthia every Saturday, January 29 through March 26. Rates: 6-Day Cruises from $75, one way from $65, round trip with stop-over from $95.

AROUND THE WORLD

New Wonders in the Southern Hemisphere! 146 days—$1900 up

Retaining its unique advantages . . . chance to see Victoria Falls; first world-cruise excursion to fabulous Hué in Annam . . . this itinerary avoids China and Japan for new exploration in that Southern Hemisphere which the Franconia knows so well! From N. Y. Jan. 6. Rate includes shore program.

The New Franconia Itinerary

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Bahia
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"For he"—"for she"—"for they"—*atrocious grammar*—but an absolutely perfect solution for THE ETERNAL XMAS GIFT PROBLEM. Every night in the year can be concert night—dance night—lecture night—drama night—comedy night—wherever you may be.... and the reproduction by this unique Radio and Phonograph combination will be as faithful as the performance itself.

Marconiphone—precision built instruments are the last word in mechanical and artistic perfection. The new 1938—10 tube A.C. or D.C. Model achieves results that are simply uncanny; also operates on European Voltage. The Radio Phonograph changes large or small records automatically. Available in a variety of leathers. As illustrated, $165.00. Other portable automatic models from $139.50.

Write for folder No. 25 describing in detail the features of this remarkable portable Radio-Phonograph combination or visit our salon for demonstration.

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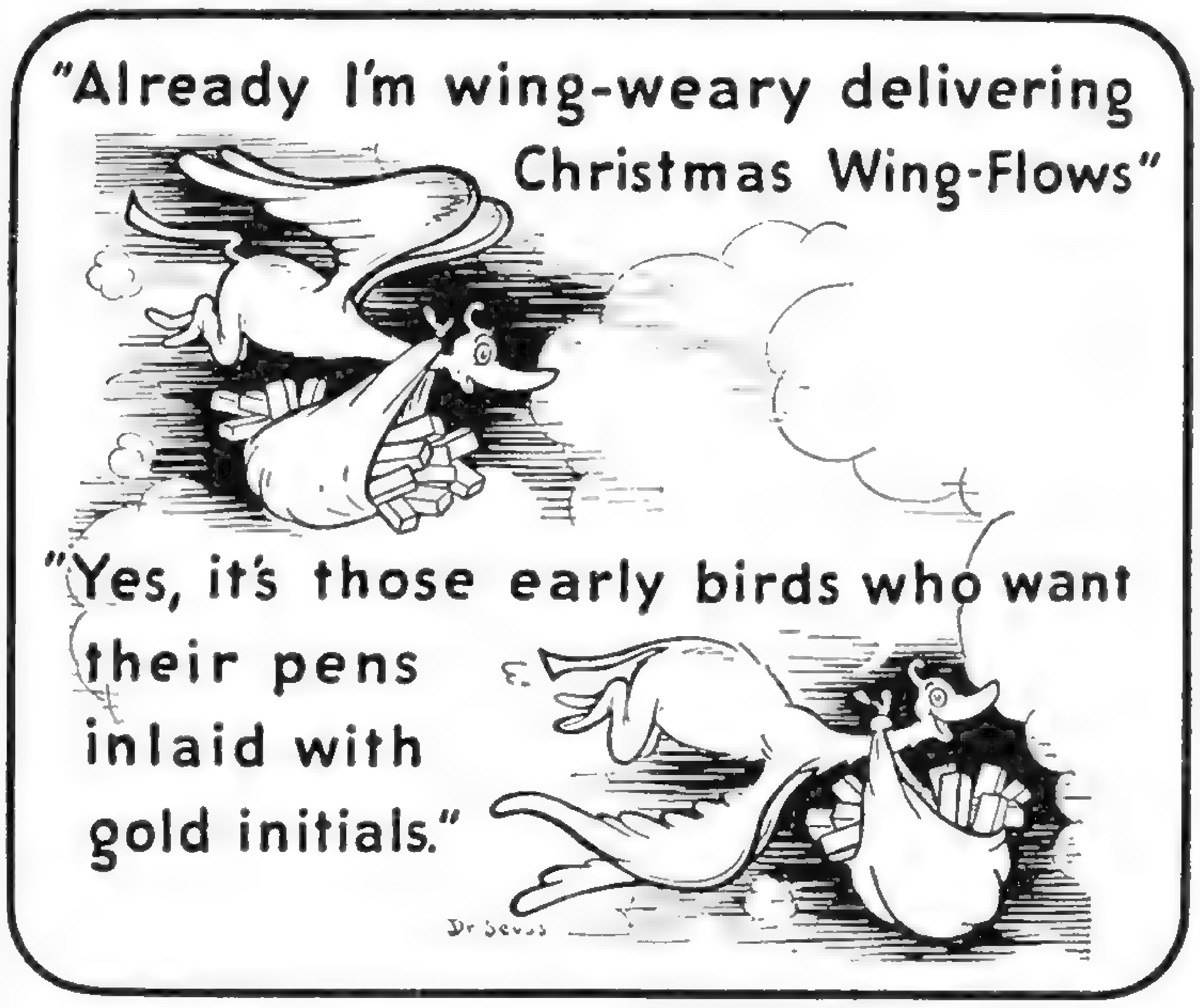
"Already I'm wing-weary delivering Christmas Wing-Flows"
"Yes, it's those early birds who want their pens inlaid with gold initials."
Dr Seuss

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- Pens in lustrous black, bright red, royal blue, or rich maroon with three *gold-inlaid★ initials*, $5 to $7.50. Matching pencils, $2.50. Pens and pencils with *inlaid* initials plus design, $1 extra. At all good pen counters. If, however, your dealer can't supply you, write The Chilton Pen Co., Inc., Dept. A, 10-20 51st Avenue, Long Island City, New York.

★Initials, clips, designs are 1/20 14-kt. gold-filled

CHILTON *Wing-flow* **PEN**

PERMANENTLY INLAID GOLD INITIALS ARE EXCLUSIVELY CHILTON

HERMAN BASCH & CO. INC.
HAMMER BRAND

NOW IS THE TIME...

Remember how she stopped on the Avenue to window-shop — stare — sigh? Now is the time to do something about *that*.

She'll rhapsodize because "Hammer Brand" Persian Lamb is glamorous, utterly bewitching and nestles close in flattering softness. Its tight curl and unusually silky sheen are the reasons "why".

And . . . while *you* wouldn't care, but *she* will—"Hammer Brand" adapts itself dramatically to restyling and retains its original beauty in the re-making.

Here's a smart tip for *you!* Match her style theme with a "Hammer Brand" Persian Lamb collar on your coat. "Tops" for that man-about-town look.

"Hammer Brand" is the trade-mark of the world's oldest and largest company specializing in the PROCESSING of Persian Lamb.

HERMAN BASCH & CO., INC.

AVAILABLE AT HER FAVORITE RETAILER

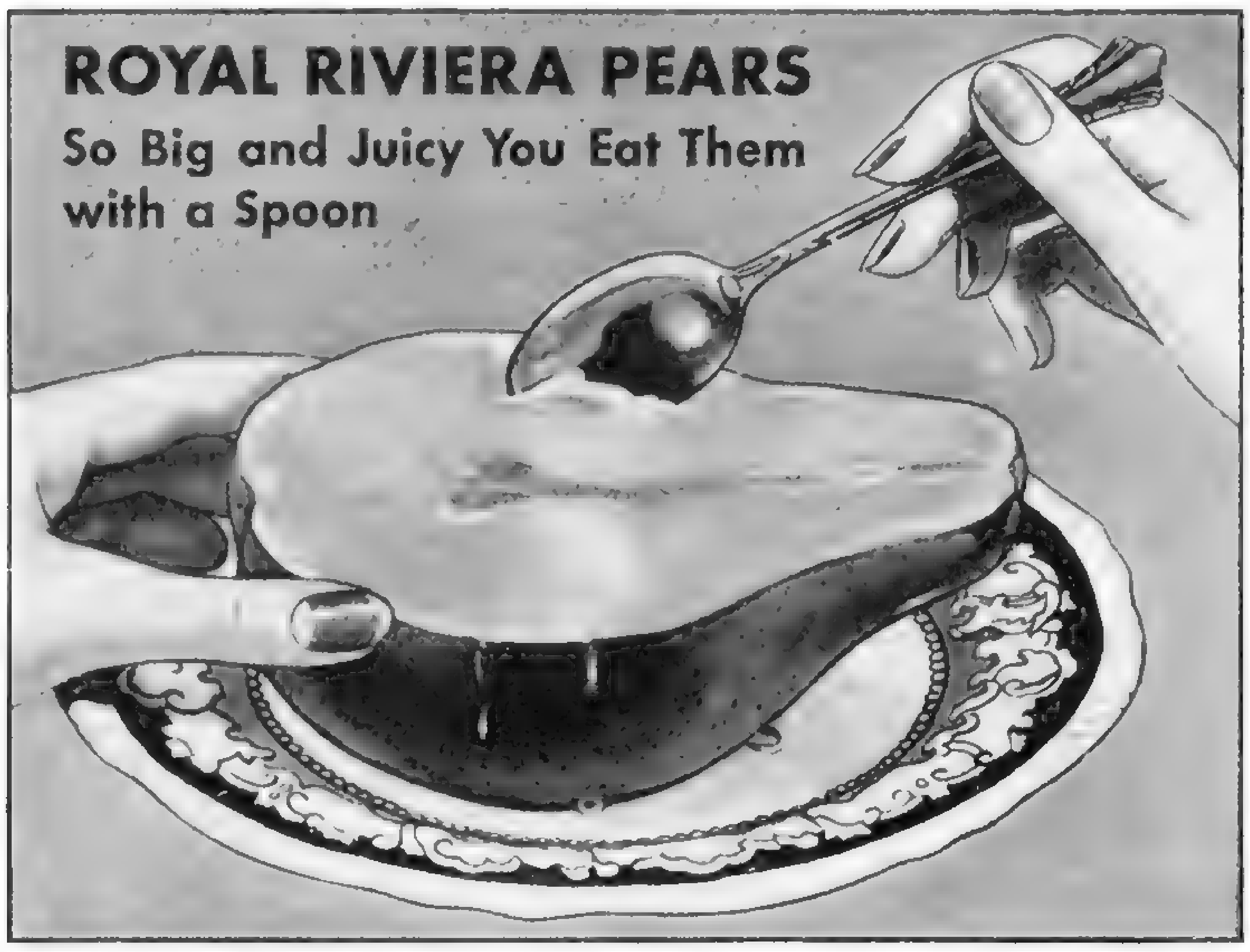
FOR HER FINEST CHRISTMAS

HAMMER BRAND

Persian Lamb

THE FUR OF ENDURING GLAMOUR

Make America's Rarest Fruit *Your DIFFERENT Christmas Gift*


ROYAL RIVIERA PEARS
So Big and Juicy You Eat Them with a Spoon

This year give your business and social friends a surprise and a real taste thrill. Let us send them, with your compliments, big handsome boxes of Royal Riviera Pears, mammoth in size and fairly bursting with juice. Among all their gifts, none will be such a long-remembered treat, for not one person in ten thousand here in America has ever tasted this rare delicious fruit.

A Thrilling Surprise for Your Friends

We formerly shipped our entire crop of these rare pears to London and Paris, where leading hotels serve them at about 75 cents each. Then we suggested them to a few business executives as an unusual Christmas gift. The plan was an immediate success! Last year thousands of boxes were used as gifts by officers and directors of important firms all over the country—our list of customers reads like a blue book of American industry.

Now we think you and your friends might like to share in the enjoyment of this year's crop—the finest we have ever grown!

Royal Rivieras are the rarest of all pears. They grow only in a few places in the world and one of them is right here in the Rogue River Valley, where the rich soil, gentle rains, and days-on-end of glorious Oregon sunshine coax them to their mammoth size, gorgeous beauty, and delicious sweetness. They are picked with gloved hands, tissue wrapped, nestled in protective packing, and shipped at the very peak of their goodness, ready to ripen in the home to their full marvelous flavor.

Money Back If These Are Not the Finest Pears You've Ever Tasted

Just send us your list and we will ship, prepaid, anywhere in the U.S. proper where there is an express office, with your greeting card enclosed, to arrive any date you name. Include your friends, neighbors, and relatives, salesmen, customers, prospects—and don't forget a box for yourself. "Medium Family" boxes (shipping weight 10 pounds) are only $1.95 each. "Larger Family" boxes (double the quantity of pears) are $2.95 each. And—if, after eating your first Royal Riviera, you are not delighted, simply return the balance at our expense and your money will be refunded.

HUNDREDS OF LETTERS LIKE THESE

"Most delicious pears I have ever seen or tasted in my entire lifetime."
J. H. P.—New York

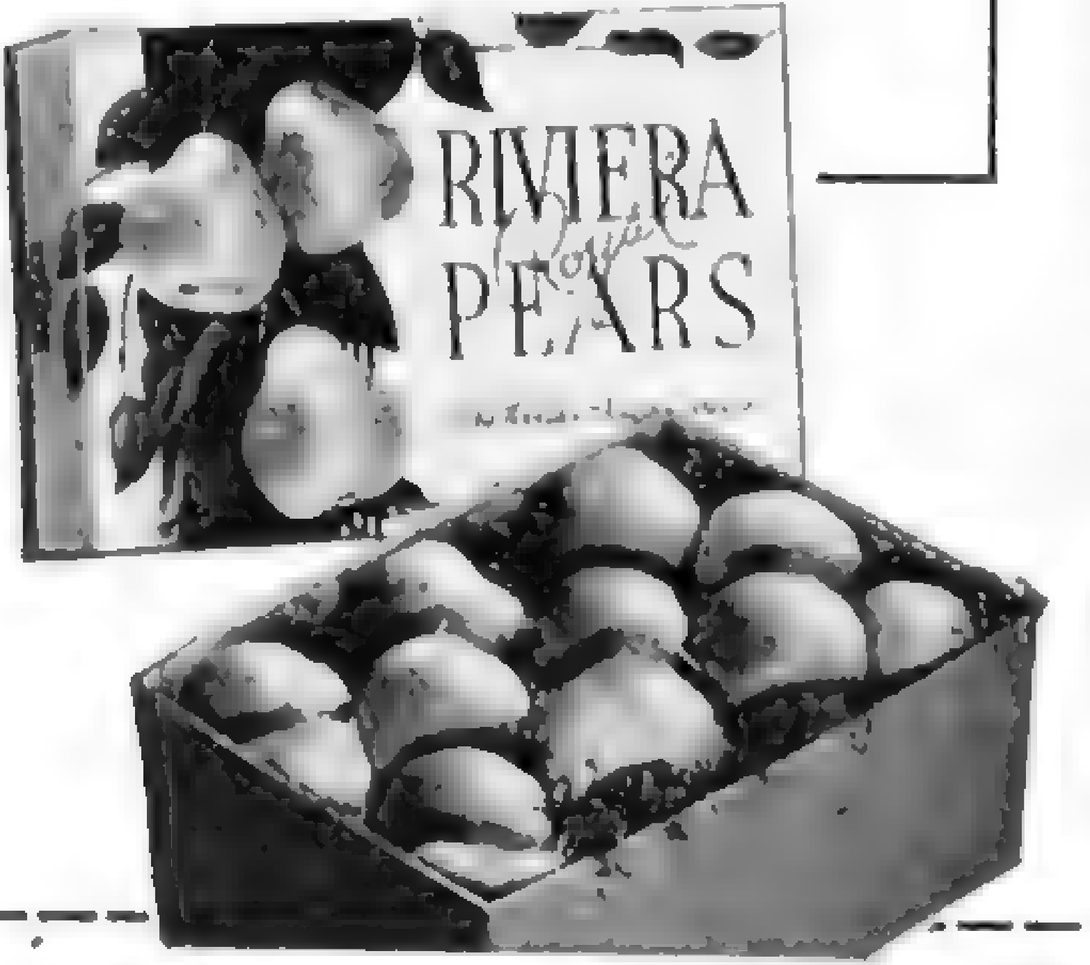
"Such beautiful fruit—so beautifully packed—and what whoppers! The grandest gift ever."
J. W.—Laguna Beach, Cal.

"Words cannot express the delight of our friends in receiving this delicious fruit."
N. E. W.—Detroit

"Every box on time, in perfect condition. Recipients delighted."
A. W. S.—Washington, D. C.

"We have been flooded with letters of thanks and praise for your fruit."
E. H. —Atlanta, Ga.

"Created such wonderful impressions, I am sorry I did not order for all my friends."
Mrs. F. S. R.—Fairbury, Neb.



BEAR CREEK ORCHARDS
Medford, Oregon
(Reference—First National Bank of Portland, Oregon, Medford Branch)

Bear Creek Orchards, Box 1517, Medford, Oregon.
Send Royal Riviera Pears to the list attached, all express charges prepaid, to arrive (date) . . . .

Enclose a gift card bearing the following: From . . . .

. . . . "Medium Family" boxes (shipping weight 10 pounds) at $1.95 each.

. . . . "Larger Family" boxes (double the quantity of pears) at $2.95 each.
(No C.O.D. or Parcel Post orders accepted)

I enclose check (or money order) for $ . . . .

Name . . . .
(Name of person sending order—please PRINT plainly)

Street . . . .

City . . . . *State* . . . .

Prices Outside U.S.A. Proper					
Honolulu,	[illegible]	Calgary,	$3.06 and $4.24	Port Arthur, Toronto,	$3.55 and $5.02
Vancouver,	$2.90 and $4.95	Regina,	$3.25 and $4.60	Montreal, Ottawa,	$3.66 and $5.18
		Winnipeg,	$3.36 and $4.76	Quebec, St. John,	$3.72 and $5.26

Season's Greetings

from

ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST FASCINATING RESTAURANTS

OLD ALGIERS

Broadway at 102ND Street
Academy 2-5265

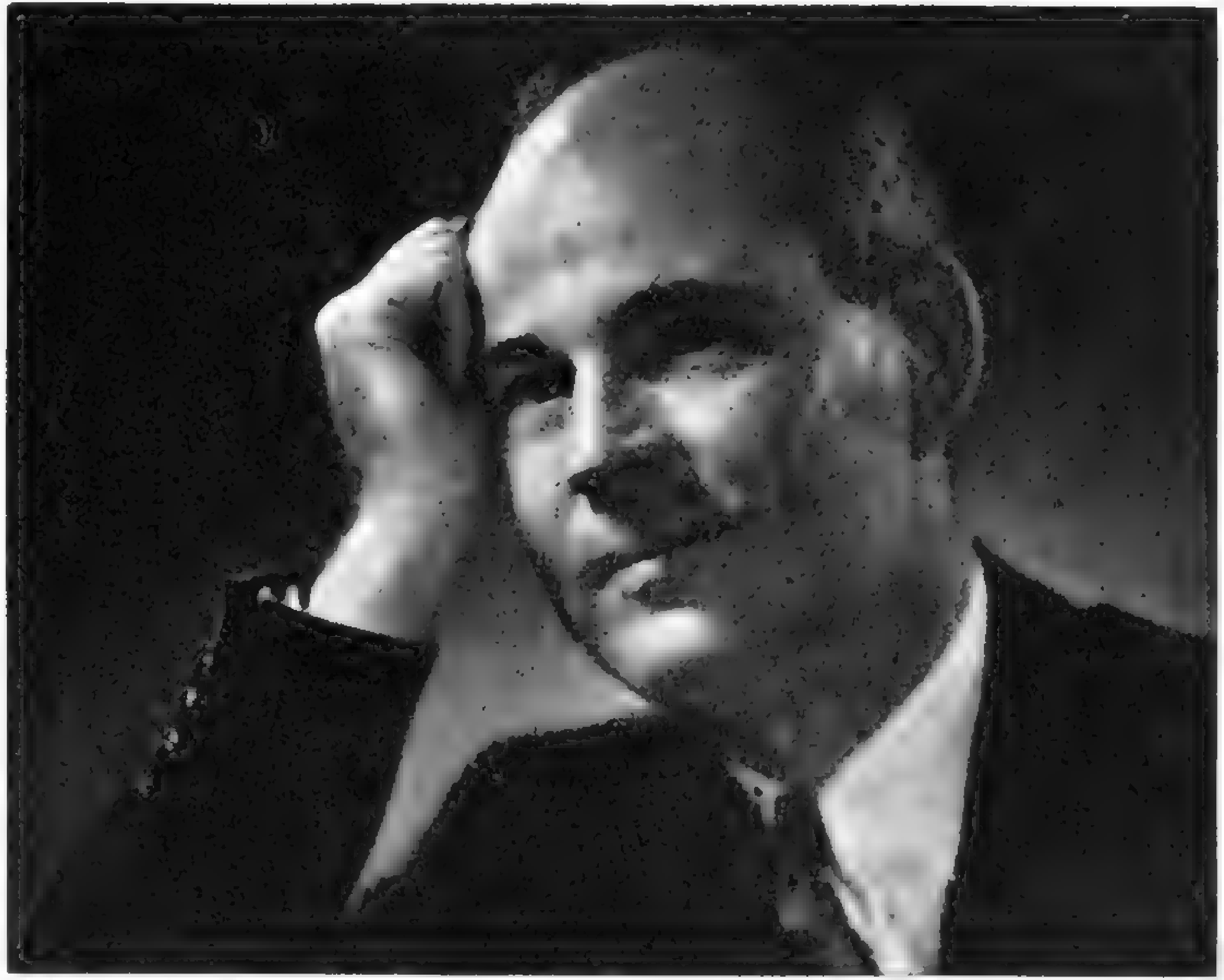
CHOICEST FOODS & LIQUORS

DANCING EVERY EVENING

PERSONAL MANAGEMENT—MR. WILLIAM S. CHILDS

---

*photographing men in a manner as masculine as a pipe**



DON WALLACE

846 Rush Street
Chicago, Illinois

*By appointment only
telegraph ahead

SAY "GRANT'S" FOR GR-R-AND SCOTCH

And "grand" is the very word to describe Grant's! Its superb flavor is due to its "perfectly matched" blend—a blend in which each of the whiskies are made especially to blend with one another, and all have been aged for at least eight full years. Grant's unfailing excellence is constantly protected by Grant's huge independent stock of fine whiskies.

A single bottle, or a noble case, Grant's makes a gift to be given proudly and received with joy.

8 YEARS OLD

86 Proof

Grant's

Blended Scotch Whisky

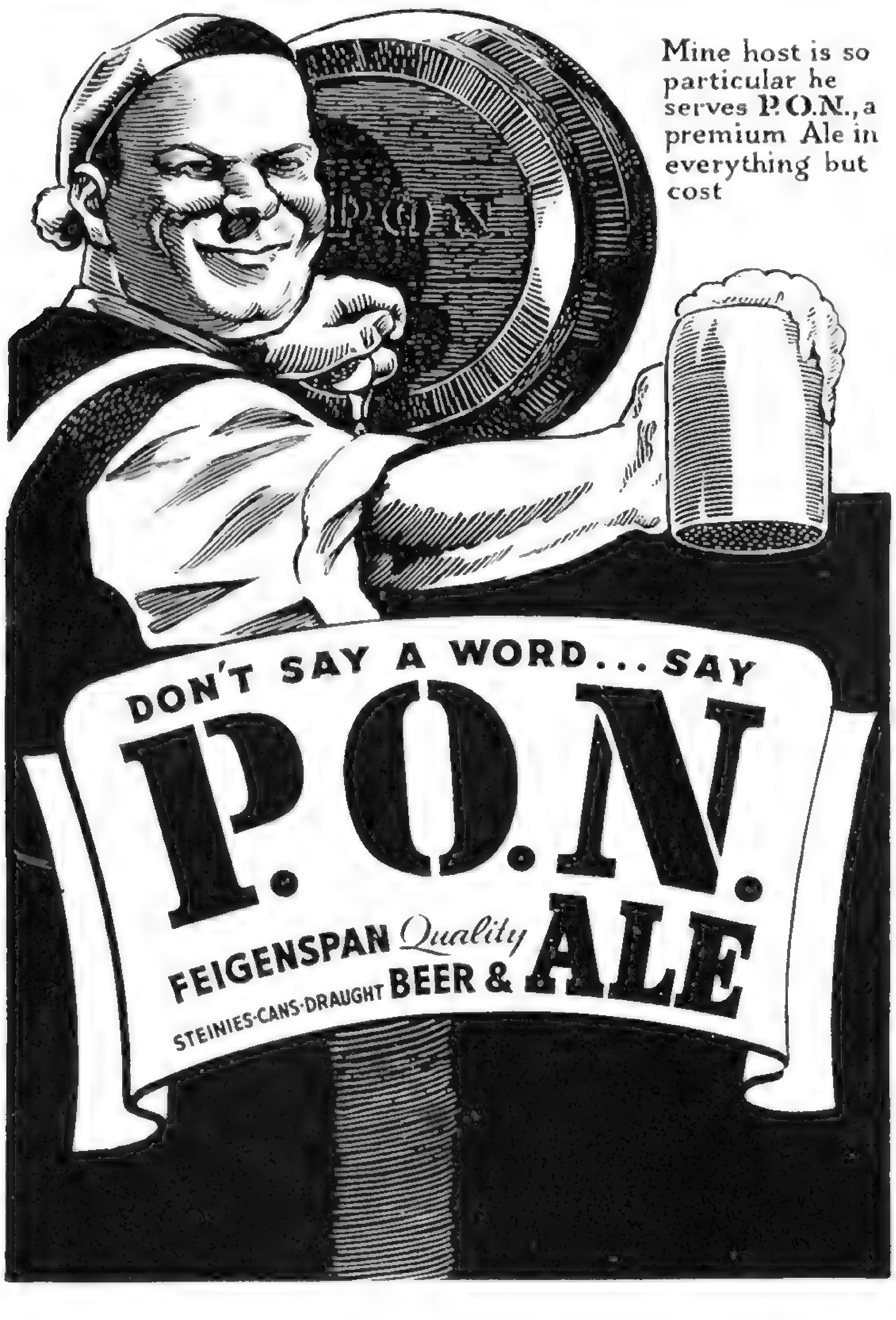
William Grant & Sons Ld. Glasgow, Distillers

Imported by **Austin, Nichols & Co.** (Incorporated) Brooklyn, N. Y.

Albany, Geneva, N. Y.; Newark, N. J.; New Haven, Conn.;
Chicago, Ill.; Miami, Florida; Washington, D. C.

THE "HIT" OF THE SEASON
Dine and Dance Nightly at the CASINO-ON-THE-PARK

In Person
MR. RICHARD HIMBER
and his Essex House Orchestra in his first hotel appearance in three years.
featuring
STUART ALLEN
Radio's Foremost Soloist
ALICE MARION
Songstress Sophisticate
ADRIAN ROLLINI TRIO
JAMES & EVELYNE VERNON
International Dance Team
Dinner from $1.75, Supper a la carte, no cover charge.
For Reservations phone Circle 7-0300.
OSCAR WINTRAB, Managing Director
Casino-on-the-Park
ESSEX HOUSE
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

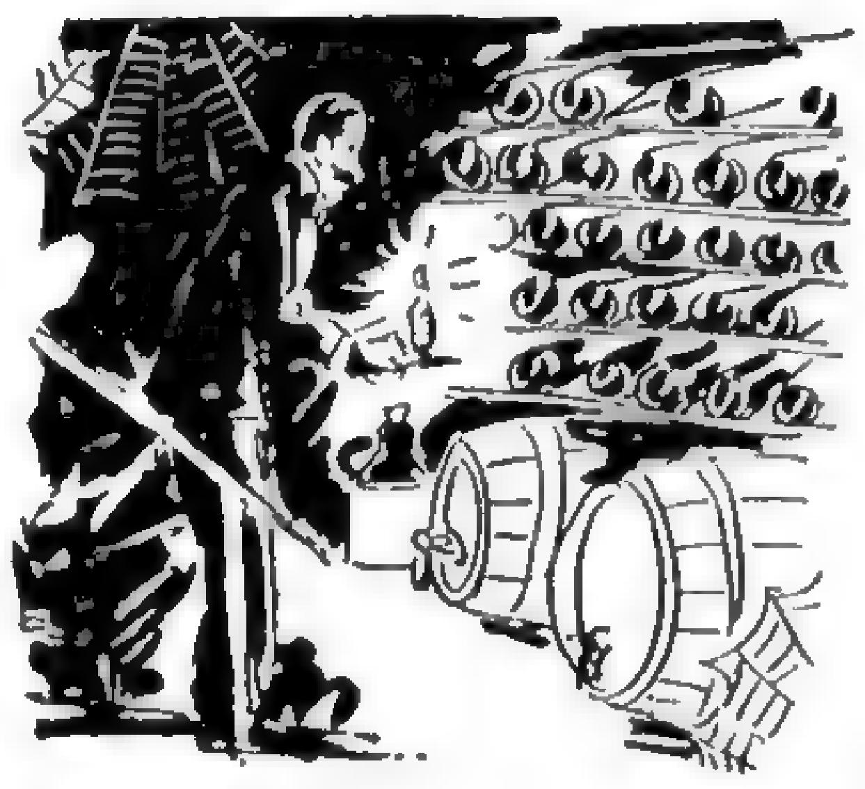


Mine host is so particular he serves P.O.N., a premium Ale in everything but cost

DON'T SAY A WORD... SAY
P.O.N.
FEIGENSPAN *Quality* BEER & ALE
STEINIES·CANS·DRAUGHT

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

ABOUT WINES



BURGUNDY

The ancient Duchy of Burgundy, long famous for its wines, offers both red and white wines. The red wines are dry, full bodied and fruity. The white wines are very dry and are quite thin when compared with those of Bordeaux. Most of the Burgundy wine available in America is shipped under the name of the Parish or district where it was produced, although some wine has come over under the vineyard name as Estate Bottled wine.

Best known names in Burgundy are Macon, Beaujolais, Pommard, Corton, Clos de Vougeot, Chambertin and Romanee-Conti in red wines: and Chablis, Pouilly, Meursault and Montrachet in white wines. A quantity of sparkling wine, red and white, is produced in Burgundy.

Wines from the Côtes du Rhône, which are distant cousins of Burgundies and resemble them somewhat, are often shipped by Burgundy houses. The best known are Côte Rotie, red; Hermitage, both white and red; Château-neuf-du-Pape and Tavel, a Rosé or pinkish wine.

SPANISH WINES

Although light table wines, both red and white, are produced in many parts of Spain, especially the north, it is for Sherry that Spain is really important. No other wine producing country has ever been able to successfully imitate this wine. Sherries range from the very palest and driest aperitif wines such as the Fino and Amontillado, to the medium Amoroso, the fuller Oloroso and the very dark rich East India Brown wine. The darker the color of the wine the richer, sweeter and fuller bodied it is. Sherries are always blended. There is no such thing as a vintage sherry, commercially.

GERMAN WINES

The two principal wine producing districts of Germany are the valleys of the Rhine and the Moselle rivers, with their tributary streams, the Main and Nahe (to the Rhine), and the Saar and Ruwer (to the Moselle).

Whereas both white and red wines are produced, it is only for its white wines that Germany is renowned, since the red wines are not very distinguished.

AMERICAN WINES

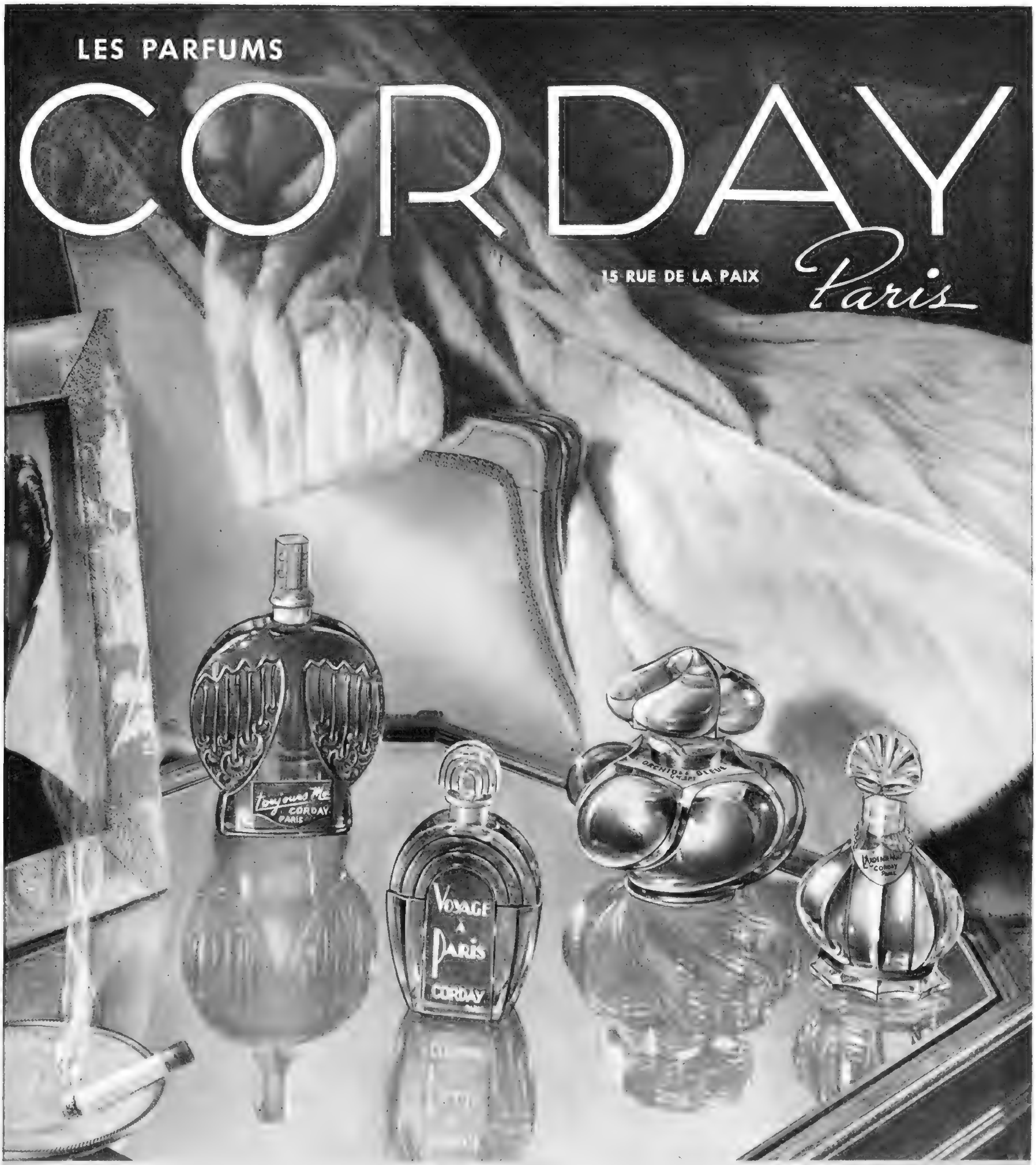
We Americans traditionally dislike pretenses and prefer to be accepted at face value. Yet we are inclined to be snobbish about our native wines, to give them titles borrowed from various European countries and, on the whole, to be somewhat scornful of our own product. Either we do not know or we have forgotten that more than half of all the known varieties of grapes are to be found in the North American continent; and our American wines are good, sound, straight-forward, pleasant wines that do not need to pretend to be anything but what they are.

The wines produced in this country are of two main types—those known as American wines and those always referred to as California wines. The line of division is as sharp as that which exists between European and American wines. The reason is that in California, where they can be successfully grown, European varieties of grapes are used almost exclusively. Consequently California wines have a strong resemblance to the European products. In fact, Californians resent having their wines called American and insist, instead, the term California wine be used.

There are three grape varieties, all native American, accepted as the best wine producing grapes. They are the Delaware, Catawba and the Scuppernong. The Delaware gives a very fine, distinctive, dry wine—both white and red. It is the principle variety used for American champagne. The Catawba produces a delightful, perfumed, dry—as well as sweet—white wine. Sparkling wine made from Catawba grapes has been highly appreciated both at home and abroad for the last century.

The Scuppernong—the only native wine that absolutely refuses to produce unless allowed to grow in its own original wild way—trails over fences or trees till the vines are sometimes a hundred feet or more in length. (Wine producing grape vines are usually carefully pruned and are rarely more than three to four feet tall.) The Scuppernong produces an excellent full rich luscious wine.

All native American wines have a distinctive wildness of flavor which is characteristic. They are, when well made, very clean and sound and pleasant. They are often bottled under distinctive American names, although both the American and California wine producers—every one of them—offer wines under the borrowed European names, and, if one is so minded, it is possible to find practically every "type" of foreign wine name on the labels of wines produced in our own country.

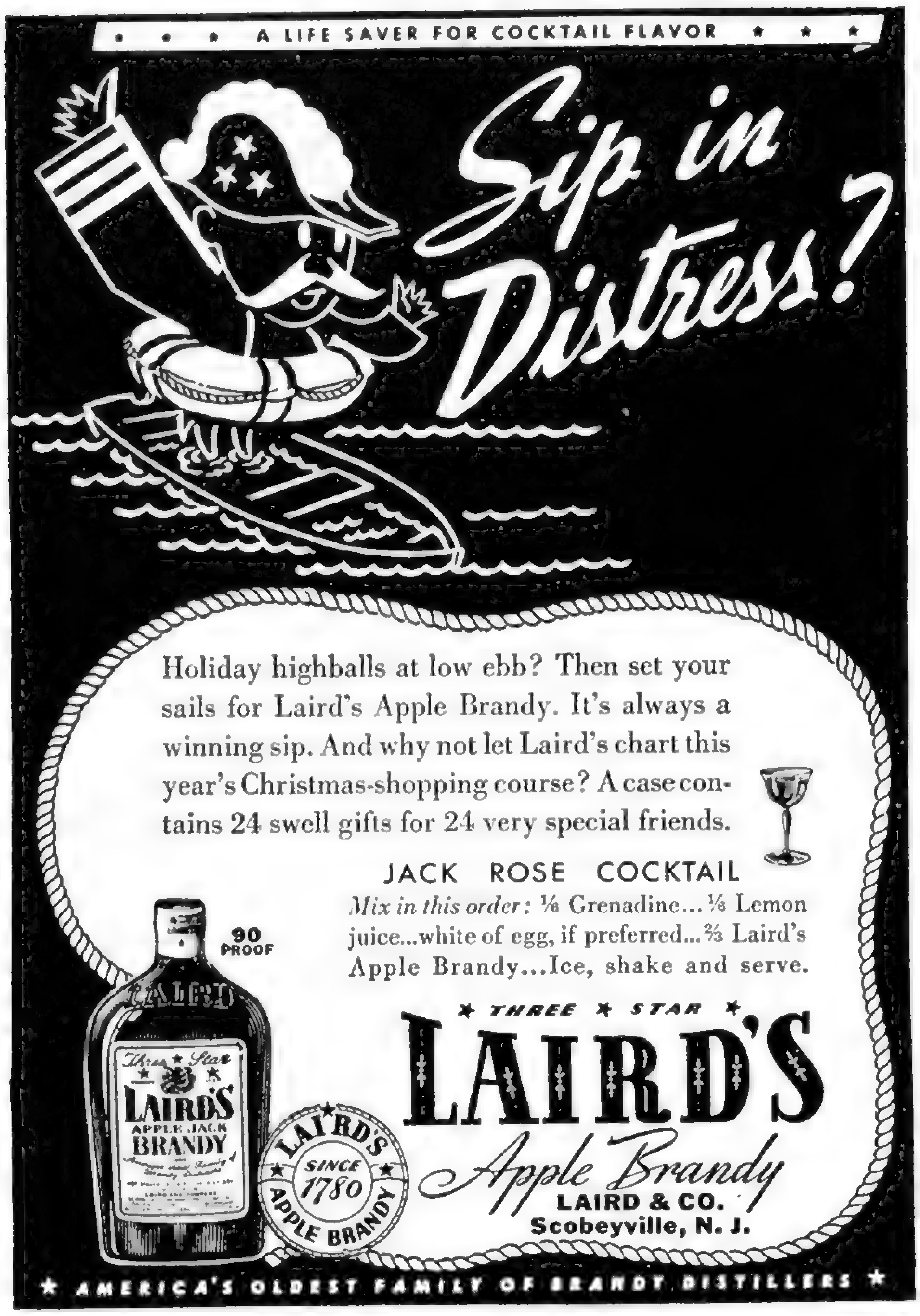

LES PARFUMS
CORDAY
15 RUE DE LA PAIX
Paris
Toujours Moi
CORDAY
PARIS
VOYAGE
A
PARIS
CORDAY
ORCHIDÉE BLEUE
L'ARDENTE NUIT
CORDAY
PARIS

"Parfums of Lasting Fragrance". . . the secret sorcery of CORDAY.

Toujours Moi ("Always Me") — for big moments and formal moods — always you because it becomes you . . . **Voyage à Paris** ("Trip to Paris") — a sophisticated fragrance — a challenge to the woman who wears it . . to all who come within the aura of its spell . . . **Orchidée Bleue** ("Blue Orchid") — a gay informal parfum with the exotic undertone of the rare Blue Orchid . . . **L'Ardente Nuit** ("Ardent Night") — nocturnal in mood — in which mystery and passion mingle breathlessly.

Copyright Parfums Corday, Inc. 1937

These perfumes obtainable in Canada at the better shops


• • • A LIFE SAVER FOR COCKTAIL FLAVOR • • •
Sip in Distress?
90 PROOF
Three Star LAIRD'S APPLE JACK BRANDY
LAIRD'S SINCE 1780 APPLE BRANDY

Holiday highballs at low ebb? Then set your sails for Laird's Apple Brandy. It's always a winning sip. And why not let Laird's chart this year's Christmas-shopping course? A case contains 24 swell gifts for 24 very special friends.

JACK ROSE COCKTAIL

Mix in this order: ⅙ Grenadine... ⅙ Lemon juice...white of egg, if preferred... ⅔ Laird's Apple Brandy...Ice, shake and serve.

★ THREE ★ STAR ★
LAIRD'S
Apple Brandy
LAIRD & CO.
Scobeyville, N. J.

★ AMERICA'S OLDEST FAMILY OF BRANDY DISTILLERS ★

ONE DROP DOES THE TRICK INSTANTLY PURIFIES ALL BREATH ODORS
Sure

LONELY NIGHTS?
LIFE A BORE?
ASK FOR "Sure"
DATES GALORE!

Stop
ADVERTISING
WHAT YOU EAT
AND DRINK!

Try "Sure" today and be sure of your breath every day! "Sure" amazing **new** breath purifier, convenient to use, pleasant to taste, instantly overcomes all offending breath odors. Fits pocket or purse. 10¢ EVERYWHERE

goodbye! TO LIQUOR and ONION BREATH

ONE DROP DOES THE TRICK!

Distributors: Altman & Hertz, Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. C.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

MORE ABOUT WINES

PORTUGUESE WINES

Along the upper reaches of the Douro River, the steep banks stretch back on both sides, entirely covered by vineyards that produce the grapes from which true Port is made. Port wines are always sweet rich wines because brandy, distilled from wines of the district, is added to the new wine before all of the sugar is fermented. The brandy stops fermentation and consequently the sugar remains as sweetening in the wine. Ports are nearly always ruby red in color, although a small amount of white Port is made. There are "vintage" ports of exceptional years. They are labelled "Vintage" ports and are bottled from two to three years after the vintage. However, most of the wine shipped to this country has been matured in wood and is a blended wine. Young "wooded" ports are a deeper more brilliant ruby red in color and are known in the trade as "Ruby." The older a wooded port becomes the paler in color it will be. These paler wines are known as "Tawny." All Ports are sweet, rich and full-bodied.

VINTAGES

So much confusion has been caused by the misuse of the word "Vintage" that it might be well to explain its meaning.

The gathering of the grapes and the business of pressing them, etc., is the "vintage." This takes place every year. The "date" or year which appears on a wine label is the year in which the grapes grew and the wine was made. The "date" is the wine's "vintage year."

Whereas there is a vintage every year, only wines of better average years are labeled with the vintage date: therefore "vintage wines" are presumably better than those which bear no date. Also, a vintage wine should be all wine of the year specified, whereas non-dated or "non-vintage" wine is nearly always a blend of wines of several vintages.

A great many people are under the impression that all imported wines are vintage wines. This is not correct, as many excellent non-vintage wines are imported, notably in champagnes.

RHINE WINES

Rhine wines are usually very dry and light, with a delicate bouquet, but about twice in a decade, when weather conditions are extremely favorable, very rich sweet wines can be made. These wines will be specially labelled with qualifying statements, such as "Spaetlese" (late picked) or "Beerenauslese" (specially selected single grapes).

MOSELLE WINES

Moselle wines differ from Rhine wines in that usually they are lighter and have a more flowery bouquet. They also have a tang that gives the impression of a slight sparkling quality on the tongue.

Both Rhine and Moselle wines are best when they are young. At this moment 1934 and 1935 wines are superb. (They are always bottled at from 12 to 18 months after the vintage.) Only Spaetlese and Beerenauslese wines of great vintages are worth keeping for any length of time. Names of Rhine wines to remember are Hochheimer, Niersteiner, Rudesheimer, Liebfraumilch. Moselle wines to remember are Zeltinger, Brauneberger, Piesporter and Bernkasteler.

GENERAL

All wine should be clean, clear and brilliant, to drink. Wine is a living thing and as it grows older will throw off some of its more solid parts in the form of a deposit. Do not be disturbed by this —it is natural and a sign of some age. Some wines and some vintages throw greater deposits than others. Stand the bottle upright for 24 hours before serving and it will all settle to the bottom.

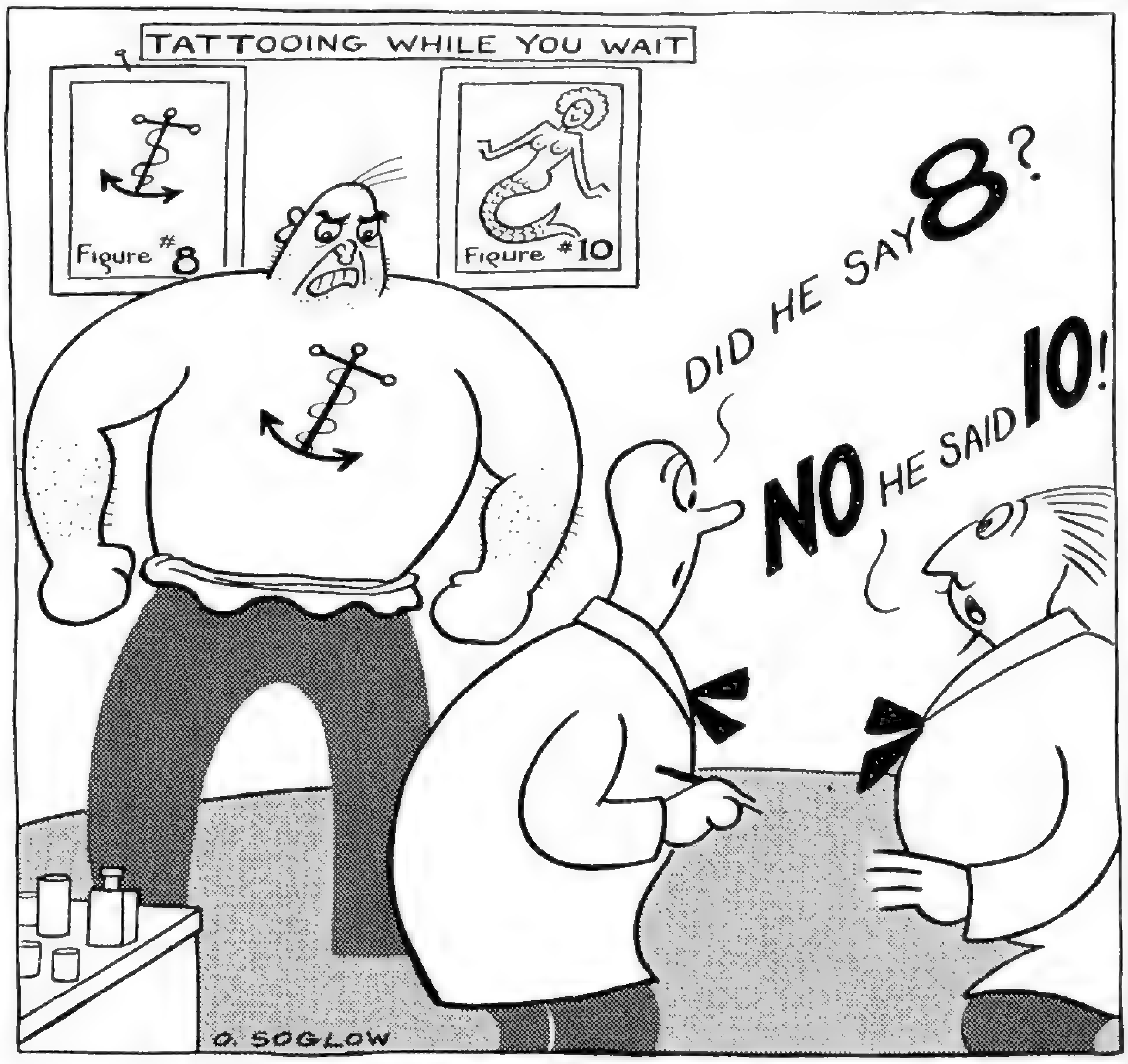
Store all wine having 14% of alcohol or less on its side so that the cork will be kept moist by the wine. This keeps the cork expanded, tightly sealing the bottle, and there is no chance for wine's great enemy, the air, to enter the bottle. Light wine, such as Claret, Burgundy, Champagne, etc., will become vinegar if left exposed to the air for 24 hours.

CARE OF WINE • SERVING WINE

See that the label side is up when pouring your wine. It is a customary gesture to pour a few drops into your own glass first so that any cork or sediment floating on top will be served to you and not to your guests.

Don't try to save any part of a bottle of light table or sparkling wine . . . partly used and recorked wines spoil rapidly. Wrap a napkin around the neck of the bottle of effervescent wine before drawing the cork. This prevents injury to the hand in the event that the bottle breaks; it also prevents the wine from dripping on the table after a glass is poured.

CONSIDER THE **AGE** AS WELL AS THE BRAND!


TATTOOING WHILE YOU WAIT
Figure #8
Figure #10
DID HE SAY 8?
NO HE SAID 10!
O. SOGLOW

88
PROOF

Gold Bar Extra Quality
MARTIN'S
ORIGINAL
V.V.O.
SPECIAL LIQUEUR
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
ALL OVER 10 YEARS OLD
LEITH — SCOTLAND
MAKE MINE MARTIN'S

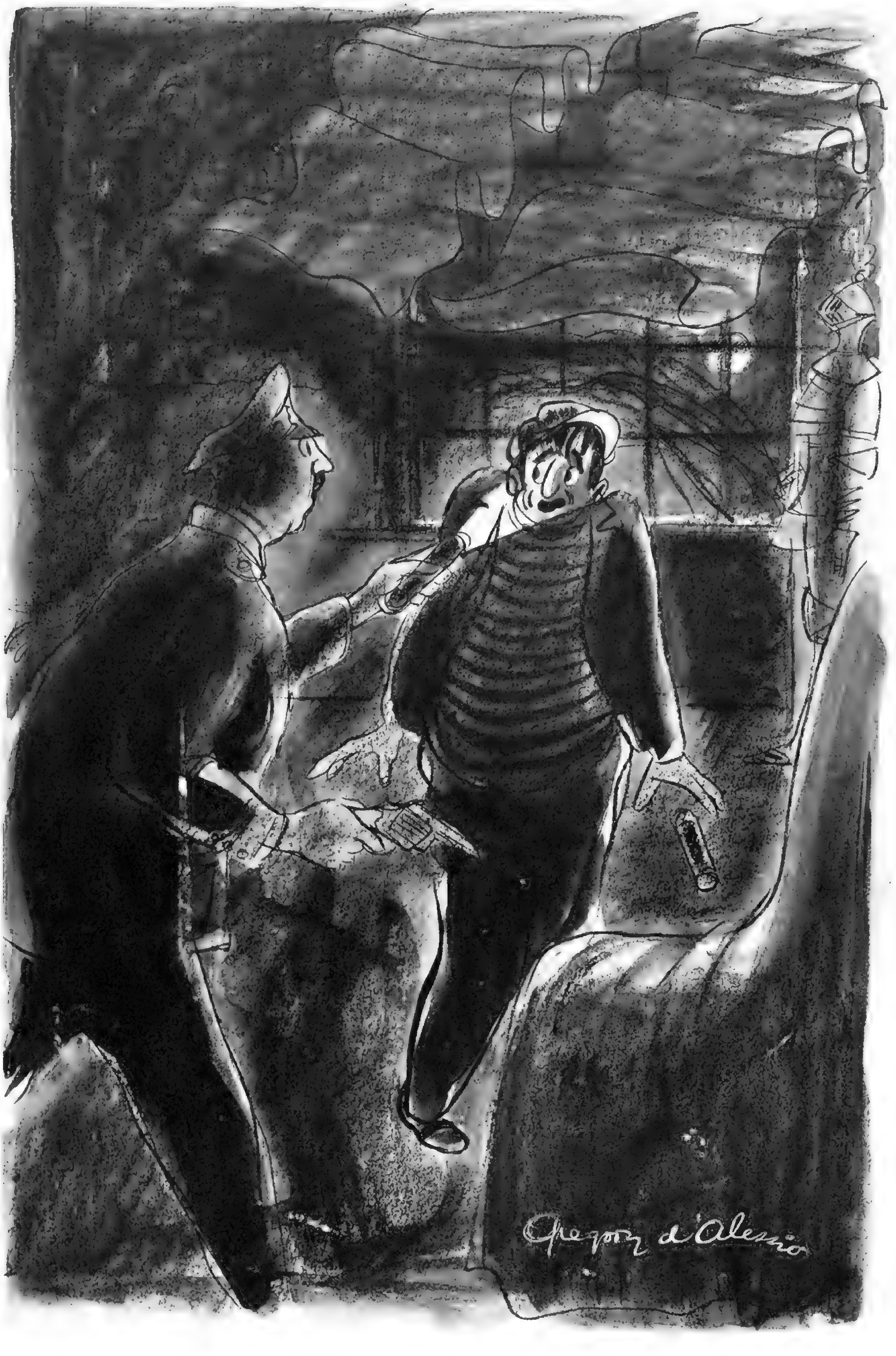
Martin's 10 Year Old now costs no more than most 8 Year Old *(or younger)* Scotches

EVERY DROP over 10 YEARS OLD

Imported by McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York City

Martin's

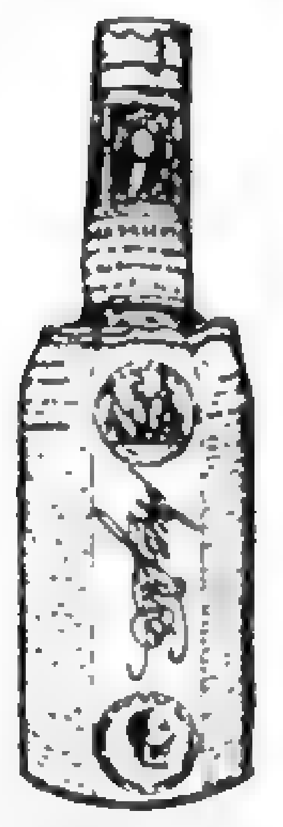
V.V.O. Blended Scotch Whisky


Gregory d'Alessio

"Gee, officer, I'm glad you dropped in . . . this joint is haunted"

SINCE 1858
Hiram Walker's
4/5 QUART
80 PROOF
OLD FASHIONED Cocktail
Hiram Walker's
SINCE 1858
4/5 QUART
66 PROOF
MANHATTAN Cocktail
This Cocktail is made from a recipe known the world over.
distilled spirits used are entirely
HIRAM WALKER'S FAMOUS BLENDED WHISKEY. The Bitters used are entirely ANGOSTURA BITTERS
Whiskey
Distributo

Thank you, Hiram Walker



"Only the *best* recipes and the *finest* ingredients are good enough for Hiram Walker Prepared Cocktails", you said—*and meant it.* So, quite naturally, your choice in Bitters for your Manhattans and Old Fashioned Cocktails was ANGOSTURA. A significant choice, indeed, for all who appreciate really fine cocktails.

SINCE 1824
•
32 International Awards

ANGOSTURA BITTERS

ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORPORATION • NORWALK, CONN.

Practical... instantaneous... superior entertainment

HOME
HOTEL
PARTY
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● At home or wherever you are going, the Portomatic can bring you loads of entertainment. Move it from room to room, from place to place—Home, Hotel, Party, Cruise—anywhere! Plays 8 records of any make automatically and repeats. Finest tone, 8-tube radio with built-in aerial. AC-DC, foreign current, and short wave. Portable, compact, light in weight, and inexpensive.

PORTOMATIC PHONOGRAPH RADIO
Changes 8 records automatically

Hear it—See it
at leading Music and Department Stores or at
LEHMAN RADIO SALON, Inc.
1013 Madison Avenue, at 78th St., New York, N. Y.

Choose OTARD

THE ROYAL COGNAC

Francis I . . . 1494-1547 ruled France from the Chateau de Cognac. Here Otard Cognac has been bottled for generations.

By official French decree, only brandies distilled in the Cognac district are true cognacs. And of the few superlatively fine brandies from this small area ONLY Otard is distinguished by the name of the royal Chateau de Cognac.

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OTARD
OTARD DUPUY
COGNAC

THE ONLY COGNAC BOTTLED AT THE CHATEAU de COGNAC
COGNAC

The Cognac district where Otard is produced measures only 280 square miles.

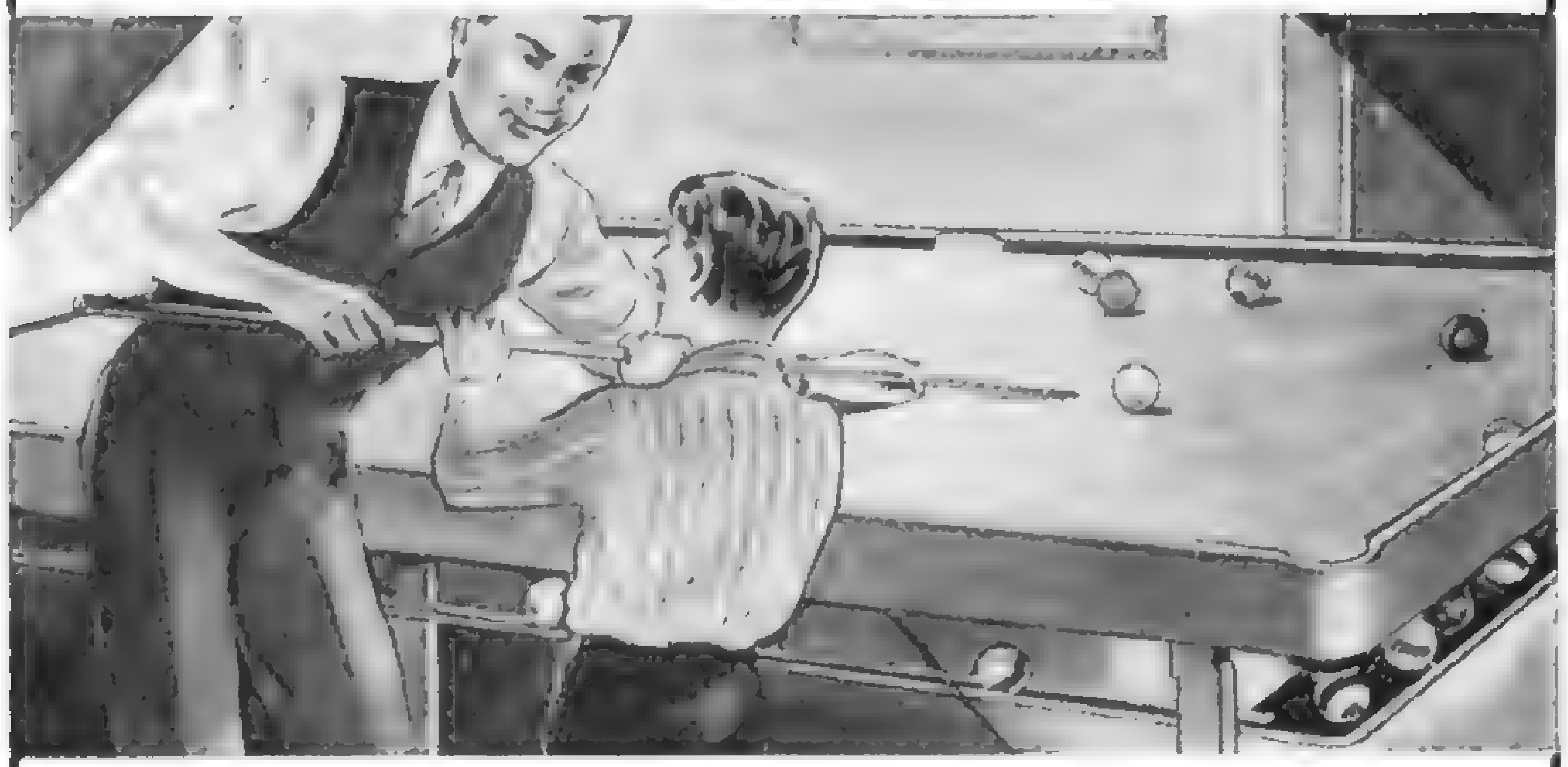
Available in
Three Star (84° proof);
V.S.O.P. (80° proof, over 20 years old);
Charles X (80° proof).

A Schenley IMPORT

OTARD

Cognac Brandy

TAKE YOUR CUE AND
Get Back of a Burrowes Pool Table



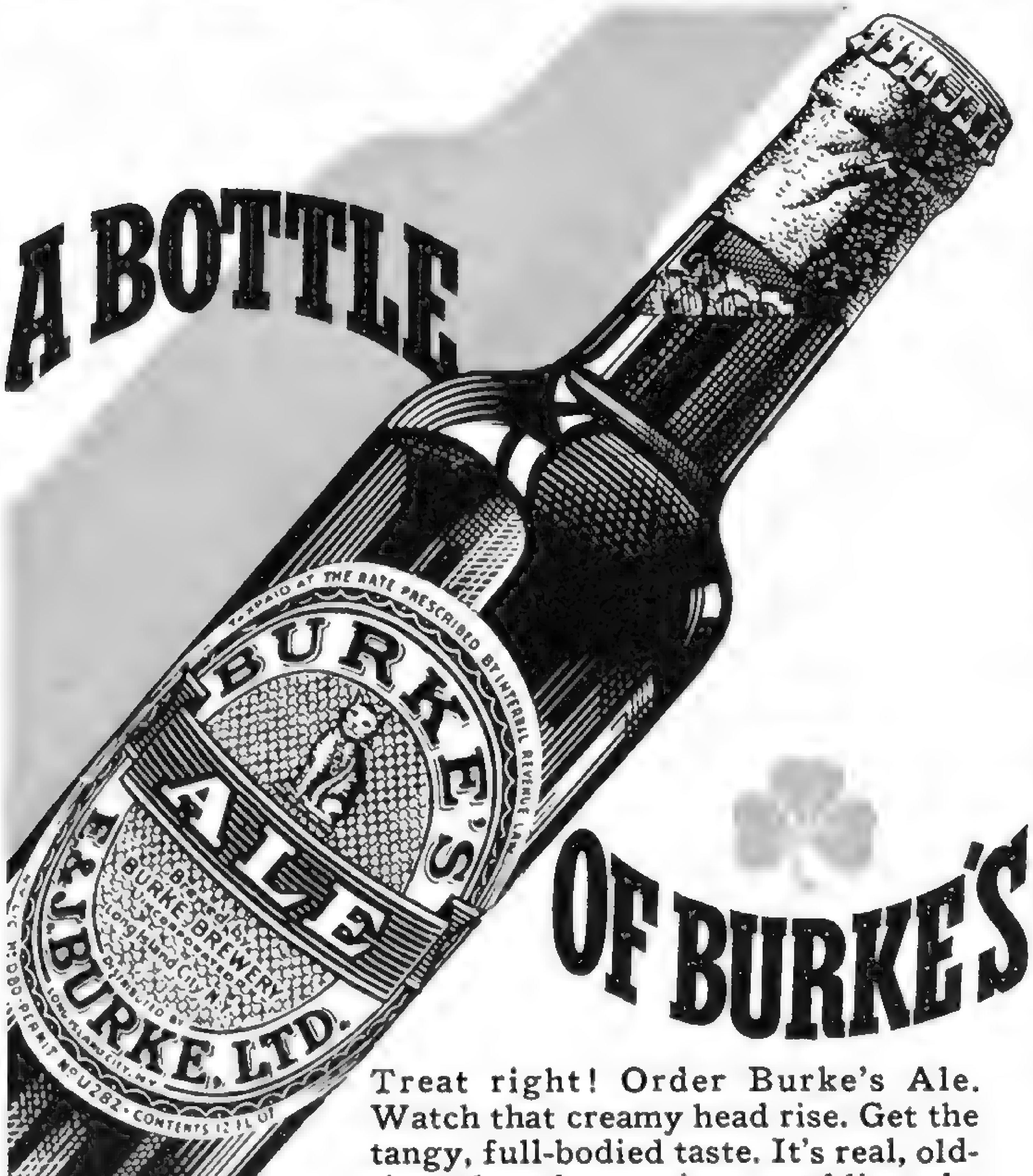
So you're buying it for Junior, are you?—That's what *you* think. Just wait till the family sees these Burrowes features: the over-sized folding legs, double braced for strength—the automatic bed and leg leveling devices (no "lucky" rolls)—the modernistic rounded corners (no bangs, no bumps, no bruises)—and best of all, that lazy man's gadget, the exclusive "Roll-a-Way" device—returning "sunk" balls to an end tray.

If Junior is small and your will power is strong we've tables as tiny as 42 x 22. Otherwise, better get a bigger one (we make them up to 7/8 full size). For we warn you—"Junior's table" or not—the family will want to sink them!

All the better department stores carry a full line of Burrowes tables—or write our New York office for definite information about where you can get one "for Junior" . . . or someone!

The BURROWES Corporation
PORTLAND, MAINE
200 FIFTH AVENUE · ROOM 516 · NEW YORK CITY

BYWORD AT THE BEST BARS



Treat right! Order Burke's Ale. Watch that creamy head rise. Get the tangy, full-bodied taste. It's real, old-time ale—heartening, sparkling ale. Months of aging assure perfect maturity. On sale everywhere *at popular prices*. Try it today. Just say—"A Bottle of Burke's!" Also on draught.

BURKE'S ALE
E. & J. BURKE, LTD., SOLE AGENTS, U. S. A., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

GIVE A WINE PARTY

Over in Europe, the wine party vies with the cocktail party as a form of smart entertainment. The idea is rapidly taking hold over here among those people who pride themselves upon their originality as party givers. Here's the general idea. A wine party is held from six to nine. The invitations read: "Mr. and Mrs. . . . will be at home on . . . from six to nine." And in left hand corner of the invitation the words "Wine Party." At a wine party, the guests are served a selection of wines, grouped according to the four following types: *dry wines*, such as Chablis, Reisling, Still Champagne, Pouilly, Rose wines or others; *sweet wines* such as Sauterne; *aperitif* wines such as dry Sherry, dry Madeira, Dubonnet etc.; sparkling wines such as Champagne or sparkling burgundy. These wines should be set up on four different tables . . . taking care, of course, that each wine is served at the right temperature. Refreshments served at wine parties can be extremely diversified, running the gamut from the usual salted almonds, cheeses, potato chips, foie gras and sandwiches to such sweets as brioches, petit fours, pastries and tarts to serve with the sweet wines.

Here are a few simple things to remember about wines:

There are only two colors in wine—red and white. (Any wine that is not red is white, irrespective of whether it is nearly black, as for example brown sherry.)

All red wines are dry with the exception of Port and a few Italian wines.

Wines are classified in four main groups: a. Light table wines, containing less than 14% of alcohol by volume: examples, Claret, Burgundy, Rhine wine, Chianti, etc. b. Sparkling wines, containing less than 14% of alcohol by volume: examples, Champagne, Sparkling Burgundy, Sparkling Italian wines, etc. c. Fortified wines, containing from 17% to 21% of alcohol by volume: examples, Sherry, Port, Madeira, etc. d. Aromatized wines, containing from 15% to 19% of alcohol by volume: examples, Vermouths, Quinined Wines, etc.

Give the business of wine drinking exactly the same degree of thought and care devoted to selection of food for the meal with which it is to be served: no more, no less.

The glass used is of secondary importance, although the color can be better appreciated if the wine is served in a clear colorless glass. As for ritual in serving—there should be just as much as is usually observed when serving tea or coffee.

FRENCH WINES

We are greatly indebted to France for the variety and excellent quality of her wines. The most celebrated districts are Bordeaux, Burgundy and Champagne, while very fine wines also come from Alsace, Yonne (Chablis), Côtes du Rhône, Anjou and Touraine.

BORDEAUX

That ancient Gascon seaport, lying on the Gironde river in the midst of vineyards that surround her on all sides, has given her name to the wines produced in the entire district.

Red Bordeaux wines are better known throughout the English speaking world as Claret—good old friend Claret. Clarets are dry, light delicate table wines.

White Bordeaux wines are divided in two groups, namely Graves and Sauternes. Graves are light, dry and possess character. Sauternes, including Haut Sauternes, Barsac and Haut Barsac, are always sweet.

Bordeaux wines are shipped to the world under three main types of labels: Château bottling, i.e. wine of a definite vintage produced from grapes grown on an estate and bottled there; Monopole or Trade Mark brand of shipper, usually a blend of wines of a number of vineyards and, lastly, the Parish or District label—also wines of several vineyards and often of several vintages.

Except for great Château wines of extraordinary vintages the Monopole or Parish labels of a reliable shipper are usually a better buy, because a shipper's reputation depends wholly on the quality of these wines. Examples are Medoc, Margaux, St. Julien, Sauternes, Barsac, etc.

ALSATIAN

Alsace, one of the redeemed provinces on the French side of the Rhine, produces some excellent dry, fruity, flowery white wines that greatly resemble the wines of the Rhine and Moselle.

(The wines of the Valley of the Loire are light and quite sweet. They are very delicate and do not always travel well, although there are exceptions.)

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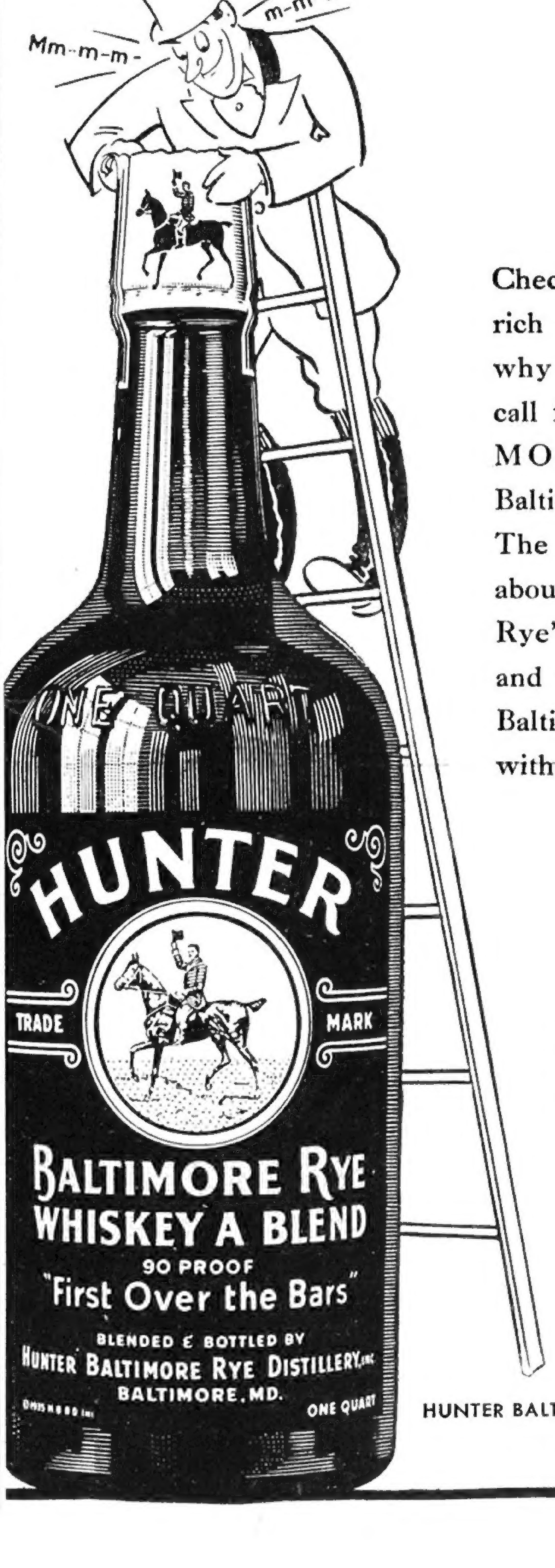
RIGHT! says the nose
GREAT! says the taste
FIRST OVER THE BARS
SINCE 1860! says the record


Mm-m-m-
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"First Over the Bars"
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE DISTILLERY, INC.
BALTIMORE, MD.
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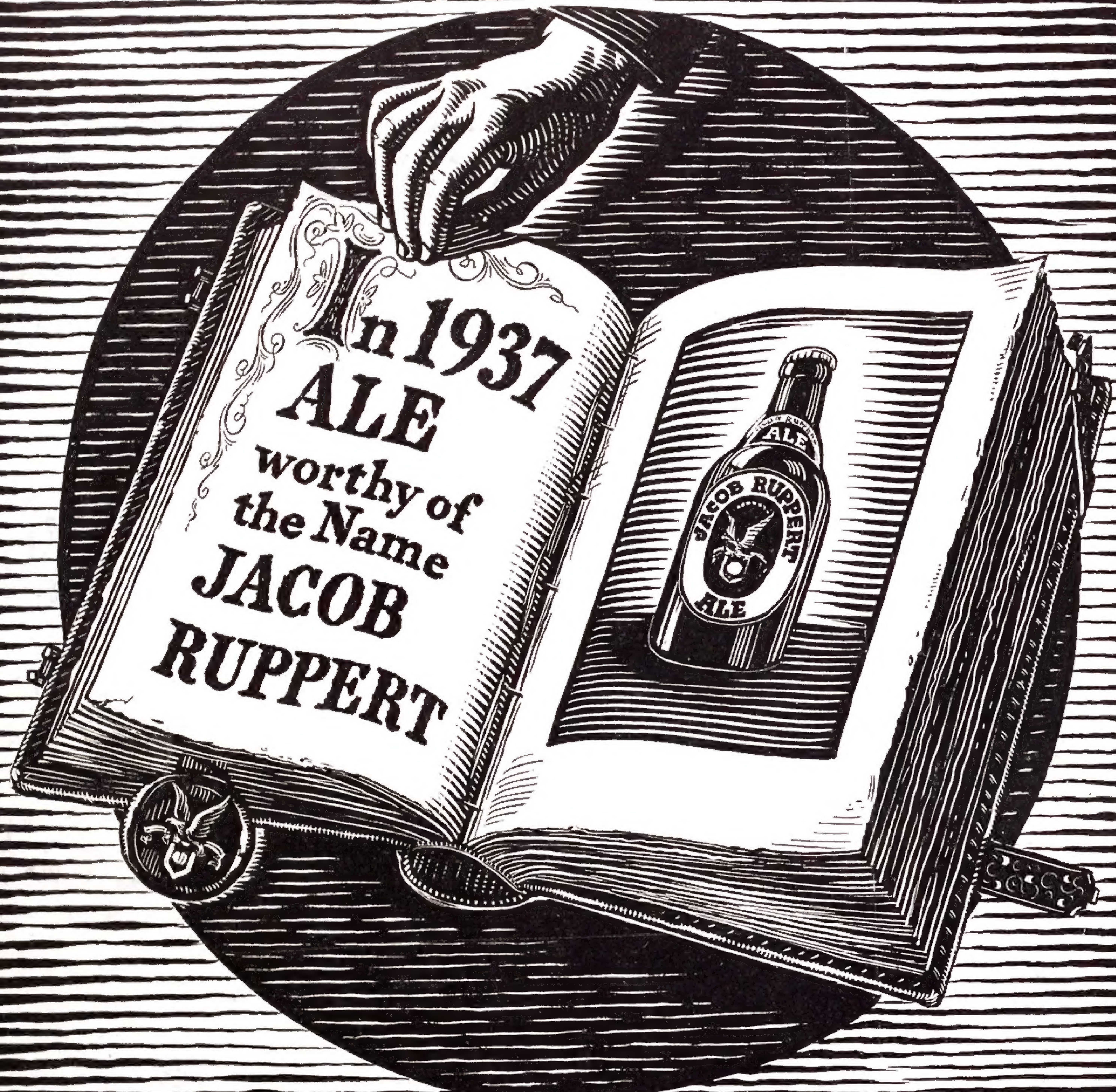
Check Hunter's mellow rich rye-aroma to know why those who merely call for rye will call for MORE when Hunter Baltimore Rye is served. The nose tells the taste about Hunter Baltimore Rye's 5-year-old base . . . and the taste of Hunter Baltimore Rye is packed with repeat-flavor.

•

The straight whiskies in this product are one year and six months or more old. 51% Straight Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral Spirits, 10% Baltimore Straight Rye Whiskey 5 years old, 41% Baltimore Straight Rye Whiskey 1 year and 6 months old.

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE DISTILLERY, INC.
BALTIMORE, MD.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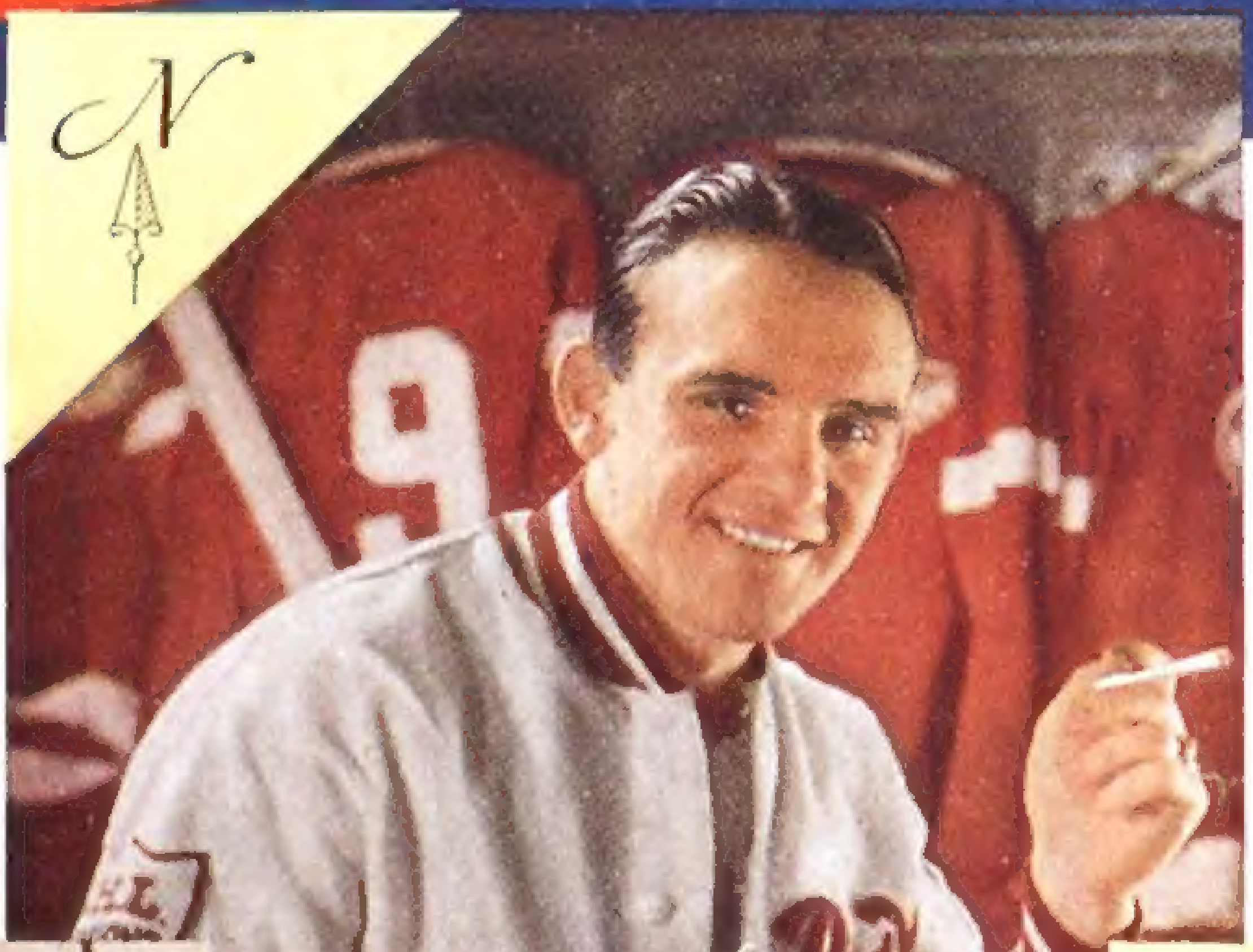
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

THE ANSWER IS:

CAMELS ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA



{RIGHT}

Detroit, Michigan. **HERB LEWIS,** Red Wings' hockey star, says: "Ice hockey's rough, tough, and fast—three reasons why it pays me to keep an eagle eye on my digestion. I find that smoking Camels with my meals and after helps to build up my sense of well-being."

America's verdict—based on a nation-wide preference—is: There's more pleasure in Camels!

IT is homespun fact that the pleasure you *get out* of a cigarette depends on the quality of the tobaccos *put in* it. Through the years, Camel has spent millions more for the choicer tobaccos.

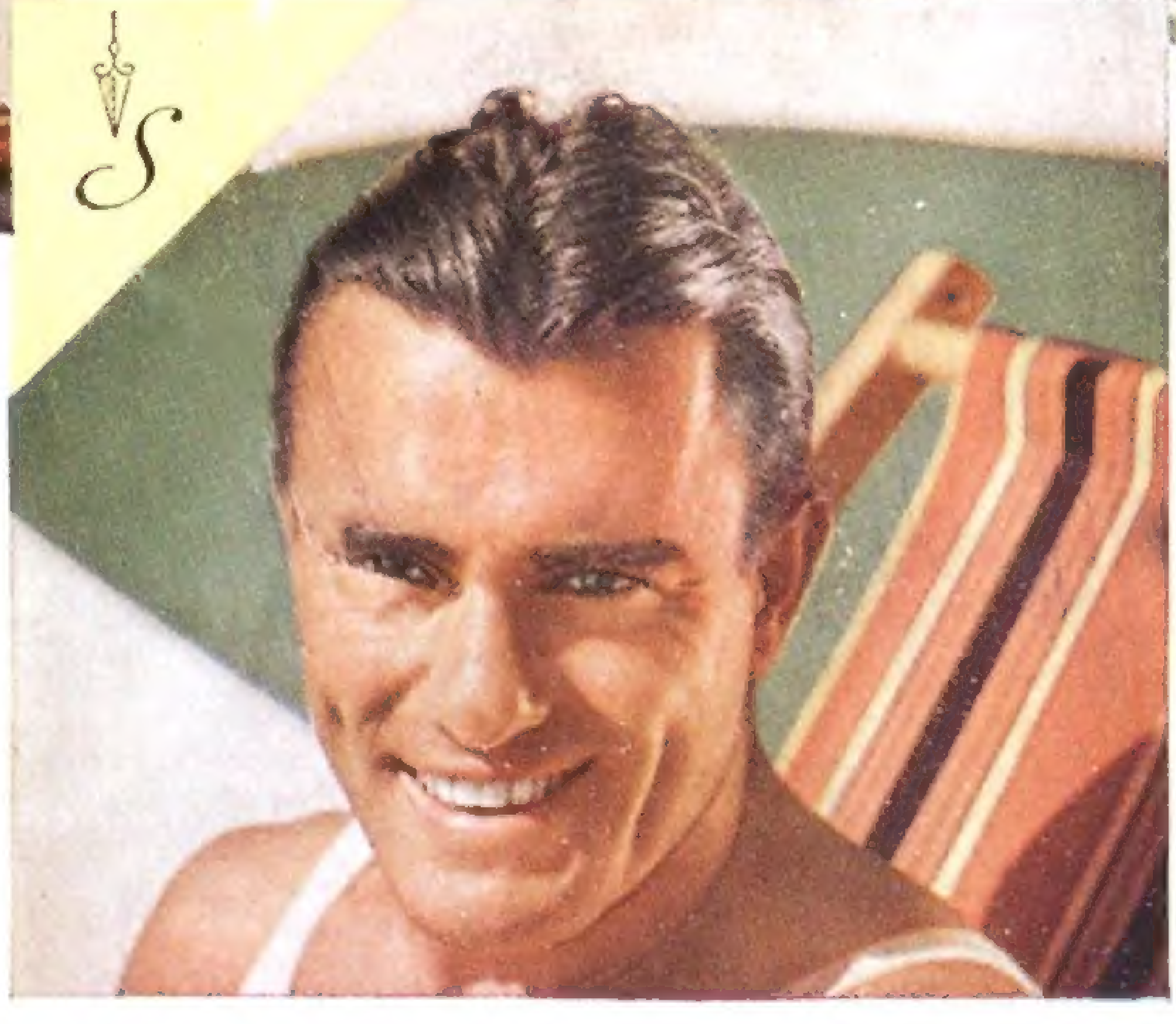
This is a way of doing business that smokers appreciate. Millions of men and women feel that Camels give them *more* of what they want in smoking. If you are not a Camel smoker, try them. See why *Camel's costlier tobaccos* appeal to millions of Americans.

{LEFT}

Pasadena, California. **MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III,** society matron, says: "Camels suit me perfectly. They're so mild and so good tasting. That's what I especially like in a cigarette and why I'm so devoted to Camels. How true it is that Camels don't tire one's taste or irritate one's throat!"

{LEFT}

New York, New York. **AL MINGALONE,** crack newsreel cameraman, says: "When news breaks I have to be on the spot to film it. Many a time—for days in a row—I've kept on the run. When I'm tired, I get a 'lift' with a Camel. Right around the clock—it's Camels for me. They're in a class by themselves for mildness."



{RIGHT}

Miami, Florida. **PETE DESJARDINS,** former Olympic diving champion, says: "Divers and swimmers like a mild cigarette that doesn't upset their nerves. That's why I prefer Camels. I smoke as much as I like. Camels don't give me 'jangled nerves.' I find Camels taste a whole lot better, too."

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